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# Harper's<sup>®</sup>

*magazine*

## INDEX

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# INDEX

VOLUME 236 • JANUARY 1968 . . . JUNE 1968

*All subject matter is in capital type; actual titles carry quotation marks.*

"ACLU, THE REVEREND MR. COFFIN, DR. SPOCK, AND THE"—Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., May 57

## AFTER HOURS

Archives of American Art, Apr. 24  
Cole, Thomas, 19th century painter, Apr. 24  
"Documents, Five Million," Apr. 24  
Dossena, Alceo, art forger, Feb. 21  
"Five Million Documents," Apr. 24  
"Flicks for the Fastidious," June 24  
"Forgery for Fun and Profit," Feb. 21  
Great Barrington, Mass., Jan. 13  
"Great Service Swindle, The," Mar. 24  
Movie, Shooting a, Jan. 13  
Movies, Choosing the good, June 24  
"Never on Tuesday," Jan. 13  
"Noguchi, Moving through," May 80

Aiken, Henry David—The New Morals, Feb. 58

AIR NON-SERVICE, Mar. 26

## AIR FORCE

"Court-martial of Captain Noyd, The," June 78

Aldridge, John W.—Books—From Vietnam to Obscenity, Feb. 91

"ALSOP, JOSEPH, WASHINGTON, THE WORLD AND"—Merle Miller, June 43

"AMERICA'S LAND BOOM"—Daniel M. Friedenberg, May 25

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, May 57

"ANGLO-AMERICAN, THE FUTURE OF"—Anthony Burgess, Feb. 53

## ANIMAL BEHAVIOR

"Conversations with Konrad Lorenz," May 69

"ANTI-AMERICANISM IN AMERICA"—Midge Decter, Apr. 39

## ART

Art Fakes, Feb. 21  
"Five Million Documents," Apr. 24

## ASIA, SOUTH

Easy Chair, June 12

"AUTOBIOGRAPHY: 1914-1918"—Bert-rand Russell, *Two Parts*, Jan. 31; Feb. 79

## AUTOMOBILES

Car-rental rivalry, Jan. 40

"AVIS VS. HERTZ: MADISON AVENUE'S FAVORITE FEUD"—Martin Mayer, Jan. 40

"B FLAT COMPETITION, THE GREAT"—Discus, May 95

## BASEBALL

Knoxville Smokies, June 69

BATHGATE AVENUE NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER, Jan. 56

BEHAVIOR, HUMAN AND ANIMAL, May 69

Berryman, John—Three Dream Songs, Feb. 57

BIRD BEHAVIOR, May 69

Bishop, Jr., Joseph W.—The Reverend Mr. Coffin, Dr. Spock, and the ACLU, May 57

"BOMARZO: STILL LOOKING FOR A GREAT NEW OPERA"—Discus, June 99

Bond, Harold—Breakthrough, Feb. 92

## BOOK REVIEWS

Books, *See under*  
Books in Brief, *See under*

## BOOKS

*Asian Drama: An Inquiry into the Poverty of Nations*, June 12  
Books in Brief, Jan. 76; Feb. 100; Mar. 149; Apr. 105; May 88; June 92

"Continuity of Russian Voices," Jan. 69

*Du Bois, The Autobiography of W.E.B.*, Mar. 143

"First Novels: Sweet and Sour," May 83

*Give and Take*, Apr. 91

*Light on Dark Corners*, Feb. 97

Masturbation, Book on, Feb. 97

*Noguchi, Isamu: A Sculptor's World*, May 80

Novels, Four first, May 83

*On Aggression*, May 70

"Remarkable Man, Ambiguous Legacy," Mar. 143

Russian Novels, Six reprinted, Jan. 69  
"Shade of Thomas Wolfe, The," Apr. 96

*Thumb on the Scale*, Apr. 92

"Vice That Has No Name," Feb. 97

"Vietnam to Obscenity, From," Feb. 91

*Why Are We in Vietnam?*, Feb. 91

Wolfe, Biography of Thomas, Apr. 96

"Books in Brief"—Katherine Gauss Jackson, Jan. 76; Feb. 100; Mar. 149; Apr. 105; May 88; June 92

Burgess, Anthony—The Future of Anglo-American, Feb. 53

## BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY

"Avis vs. Hertz," Jan. 40

"Getting Ready for Peace," Apr. 57

"Predicaments of Peace," June 86

## CALIFORNIA

"America's Land Boom," May 25

"Out West They Do Some Things Better," Mar. 14

Skunk Railroad, Mar. 16

Status Report, June 29

"CAPOTE'S KILLERS, AND OTHERS"—Robert Kotlowitz, Mar. 153

CAR-RENTAL AGENCIES, BATTLE BETWEEN, Jan. 40

CARICATURES OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON, Feb. 48

Cartwright, Gary—Confessions of a Washed-up Sportswriter, Apr. 82



## CHILDREN

Rescuing Children, Apr. 91

CHINA, RED, Feb. 12

## CIVIL RIGHTS

Autobiography of W. E. B. Du Bois, Mar. 143

"Steps of the Pentagon, The," Mar. 47

"COFFIN, THE REVEREND MR., DR. SPOCK, AND THE ACLU"—Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., May 57

## COMMUNISM

"Consequences of Peace," Feb. 12

"Portraits from Moscow U.," Apr. 49

"Steps of the Pentagon, The," Mar. 47

"CONFESSIONS OF A WASHED-UP SPORTSWRITER"—Gary Cartwright, Apr. 82

"CONSEQUENCES OF PEACE, THE"—John Fischer, Feb. 12

"CONTINUITY OF RUSSIAN VOICES, THE"—Irving Howe, Jan. 69

"CONVERSATIONS WITH KONRAD LORENZ"—Edward R. F. Sheehan, May 69

"COOL WORLD OF NELSON ROCKEFELLER, THE"—Larry L. King, Feb. 31

"CORELLI, A TENOR NAMED: THE FRAGILE EGO"—Robert Kotlowitz, June 96

Corry, John—The Iowa Republicans: Politics without Passion, June 33

"COURT-MARTIAL OF CAPTAIN NOYD, THE: A CONFRONTATION THAT NEVER HAPPENED"—Jeremy Lerner, June 78

COVERS—Lawrence Ratzkin, Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., May, June

## CRIME

Art Forgeries, Feb. 21

Gun Control Law, Jan. 64

Decter, Midge—Anti-Americanism in America, Apr. 39

DEMOCRATIC PARTY, Mar. 34

Discus—Music in the Round—A Polish Passion, Jan. 84; A Baroque Monument, Feb. 105; Twenty Years of Electronic Music, Mar. 157; Seven Pianists, Apr. 109; The Great B Flat Competition, May 95; Bomarzo: Still Looking for a Great New Opera, June 99

"DOCTORS MEET THE PEOPLE, THE"—Marion K. Sanders, Jan. 56

"DOCUMENTS, FIVE MILLION"—Russell Lynes, Apr. 24

"DOWN AND OUT IN THE MINOR LEAGUES"—J. Anthony Lukas, June 69

DRAFT CARD TURN-BACKS, Mar. 47

Du Bois, *The Autobiography of W. E. B.* (Books), Mar. 143

## EASY CHAIR, THE

Advertising Pressure, May 13

Asia, Brutal Facts about South, June 12

"Consequences of Peace," Feb. 12

Editor, Duties and Temptations of an, May 13

"Epitaph for LBJ," Apr. 14

Farm, Exodus from the, Jan. 10

Governors' Conference, Jan. 9

Hutchins, Dr. Robert, May 20

India and Famine, June 16

Johnson, Epitaph for Pres., Apr. 14

Magazine Editing and Publishing, May 13

Myrdal, Gunnar: *Asian Drama: An Inquiry into the Poverty of Nations*, June 12

News Reporting, Jan. 9

Oregon Motel, Mar. 15

"Out West They Do Some Things Better: How the Super-Skunk Came to Willits," Mar. 14

"Peace, The Consequences of," Feb. 12

"Perils of Publishing, The," May 13

Portland, Oregon Shopping Center, Mar. 19

"Publishing, The Perils of," May 13

Railroad (The Skunk) in California, Mar. 16

San Francisco Redevelopment Project, Mar. 22

"Shipload of Doomed Men, A," Jan. 9

Vietnamese War: When Will It End?, Feb. 12

Western Eating Places and Motels, Mar. 14

"Western Intellectuals vs. Myrdal's Brutal Facts," June 12

## ECONOMICS

"America's Land Boom," May 25

Vietnamese War Ends, When the, Apr. 57; June 86

## EDUCATION

Berkeley (Calif.) Student Demonstrations, June 29

Michigan Univ. Student Demonstrations, June 29

"Moscow U., Portraits from," Apr. 49

"New Morals, The," Feb. 58

School Superintendents' "Mortality" Rate, Jan. 66

"ELECTRONIC MUSIC, TWENTY YEARS OF"—Discus, Mar. 157

Elliott, George P.—Tourist and Pilgrim, Apr. 67

## ENGLAND

Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, Jan. 31; Feb. 79

ENSPUN (English Speaking Union), Feb. 53

"EPITAPH FOR LBJ"—Larry L. King, Apr. 14

Epstein, Ivan—Portraits from Moscow U., Apr. 49

"EROS RAMPANT"—John Updike, June 59

EVANS, Rowland, and Robert Novak—The Road to Miami Beach, Jan. 21

FARM, EXODUS FROM THE, Jan. 10

Feiffer, Jules—LBJ in Caricature, Feb. 48

"FELSENSTEIN OF EAST BERLIN, HERR"—George R. Marek, Feb. 108

## FICTION

"Eros Rampant"—John Updike, June 59

"Giacomo Joyce"—James Joyce, Jan. 27

"Tourist and Pilgrim"—George P. Elliott, Apr. 67

"Where Do the Detectives Eat?"—Margot Hentoff, Feb. 73

"Yanda"—Isaac Bashevis Singer, May 43

## FILLERS

Draft-Card Burners, Feb. 18

Iowa Strikes at Marijuana, Feb. 47

"FILMS: INTELLECTUALS OF THE WORLD"—Robert Kotlowitz, May 92

"FILMS: THE BIGGER THEY COME"—Robert Kotlowitz, Jan. 80

"FIRST NOVELS: SWEET AND SOUR"—Irving Howe, May 83

Fischer, John—Easy Chair—A Shipload of Doomed Men, Jan. 9; The Consequences of Peace, Feb. 12; Out West They Do Some Things Better, Mar. 14; The Perils of Publishing, May 13; Western Intellectuals vs. Myrdal's Brutal Facts, June 12

"FIVE MILLION DOCUMENTS"—Russell Lynes, Apr. 24

"FLICKS FOR THE FASTIDIOUS"—Russell Lynes, June 24

FLOC (For Love of Children), Apr. 91

## FLORIDA

"America's Land Boom," May 25

Kirk, Gov. Claude, May 33

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND PLACES

Asia, South

"Western Intellectuals vs. Myrdal's Brutal Facts," June 12

England

Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, Jan. 31; Feb. 79

Germany

"Lorenz, Conversations with Konrad," May 69

- Opera in East Berlin, Feb. 108  
World War I, Jan. 31; Feb. 79
- India**  
Easy Chair, June 16  
*Soviet Russia*  
Books, Jan. 69; Mar. 148  
"Lorenz, Conversations with Konrad," May 76  
"Moscow U., Portraits from," Apr. 49
- Vietnam**  
"Anti-Americanism in America," Apr. 39  
Books, Feb. 91  
"Consequences of Peace," Feb. 12  
"Court-Martial of Capt. Noyd," June 78  
"Getting Ready for Peace," Apr. 57  
"LBJ in Caricature," Feb. 51  
Peace March on Washington, Mar. 47  
"Predicaments of Peace," June 86  
"Vietnam Notebook," Apr. 74  
"Voices of the Vietcong," Jan. 45
- "FORGERY (ART) FOR FUN AND PROFIT"—Russell Lynes, Feb. 21
- "FRAGILE EGO, THE: A TENOR NAMED CORELLI"—Robert Kotlowitz, June 96
- Friedenberg, Daniel M.—America's Land Boom: 1968, May 25
- "FROM THE FOURTH ROW: AMERICAN TYPES"—Robert Kotlowitz, Apr. 112
- "FUTURE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN, THE"—Anthony Burgess, Feb. 53
- GERMANY**  
"Conversations with Konrad Lorenz," May 69  
Opera in East Berlin, Feb. 108  
World War I, Jan. 31; Feb. 79
- "GETTING READY FOR PEACE"—Walter W. Heller, Apr. 57
- "GIACOMO JOYCE"—James Joyce, Jan. 27
- GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS**  
"Coffin, The Rev. Mr. Dr. Spock, and the ACLU," May 57  
"Consequences of Peace," Feb. 12  
"Court-Martial of Capt. Noyd, June 78  
Governors' Conference, Jan. 9  
"Iowa Republicans: Politics Without Passion," June 33  
Johnson, Lyndon B., Feb. 48; Apr. 14  
Kirk, Claude, and the Politics of Promotion," May 33  
"McCarthy and the Divided Left," Mar. 32  
"Politics of Frustration," Jan. 61  
Republican Convention, Miami Beach, Jan. 21  
"Rockefeller, Cool World of Nelson," Feb. 31  
"Washington, the World, and Joseph Alsop," June 43  
Women in Politics, Jan. 68
- "GREAT B FLAT COMPETITION, THE"—Discus, May 95
- GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS., SHOOTING A MOVIE IN, Jan. 13
- "GREAT SERVICE SWINDLE, THE"—Russell Lynes, Mar. 24
- Green, Christopher—Predicaments of Peace, June 87
- Hahn, Robert S.—The Barbarian as Artist, May 68
- Halberstam, David—Voices of the Vietcong, Jan. 45; McCarthy and the Divided Left, Mar. 32; Claude Kirk and the Politics of Promotion, May 33; Notes from the Bottom of the Mountain, June 40
- Hart, Albert G.—Predicaments of Peace, June 86
- HEALTH. See under *Medicine*
- Heller, Walter W.—Getting Ready for Peace, Apr. 57
- Hentoff, Margot—Where Do the Detectives Eat?, Feb. 73
- "HERTZ, AVIS vs.: MADISON AVENUE'S FAVORITE FEUD"—Martin Mayer, Jan. 40
- HISTORY**  
World War I, Jan. 31; Feb. 79
- Howe, Irving—Books—The Continuity of Russian Voices, Jan. 69; Remarkable Man, Ambiguous Legacy, Mar. 143; First Novels: Sweet and Sour, May 83
- ILLUSTRATORS**  
Bodecker, N. M.—After Hours, Jan. 13; Feb. 21; Mar. 24; Apr. 24; June 24
- CARTOONS:**  
Barsotti, Charles—Man walking on the ceiling, Jan. 14; Father goes bananas, May 92  
Baith, Larry—"We're clean," Feb. 96; Rat and the home wrecker, Apr. 47  
Censoni, Robert—Hermits and the Hilton, Jan. 35; A tree grows in a housing development, Feb. 87; Fly in the star-gazer's ointment, Mar. 158; Caterpillar into butterfly, Apr. 34  
Conrad—Johnson talks with Hanoi, Feb. 50  
Day, Chon—"Grease monkey!," June 11  
Erikson, Alden—Penguin in sunglasses, Mar. 146  
Feiffer, Jules—Johnson looks for a believing audience, Feb. 52  
Fisher, Ed—Quebec *can* speak English, June 99  
Franklin—Johnson plays with baby blocks, Feb. 49  
Gerberg, Mort—Divorce plum, Jan. 71; Castaway, Feb. 36; King and jester, Mar. 16; Spring for the caveman and his lady, Apr. 19; Poker players, June 72
- Haynie—Johnson's finger in every pie, Feb. 50
- Koren, Edward—Well-known name, Jan. 85; Elk with his own hatrack, Feb. 4; Setting-up exercises, Mar. 36; Lyrical directions, Apr. 110; Funny or unfunny?, June 46
- Levine—Johnson crying crocodile tears, Feb. 51; Crocodile crying Johnson tears, Feb. 51
- Macpherson—Johnson killing the rumor of dissent, Feb. 49
- Martin, Charles E.—Sitter on statue of liberty, June 36
- Martin, Henry—Outerspace visitors, Mar. 22; "Draft Landon," June 18
- Nitka—Lady and the elephant and mouse, Jan. 49; Horse lover, June 77
- Richter, Mischa—Music non-lover got stoned, Jan. 68
- Ross, Al—Post office bomb planter, Jan. 43; Embryo Marxists, June 39
- Sauers, Charles G.—Life begins at forty, Jan. 10; Plastic tree, Apr. 42
- Schochet, Bob—"Repaint," Mar. 4; All-girl commuters, Apr. 114
- Wilder, Don—Adam and Eve, Feb. 106
- Eisen, Karen—Where Do the Detectives Eat?, Feb. 73
- Fernandez, Julio—Road to Miami Beach, Jan. 21; Claude Kirk, May 33
- Henderiks, Rene—Tourist and Pilgrim, Apr. 67
- Kacher, Hermann—Photographs "Conversations with Konrad Lorenz," May 69
- Mantell, Suzanne—Fros Rampant, June 59
- Papin, Joseph—Notes from the Bottom of the Mountain, June 40
- Pellaton, Karen—Yanda, May 43
- Victor, Joan Berg—Giacomo Joyce, Jan. 27
- INTELLECTUALS AND ANTI-AMERICANISM**, Apr. 39
- "IOWA REPUBLICANS, THE: POLITICS WITHOUT PASSION"—John Corty, June 33
- Jackson, Katherine Gauss—Books in Brief, Jan. 76; Feb. 100; Mar. 149; Apr. 105; May 88; June 92
- Jerome, Judson—Chromatic, Jan. 52
- JOHNSON, LYNDON B.**  
"Anti-Americanism in America," Apr. 46  
"Epitaph for LBJ," Apr. 14  
"LBJ in Caricature," Feb. 48
- "JOYCE, GIACOMO: A STUDY OF LOVE"—James Joyce, Jan. 27
- Joyce, James—Giacomo Joyce: A Study of Love, Jan. 27
- Just, Ward S.—Vietnam Notebook, Apr. 74
- Kamfer, Allen—Something about Territory, Jan. 70
- King, Larry L.—The Cool World of Nelson Rockefeller, Feb. 31; An Epitaph for LBJ, Apr. 14



KING, MARTIN LUTHER, PROFILE OF, June 40

"KIRK, CLAUDE, AND THE POLITICS OF PROMOTION"—David Halberstam, May 33

KNOXVILLE, TENN. BASEBALL TEAM, June 69

Kotlowitz, Robert—Performing Arts—Films: The Bigger They Come, Jan. 80; Capote's Killers, and Others, Mar. 153; From the Fourth Row: American Types, Apr. 112; Films: Intellectuals of the World, May 92; The Fragile Ego—A Tenor Named Corelli, June 96

Kumin, Maxine—A Call for Islands, June 29

"LAND BOOM: 1968, AMERICA'S"—Daniel M. Friedenberg, May 25

#### LANGUAGE

Tomorrow's English—and American, Feb. 53

Larner, Jeremy—Court-Martial of Captain Noyd, June 78

#### LAW

"Court-Martial of Captain Noyd," June 78  
Leaving One's Body to Medicine, Apr. 91

LETTERS—Jan. 4; Feb. 4; Mar. 4; Apr. 4; May 4; June 4

Lewin, Leonard C.—Predicaments of Peace, June 88

"LORENZ, CONVERSATIONS WITH KONRAD"—Edward R. F. Sheehan, May 69

Lukas, J. Anthony—Down and Out in the Minor Leagues, June 69

Lutens, Mary—Sentimental Ditties for My Fifties, Mar. 144

Lynes, Russell—After Hours—Never on Tuesday, Jan. 13; Forgery for Fun and Profit, Feb. 21; The Great Service Swindle, Mar. 24; Five Million Documents, Apr. 24; Moving Through Noguchi, May 80; Flicks for the Fastidious, June 16

"MADISON AVENUE'S FAVORITE FEUD: AVIS *vs.* HERTZ"—Martin Mayer, Jan. 40

MAGAZINE EDITING AND PUBLISHING, May 13

Mailer, Norman—The Steps of the Pentagon, Mar. 47

"MANNERS, MUSIC AND MORTALITY, ON"—Igor Stravinsky, Feb. 41

Marek, George R.—Herr Felsenstein of East Berlin, Feb. 108

Mayer, Martin—Avis *vs.* Hertz: Madison Avenue's Favorite Feud, Jan. 40

"MC CARTHY AND THE DIVIDED LEFT"—David Halberstam, Mar. 32

#### MEDICINE AND HEALTH

"Doctors Meet the People, The," Jan. 56

"Manners, Music, and Mortality, On," Feb. 41

Masturbation, book on, Feb. 97

Sex Research Project, May 48

Transplants, Organ, Apr. 91

MIAMI BEACH, REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN, Jan. 21

"MIAMI BEACH, THE ROAD TO"—Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, Jan. 21

#### MILITARY, THE

"Court-Martial of Capt. Noyd," June 78

Miller, Merle—Washington, the World, and Joseph Alsop, June 43

"MINOR LEAGUES, DOWN AND OUT IN THE"—J. Anthony Lukas, June 69

#### MISSOURI

Sex Research Project, May 48

#### MORALITY

"Manners, Music, and Mortality, On," Feb. 41

"New Morals, The," Feb. 58

MORGAN & CO., J. P., May 14

MORGENTHAU, HANS J.—Predicaments of Peace, June 86

"MOSCOW U., PORTRAITS FROM"—Ivan Epstein, Apr. 49

MOTELS AND EATING PLACES, WEST COAST, Mar. 14

#### MOTION PICTURES

"Films: Intellectuals of the World," May 92

"Films: The Bigger They Come," Jan. 80

"Flicks for the Fastidious," June 24

"Never on Tuesday," Jan. 13

Reviews of Movies, Mar. 153; May 92

MOVIE, SHOOTING A, Jan. 13

"MOVING THROUGH NOGUCHI"—Russell Lynes, May 80

#### MUSIC

"Corelli, A Tenor Named," June 96

"Manners, Music, and Mortality, On," Feb. 41

Monteverdi, Claudio, Feb. 44

Music in the Round, Jan. 84; Feb. 105; Mar. 157; Apr. 109; May 95; June 99

Opera in East Berlin, Feb. 108

#### MUSIC IN THE ROUND—Discs

"B Flat Competition, The Great," May 95

"Baroque Monument, A," Feb. 105

"Bommarzo: Still Looking for a Great New Opera," June 99

"Electronic Music, Twenty Years of," Mar. 157

Handel's *Julius Caesar*, Feb. 105

Ives, Charles, Jan. 85

Opera *Bommarzo*, June 99

*Passion According to Saint Luke*, Jan. 84

Penderecki, Krzysztof, Polish Composer, Jan. 84

"Pianists, Seven"—Bernstein, Szell, Weissenberg, Wild, Rubinstein, Ciccolini, Brendel, Apr. 109

"Polish Passion, A," Jan. 84

"Prince Igor," Feb. 106

Shostakovich, Dmitri, Jan. 85

Stockhausen, Karlheinz, German Composer, Jan. 84

Sutherland, Joan, Feb. 105

NATURALIST IN BAVARIA, May 69

#### NEGRO

"Anti-Americanism in America," Apr. 39

"Down and Out in the Minor Leagues," June 69

*Du Bois, Autobiography of W. E. B.*, Mar. 143

*Hello, Dolly!*, Negro Cast, Apr. 112

King, Martin Luther, Profile of, June 40

Washington, Booker T., Mar. 146

"NEVER ON TUESDAY"—Russell Lynes, Jan. 13

NEW BOOKS. See under *Books*

"NEW MORALS, THE"—Henry David Aiken, Feb. 58

#### NEW YORK CITY

Bronx Medical Center, Jan. 56

#### NEWSPAPERS

"Alsop, Washington, the World, and Joseph," June 43

Fort Worth *Press*, Apr. 82

"Sportswriter, Confessions of a Washed-up," Apr. 82

Nichols, Jeannette—Bicycle, Jan. 60

NIXON, RICHARD M., REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, Jan. 21

"NOGUCHI, MOVING THROUGH"—Russell Lynes, May 80

"NOTES FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN"—David Halberstam, June 40

Novak, Robert, and Rowland Evans—The Road to Miami Beach, Jan. 21

"NOYD, THE COURT-MARTIAL OF CAPTAIN"—Jeremy Larnier, June 78

OPERA, Feb. 108; June 99

Ostroff, Anthony—Siesta, Mar. 30

"OUT WEST THEY DO SOME THINGS BETTER"—John Fischer, Mar. 14

"PEACE, GETTING READY FOR"—Walter W. Heller, Apr. 57

PEACE MARCH ON WASHINGTON, Mar. 47

"PEACE, THE CONSEQUENCES OF"—John Fischer, Feb. 12

"PEACE, THE PREDICAMENTS OF"—Albert G. Hart, Hans J. Morgenthau, Christopher Green, Joseph A. Pechman, Leonard C. Lewin, June 86

## PEACE

"Consequences of Peace," Feb. 12  
"Getting Ready for Peace," Apr. 57  
"Predicaments of Peace," June 86  
"Steps of the Pentagon," Mar. 47

Pechman, Joseph A.—The Predicaments of Peace, June 86

"PENTAGON, THE STEPS OF THE"—Norman Mailer, Mar. 47

## PEOPLE

Alsop, Joseph W., columnist, June 43  
Bailey, Pearl, actress, Apr. 112  
Cartwright, Gary, sportswriter, Apr. 82  
Coffin, Rev. Wm. S., draft dissenter, May 57  
Cole, Thomas, 19th century painter, Apr. 24  
Corelli, Franco, tenor, June 96  
Dossena, Alceo, art forger, Feb. 21  
Du Bois, W. E. B., Negro militant, Mar. 143  
Felsenstein, Walter, stage director, Feb. 108  
Freud, Sigmund, psychoanalyst, May 69  
George, David Lloyd, British statesman, Jan. 37  
Goodman, Mitchell, writer, Mar. 49  
Goodman, Paul, writer, Mar. 55  
Heyns, Roger W., college administrator, June 29  
Humphrey, Hubert, presidential candidate, Mar. 38  
Isbell, David, American Civil Liberties Union, May 57  
Johnson, Lyndon B., President, Feb. 18 Apr. 14, 45  
Johnson, Virginia, sex researcher, May 48  
Kennedy, Robert F., senator, presidential candidate, Mar. 38  
King, Martin Luther, Negro leader, June 10  
Kirk, Claude, Florida governor, May 33  
Lawrence, D. H., writer, traveler, Jan. 34  
Lederer, William J., writer, Feb. 91  
Lorenz, Konrad, naturalist, May 69

Lowell, Robert, poet, Mar. 53  
Macdonald, Dwight, writer, Mar. 56  
Mailer, Norman, writer, Mar. 47  
Masters, Dr. William H., sex researcher, May 48  
McCarthy, Eugene, senator, presidential candidate, Mar. 32  
Monteverdi, Claudio, musician, Feb. 44  
Myrdal, Gunnar, writer, June 12  
Nixon, Richard M., Republican candidate, Jan. 21  
Noguchi, Isamu, sculptor, May 80  
Noyd, Dale, Capt. U.S. Air Force, June 78  
Osborn, Elodie, film editor, June 24  
Pemberton, John de J., American Civil Liberties Union, May 57  
Percy, Charles H., senator, Jan. 21  
Reagan, Ronald, governor, presidential candidate, Jan. 21  
Rockefeller, Nelson, governor, presidential candidate, Jan. 21; Feb. 31  
Romney, George, governor, presidential candidate, Jan. 21  
Russell, Bertrand, writer, philosopher, Jan. 31; Feb. 79  
Russian writers, six, Jan. 69  
Ryan, George, Great Barrington native, Jan. 16  
Spock, Dr. Benjamin, draft dissenter, May 57  
Stravinsky, Igor, composer, Feb. 41  
Wallace, George, presidential candidate, May 34  
Washington, Booker T., Negro leader, Mar. 146  
Westmoreland, Gen. Wm. C., Apr. 74  
Wise, Dr. Harold, ghetto physician, Jan. 57  
Wolfe, Thomas, writer, Apr. 96

## PERFORMING ARTS

APA-Phoenix productions, Apr. 112  
Bailey, Pearl, in *Hello Dolly!*, Apr. 112  
Balanchine, George, Apr. 113  
*Camelot*, Jan. 81  
"Capote's Killers, and Others," Mar. 153  
Corelli, A Tenor Named, June 96  
Czech Movie, Jan. 82  
*Far from the Madding Crowd*, Jan. 82  
"Felsenstein of East Berlin, Herr," Feb. 108  
"Films: Intellectuals of the World," May 92  
"Films: The Bigger They Come," Jan. 80  
"From the Fourth Row: American Types," Apr. 112  
*Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, Jan. 80  
*Hello Dolly!*, Apr. 112  
Movies: *In Cold Blood*, *The Graduate*, *Belle de Jour*, Mar. 153; *Bye Bye Brahman*, *Charlie Bubbles*, May 92  
New York City Ballet, Apr. 113  
Opera in East Berlin, Feb. 108

"PIANISTS, SEVEN"—Discus, Apr. 109

## POETRY

"Academic Business"—James Steel Smith, Apr. 85  
"Barbarian as Artist, The"—Robert S. Hahn, May 68  
"Bicycle"—Jeannette Nichols, Jan. 60  
"Breakthrough"—Harold Bond, Feb. 92  
"Call for Islands, A"—Maxine Kumin, June 29  
"Chromatic"—Judson Jerome, Jan. 52

"City Lovers"—J. Edgar Simmons, Apr. 55  
"Early Rising"—Charles David Wright, June 42  
"Internal Injuries"—Robert Penn Warren, June 56  
"Place, The"—Robert Wallace, Apr. 91  
"Sentimental Ditties for My Fifties"—Mary Lutyens, Mar. 144  
"Siesta"—Anthony Ostroff, Mar. 30  
"Something about Territory"—Allen Kanfer, Jan. 70  
"Three Dream Songs"—John Berryman, Feb. 57

"POLISH PASSION, A"—Discus, Jan. 84

"POLITICS: 1968—McCARTHY AND THE DIVIDED LEFT"—David Halberstam, Mar. 32

POLITICS. See under *Government*

POPULATION SHIFT, Jan. 10

"PORTRAITS FROM MOSCOW U."—Ivan Epstein, Apr. 49

## PORTRAITS, FULL-LENGTH ARTICLE

Alsop, Joseph W., columnist, June 43  
Corelli, Franco, tenor, June 96  
Du Bois, W.E.B., Negro militant, Mar. 143  
Felsenstein, Walter, stage director, Feb. 108  
Johnson, Lyndon B., president, Feb. 48; Apr. 14  
King, Martin Luther, Negro leader, June 40  
Kirk, Claude, Florida governor, May 33  
Lorenz, Konrad, scientist, naturalist, May 69  
Mailer, Norman, writer, Mar. 47  
McCarthy, Eugene, senator, presidential candidate, Mar. 32  
Myrdal, Gunnar, writer, sociologist, June 12  
Noyd, Dale, Capt. U.S. Air Force, June 78  
Rockefeller, Nelson, governor, presidential candidate, Feb. 31  
Russell, Bertrand, writer, philosopher, Jan. 31; Feb. 79  
Stravinsky, Igor, Feb. 41  
Wolfe, Thomas, writer, Apr. 96

"PREDICAMENTS OF PEACE"—Albert G. Hart, Hans J. Morgenthau, Christopher Green, Joseph A. Pechman, Leonard C. Lewin, June 86

"PUBLISHING, THE PERILS OF"—John Fischer, May 13

PUBLISHING. See under *Writing and*

RAILROAD NON-SERVICE, Mar. 26

Rapoport, Roger—Status Report—Turmoil at Berkeley; Accommodation at Ann Arbor, June 29

Ratzkin, Lawrence—Covers, Jan., Feb., March, April, May, June



REAL ESTATE, U.S., 1968—May 25

## RELIGION

"Coffin, Rev. Mr., Dr. Spock, and the ACLU," May 57  
"New Morals, The," Feb. 58  
"Novel Court Martial of Capt.," June 78

"REMARKABLE MAN, AMBIGUOUS LEGACY" (Books)—Irving Howe, Mar. 113

REPAIR SERVICES—Mar. 21

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN MIAMI BEACH, Jan. 21

REPUBLICANS: THE IOWA POLITICS WITHOUT PASSION"—John Coffey, June 35

"REVEREND MR. COFFIN, DR. SPOCK, AND THE ACLU"—Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., May 57

"ROCKEFELLER: THE COOL WORLD OF NELSON"—Larry L. King, Feb. 31

ROAD TO MIAMI BEACH: THE ROWLAND EVANS AND ROBERT NOVAK, Jan. 21

Russell, Bertrand—Autobiography: 1914-1918, Jan. 31; Feb. 79

"RUSSIAN VOICES, THE CONTINUITY OF"—Irving Howe, Jan. 69

SATISBURY (CONN.—FIRM SOCIETY), June 24

Sanders, Marion K.—The Doctors Meet the People, Jan. 56; The Sex Crusaders from Missouri, May 48

## SCIENCE

Westinghouse Science Award, Apr. 93

SELECTIVE SERVICE ACT: DISSENTERS TO, May 57

"SERVICE SWINDLE, THE GREAT"—Russell Lynes, Mar. 24

"SEX CRUSADERS FROM MISSOURI"—Marion K. Sanders, May 48

## SEX

Masturbation, book on, Feb. 97  
"New Morals, The," Feb. 58  
"Sex Crusaders from Missouri," May 48

"SHADE OF THOMAS WOLFE, THE"—William Styron, Apr. 96

Sheehan, Edward R. F.—Conversations with Konrad Lorenz, May 69

"SHIPLOAD OF DOOMED MEN, A"—John Fischer, Jan. 9

Simmons, J. Edgar—City Lovers, Apr. 75

Singer, Isaac Bashevis—Yanda, May 43

Smith, James Steel—Academic Business, Apr. 85

## SOCIOLOGY

"Conversations with Konrad Lorenz," May 69  
New Morals, The, Feb. 58  
Western Intellectuals vs. Madmen: Brutal Facts, June 42

## SOVIET UNION

Conversations with Konrad Lorenz, May 69  
New Books, Jan. 69; Mar. 148  
Students in Moscow University, Apr. 39

SPOCK, DR. THE REVEREND MR. COFFIN AND THE ACLU—Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., May 57

## SPORTS

Confessions of a Washed-up Sports Writer, Apr. 82  
Down and Out in the Minor Leagues," June 69

SPORTSWRITER: CONFESSIONS OF A WASHED-UP GUY—Cathy Light, Apr. 82

STATE GOVERNMENTS, PROBLEMS OF, Jan. 12

## STATUS REPORT

Berkeley, Calif., Earthquake, June 29  
Crime Victims Compensation, Jan. 69  
FLOO, Apr. 91  
Give and Take, Apr. 91  
Gun Control: Laws and the Gun Lobby, Jan. 66  
House into Museum, Apr. 93  
Institute for Defense Analysis, U of Mich., June 30  
Michigan Univ., Cooperation at, June 29  
Olana, Apr. 93  
"Phoenix on the Hudson," Apr. 93  
Politics of Frustration, Jan. 64  
School Superintendents' "Mortality" Rate, Jan. 66  
Sex and Politics, Jan. 68  
Thumb on the Scale, Apr. 92  
Transplants, Organ, Apr. 91  
Truth-in-packaging bill, Apr. 92  
Westinghouse Science Award, Apr. 93  
Women in Politics, Jan. 68

"STEPS OF THE PENTAGON, THE"—Norman Mailer, Mar. 47

STUDY: A Smooth Translation of "Yanda," May 43

Stravinsky, Igor—On Manners, Music, and Mortality, Feb. 41

Styron, William—Books: The Man That Has No Name, Feb. 97; The Shade of Thomas Wolfe, Apr. 96

## TAXATION

Land Taxation, May 42

## THEATER

Performing Arts, Apr. 41

TOURIST AND PILGRIM: GEORGE F. ELLIOTT, Apr. 67

TRANSLANTS: ORIGIN, Apr. 91

TRUTH-IN-PACKAGING BILL, Apr. 92

Uphike, John—Fros Rampant, June 79

U.S.S.R. See under *Soviet Union*

"VICE THAT HAS NO NAME, THE"—William Styron, Feb. 97

"VIETCONG VOICES OF THE"—David Halberstam, Jan. 45

"VIETNAM NOTEBOOK"—Ward S. Just, Apr. 74

VIETNAM: THE OBSCURITY FROM JOHN ALDRIDGE, Feb. 94

## VIETNAM

Anti-Americanism, Bill Alexander, Apr. 39  
Books, Feb. 91  
Coffin, the Rev. Mr. Dr. Spock and the ACLU, May 57  
"Consequences of Peace," Feb. 12  
Court Martial of Capt. Novil, June 75  
"Getting Ready for Peace," Apr. 57  
[B] in Caricature, Feb. 54  
"Predicaments of Peace," June 86  
"Vietnam Notebook," Apr. 74  
Voices of the Vietcong, Jan. 45  
Washington Peace Match, Mar. 4

VOICES OF THE VIETCONG—David Halberstam, Jan. 45

Wallace, Robert—The Place, Apr. 91

## WAR

Vietnam: See under  
World War I, Jan. 64; Feb. 59

Warren, Robert Penn—Internal Injuries, June 56

WASHINGTON, BOOKER T.—W. E. B. Du Bois Controversy, Mar. 146

"WASHINGTON, THE WORLD AND JOSEPH ALTOP"—Merle Miller, June 43

## WASHINGTON

"Steps of the Pentagon, The," Mar. 47  
"Washington, the World, and Joseph Altop," June 43

WESTERN INTELLECTUALS VS. MYR-  
TALS' BRUTAL FACTS John  
Fischer June 12

WHERE DO THE DETECTIVES LIVE  
Margot Hentoff Feb. 75

WOLFE, THE SHEAR OF THOMAS  
William Saxton Apr. '96

WOMEN IN POLITICS Jan. '68

WORLD WAR I BERTRAND RUSSELL  
AND Jan. 31; Feb. 79

Wright, Charles David Early Ris-  
ing June 19

#### WRITING AND PUBLISHING

Book Reviews See under *Books*

Confession of a Washed-up Sports  
writer Apr. '82

Publishing The Perils of May 13  
Russell Autobiography of Bertrand  
Jan. 31; Feb. 79

"Washington, the World, and Joseph  
Alsop," June 13  
Wolfe, Biography of Thomas Apr. '96

YACHTS, OREGON, Mar. 14

YANNA Isaac Bashevis Singer, May  
13

#### YOUTH

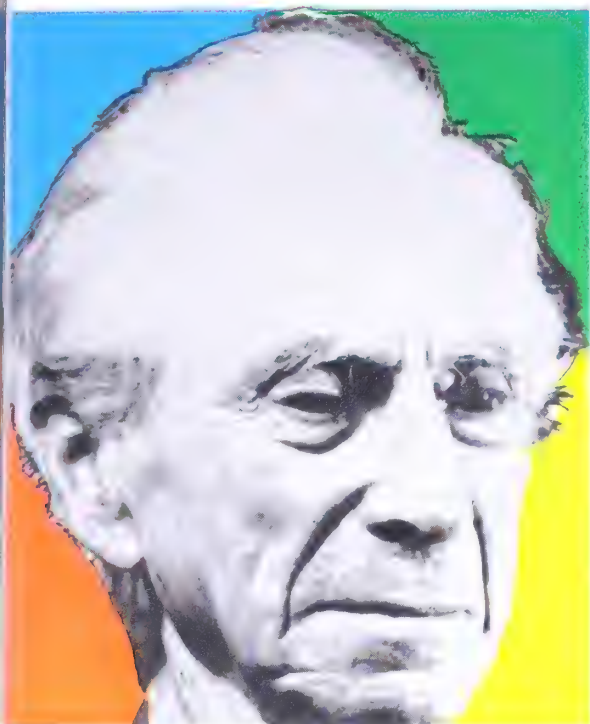
"Manners, Music, and Mortality, On,"  
Feb. 41

"Morals The New Feb. '58

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**Bertrand  
Russell**

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1914-1918**

**James Joyce**  
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**an Unpublished**  
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**to Miami Beach**  
**by Rowland Evans**  
**and Robert Novak**

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# Harper's<sup>®</sup>

magazine

January  
1968

## ARTICLES

- 21 **The Road to Miami Beach** Rowland Evans and Robert Novak *drawing by Julio Fernandez*
- 31 **Autobiography: 1914-1918** Bertrand Russell *cartoon by Robert Censoni*
- 40 **Avis vs. Hertz: Madison Avenue's Favorite Feud** Martin Mayer *cartoon by Al Ross*
- 45 **Voices of the Vietcong** David Halberstam *cartoons by Louis Nitka*
- 56 **The Doctors Meet the People** Marion K. Sanders

## FICTION

- 27 **Giacomo Joyce** James Joyce *drawings by Joan Berg Victor*

## VERSE

- 52 **Chromatic** Judson Jerome
- 60 **Bicycle** Jeannette Nichols
- 70 **Something About Territory** Allen Kanter

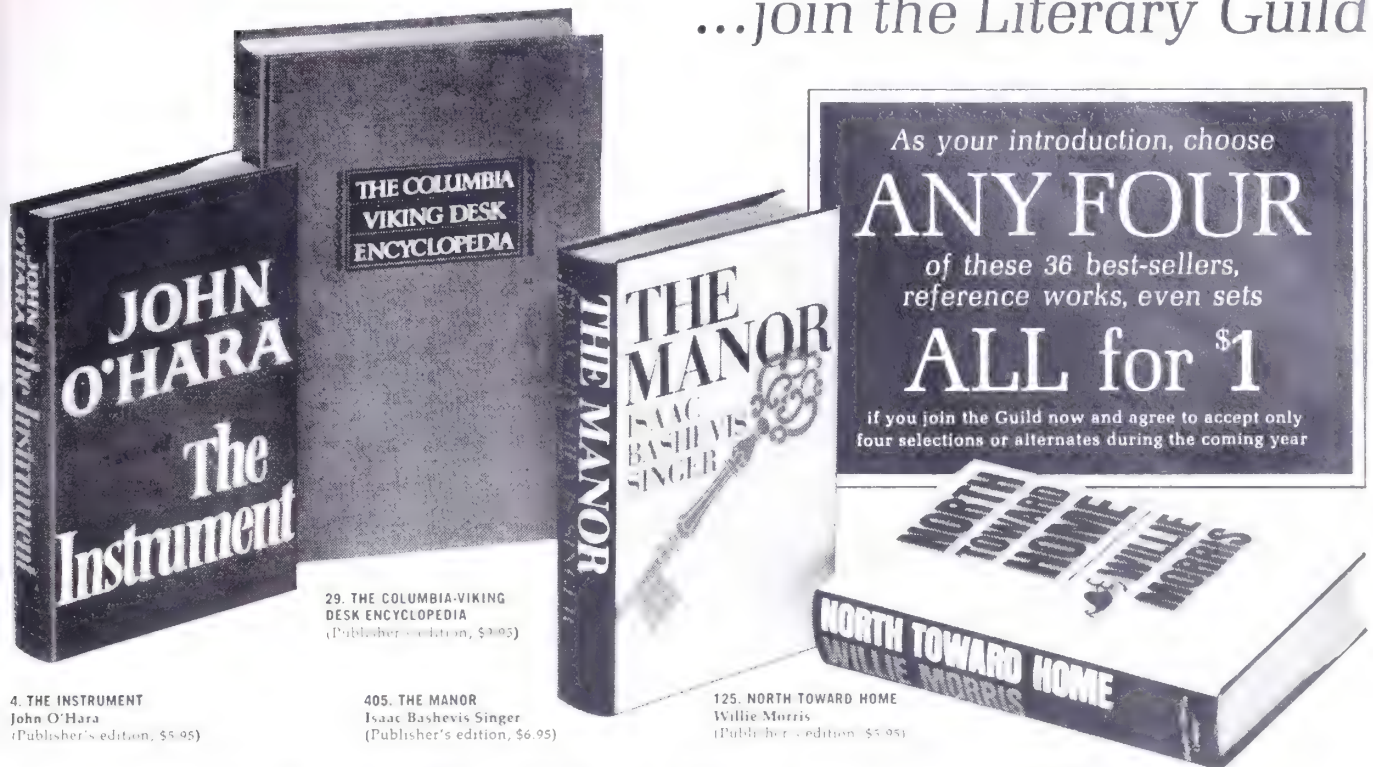
## DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **Letters**
- 9 **The Easy Chair—A Shipload of Doomed Men** John Fischer *cartoon by Charles G. Sauters*
- 13 **After Hours—Never on Tuesday** Russell Lynes *drawing by N. M. Bodecker cartoon by C. Barsotti*
- 64 **Status Report** *cartoon by Mischa Richter*
- 69 **The New Books** Irving Howe *cartoon by Mort Gerberg*
- 75 **Introduced in Harper's**
- 76 **Books in Brief** Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 78 **Coming in Harper's** *drawing by David Levine*
- 80 **Performing Arts—Films: The Bigger They Come** Robert Kotlowitz
- 84 **Music in the Round** Discus *cartoon by Edward Koren*

*Cover by Lawrence Ratzkin*



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39-G785

# Letters

## Curbing the Capitalists

I am appalled by the fractious and senseless voice from the 1930s revealed in Michael Harrington's article, "The Social-Industrial Complex" [November 1967]. While so-called Communists in Eastern Europe are learning the value of profit and independently managed companies, Harrington rates these same factors as antithetical to social-industrial advance. While the so-called Communists are moving to decentralize decision-making in their economies, Harrington would apparently have all our programs of social advancement centralized in one Washington nest. . . .

Harrington finds it ominous that corporations are finding an interest in education and welfare legislation. Given the rising conservative sentiment in America during the 1960s, how could any Administration push liberal legislation through Congress without the enlightened self-interest backing of major corporations? . . .

RICHARD L. GROSSE  
Savannah, Ga.

Michael Harrington seems to me to be basing his dire preachments and predictions on one dubious and two clearly false premises.

At best it seems dubious that private business today is totally oriented toward maximizing profits, or that considerations for the good of society as a whole never enter into business decisions. Business has learned a lot since 1900. There will always be "fast-buck operators" and "public-bet damned" corporations, but their number and total effect decline steadily. Maybe this is only because businessmen have learned that in the long run socially constructive policies are best for business.

The first outright fallacy is that government always look for the public welfare. Even one looks that government at all levels has individuals and groups that operate only for their own enrichment and aggrandizement of power. This is not

intended as a blanket denunciation of any governmental body. It is merely an acknowledgment that these things exist, regardless of the massive efforts at control. . . .

The second, less well recognized but more important fallacy is that government always succeeds in its efforts. . . . For thirty years and more government has striven for "low-cost housing" completely without success. The only accomplishment has been to divide the same old high cost between the occupants and general taxation. . . . Eventually, through an amalgam of existing technologies, or by some innovative breakthrough, industry will develop a basically lower-cost method of construction. It is quite probable that this has not already happened because of the rigidity of governmental building codes. Will Mr. Harrington decry, or even wish to legislate against the business organization that will offer housing of quality equal to the present at half or less of the present cost, just because that business will make a profit?

Most serious is the failure of the educational system. Recently we have finally come to recognize the products of our schools as "functional illiterates." Soon we will all hear more of what is presently known only to a few, that the products of our schools are also "technological incompetents." As we go on into the twenty-first century and the true age of automation and the electronic media, business will no longer stand for the hopeless failures of the educational system. . . . Private business is already doing much of its own education, and we have only seen the tiny beginning. . . .

TIO LEVY  
Cincinnati, O.

As the Curriculum Coordinator and ESEA Title III Director of a Delaware High School District, I found

Harper's welcomes readers' comments. Because of limited space all letters may have to be cut to one column.

the appraisal of the conflict of interests between profits and education in Michael Harrington's article to be an accurate picture of a very real situation. There is even a great amount of pressure to take the management of schools out of the hands of educators and place it under businessmen since they can supposedly get the money needed to run education. . . .

All educators are now being subjected to advertising pressures about the new gadgets that will make students learn better. Educators, however, must weigh the cost of these educational tools against many other costs, including buildings and personnel, a task often made more difficult by the government's and school board's interests in things that "show." In our two senior high schools, which are operating on a highly innovative flexible-modular schedule involving large, medium, and small-group instruction plus student independent learning, the single thing that has proven of most value is the use of teacher aids and paraprofessionals who relieve our teachers of routine tasks so that they can adequately plan their programs and give the students individual help. If they have time, teachers can solve most of the educational problems.

I believe that most educators would agree with Mr. Harrington that we must subject educational-industrial technology to the will of educators who are trained to educate, not to make profits.

WILLIAM P. KEIM  
Wilmington, Del.

## Up Galbraith!

As one who has known Professor Galbraith for thirty years both in Cambridge and Washington, I offer a few footnotes to David Halberstam's perceptive piece ["The Importance of Being Galbraith," November].

First, his massive contribution to price stability in World War II. Barely past thirty, Galbraith in 1941 assumed the heavy responsibility for producing price regulation to cover



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most of the goods and services of the American economy. . . . He mobilized a group of economists at least equal in ability to that available in any department of economics in the country. . . . That prices rose only 25 per cent in World War II despite the large creations of money and deficits and that the impoverished could more easily compete with the affluent for the limited supplies available was the result of Galbraith's (and his staff's) refusal to yield on principle, and their willingness to impose severe price restrictions on sellers irrespective of the ultimate costs of disfavor with politicians . . .

Second, a word about Galbraith's broad interests. He soon discovered that agriculture could not exploit his great ability. Some of us tried to dissuade him from deserting agriculture. We were of course wrong. The country would have lost much had Galbraith concentrated on agriculture. . . .

Third, Halberstam does not say enough about Galbraith's generosity and kindness. When a fellow worker in the OPA experienced serious financial reverses twenty-five years after the OPA days, it was John Kenneth Galbraith who mobilized a fund on his behalf. When a freshman whom he scarcely knew had, in his view, been treated unfairly by a dean, he took the unusual step of raising the issue at a stormy faculty meeting. . . .

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS  
Littauer Prof. Emeritus,  
Harvard University  
Prof. of Economics  
U. of Calif., San Diego

### Drafting the General

In his excellent article on General Gavin ["The Elusive General Gavin," November] Richard J. Whalen suggests that the liberal Republican

Ripon Society "inspired that unflinching sign of earnest amateur boomlets, letters to the editor of the *New York Times* endorsing Gavin's unavowed candidacy." As the culprit responsible for one of those letters, may I say for the record that I was no more "inspired" to write it by the Ripon Society than that distinguished group has presumably ever been affected by me. Indeed, perhaps the most significant observation I made at the time was that the interest in the General's candidacy appeared to represent a broadly based movement of Republicans, Democrats, and Independents alike, uniting people from all over the social, political, and economic spectrum. And therein, I suspect, lies the reason why the possibility of a Gavin candidacy, so appropriately described by Mr. Whalen as "farfetched, but not absurd," may ultimately be translated into political reality.

ALAN SAPIRO  
New York, N. Y.

### How It is

The article by Paul Jacobs ["Getting on Welfare," October] conveys completely inaccurate impressions and extreme prejudice in viewpoint on the subject of welfare in Los Angeles.

The office Mr. Jacobs describes is one of the oldest welfare offices in Los Angeles County and is probably physically the worst of all of the many offices. However, there have been recent attempts by the employees to brighten the atmosphere by painting the walls blue and adding planters and black settees, along with a new children's area. This was done with administrative approval. More important however, is the fact that the office selected is just one of twenty offices in the County, some of which are brand-new. . . .

"Armed special policemen" has an

ominous connotation. Mr. Jacobs conveniently fails to explain that the office described is the *only* one which has them and also that there was specific reason for them which is not related in any way to the clients, or the service given to them.

The "fair sample" of the letter is ludicrous. I do not deny that a letter of this caliber may have been written but to quote it as a "fair sample" is extremely questionable. I have personally written, seen, or signed hundreds of agency letters, few if any of which bear any resemblance to the one quoted. . . .

JIM WINGMAN  
Glendale, Cal.

. . . Some of my friends in a neighboring county recently received notification by first-class mail that their assistance from Public Aid had been increased by ten cents per month. I was informed that all recipients in the same category had been given the same information by the same manner. In justification of the Public Aid Commission serving the area, it should be added that regulations prescribe that changes in grants must be reported to recipients in this manner, even the princely sum of ten cents per month! . . .

ELLEN ESBER  
Belleville, Ill.

### More and Better Doctors

My congratulations to *Harper's* for presenting the superb article by Dr. Oliver Cope ["The Future of Medical Education," October]. It was, unintentionally, an appropriate selection for an issue featuring "A Dialogue Between Generations," because the conditions which Dr. Cope describes are exactly the result of consistently failing to prepare medical students for the world in which they, not their teachers, will be living and working. . . .

It is laudable to suggest that there must be "determined pressure from the American people to produce changes in medical education," but if as respected an educator and physician as Dr. Cope has been unable to succeed in his efforts, and the governmental machinery of medical schools is as unworkable as he claims, what hope can there be for the humble citizen? I am compelled to point out that no mechanism whatsoever has been provided, of a political nature,

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## LETTERS

or the general public to express its medical needs, demands, criticisms or even dissents. . . . Until such devices are organized, we can expect the situation in medicine to continue to deteriorate; and until there is a unified "counter-establishment" to medicine's existing political structure, unwilling to assist and support those lay and professional people who are working for constructive change, one cannot expect great numbers of American people to come forward to accomplish what needs to be done.

It is the abdication of political responsibility, the disdain of most of medicine's academic elite for political activity, that has created the vacuum of leadership and perpetuates the status quo. Until very recent times it has been a matter of serious risk for anyone, even medical people, to offer criticism or opposition to medicine as politically represented, and it will take much more critical recommendation from both within and without the profession of the caliber of Dr. Cope's before the long-intimidated and excluded lay public will feel any stirrings of entitlement in actually "pressuring" for changes in medical education or care. Perhaps the consumer organizations now beginning to appear are the forerunners of this pressure. . . .

NORMA SWENSON

President, International  
Childbirth Education Association  
Newton Centre, Mass.

. . . There are at least two medical schools in this country, namely Boston University Medical School and Northwestern, that have six-year medical programs wherein a student can be admitted to medical school after high school and, at Boston University, receive two years of liberal arts and science training at the College of Liberal Arts, take special courses during the first two summers of their program, then take the regular medical school curriculum and graduate six years after leaving high school with an M.D. and B.S. degree. This program has been in operation for six years at Boston University School of Medicine, graduating our first class in June 1967. Approximately half our students are in this program. To date, they have performed in every way as well as the college graduates entering medical school, although it remains to be proven that

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they will make as good doctors as students who have gone through the classical eight-year program. We are intensively evaluating their performance and have every confidence based on their medical-school performance that they will, indeed, be as able physicians as their colleagues who spent two years longer in their education.

FRANKLIN G. EBAUGH, JR., M.D.  
Dean, Boston U. School of Medicine  
Boston, Mass.

... In an effort to attract more applicants for a career in medicine Dr. Cope proposes to reduce the length of medical training, and to enliven the curriculum by early introduction to clinical material. But medical school never has been nor should be primarily entertainment for the student. The process of attainment of the mastery of medicine, like any subject, is repetitive and tedious to the vast majority of individuals. This is because understanding of both theory and fact is a prerequisite to good judgment and intelligent action...

Cope's curriculum, in common with the other three curricula presented in

the formal report ("Medical Education Reconsidered," written with Dr. Jerrold Zacharias of MIT), places great emphasis upon correlation of material. The implied function of correlation is the elimination of repetition, but repetition is a most necessary ingredient for recall, and review is generally considered to further understanding. Indeed, if subject matter is encountered only once, it may be considered useless by the student and therefore irrelevant. ...

An interesting point is made in curriculum B of the formal report in that most of the clinical training of the present and future physician is not obtained during his clinical years of medical school, but instead in post-graduate internship and residency. These are not under academic control. Rather than the elimination of internship in an attempt to shorten post-graduate training it might actually be expedient to replace the present clinical years by modified internship and residency programs. Practically speaking, one could save two years with this plan. It would of course be necessary to enrich these programs

by using the present clinical faculties as instructors in the new program. Thus, the last two years of medical school rather than the first two could be eliminated. The combination of such a program with the movement of the basic sciences to the undergraduate faculty could actually eliminate four years of medical education. We believe this to be the greatest economy of both time and funds proposed to date. ...

JOSEPH E. STONE, Ph.D.

R. L. SANDBERG, M.D.  
Little Rock, Ark.

### Tax on Knights

Not only is the thesis of Alfred Balk's October feature, "God Is Rich," old hat, but the research is poor. The assets of the Knights of Columbus are not \$200 million as cited, but \$300 million—all for the protection of the 450,000 insurance certificates held by members of the society. It is not a church organization, but a fraternal benefit society completely independent of church control. The society is not exempt from taxes. For example, on behalf of the Knights of Columbus the lessee of Yankee Stadium paid real-estate taxes in excess of \$285,000 last year.

ELMER VON FELDT  
Dir. of Public Information  
Knights of Columbus  
New Haven, Conn.

### MR. BALK REPLIES:

Nowhere does the article state that the Knights of Columbus—which I described as a "Catholic fraternal and proselytizing organization"—is a church, or pays no taxes. A footnote makes clear that some organizations mentioned pay some taxes. Is the Knights of Columbus willing to stipulate that it pays all federal and state corporate profit taxes on the same basis as do commercial insurance firms? Has it discontinued offering religious literature through its Religious Information Bureau, 3473 South Grand Street, St. Louis 63118, which has been widely advertised in one- and two-column ads in *Harper's* and other magazines? If not, then the K of C's status—including the social and political power inherent in its admirably managed assets—and it legitimately deserves mention in the article. [ ]

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## The Easy Chair by John Fischer

### A SHIPLOAD OF DOOMED MEN

Man and boy, I have seen a good deal of bad reporting; and I have produced enough shabby copy of my own to feel qualified as a connoisseur. The sorriest job of news coverage that I can remember, however, was committed by the flower of American journalism. In massed ranks, at the Governors' conference last October.

For nearly six decades the Governors of the states and territories have been accustomed to meeting once a year, usually at some comfortable resort, to sip whisky and swap notes on their peculiar trade. This time, at the invitation of the Governor of the Virgin Islands, they assembled on board the USS *Independence* for a cruise to St. Thomas and St. Croix, talking business en route. Along with them went more than a hundred newspaper, radio, and television reporters, including many political analysts of high renown. Their working conditions were close to ideal. The liner's tourist quarters had been converted into amply equipped press rooms. To move their copy and broadcast tapes, they had a battery of special radio transmitters, plus helicopters shuttling at frequent intervals from ship deck to shore. Dreamiest of all, the reporters had their quarry—the Governors, together with their wives, pollsters, press agents, and political mouthsayers—all penned together for a week, helpless and within easy range, like fish in a barrel. From such a setup, one might reasonably expect vintage political reporting, rich with insight and sagacity.

Alas, most of the vast wordage which flowed from the *Independence* turned out to be not only thin and perfunctory stuff; much of it was also—

in my view, at least—downright misleading.

To be fair, this was not entirely the reporters' fault. Most of them obviously had been instructed by their home offices to focus exclusively on Presidential politics. The resulting stories were trivial because in this area nothing really happened. The Democratic Governors were, of course, stuck with Johnson, like him or not. Among the Republicans, no yet-uncommitted politician was stupid enough to pledge himself, at this early stage of the campaign, to any candidate. About all that remained to be said, therefore, was that: (1) Romney confirmed his right to the title, bestowed on him by Al Otten of the *Wall Street Journal*, of The Dynamic Bore; (2) Reagan looked smarter, or at least more nimble-witted, than most reporters had expected; (3) Rockefeller seemed to mean it when he said—like Stevenson in 1952—that he would not lift a finger to reach for the Presidential nomination. (But his henchmen were henching hard, with confidential hints that if the nomination should float into his hands, as it did into Stevenson's, he would not throw it out the window. And the suspicion grew that he stood the best chance of beating Johnson.

For the rest, the press filed color stories about The Purloined Telegram and gubernatorial antics on the dance floor. Some of them made the whole expedition sound like an Elks outing.

In fact, it was more like a Greek tragedy. To my considerable surprise, I discovered that many of the Gover-

nors regard themselves as doomed men. They suspect that they face early political extinction, which they cannot avoid no matter what they do. This is true of men in both parties, including some of the best as well as the mediocre. The best, incidentally, are very good indeed. I got the impression that this batch of Governors probably is the ablest, on the average, that the country has had at any one time for at least a generation. The younger Republicans are especially impressive—such men as Chafee of Rhode Island, Evans of Washington, Love of Colorado, and Agnew of Maryland. In style and habits of mind, these junior Governors are remarkably like their Democratic counterparts—for example, Breathitt of Kentucky and Hughes of New Jersey. That is, they are well educated, thoroughly at home in the contemporary world, and pragmatists rather than ideologues; the terms "liberal" and "conservative" hardly apply, since they carry connotations of ancient battles. The bright young Governors of both parties are more concerned with issues which loom ahead, of a very different kind.

The brightest, indeed, are the most anxious, for they understand most clearly the dilemma that confronts them. Briefly, it is this. Nearly every state government is being called upon to accomplish certain novel, urgent,

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*For the last year John Fischer has been serving as a member of the President's National Advisory Commission on Rural Poverty. Much of the information here is based on the Commission's report, at this writing not yet published. He also is a contributing editor of "Harper's."*

and enormous tasks, for reasons to be noted in a moment. If the Governors fail to tackle these jobs, they will be thrown out—because the voters are demanding action with sharply rising impatience. But if a Governor does try to do what needs to be done, he is likely to be defeated anyway—because he will have to ask for a doubling (or more) of his state's taxes. To put it another way, "the great, rancid American public," as Mark Sullivan used to call it, knows what it wants from its state governments; but it does not yet know the price tag, and when it finds out, it will be appalled.

Even that great economizer, Ronald Reagan, cannot escape. His aides aboard ship were openly apprehensive about what might happen this month, when Californians will get their biggest tax bills ever. And one Eastern Governor was even gloomier. He predicted privately that "a whole generation of political leadership will be wiped out in the next five years" in the coming struggle to make needs and costs meet.

These blanching facts emerged, piecemeal, during the working sessions of the conference, which were virtually ignored by the press. Often they were concealed in the impenetrable prose of staff reports, which the newsmen—understandably—seldom hurried to read. A pity, for the underlying story is an epic—a major historical drama, which involves the whole American people, whether they realize it or not.

What is happening, essentially, is one of the great migrations of history. It is comparable to the invasion of the Roman empire by the Goths; and the results are, in some ways, quite similar. During the last fifteen years, roughly ten million people moved from farm areas into the cities. And the same number—the fruit of a flood which has been running for a long time—will be born by 1970; a third of all the people in this country lived on farms; today the figure is only 6 per cent. In just the last twenty years, the farm population has been cut in half.

The tide, moreover, will continue to flow. The best estimates available suggest that at least two million additional workers will move out of rural areas by 1970.

Why do they leave? Primarily because they can no longer make a living on the land. They are being pushed off by a technological revolution more far-reaching (though less publicized) than the automation which is under way in our factories. A few weeks ago, for example, I visited a cotton plantation in Louisiana which had given homes and work to forty Negro families for more than a century. Dreadful homes, true enough, and not much work: only about 120 days a year, chopping the weeds out of the cotton rows in the spring and picking the ripened bolls in the fall—but enough for survival, with a little help from the dooryard truck garden. This winter thirty-seven of those forty families will have to leave. From now on all the work on that plantation can be done by three men, using chemical weed killers and tractor-drawn cotton-picking machines.

Where these evicted families will go is a matter of considerable interest to all of us—including, especially, every Governor aboard the *Independence*. Certainly there are no jobs for them in Louisiana, and precious little hope for public assistance. Probably most of them will head for Memphis, the first big city to the North—and then drift on to Chicago and Los Angeles and New York, where, they have heard, it is possible for hungry folks to get on The Welfare.

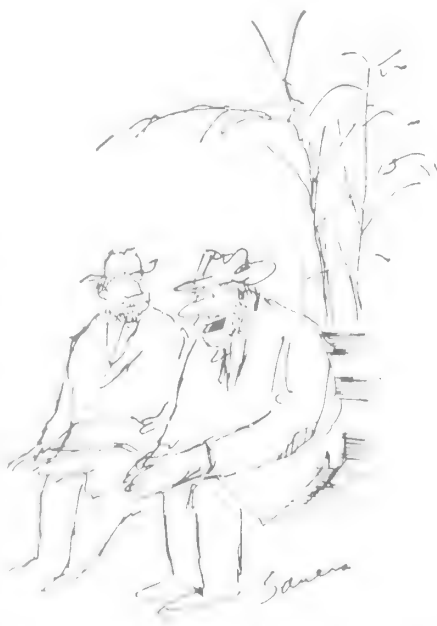
They will have plenty of company. Some 55,000 people in similar plight will be leaving Mississippi farms this winter, and every other Southern state will add its battalions to the army of bewildered wanderers. Nor do they come from the South alone. The Midwest and every other major farming area are engaged in the same process of replacing field hands with machines and chemicals. Even California, traditionally a heavy employer of migrant agricultural labor, the jobs are disappearing fast. Witness the latest triumph of the FMC Corporation: it has just announced that its plant in San Jose, California, has developed "a new self-propelled mechanical grape harvester" which "will pick about twenty tons of grapes per hour." Within three years, it is added, "the majority of wine grapes will be mechanically harvested."

The hemorrhage is running not only from the farms. The small towns all over the country are being depopulated too. Originally most of them served as shopping and service centers for farm families living within a few hours' drive by horse-and-wagon. Now their customers are mostly gone—and those left can easily shop in the nearest city, thanks to the auto and the paved highway. (The result in human terms was movingly portrayed by Larry King in his "Requiem for a West Texas Town," published in the January 1966 issue of *Harper's*.)

Meanwhile, Megalopolis continues to grow like a cancer, uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable. Already 70 per cent of all Americans live on only one per cent of our land—squeezed into the sixteen great metropolitan areas—and plenty more are on the way.

A shift of population on this scale is bound to throw any society out of joint. But even the Governors, from their special vantage point, are barely beginning to realize the violence of the dislocation—and to think about ways of mending it.

So far, their attention, like that of the nation's press, has been focused almost entirely on one end of the river of migration: the cities, where it ends up. That is where the trouble is noisier and most visible; that's where the riots happen, where the relief rolls swell with bankrupting speed, where



"I didn't yell until I was forty."



## THE EASY CHAIR

...the school systems break down, traffic  
...clogs like a plugged artery, and slums  
...and sewers overflow. Consequently  
...everybody—from CORE to the Cham-  
...bers of Commerce—is demanding in  
...hurry-haste that we Do Something  
...about the cities.

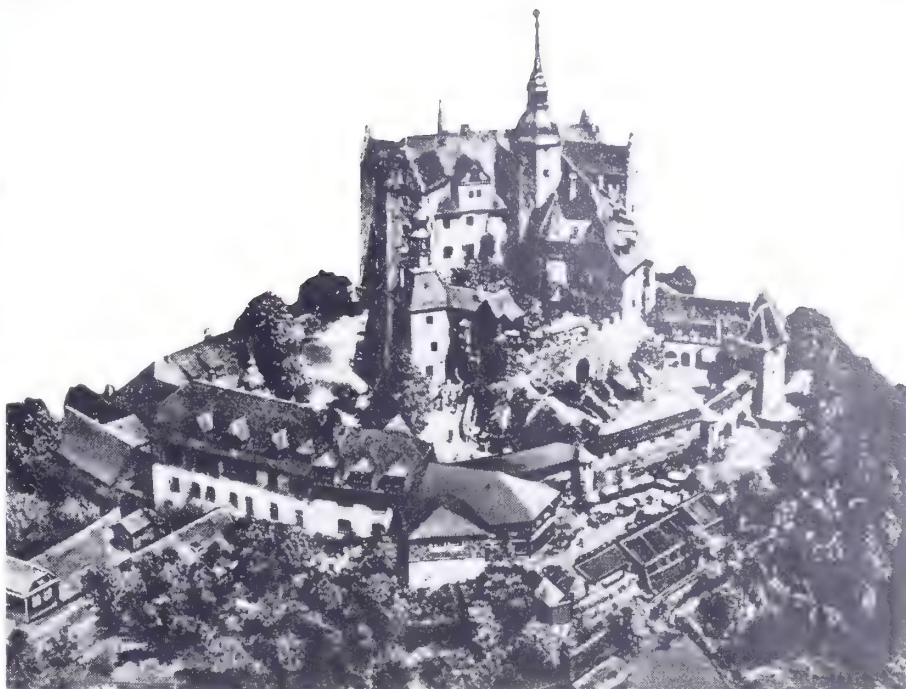
At first glance, the remedies seem  
obvious enough: more public housing,  
more money for relief, more train-  
ing programs for the people who  
stream into town unskilled and often  
illiterate. Above all, more jobs—prefer-  
ably in the core of the city where  
unemployment and hopelessness are  
worst.

At second glance, maybe not. These  
things, if undertaken on the neces-  
sary scale, would break the fiscal  
backs of the cities and the urban  
states—not to mention the political  
necks of the men in government who  
try to raise the taxes to pay for them.  
Moreover, they probably would not  
work. On the contrary, they might  
well speed up the flood of poor people  
from the boondocks. After all, if  
these refugees can get jobs and hous-  
ing and medical care—or even relief  
checks—in the city, that is the sensible  
place to go.

The woes of the cities almost cer-  
tainly are insoluble, therefore, so long  
as they continue to import poverty on  
an unlimited basis. Their only appar-  
ent hope of salvation is, first of all, to  
halt the stream of migration and then,  
eventually, to reverse the flow.

These are some of the conclusions  
which began to emerge from the  
quiet, worried committee meetings of  
the assembled Governors. Four other  
conclusions began to take shape as  
well:

1. Although the well-publicized  
troubles of the cities are, God knows,  
bad enough, they are not so shocking  
as the still-almost-unknown troubles  
of the rural areas. Ordinarily we  
think of poverty as a curse of the  
slums. In fact, there is even more pov-  
erty in the country and small towns.  
According to the rough measure used  
by government agencies, an average  
family with an income of less than  
\$3,000 a year is "poor." By this gauge,  
one person out of every eight in the  
metropolitan areas is living in pov-  
erty. But in rural areas the figure is  
one out of every four. Altogether  
fourteen million rural Americans are  
poor—and a lot of them, naturally



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enough, are thinking about moving to the city. (They are not, as one might think, mostly Negroes. In fact, of the fourteen million, eleven million are white.)

2. Most of the rural states, as they are now organized, are almost helpless to do anything about the poverty within their borders, or the seepage of migration which it causes. The reasons for this are many, ancient, and too complex to discuss in detail here. They include obsolete state constitutions, outmoded tax systems, and in many cases a structure of government which worked fine in pre-Civil War times, but makes no sense at all today. Kentucky, for instance, has 120 counties—all but a few of them too small and feeble to function as effective tools of government. (Some, indeed, have trouble raising enough tax money to pay the county judge, with nothing left over to repair the courthouse or keep up the local roads.) The better Governors are trying hard to modernize their state machinery, but the job is barely begun.

3. The federal government, as it is now organized, can't do much better. The poverty programs have helped some, but they have been largely offset by other federal operations which are doing positive harm. For example, the intricate system of farm subsidies has enriched the big landowners at the expense of the little farmer; and by artificially speeding up the process of mechanization, it has hastened the flight from the land. Again, the Bureau of Reclamation has (at staggering cost to the taxpayer) shifted much of the cotton business from the Mississippi Delta to Arizona and California, ruining innumerable Old South families in the process. Even the benevolent bureaucracies such as the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Farmers' Home Administration have been so ham-handed, so entangled in Congressional red tape, and so snarled in inter-bureau quarrel that they have, all too often, simply multipointed confusion in the local communities where they operate.

The one thing on which all Governors agree is that the country is too big to be run from Washington. They have a professional bias, of course, but I think I can expect they are right.

4. Since neither the states nor the federal government is now set up to

do what has to be done, it seems likely that new institutions, new structures of government, will soon begin to take shape. For this country is not about to throw up its hands in despair and go out of business. As a people, we have shown a remarkable capacity for political innovation. When pushed by brute necessity, we always have invented tools to do the job at hand—from the New England town meeting to the Tennessee Valley Authority, Community Action Programs, and regional transport agencies. Already, I believe, we are moving into an era of fresh political creativity, which may change the whole structure of American society within the next generation.

The familiar frameworks of government—states, counties, townships, and so on—will not disappear. In all probability they will persist, at least in vestigial form, while the new institutions grow up within them and gradually take over many of their functions, together with new functions which nobody is now performing. An analogy, perhaps, is the way the nation states developed during the late Middle Ages within the feudal system. Feudal remnants linger on to this very day—England's Lord Privy Seal, for example—but the power has moved elsewhere.

The first signs of such a transformation already are showing up in some unexpected places. West Virginia, Kentucky, and Georgia—imagine, Georgia!—are beginning to group their counties together into something called Development Districts. They are in effect super-counties, large enough to tackle certain urgent tasks which are utterly beyond the capacity of the individual counties—notably economic planning to attract new industries and create jobs. If they work, they will be a significant first step toward halting the stream of migration to the big cities. Mayors Lindsay, Daley & Co. should be praying that they do.

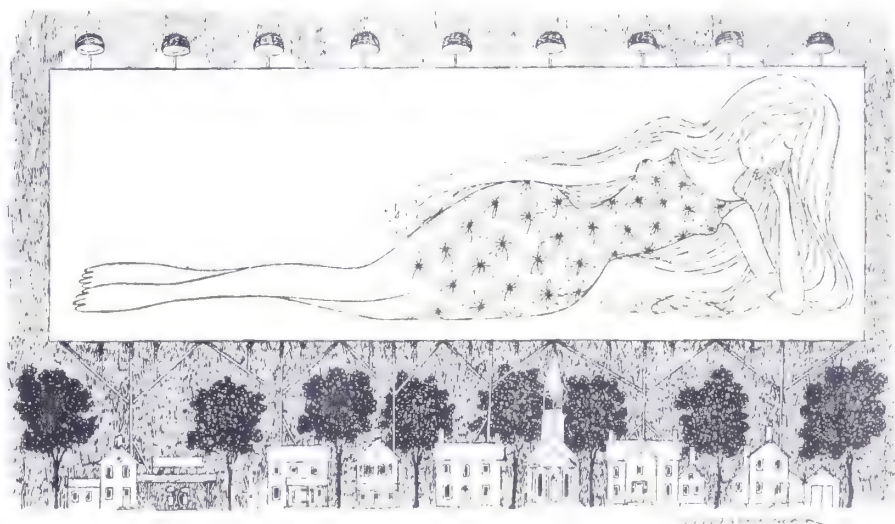
Again, some states are beginning to join together to cope with problems which no one of them can handle alone. River and air pollution, obviously, are no respecters of state boundaries; nor does it make sense any longer to plan highway and airport systems on anything smaller than a regional basis. A first response

is such multi-state groupings as Appalachia, Ozarkia, and the Four Corners region of the Southwest; conceivably they, and their counterparts elsewhere, will be operating before long as super-states for some important purposes. So at least the Governors' Conference suggested, in an astonishingly far-reaching set of recommendations on regional cooperation.

To cite a final example, the country is groping to find some way to govern Megalopolis. Today the great metropolitan areas literally have no government. Greater New York, as everybody knows, sprawls into three states; in the words of Robert Wood, it is "one of the great unnatural wonders of the world" because it contains 1,467 distinct political units—counties, villages, sewer districts, and so on—with no central authority to keep them marching in step. Its performance, consequently, is a little like that of the brontosaurus, which floundered to extinction because it had no central nervous system capable of commanding his vast bulk. Other urban blobs—in Southern California, around the tip of Lake Michigan, along the shores of Puget Sound, and elsewhere—are in a similar plight. Each of them is trying, in very different ways, to develop a central nervous system; their varying outcomes, we can be sure, will be unlike any machinery of government we have yet known.

Unlike some of the Governors, who were preoccupied with their own impending doom, I came away from the Conference in a mood of exhilaration. I had a feeling that I had been given a glimpse of an exciting time just ahead. It may be a time when we find a new national purpose: to resettle the deserted hinterland, to discover ways of moving people and jobs away from Megalopolis before it becomes both uninhabitable and ungovernable. It may be a period when we invent new ways to govern the modern state, as we invented the machinery for settling and governing an empty continent two hundred years ago. Certainly it will be a period of political realignment—possibly more drastic than anything yet imagined either by the despairing youngsters of the New Left or the frightened oldsters of the Extreme Right.

## After Hours by Russell Lynes



### NEVER ON TUESDAY

For several months last summer and during the early autumn, overheard conversations in the town of Great Barrington, in the southwest corner of Massachusetts, frequently had a preposterous quality. I overheard a middle-aged woman in a housewares store on Main Street say to her contemporary behind the counter, "I saw Tony in here the day after they drowned the man down at the mill."

One night in October, all the shops on Main Street were lit up until five o'clock in the morning, but they were empty. On another night when the temperature got down to 34 degrees, a small convertible with its top down drove through the town time after time with a young woman in it. It followed a station wagon with a red blinker flashing on its roof and POLICE painted in large white letters on its side. The girl had waist-long blond hair and wore a blue-and-white cotton dress. In the station wagon were two troopers and a young man in a dark sweat shirt. On that same evening in the woods at the edge of the town's nine-hole golf course two other young people were sitting in an identical convertible. The girl had on a waist-long blond wig and the young man wore a dark sweat shirt.

There were things going on in Great Barrington the likes of which had never happened there before nor are likely to happen soon again. The

town had become a "location": 20th Century-Fox was shooting a movie there called *She Let Him Continue*\* with Tuesday Weld and Anthony Perkins.

I have known "Barrington," as its natives call it, all my life; I was born there between the church and the jail. My father was the minister of St. James Church, and the Rectory stands between it and the Town Hall, which houses the jail in its basement. On Saturday nights during band concerts on the Town Hall lawn, my older brother and I used to feed candy through the bars to the town drunks who reeled down from Railroad Street and were stowed away for safe keeping by Mr. Ushman, the chief of the town's two-man police force. We moved away from Barrington when I was seven or eight, but I have never been away from it for long, and for many years I have had a house near there in the village of North Egremont. Barrington was a mill town and commercial center for the southern part of Berkshire County with about four thousand inhabitants when I lived there. It has no active mills now, though several handsome old stone ones sit dignified and dejected on the edge of the Housatonic River that

flows sluggish and polluted through the town. Barrington now has about seventy-five hundred residents, and though it is usually dead-still at night, it bustles during the day. Its Main Street is nearly as wide as Fifth Avenue in New York and its skyscrapers are elms. It is a very pleasant town.

A press release put out by the movie company said that until 20th Century-Fox came to Barrington, little had happened since the town offered armed resistance to the British as early as 1774. This is a canard. Barrington was such a swinging town in 1798 that President Dwight of Yale called its inhabitants "very wicked," and on the Sabbath, according to the WPA guide, *The Berkshire Hills*, "the unregenerate devoted the day to visiting, sitting in taverns, horse racing, and other frivolities." William Cullen Bryant, the poet, practiced law there as a young man, and Franklin Leonard Pope invented the stock ticker there.

The impact of a movie company on

*One of Mr. Lynes's memorable columns for "After Hours" was a report in November 1954 on a traveling tent show in Missouri—The Toby Show—in which the community's involvement was comparable to that of Great Barrington in the doings described here. Mr. Lynes is the author of "A Surfeit of Honey" and other books.*

\*Based on Stephen Geller's novel of that name (Dutton, 1966; Ballantine paperback, 1967).



## AFTER HOURS

a town the size of Barrington is more than casual. It not only stirs up the glands of the populace (and especially of the young), but it feeds the coffers of local businesses, and makes demands on the local police and real-estate companies. It creates some resentments and some delusions of grandeur; it physically dislocates a few citizens and alters the routines of others. The cast of *She Let Him Continue* was a small one—only eight—but the production staff raised the total of the invaders to fifty-five. They arrived in early August and left in mid-October, and during that time they had, they claimed, spent approximately \$400,000 in the area, most of it in Barrington and Egremont.

The company made a point of buying everything it could from local merchants. Perkins' costumes, for example, (Levis, blue shirts, hooded navy-blue sweat shirts, and low brown shoes called Tyroleans) came from the Army and Navy store on Railroad Street. Lumber, sheet metal, electrical equipment, and other materials needed for altering the inside of a small factory to suit the film's purposes came from local dealers. Most of the crew was housed in a new motel which was built last spring on the site of the Berkshire Inn, a vast, rambling nineteenth-century wooden structure that conveniently burned a couple of years ago. They ate in local restaurants and drank in local pubs. The stand-ins for Tuesday and Tony were locals and were chosen from some two hundred town people who answered an advertisement for extras in the local weekly, *The Berkshire*

*Courier*. Tuesday rented a house on the outskirts of town (once the home of the distinguished Negro poet, James Weldon Johnson, though I don't believe she knew it until I told her), where she lived with her year-old daughter. Tony stayed with the producer and director at the Egremont Inn and was treated, I was told, "like the reigning prince." One family, the Boyers, moved out of their house so that it could be used as a set; they were not only paid but were promised refurbishing of the house when the company was through with it. (Mrs. Marcus in the house across the street was discomfited because the movie equipment chewed up her lawn.) The office of the Massachusetts Electric Company was temporarily converted into a mock-up of a quick-and-dirty and its sign replaced with one that read AL'S BEAN POT.

I spent several days in early October talking with people in Barrington who had been affected in one way or another by *She Let Him Continue* and with a few members of the production staff. Before I did, however, I got a copy of the novel on which the film is based (one drugstore in town was selling it at the rate of three hundred copies a week). It is a biting little book about a young arsonist who jumps parole and is employed in a chemical factory located on the edge of a river into which it pours its waste. The young man (Perkins) creates a fantasy for himself and draws a seventeen-year-old girl (Weld) into it. He convinces her that he is a CIA agent assigned to spy on the chemical plant. In 124 pages they commit themselves to each other and commit two murders besides. It is called a love story.

Before talking with local people I paid a call on Marshal Backlar, the film's producer, and Lars McSorley, the company's press agent. I met them at the Egremont Inn, where we sat in front of an open fire. McSorley sports a rather luxurious beard; Backlar, who is thirty-one, had a cold and a pocketful of Kleenex.

"I guess it's obvious enough," Backlar said, "why we hit on Great Barrington. It had everything we were looking for—a factory right on a river, a quarry nearby, the right-size town. The minute we saw it we knew it was right for us."

The factory they used was a gray wooden one next to a bridge over the Housatonic at the north end of town. They had put a large lighted sign on its roof that read SAUSENFELD CHEMICAL CO. WINSLOW, MASS. and it puzzled tourists coming down Route 7 who expected to encounter Great Barrington, Mass. On the far side of the bridge next to a gas station they erected a small hot dog stand made out of an old bus body, and a good deal of action took place there which cut off traffic across the bridge. The police had to route it around the back of town, and the owners of several stores that were bypassed complained loudly that their business had been cut into. One man said he had lost \$250 in a day, and another storekeeper I talked to said, "If he does \$250 in a week, I'll eat it." A man who runs a filling station at the other end of town said, "I guess you can't blame him; he thought he saw a way to make a buck out of the movie company. It's only human."

"Those were the only complaints we've had," McSorley said. "Everything we could purchase locally we did. You should talk to George Ryan. He's a real-estate man who was a drill-team champion in the Air Force. We start the picture with Tuesday and a drill team. You wouldn't believe it. You should talk to George."

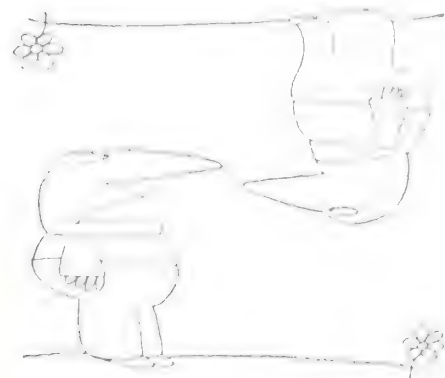
I asked if there had been any local reaction to the book itself.

"No reaction," Backlar said, "no reaction of any kind. I'm surprised. There's been no reaction from groups like the Daughters of the American Republic [*sic*]. If you were to do this in a Southern town, I think you'd get it even though the race issue isn't involved. How do you explain it?"

I said that I didn't know, except that Great Barrington is used to grown-up movies. They often turn up at the Mahaiwe Theater there before they get to my neighborhood in New York.

"The editor of the *Courier* reacted," McSorley said. "He said to me, 'I don't see how you can make a movie out of that crap.'"

As I was leaving, Noel Black got out of his car and McSorley introduced me to him. He is the director of the film, and he and Backlar won a Grand Prix at the Cannes Festival, a nomination for an Oscar, a first prize at the Moscow Film Festival, and sev-



*Ch. B. ...*

"See here, Harkison, it's one thing to march to a different drummer..."



## AFTER HOURS

cal other awards with an eighteen-minute documentary called *Skater-ater*. This is their first Hollywood job. Black is thirty, a small man with nose-cropped hair and a humorous smile, a high-powered compact car of a man. He invited me to come and watch them work, which I was unable to do until the following weekend.

did, however, have a chance to hear about how they worked from Joe Elliott, the proprietor of the general (and only) store in nearby North Egremont and the postmaster of the town. I went directly from talking with Backlar and McSorley to see him. He sat on a fruit crate while I sat on the end of a soft-drink crate, and he said,

"I was doing a hell of a business here for a while. They came at 7:00 A.M. and they stayed till 7:00 P.M. and before they started shooting they bought beer and cigarettes and straw hats. There must have been about fifty of them milling around. They changed the name of the store to Old Winslow General Store and covered up my sign. They covered up the gas pumps with things that said Sun-Up instead of Mobil. They changed the sign at the corner from North Egremont to North Winslow. They said I could keep the signs but not to throw them away; they might be back. The village people gathered around. It was quite a novelty. We had four traffic cops."

I said I didn't know Egremont had four cops.

"They were special cops," Joe said. "For anything special they get out their uniforms and get going. One lady went through their line and when they tried to stop her she just said, 'This is my post office and I'm going to get my mail,' and they let her through. They had to."

I had warned Joe earlier in the day when I fetched my mail that I was going to ask him some questions, and he had written notes of what he wanted to tell me on a brown paper bag.

"Tony was kind of standoffish," he said. "He played with those little wooden airplanes. He wasn't unfriendly but he just kept apart. Tuesday is quite a little trick."

"Two police cars came bowling down to the corner. They lifted up the trunk of the car and found the body."

They rehearsed this over and over. They had planned to do a shot of Tuesday buying cigarettes from me in the store, but it rained for about an hour and they got behind and they cut it out. They had the lights in here and the place all lit up and they were shooting the front of the store from out front. When they yelled, 'Quiet, please!' I ducked behind the counter."

Joe is a dowser and supplements his income by finding water for people building houses. But that's not all he finds.

"Did McSorley tell you about me telling him about how I found the bones of the murdered man?"

Joe was not talking about the movie but about some bones he had located with his dowsing rods several years ago, which were presumed to have been those of a man murdered in the last century and buried in a local mine.

I said McSorley had indeed told me. McSorley had said to me, "The kicker was when he reached down behind the counter and pulled out the real bones!"

I asked Joe about the merchant in town who had said his business had been damaged by the movie company.

"He was just hungry," he said. "I was getting a little hungry too. I told them to come back another day. I got a hundred bucks for the use of the store for the day."

McSorley told me they would be shooting on the following Friday night, and when I got back to the Berkshires the next weekend, he suggested that I turn up at the golf course about eight.

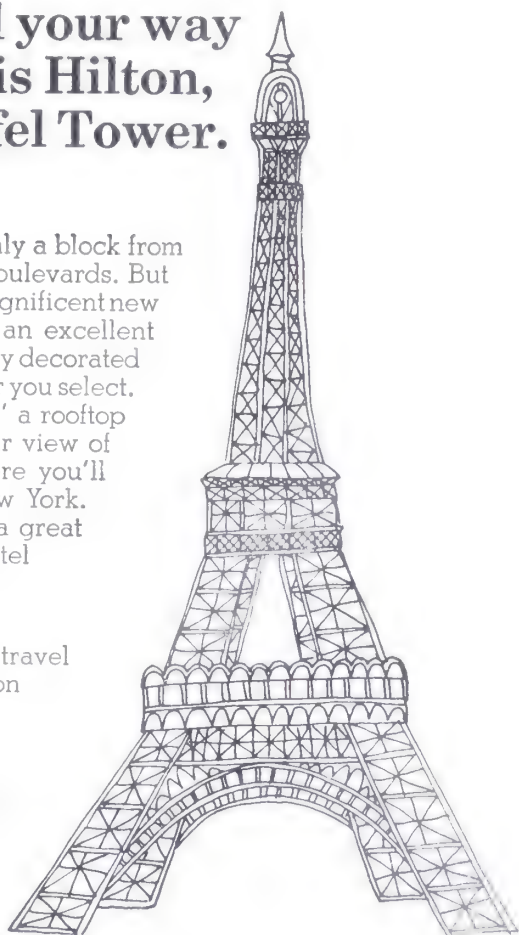
Arc lights on the fairway were aimed at a small grove of trees which, I presume, photographed like a deep woods. The stand-ins for Weld and Perkins were going through the motions of a love scene in the little open convertible. David Quaid, the director of photography, explained that the scene would have a "sort of blue cast; not the way night really looks but the way people think it looks." Grips and sound men and cameramen were bustling around in the half-dark making wisecracks. It was cold.

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## Paris Hilton



## AFTER HOURS

"It's like watching an outdoor hockey game," McSorley said. "You get cold from the feet up."

I stayed for about three hours. McSorley introduced me to Tuesday Weld and he told her that I was interested in the effect of the movie company on the town.

"You ought to write about the effect of the movie on the actors," she said.

It was quite clear that she was not, and had not been, enjoying herself with *She Let Him Continue*. I learned the next day that they had worked all night.

**P**olice Chief Shea's office is on the second floor of the Town Hall in Great Barrington; the force is now seven men, not two.

"Sure, they made problems," the Chief said. "There were some minor tie-ups. But they're a legitimate business and we cooperated with them like we would with any business. As individuals they've been an asset. Some people have complained; some people always complain."

The Chief had given them the benefit of his expertise.

"Out in Egremont when they were staging the arrests," he said, "I told them if you want realism you can't do it that way. We showed them what the regular procedure was."

His final comment was, "Trouble-wise they haven't been."

My last (and longest) conversation with a resident of Barrington who had a special interest in the movie company was with George Ryan, whom McSorley had so eagerly suggested that I see. I called on him on Sunday morning in his gray house; it has red and white plastic geraniums in its window boxes and a red carpet up the porch steps. I found Mr. Ryan watching a replay of Saturday's college football game on a color TV. He had on a white football shirt with blue stripe and the number 19 on block letters on its front and back and shoulders. Mr. Ryan turned down the sound, but he didn't turn off the picture. I asked him how he had got involved with the movie company and he started at the beginning.

"I joined the Air Force in 1952 when I was twenty," he said, and he traced his military career for me in some detail with emphasis on its several important climaxes. In 1954 he

had been "Airman of the Month" which he said "you get from being sharp." Early in his career, he had a choice of being trained either as a sheet-metal worker or as an honor guard, and on the advice of his uncle he chose the latter. The choice seems to have been an inspired one, for he became the Air Force representative honor-guard man at the White House, performing, as he put it, "mostly ceremonial work."

He had been a member of a "crack drill team" which performed, as he said, "all over the country" and in addition he paired up with a man who entered the service with him from nearby Pittsfield. They performed a two-man drill-team specialty act that lasted for ten-and-a-half minutes with such brilliance that they won (don't hold me to a precise chronology, since George Ryan did not tell the story in a precisely chronological manner) first prizes in London and Wiesbaden. Ultimately they won a national competition in Las Vegas which was repaid with a trip to Cuba with a stop-over in Miami. He met the president of Cuba, he said, and spent three days with Ernest Hemingway. ("He was rotten. He had a vile mouth," Mr. Ryan said. "He was some man.") The ultimate reward was the appearance of Ryan and his partner on the Ed Sullivan Show in 1956.

He was finally given the choice of reenlisting "with another stripe" and the prospect of being drill-team coach at the Air Force Academy, or of going into his uncle's real-estate business in Great Barrington. He chose the latter and he is glad he did. "I'm now the president of the corporation," he said, "and my wife is the vice president."

This may seem a rather long preamble to Ryan's off-stage movie career, but Ryan, as you can see, is a very thorough fellow who leaves no untidy edges to his performance.

"Steve Kesten, the production supervisor, and two other fellows came into the office and told me they were from Twentieth Century-Fox and I thought they were kidding," he said. "They were looking for real estate, a house for Tuesday and a house to use as the Stepenek residence. When we got through I said if they ever heard of a movie company that was looking for somebody to train a drill team to let me know.

Kesten said, 'You got to be kidding George.'"

The opening scene of *She Let Him Continue* is a shot of Tuesday leading a drill team; it is Perkins' first sight of her.

"I sat down with Noel and Steve," Ryan said, "and we worked things out."

Ryan has had a boys' drill team in Barrington and he knew the young people in town. "I handpicked the most photogenic girls in Barrington," he said. "We had two weeks to get ready. We met three times a week for an hour and a half. I had no trouble with Tuesday. I treated her like the rest and I'd say, 'Tuesday, you look great.' We got along fine. I had uniforms for the boys' drill team and I rented them to the company . . . that is, the part from the waist up."

I asked him what he thought the company had done for or to the town.

"Those clowns who complained . . .," he said. "Honestly, everybody benefited by it. Usually after Fair Week they roll up the sidewalks . . . not this year."

Fair Week in early September, which used to bring teams of great draft horses and noble dairy bulls and hundreds of jars of beans and peaches and beets "put up" by local farmers' wives to compete for ribbons, now brings thousands upon thousands of people for the pari-mutuel betting on the races at the Fair Grounds. Barrington has been the site of the county fair for at least three-quarters of a century, and it has always been the climax of the summer. This summer, obviously, was not like any other. Barrington under the pseudonym of Winslow, with an overlay of violence to which it is not accustomed, will soon pass before the eyes of millions.

I telephoned an old friend of mine, a distinguished lady who had run a kindergarten I had been to during World War I, and asked her what she thought the effect of the curious summer visitation had been.

"Don't worry about it," she said. "One of my friends went to call on Miss Tuesday out on the Alford Road. They sat on the floor and played with the baby. Just don't ruin Barrington by writing about it. Nothing has happened."

And, of course, nothing had happened except the creation of a fantasy.











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# Harper's

magazine

*Rowland Evans and Robert Novak*

## THE ROAD TO MIAMI BEACH

*Ancient enmities or newly formed alliances may tip the balance this August when the Republican party faces the heady—and unfamiliar—task of picking a likely winner in the Presidential sweepstakes.*

**T**he inbred, tightly structured Republican party of Wisconsin is a model of the way the party always has been run in its Midwestern heartland. Although the rise of a viable Democratic party in the state over the last decade has made Republican leaders a shade less insistent on organizational and ideological discipline, they prefer everybody to move in lockstep, and those who don't wear the ignominious brand of "renegade." The leaders decided long ago that Richard M. Nixon, a regular party man dear to their hearts, ought to be nominated for President in 1968. County chairmen obediently fell into line. Indeed, the Nixon organization for the Wisconsin Presidential primary on April 2 is virtually a roster of the state's regular party organization.

In theory, then, Wisconsin and its primary should be conceded to Nixon here and now. In fact, however, it cannot, for the road to the Republican convention in Miami Beach seven months hence

promises to be as winding, uncertain, and filled with surprise as any since 1940, when Wendell Willkie came from Wall Street obscurity to be nominated. ("In the light of all political experience, Mr. Willkie's nomination was impossible," Arthur Krock wrote a day after the event.) Beneath the monolithic Republican façade strange things are happening. The perfervid volunteers who marched for Barry Goldwater in 1964—ferociously conservative Young Republicans, svelte society matrons from the North Shore suburbs above Milwaukee, small-town businessmen—are far more attracted to Governor Ronald Reagan of California than to Nixon. There is even talk about Governor Nelson Rockefeller, generated in part by Representative Melvin Laird, the most powerful and politically subtle Republican in the House. Moreover, Governor Warren Knowles, handsome and infinitely cautious, is neutral. He seemed to be leaning toward neighboring Governor George

Romney of Michigan before Romney caught his apparently incurable foot-in-mouth disease. But Knowles has not followed his lieutenants into the Nixon camp.

Wisconsin with its divided loyalties is something of a microcosm of the national Republican party as it begins the journey to Miami Beach next August, exhilarated by an unmistakable scent of victory. This is not the white hats-vs.-black hats struggle of 1964—united Right against a divided Left, Barry Goldwater against the field of Republican “moderates” (the term Republican liberals prefer these days). This, instead, is a Byzantine political puzzle complicated by personal relationships and intense animosities between the possible nominees—Nixon, Reagan, Rockefeller, Romney, and Senator Charles H. Percy of Illinois.

Miami Beach bears so little resemblance to the simple, one-sided struggle at San Francisco not because—as the current cliché has it—the Republicans “learned their lesson” in the Goldwater catastrophe. Rather, 1964 from the start was a struggle for party control, with the winner certain to be vanquished by an invincible Lyndon Johnson. In contrast, the Republicans today regard Lyndon Johnson as so vulnerable that, if they nominate well, they will be naming the next President of the United States. Thus, a candidate’s chance of winning, all but ignored four years ago, today towers above all else.

### Disunited for Victory

**T**O understand where the party stands at the start of the campaign year, one must disregard ideology and geography, and instead examine its four natural power blocs:

*The Regulars:* These are the middle-echelon party leaders at the state and county level, who will have the major voice in choosing convention delegates from the twenty-five states which have Democratic Governors and in those states (Wisconsin, for instance) where the Republican Governor stays neutral. It is Nixon who has the overwhelming support of the Regulars, Nixon who speaks their language, Nixon who always has been lavish with his time and energy for the vital business of raising campaign funds. The second choice of the Regulars, by a wide margin, is Reagan. Rockefeller, on the other hand, is scarcely tolerated as an arch-apostate (although the fury against him has shown interesting signs of melting lately). As for Romney, the Regulars would accept him before Rockefeller, but they now consider him dead. Percy is unknown to them.

*The Volunteers:* These doughty foot soldiers of the Goldwater movement did not fade away as was so widely forecast but stayed on to raise money, address envelopes, and make their wishes known vocally. Unenthusiastically for Nixon six months ago, they switched dramatically to Reagan and continue to back him in full force. Less appreciative of Nixon’s party chores than the Regulars, the Volunteers are mesmerized by Reagan’s charisma and neo-Goldwater rhetoric. Even more intensely than the Regulars, they regard Rockefeller as a pariah. Romney’s credentials are scarcely better for them. And as for Percy, they know little and care less about him.

*The Governors:* They have gained both in quantity (from 17 to 26) and quality since 1964, making them a potential force in the convention for the first time since 1952. Although they can’t possibly match Thomas E. Dewey’s feat in 1952 when he mobilized 22 of 23 Republican Governors for Eisenhower, the Governors have developed a rough consensus—call it 2 to 1—for Rockefeller. The remaining third prefer Reagan, whose presence and assertiveness impressed his colleagues during the floating Governors’ conference aboard the liner *Independence* last fall. There is surprisingly little support for Nixon, whom the Governors mark as a sure loser against LBJ. Romney has never had the Governors’ support, with a few exceptions, and among them he is now written off. Percy has some residual strength.

*The Congressional Party:* Never so influential in picking nominees as is generally believed, Republican Congressmen are deeply divided this year. Nixon is probably the Congressional favorite though not with much enthusiasm. Rockefeller remains anathema to the Stone Age Republicans on Capitol Hill, but he is attracting increasing interest from Laird-style pragmatists on the prowl for a Presidential nominee who could help win enough Congressional seats in the Northeast to control the House. Though Reagan is suspect as a political newcomer, the kind words of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen of Illinois are lessening this handicap. Percy, close at hand in the Senate, is the subject of some serious Congressional in-

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*In 1963 Rowland Evans and Robert Novak combined talents to write “Inside Report”—a syndicated daily political column now appearing in 163 newspapers. Their book “Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power” was published by New American Library and is now being brought out in England and Germany. Mr. Evans was formerly a correspondent for the New York “Herald Tribune” and Mr. Novak was Congressional correspondent for the “Wall Street Journal.”*



terest. Romney has lost most of what little Congressional support he once had.

All four power blocs share one common determination: not to make the premature commitments that tied up the nomination so early for Goldwater. Today, F. Clifton White could not possibly mount the kind of delegate-collecting operation he conducted so brilliantly for Goldwater (which is one reason why White is unattached so far, his talents apparently in no great demand). Instead, the favorite sons proliferate, holding their power of maximum impact: Senator John Tower of Texas, Governor Claude Kirk of Florida, Governor John Volpe of Massachusetts, Governor James Rhodes of Ohio, Governor Ray Shafer of Pennsylvania. None is even a potential Presidential "dark horse," but each might use a tightly held bloc of convention votes to play kingmaker or to force his way to the Vice Presidential nomination.

To hold his precarious lead, Nixon must convince everybody — the friendly Regulars as well as the skeptical Governors—that he can beat Johnson in 1968. At a minimum, this requires a spectacular showing in the four primary elections certain to be contested: New Hampshire (March 12), Wisconsin (April 2), Nebraska (May 14), and Oregon (May 28).

Last fall this seemed a relatively easy task for Nixon. His only avowed opponent was Romney, whose party support had virtually collapsed. With time fast running out for any moderate substitute to replace Romney in the primaries, Nixon seemed to have an open road to Miami—before the phenomenal rise of Reagan, that is.

Reagan can run for the nomination and at the same time say he is not running because of the lunatic tangle of our state Presidential primary laws. To hold California (86 convention delegates) for himself, Reagan is an official favorite son. Unless he signs affidavits of non-candidacy—which he refuses to do—he will automatically be listed on the ballot in other primary states. In some states, organized efforts to write in his name are planned.

In New Hampshire, for example, a write-in campaign seems likely to give Reagan at least 10 to 15 per cent of the vote in a race with Romney and Nixon. Because Reagan's strength is in the Nixon camp, a showing of 20 to 25 per cent might well throw New Hampshire to Romney.

In the Wisconsin primary, immediately after New Hampshire, the ballot will automatically list all Presidential contenders—including Reagan, who will neither sign an affidavit of non-candidacy nor actively campaign.

The mounting Reagan boom transforms Wisconsin (the graveyard of Willkie's 1944 Presidential dream) from a sure Nixon situation to a serious Nixon hazard. Romney is well known in Wisconsin. The main production plant of his old company, American Motors, is in Kenosha. Furthermore, the eccentric state primary law permits Democrats to cross over and perform what mischief they wish in the Republican primary. Only a fool would predict the outcome.

If Nixon survives New Hampshire and Wisconsin, he must go on to two more compulsory primary states: Nebraska, where Reagan is strong,

and Oregon, where Harold Stassen's 1948 drive perished.

Moreover, the times are out of joint for Nixon's campaign style if not for the battle-scarred warrior himself, who hasn't been elected to anything in his own right since 1950. He is still very much the internationalist (his small, comfortable office in Wall Street is filled with autographed photos of the world's crowned and uncrowned heads) at a time when neo-isolationism is spreading through the country. He easily drops the names of world statesmen and foreign capitals, but he will be wooing voters sick to death of foreign affairs and foreign responsibilities.

Less self-righteous and pugnacious than an earlier Nixon, he has a pleasing detachment about him today, and his old gift of analyzing his own political future is now spiced with a certain self-deprecation. He acknowledges, privately, the diffi-



culty of being the party's foremost world specialist in a country looking ever more inward.

On Vietnam, because he rejects the win-or-get-out slogan, Nixon may find it hard to distinguish his own position from LBJ's in the early primary campaigning, while Romney raises the peace banner and absentee candidate Reagan talks about unleashing the military on Ho Chi Minh. In fact, Reaganism from the wings (he has pledged not to visit any primary states) will haunt Nixon in many different accents. Reagan has enormous political appeal in a country permeated by middle-class discontent: anti-government, anti-politician, anti-intellectual, anti-international—and, certainly not least—anti-Negro. Nixon won't compete with Reagan's hard-line proposals either in Vietnam or in the racial wars at home. And this restraint could cost him dearly, and reward Reagan, particularly in Nebraska and Oregon.

It is now conceivable that with Reagan and Nixon dividing the conservative votes, Romney could win some primaries. The more likely winner, however, is Nixon.

### Flirting with Non-candidates

**Y**et even if Nixon successfully runs the full gauntlet of primaries, his ordeal has not ended. He must be ahead of Johnson in the polls, comfortably ahead, to force the Governors to bow to the Regulars and hand him a first-ballot nomination. On the other hand, if both Romney and Nixon fail to sweep the primaries, the field will be thrown open to the non-candidates: Reagan, Rockefeller, and maybe Percy.

If Nixon is finished, a majority of the Regulars will automatically turn to Reagan. The process is already under way in the South, where the Regulars regard Reagan as the Republican most likely to stave off the third-party threat of George Wallace. In Illinois, the Regulars would try to deliver the state's 58 delegate votes to Reagan, particularly if the flirtation between Reagan and Dirksen ripens as it promises to.

There would be little ideological opposition to Reagan, but some pragmatic qualms, mainly among the Governors and a few thoughtful Regulars. His strategy after all, is a twin to Goldwater's: secure the white man's vote North and South, ignore the Negro, and pretend the Eastern Seaboard doesn't exist. Reagan is more skillful, more articulate, far better trained in the communications arts than Goldwater. "But what I want to know," said a Western Governor, pondering what to do about his neighbor from California,

"is whether the press will cut him up like they did Barry."

This question goes to the heart of the matter. Reagan's climb from Hollywood obscurity to Presidential aspiration in little more than a year was a public-relations spectacular; if the image cracks, Reagan's candidacy cracks with it. Moreover, storm clouds were piling high at the end of his turbulent but highly successful first year as Governor (74 per cent statewide approval last summer). His credibility, accounted by his advisers as his most precious political asset, particularly in any projection against Johnson's notorious credibility gap, was badly tarnished by his astonishing lack of candor in handling a homosexual scandal on his staff. Moreover, a blooper by his state budget director now compels Reagan to make Draconian reductions in higher education and other state services despite the one-billion-dollar Reagan tax increase—a record for any state. No other Presidential hopeful faces so many political hazards on his home ground.

Opponents of Reagan would almost surely turn to Rockefeller if Nixon and Romney fade out. Rockefeller will go Reagan one better in not seeking the nomination. He will sign the non-candidacy affidavits in Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Oregon. Moreover, Rockefeller is going far beyond the usual protestations of a party leader who secretly intends at least to keep his options open. Aboard the *Independence*, in private conversations with reporters, he recklessly castigated Republican figures who could be of political use to him. While Reagan worked hard and effectively to carve out a leadership niche among his Republican colleagues, Rockefeller flew back to New York from the conference two days early. And he produced only one headline: "I don't want to be President."

Rockefeller must make the politicians believe he means this if he is to have any chance whatever. After his futile pursuit of the White House for ten years, a significant part of his appeal today is that he is forbidden fruit and therefore desired. Politicians who see him in private have no doubt he would gladly accept the nomination. At such times he admits that Romney, whom he has consistently supported, is on the point of collapse. Even George Hinman, his closest political adviser, who has most strongly counseled him against running again, may be changing his mind. On a recent visit to California to see his son, Hinman turned the clock back four years by paying discreet visits to local Republican politicians.

But Rockefeller's base in the party is still built on sand. To a majority of the Regulars and Volunteers, he remains an unspeakable catalogue of



liabilities: Eastern, liberal, rich, divorced, uppity, and the hatchet man who sliced up Barry Goldwater. His only hope is that fifteen or more Governors will hold their delegations under tight control while the Reagan boom dies down. These Governors, however, have no Tom Dewey to lead them. James Rhodes of Ohio says privately that he supports Rockefeller, but Rhodes is an unpredictable politician. Others, like Daniel Evans of Washington and John Love of Colorado, won't fully control their delegations. Even New York's usually monolithic 92-member delegation may be peppered with anti-Rockefeller defectors. Finally, Nelson Rockefeller is not dearly beloved; few party leaders will deliver delegates to him out of personal affection.

If Reagan's prospects live or die by his public relations, Rockefeller's live or die by the polls. His amazing showing in polls against LBJ (particularly when paired with Reagan) explains why Mel Laird and Jim Rhodes are quietly talking him up, why some of the Regulars are now willing to swallow him, and why the Governors overwhelmingly want him. In the current political atmosphere only Rockefeller could beat Johnson in the Northeast and whip him nationally. But to be considered even peripherally at Miami, he not only must maintain this lead but must be far ahead of any other Republican.

Even that may not be enough. Clif White, the ringmaster of convention politics, sets up the plausible hypothesis that on the third ballot at Miami, Reagan has 550 delegates (666 needed for nomination) and Rockefeller has 250. Says White, "I'd like to see the guy that goes up to Reagan and says, 'Ron, Rocky will take you as Vice President if you give him your delegates'. I just don't think it can be put together." Nor is White the only skeptic who doubts the Rockefeller-Reagan dream ticket will ever be more than a dream.

### Nixon As Kingmaker

If there is no clear front-runner Miami will be a "brokered," or negotiated convention. The final settlement then may rest in Nixon's hands. Eliminated in the primaries he would have few if any delegates at his disposal, but his blessing might still be decisive. Not even Dick Nixon knows today whom he would endorse. However, his personal relationships with the other chief contenders would certainly figure to some extent in the back-room negotiations of a deadlocked convention.

Although their support comes from similar elements of the party, Nixon has little affection for

Reagan, whom he scarcely knows. On the other hand Reagan and his political advisers have little regard for Nixon as a candidate, though ideologically they prefer him to anybody else. Nixon, always fascinated by the machinery of politics, admires Reagan's technical competence, but not his comprehension of the issues. He has not picked a fight with Reagan, but the seeds of a genuine grievance have been planted. For if Nixon falls in the primaries, much of the blame can justifiably be put on Reagan.

If the Nixon-Reagan entente is less than harmonious, the Nixon-Rockefeller relationship in the past eight years has blossomed into a full-blown feud. Dating back to multiple grievances during the campaign of 1960, their hostility is periodically reinvigorated—as on the day after the 1964 election when Nixon, in a press conference, gratuitously disqualified Rockefeller for high responsibility in the Republican party because of his nonsupport of Goldwater in the past campaign. Although they have been Fifth Avenue neighbors since Nixon's move to Manhattan in 1963, they seldom see or speak to each other. During his four years in the state Nixon has not been invited to a single function of the Rockefeller-controlled New York Republican party. He also believes Rockefeller has performed badly as leader of the state party. Rockefeller's animosity toward Nixon is more personal, verging on contempt.

This does not mean Nixon would hesitate to give either Reagan or Rockefeller a push over the top at Miami Beach. Professional politicians don't always let personal feelings interfere with professional judgment. But it does mean that, all things being equal, Nixon might much prefer to help Percy if a deadlocked convention dragged on for several ballots and Nixon had the power to break it. Percy and Nixon are friends.

Percy, moreover, is acceptable to all of the party's four major power blocs. The forty-eight-year-old freshman Senator hasn't been around long enough to have made many enemies. And he has the glamor of a self-made millionaire, with a beautiful wife, who toppled the craggy, immensely popular Paul Douglas to win his Senate seat.

Counterbalancing his slightly dovish position on Vietnam, Percy's support of Goldwater in 1964—which probably cost him the governorship—won him grudging acceptance from Regulars and Volunteers who could never turn to Romney or Rockefeller. They may be aggravated by Percy's patronizing air, but they can accept him.

However, Percy could come forward only in the event of a deadlock, and not since Warren Harding was nominated in 1920 has a Republican conven-

tion been deadlocked. Today, with millions eavesdropping on television, the politicians will give their all to prevent such a spectacle.

Unlike Rockefeller and Reagan, Percy is not famous enough to be able to sit on the sidelines as a non-candidate waiting for the convention. Only one year in the Senate, he cannot become an avowed candidate and build up his name. If he follows Reagan's example and neither signs the disclaimer of candidacy nor campaigns, he risks—without Reagan's name identification—a horrible drubbing in the primaries. But if he does keep his name off the ballots, he may drop from sight. And he must decide before the returns of the early primaries are in.

Furthermore, Percy's base in Illinois is fragile. Although Dirksen and the Illinois Regulars have condescended to accept him as a favorite son, their hearts are with Nixon and Reagan. These obstacles suggest that Percy, the youngest of the possibilities, might well bide his time until 1972 or even 1976. He surely would do just that if Rockefeller or even Nixon were the nominee. But Percy profoundly fears the consequences of a Reagan nomination. Percy sees 1968 as a golden opportunity for the GOP to capture the normally Democratic academic and intellectual community, where Johnson is weak, a chance that would be lost for another generation if Reagan is nominated. If Reagan moves into the commanding position in the next few months, close advisers will urge Percy to enter the Oregon primary (a decision that must be made no later than March 19, by which time only New Hampshire will have held its primary).

Percy has often said that in his judgment Rockefeller is the best-qualified Republican for the Presidency. The sentiment is wholly unrequited. Rockefeller, whose political passions run strong, has never forgiven Percy for failing to back him in 1964. When questioned by a close political associate, Rockefeller recently blurted out that if Romney fails he was damn well sure the fall-back man wasn't going to be Percy. This resolve was stiffened when Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York, whose rivalry with the Governor is intense, told a private meeting of newsmen in Washington that he much preferred Percy over Rockefeller for President. Romney, who will continue his alliance with Rockefeller if he fails in the primaries, also regards Percy as little more than an upstart, once hanging the opprobrious word "opportunist" around his neck.

With good reason, the country looks to the Miami convention as the most exciting Republican contest perhaps since 1912, when Colonel Theodore

Roosevelt, having beaten President William Howard Taft in most of the primaries but losing the nomination, ran as the nominee of a third party, thus assuring the election of Woodrow Wilson. The only circumstance that could rob the party and the country of that special excitement would be a Nixon sweep in the primaries. It is precisely this possibility that makes Nixon the favorite in the winter book with odds of 5 to 1. Somewhere behind Nixon are ranked all the others, and we will risk the fury of their partisans by listing their odds this way: Reagan second, 10 to 1; Rockefeller (who was surely no better than 100 to 1 last summer) now 15 to 1; and, in fourth place, Percy, a long shot at 50 to 1. That leaves Romney, last summer's front-runner, who has slipped from perhaps 2 to 1 then to 75 to 1 today. It will take a miracle to save him, but miracles do happen in politics and the odds on Presidential contenders change with the fickleness of a summer shower, particularly so with a Republican party smelling victory.

### Among These Five

As of now, for opposite reasons, Rockefeller and Reagan are the main beneficiaries of this new Republican exuberance. Rockefeller: glamorous liberal, strong in the Northeast and wherever the old Democratic coalition of labor, minorities, and intellectuals is strong. Reagan: glamorous conservative, strong in the old Southern and Southwest heartland of Lyndon Johnson, in the Negrophobic middle class and wherever anti-Eastern Seaboard emotions run deep. Nixon: most widely accepted in the party but non-glamorous and slightly out of fashion as he returns to the fray after eight years with just enough of the "tricky-Dick" image, however unjustifiable, to question whether he could exploit Johnson's liabilities as the back-room arm-twisting wheeler-dealer who has opened the worst credibility gap in modern American history. Romney? Paradoxically, Romney might be best against Johnson—clean-cut, jut-jawed, all the seeming attributes of courage and honor, the very antithesis of the crafty Johnson—except for his compulsively self-destructive campaign bloopers. That leaves Percy, youthful, dynamic, bright but untested. Would he be Chuck the Giant-killer or find himself hopelessly outclassed by the old pro in the White House?

Among these five, the challenger will be found at Miami Beach next August, a product of the strangely intricate and wonderfully illogical art of picking Presidential nominees.



The following pages from the notebook manuscript *Giacomo Joyce*—amounting to about a third of the whole—are published consecutively here for the first time, though James Joyce wrote the work in Trieste over a half-century ago. (Some fragments were quoted by Richard Ellmann in his biography of Joyce in 1959.) The entire work will be brought out by The Viking Press in a book, with Introduction and Notes by Richard Ellmann, on January 1, 1968. Here are some essentials of the background, quoted from Mr. Ellmann's long essay:

"James Joyce wrote it at that stage of his life when he was completing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and was beginning *Ulysses*. The manuscript was left by Joyce in Trieste and was saved from loss by his brother Stanislaus. Joyce wrote in his best calligraphic hand, without changes, on both sides of eight large sheets, which are loosely held within the nondescript gray-paper covers of a school notebook. On the upper left-hand corner of the front cover, the name 'Giacomo Joyce' is inscribed in another hand. This Italian form of his name was never used by Joyce, and its acceptance here, to ornament a study of love, must have expressed his sense of *dépaysement* as a Triestine Dubliner pining for requital in two languages. . . . *Giacomo Joyce* displays its hero's erotic commotion over a girl pupil to whom he was teaching English. In the course of these shifting perspectives, Joyce unfolds the paradigm of unsatisfied love as it takes hold of the no longer young.

"To readers accustomed by Joyce to large formal structures, the size and informality of this most delicate of novels may be especially ingratiating. When, not long before his death, Joyce said he would write something very simple and very short, he was thinking perhaps of how he had solidified the small, fragile, transitory perfection of his Triestine pupil into the small, fragile, enduring perfection of *Giacomo Joyce*."

## GIACOMO JOYCE

### *A Study of Love*

*by James Joyce*

| 1 | Who? A pale face surrounded by heavy odorous furs. Her movements are shy and nervous. She uses quizzing-glasses.

Yes: a brief syllable. A brief laugh. A brief beat of the eyelids.

Cobweb handwriting, traced long and fine with quiet disdain and resignation: a young person of quality.

I launch forth on an easy wave of tepid speech: Swedenborg, the pseudo-Areopagite, Miguel de Molinos, Joachim Abbas. The wave is spent. Her classmate, retwisting her twisted body, purrs in boneless Viennese Italian: *Che coltura!* The long eyelids beat and lift: a burning needleprick stings and quivers in the velvet iris.



High heels clack hollow on the resonant stone stairs. Wintry air in the castle, gibbeted coats of mail, rude iron sconces over the windings of the winding turret stairs. Tapping clacking heels, a high and hollow noise. There is one below would speak with your ladyship.

- 7 | She raises her arms in an effort to hook at the nape of her neck a gown of black veiling. She cannot: no, she cannot. She moves backwards towards me mutely. I raise my arms to help her: her arms fall. I hold the websoft edges of her gown and drawing them out to hook them I see through the opening of the black veil her lithe body sheathed in an orange shift. It slips its ribbons of moorings at her shoulders and falls slowly: a lithe smooth naked body shimmering with silvery scales. It slips slowly over the slender buttocks of smooth polished silver and over their furrow, a tarnished silver shadow . . . . Fingers, cold and calm and moving . . . . A touch, a touch.



Small witless helpless and thin breath. But bend and hear: a voice. A sparrow under the wheels of Juggernaut, shaking shaker of the earth. Please, mister God, big mister God! Goodbye, big world! . . . . . *Aber das ist eine Scherzintze!*

- 12 | She says that, had *The Portrait of the Artist* been frank only for frankness' sake, she would have asked why I had given it to her to read. O you would, would you? A lady of letters.

She stands black-robed at the telephone. Little timid laughs, little cries, timid runs of speech suddenly broken . . . . *Parlerò colla mamma* . . . . Come! chook, chook! come! The black pullet is frightened: little runs suddenly broken, little timid cries: it is crying for its mamma, the portly hen.

Loggione. The sodden walls ooze a steamy damp. A symphony of smells fuses the mass of huddled human forms: sour reek of armpits, nozzled oranges, melting breast ointments.



mastick water, the breath of suppers of sulphurous garlic, foul phosphorescent farts, opoponax, the frank sweat of marriageable and married womankind, the soapy stink of men . . . . . All night I have watched her, all night I shall see her: braided and pinnacled hair and olive oval face and calm soft eyes. A green fillet upon her hair and about her body a green-broidered gown: the hue of the illusion of the vegetable glass of nature and of lush grass, the hair of graves.

- [ 14 ] Whirling wreaths of grey vapour upon the heath. Her face, how grey and grave! Dank matted hair. Her lips press softly, her sighing breath comes through. Kissed.

My voice, dying in the echoes of its words, dies like the wisdom-wearied voice of the Eternal calling on Abraham through echoing hills. She leans back against the pillowed wall: odalisque-featured in the luxurious obscurity. Her eyes have drunk my thoughts: and into the moist warm yielding welcoming darkness of her womanhood my soul, itself dissolving, has streamed and poured and flooded a liquid and abundant seed . . . . . Take her now who will! . . . .

- [ 15 ] As I come out of Ralli's house I come upon her suddenly as we both are giving alms to a blind beggar. She answers my sudden greeting by turning and averting her black basilisk eyes. *E col suo vedere attosca l'uomo quando lo vede.* I thank you for the word, messer Brunetto.

They spread under my feet carpets for the son of man. They await my passing. She stands in the yellow shadow of the hall, a plaid cloak shielding from chills her sinking shoulders: and as I halt in wonder and look about me she greets me wintrily and passes up the staircase darting at me for an instant out of her sluggish sidelong eyes a jet of liquorish venom.



A soft crumpled peagreen cover drapes the lounge. A narrow Parisian room. The hairdresser lay here but now. I kissed her stocking and the hem of her rustblack dusty skirt. It is the other. She.

Gogarty came yesterday to be introduced. *Ulysses* is the reason. Symbol of the intellectual conscience . . . Ireland then? And the husband? Pacing the corridor in list shoes or playing chess against himself. Why are we left here? The hairdresser lay here but now, clutching my head between her knobby knees . . . Intellectual symbol of my race. Listen! The plunging gloom has fallen. Listen!

—I am not convinced that such activities of the mind or body can be called unhealthy—

She speaks. A weak voice from beyond the cold stars. Voice of wisdom. Say on! O, say again, making me wise! This voice I never heard.

She coils towards me along the crumpled lounge. I cannot move or speak. Coiling approach of starborn flesh. Adultery of wisdom. No. I will go. I will.

—Jim, love!—

Soft sucking lips kiss my left armpit: a coiling kiss on myriad veins. I burn! I crumple like a burning leaf! From my right armpit a fang of flame leaps out. A starry snake has kissed me: a cold nightsnake. I am lost! —Nora!—

- [16] Jan Pieters Sweelink. The quaint name of the old Dutch musician makes all beauty seem quaint and far. I hear his variations for the clavichord on an old air: *Youth has an end*. In the vague mist of old sounds a faint point of light appears: the speech of the soul is about to be heard. Youth has an end: the end is here. It will never be. You know that well. What then? Write it, damn you, write it! What else are you good for?

"Why?"

"Because otherwise I could not see you."

Sliding—space—ages—foliage of stars—and waning heaven—stillness—and stillness deeper—stillness of annihilation—and her voice.

*Non hunc sed Barabbam!*

Unreadiness. A bare apartment. Torbid daylight. A long black piano: coffin of music. Poised on its edge a woman's hat, red-flowered, and umbrella, furred. Her arms: a casque, gules, and blunt spear on a field.

Envoy: Love me, love my umbrella.





## Bertrand Russell

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY: 1914-1918

*In this vivid memoir of the Great War, the famous philosopher sharply recalls such friends as T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, and John Maynard Keynes, describes old and exhilarating love affairs, and traces the course of his influential pacifism. The War, he writes, "filled me with horror . . . I had supposed that most people liked money better than anything else, but I discovered that they liked destruction even better . . ."*

I saw a chapel all of gold  
That none did dare to enter in;  
And many weeping stood without,  
Weeping, mourning, worshipping.

I saw a serpent rise between  
The white pillars of the door,  
And he forced and forced and forced  
Till down the golden hinges tore:

And along the pavement sweet,  
Set with pearls and rubies bright,  
All his shining length he drew,—  
Till upon the altar white

Vomited his poison out  
On the bread and on the wine.  
So I turned into a sty,  
And laid me down among the swine.

(*The Defiled Sanctuary*, by William Blake)

**T**he period from 1910 to 1914 was a time of transition. My life before 1910 and my life after 1914 were as sharply separated as Faust's life before and after he met Mephistopheles. I underwent a process of rejuvenation, inaugurated by Ottoline Morrell\* and continued by the War. It may seem curious that the War should rejuvenate anybody, but in fact it shook me out of my prejudices and made me think afresh on a number of fundamental questions. It also provided me with a new kind of

activity, for which I did not feel the staleness that beset me whenever I tried to return to mathematical logic. I have therefore got into the habit of thinking of myself as a non-supernatural Faust for whom Mephistopheles was represented by the Great War.

During the hot days at the end of July 1914, I was at Cambridge, discussing the situation with all and sundry. I found it impossible to believe that Europe would be so mad as to plunge into war, but I was persuaded that, if there was war, England would be involved. I felt strongly that England ought to remain neutral, and I collected the signatures of a large number of Professors and Fellows to a statement which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* to that effect. The day War was declared, almost all of them changed their minds. Looking back, it seems extraordinary that one did not realize more clearly what was coming. On Sunday, August the 2nd, I met Keynes hurrying across the Great Court of Trinity to borrow his brother-in-law's motor bicycle to go up to London.\* I presently discovered that the Government had sent for him to give them financial advice. This made me realize the imminence of our participation in the War. On the Monday morning I decided to go to London. I lunched with the Morrells at Bedford Square, and found Ottoline entirely of my way of thinking. She agreed with Philip's determination

\*The author's relationships with Lady Ottoline Morrell and her husband, Philip Morrell, a Liberal MP, are described in *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell: 1872-1914* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1967).

\*The brother-in-law of John Maynard Keynes was A. V. Hill, eminent in scientific medicine. He had rooms on the next staircase to mine.

to make a pacifist speech in the House. I went down to the House in the hope of hearing Sir Edward Grey's famous statement, but the crowd was too great, and I failed to get in. I learned, however, that Philip had duly made his speech. I spent the evening walking round the streets, especially in the neighborhood of Trafalgar Square, noticing cheering crowds, and making myself sensitive to the emotions of passersby. During this and the following days I discovered to my amazement that average men and women were delighted at the prospect of war. I had fondly imagined, what most pacifists contended, that wars were forced upon a reluctant population by despotic and Machiavellian governments. I had noticed during previous years how carefully Sir Edward Grey lied in order to prevent the public from knowing the methods by which he was committing us to the support of France in the event of war. I naïvely imagined that when the public discovered how he had lied to them, they would be annoyed; instead of which, they were grateful to him for having spared them the moral responsibility.

On the morning of the 4th of August, I walked with Ottoline up and down the empty streets behind the British Museum, where now there are university buildings. We discussed the future in gloomy terms. When we spoke to others of the evils we foresaw, they thought us mad; yet it turned out that we were twittering optimists compared to the truth. On the evening of the 4th, after quarreling with George Trevelyan along the whole length of the Strand, I attended the last meeting of a neutrality committee of which Graham Wallas was chairman. During the meeting there was a loud clap of thunder, which all the older members of the committee took to be a German bomb. This dissipated their last lingering feeling in favor of neutrality. The first days of the War were to me utterly amazing. My best friends, such as the Whiteheads, were savagely warlike. Men like J. L. Hammond, who had been writing for years against participation in a European war, were swept off their feet by Belgium. As I had long known from a military friend at the Staff College that Belgium would inevitably be involved, I had not supposed important publicists so frivolous as to be ignorant on this vital matter. The *Nation* newspaper used

to have a staff luncheon every Tuesday, and I attended the luncheon on the 4th of August. I found Massingham, the editor, vehemently opposed to our participation in the war. He welcomed enthusiastically my offer to write for his newspaper in that sense. Next day I got a letter from him, beginning, "Today is not yesterday . . .," and stating that his opinion had completely changed. Nevertheless, he printed a long letter from me protesting against the War in his next issue. What changed his opinion I do not know. I know that one of Asquith's\* daughters saw him descending the steps of the German Embassy late on the afternoon of the 4th of August, and I have some suspicion that he was consequently warned of the unwisdom of a lack of patriotism in such a crisis. For the first year or so of the War he remained patriotic, but as time went on he began to forget that he had ever been so. A few pacifist MPs, together with two or three sympathizers, began to have meetings at the Morrells' house in Bedford Square. I used to attend these meetings, which gave rise to the Union of Democratic Control. I was interested to observe that many of the pacifist politicians were more concerned with the question which of them should lead the antiwar movement than with the actual work against the War. Nevertheless, they were all there was to work with, and I did my best to think well of them.

## Of Human Nature

Meanwhile, I was living at the highest possible emotional tension. Although I did not foresee anything like the full disaster of the War, I foresaw a great deal more than most people did. The prospect filled me with horror, but what filled me with even more horror was the fact that the anticipation of carnage was delightful to something like 90 per cent of the population. I had to revise my views on human nature. At that time I was wholly ignorant of psychoanalysis, but I arrived for myself at a view of human passions not unlike that of the psychoanalysts. I arrived at this view in an endeavor to understand popular feeling about the War. I had supposed until that time that it was quite common for parents to love their children, but the War persuaded me that it is a rare exception. I had supposed that most people liked money better than almost anything else, but I discovered that they liked destruction even better. I had supposed that intellectuals frequently loved truth, but I found here again that not 10 per cent of them

\*Herbert Henry Asquith, Liberal Prime Minister, 1908-16.

*This narrative is taken from the first chapter of "The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, 1914-1944," to be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in May. Now aged ninety-five, Lord Russell, the eminent British philosopher and mathematician, is the rallying point for many international anti-Vietnam War activities, including last year's International War Crimes Tribunal.*



prefer truth to popularity. Gilbert Murray, who had been a close friend of mine since 1902, was a pro-Boer when I was not. I therefore naturally expected that he would again be on the side of peace; yet he went out of his way to write about the wickedness of the Germans, and the super-human virtue of Sir Edward Grey. I became filled with despairing tenderness toward the young men who were to be slaughtered, and with rage against all the statesmen of Europe. For several weeks I felt that if I should happen to meet Asquith or Grey I should be unable to refrain from murder. Gradually, however, these personal feelings disappeared. They were swallowed up by the magnitude of the tragedy, and by the realization of the popular forces which the statesmen merely let loose.

In the midst of this, I was myself tortured by patriotism. The successes of the Germans before the Battle of the Marne were horrible to me. I desired the defeat of Germany as ardently as any retired colonel. Love of England is very nearly the strongest emotion I possess, and in appearing to set it aside at such a moment, I was making a very difficult renunciation. Nevertheless, I never had a moment's doubt as to what I must do. I have at times been paralyzed by skepticism, at times I have been cynical, at other times indifferent, but when the War came I felt as if I heard the voice of God. I knew that it was my business to protest, however futile protest might be. My whole nature was involved. As a lover of truth, the national propaganda of all the belligerent nations sickened me. As a lover of civilization, the return to barbarism appalled me. As a man of thwarted parental feeling, the massacre of the young wrung my heart. I hardly supposed that much good would come of opposing the War, but I felt that for the honor of human nature those who were not swept off their feet should show that they stood firm. After seeing troop trains departing from Waterloo, I used to have strange visions of London as a place of unreality. I used in imagination to see the bridges collapse and sink, and the whole great city vanish like a morning mist. Its inhabitants began to seem like hallucinations, and I would wonder whether the world in which I thought I had lived was a mere product of my own febrile nightmares.\* Such moods, however, were brief, and were put an end to by the need of work.

Throughout the earlier phases of the War, Ottoline was a very great help and strength to me. But for her, I should have been at first completely solitary, but she never wavered either in her

hatred of war, or in her refusal to accept the myths and falsehoods with which the world was inundated.

I found a minor degree of comfort in the conversation of George Santayana, who was at Cambridge at that time. He was a neutral, and in any case he had not enough respect for the human race to care whether it destroyed itself or not. His calm, philosophical detachment, though I had no wish to imitate it, was soothing to me. Just before the Battle of the Marne, when it looked as if the Germans must soon take Paris, he remarked in a dreamy tone of voice, "I think I must go over to Paris. My winter underclothes are there, and I should not like the Germans to get them. I have also another, though less important, reason, which is that I have there a manuscript of a book on which I have been working for the last ten years, but I do not care so much about that as about the underclothes." He did not, however, go to Paris, because the Battle of the Marne saved him the trouble. Instead, he remarked to me one day: "I am going to Seville tomorrow because I wish to be in a place where people do not restrain their passions."

With the beginning of the October term, I had to start again lecturing on mathematical logic, but I felt it a somewhat futile occupation. So I took to organizing a branch of the Union of Democratic Control among the dons, of whom at Trinity quite a number were at first sympathetic. I also addressed meetings of undergraduates who were quite willing to listen to me. I remember in the course of a speech, saying: "It is all nonsense to pretend the Germans are wicked," and to my surprise the whole room applauded. But with the sinking of the *Lusitania*, a fiercer spirit began to prevail. It seemed to be supposed that I was in some way responsible for this disaster. Of the dons who had belonged to the Union of Democratic Control, many had by this time got commissions. Barnes (afterwards Bishop of Birmingham) left to become Master of the Temple. The older dons got more and more hysterical, and I began to find myself avoided at the high table.

Every Christmas throughout the War I had a fit of black despair, such complete despair that I could do nothing except sit idle in my chair and wonder whether the human race served any purpose. At Christmas time in 1914, by Ottoline's advice, I found a way of making despair not unendurable. I took to visiting destitute Germans on behalf of a charitable committee to investigate their circumstances and to relieve their distress if they deserved it. In the course of this work, I came upon remarkable instances of kindness in the

\*I spoke of this to T. S. Eliot, who put it into *The Waste Land*.

middle of the fury of war. Not infrequently in the poor neighborhoods landladies, themselves poor, had allowed Germans to stay on without paying any rent, because they knew it was impossible for Germans to find work. This problem ceased to exist soon afterwards, as the Germans were all interned, but during the first months of the War their condition was pitiable.

One day in October 1914, I met T. S. Eliot in New Oxford Street. I did not know he was in Europe, but I found he had come to England from Berlin. I naturally asked him what he thought of the War. "I don't know," he replied, "I only know that I am not a pacifist." That is to say, he considered any excuse good enough for homicide. I became great friends with him, and subsequently with his wife, whom he married early in 1915. As they were desperately poor, I lent them one of the two bedrooms in my flat, with the result that I saw a great deal of them.\* I was fond of them both, and endeavored to help them in their troubles until I discovered that their troubles were what they enjoyed. I held some debentures nominally worth £3,000, in an engineering firm, which during the War naturally took to making munitions. I was much puzzled in my conscience as to what to do with these debentures, and at last I gave them to Eliot. Years afterwards, when the War was finished and he was no longer poor, he gave them back to me.

### D. H. Lawrence's "Truth"

**D**uring the summer of 1915 I wrote *Principles of Social Reconstruction*, or *Why Men Fight* as it was called in America without my consent. I had had no intention of writing such a book, and it was totally unlike anything I had previously written, but it came out in a spontaneous manner. In fact I did not discover what it was all about until I had finished it. It has a framework and a formula, but I only discovered both when I had written all except the first and last words. In it I suggested a philosophy of politics based upon the belief that impulse has more effect than conscious purpose in molding men's lives. I divided impulses into two groups, the possessive and the creative, considering the best life that which is most built on creative impulses. I took, as examples of embodiments of the possessive impulses, the State, war, and poverty; and of the creative impulses, education, marriage, and religion. Liberation of creativeness, I was convinced, should be the prin-

\*The suggestion sometimes made, however, that one of us influenced the other is without foundation.

ciple of reform. I first gave the book as lectures, and then published it. To my surprise, it had an immediate success. I had written it with no expectation of its being read, merely as a profession of faith, but it brought me in a great deal of money, and laid the foundation for all my future earnings.

These lectures were in certain ways connected with my short friendship with D. H. Lawrence. We both imagined that there was something important to be said about the reform of human relations, and we did not at first realize that we took diametrically opposite views as to the kind of reform that was needed. My acquaintance with Lawrence was brief and hectic, lasting altogether about a year. We were brought together by Ottoline, who admired us both and made us think that we ought to admire each other. Pacifism had produced in me a mood of bitter rebellion, and I found Lawrence equally full of rebellion. This made us think, at first, that there was a considerable measure of agreement between us, and it was only gradually that we discovered that we differed from each other more than either differed from the Kaiser.

There were in Lawrence at that time two attitudes to the war: on the one hand, he could not be wholeheartedly patriotic, because his wife was German; but on the other hand, he had such a hatred of mankind that he tended to think both sides must be right in so far as they hated each other. As I came to know these attitudes, I realized that neither was one with which I could sympathize. Awareness of our differences, however, was gradual on both sides, and at first all went merry as a marriage bell. I invited him to visit me at Cambridge and introduced him to Keynes and a number of other people. He hated them all with a passionate hatred and said they were "dead, dead, dead." For a time I thought he might be right. I liked Lawrence's fire, I liked the energy and passion of his feelings, I liked his belief that something very fundamental was needed to put the world right. I agreed with him in thinking that politics could not be divorced from individual psychology. I felt him to be a man of a certain imaginative genius, and, at first, when I felt inclined to disagree with him, I thought that perhaps his insight into human nature was deeper than mine. It was only gradually that I came to feel him a positive force for evil and that he came to have the same feeling about me.

I was at this time preparing the course of lectures which was afterwards published as *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. He, also, wanted to lecture, and for a time it seemed possible that



there might be some sort of loose collaboration between us. We exchanged a number of letters, of which mine are lost but his have been published. In his letters the gradual awareness of the consciousness of our fundamental disagreements can be traced. I was a firm believer in democracy, whereas he had developed the whole philosophy of Fascism before the politicians had thought of it. "I don't believe," he wrote, "in democratic control. I think the working man is fit to elect governors or overseers for his immediate circumstances, but for no more. You must utterly revise the electorate. The working man shall elect superiors for the things that concern him immediately, no more. From the other classes, as they rise, shall be elected the higher governors. The thing must culminate in one real head, as every organic thing must—no foolish republic with foolish presidents, but an elected King, something like Julius Caesar." He, of course, in his imagination, supposed that when a dictatorship was established he would be the Julius Caesar. This was part of the dream-like quality of all his thinking. He never let himself bump into reality. He would go into long tirades about how one must proclaim "the Truth" to the multitude, and he seemed to have no doubt that the multitude would listen. I asked him what method he was going to adopt. Would he put his political philosophy into a book? No: in our corrupt society the written word is always a lie. Would he go into Hyde Park and proclaim "the Truth" from a soap box? No: that would be far too dangerous (odd streaks of prudence emerged in him from time to time). Well, I said, what would you do? At this point he would change the subject.

Gradually I discovered that he had no real wish to make the world better, but only to indulge in eloquent soliloquy about how bad it was. If anybody overheard the soliloquies, so much the better, but they were designed at most to produce a little faithful band of disciples who could sit in the deserts of New Mexico and feel holy. All this was conveyed to me in the language of a Fascist dictator as what I *must* preach, the "must" having thirteen underlinings.

His letters grew gradually more hostile. He wrote, "What's the good of living as you do anyway? I don't believe your lectures *are* good. They are nearly over, aren't they? What's the good of sticking in the damned ship and haranguing the merchant pilgrims in their own language? Why don't you drop overboard? Why don't you clear out of the whole show? One must be an outlaw these days, not a teacher or preacher." This seemed to me mere rhetoric. I was becoming more of an outlaw than he ever was and I could not quite

see his ground of complaint against me. He phrased his complaint in different ways at different times. On another occasion he wrote: "Do stop working and writing altogether and become a creature instead of a mechanical instrument. Do clear out of the whole social ship. Do for your very pride's sake become a mere nothing, a mole, a creature that feels its way and doesn't think. Do for heaven's sake be a baby, and not a savant any more. Don't *do* anything more—but for heaven's sake begin to *be*—start at the very beginning and be a perfect baby: in the name of courage.

"Oh, and I want to ask you, when you make your will, do leave me enough to live on. I want you to live for ever. But I want you to make me in some part your heir."

The only difficulty with this program was that if I adopted it I should have nothing to leave.

He had a mystical philosophy of "blood" which I disliked. "There is," he said, "another seat of consciousness than the brain and nerves. There is a blood-consciousness which exists in us independently of the ordinary mental consciousness. One lives, knows, and has one's being in the blood,



"My, what a clear day.  
I can see the Hilton."

without any reference to nerves and brain. This is one half of life belonging to the darkness. When I take a woman, then the blood-percept is supreme. My blood-knowing is overwhelming. We should realize that we have a blood-being, a blood-consciousness, a blood-soul complete and apart from a mental and nerve consciousness." This seemed to me frankly rubbish, and I rejected it vehemently, though I did not then know that it led straight to Auschwitz.

He always got into a fury if one suggested that anybody could possibly have kindly feelings toward anybody else, and when I objected to war because of the suffering that it causes, he accused me of hypocrisy. "It isn't in the least true that you, your basic self, want ultimate peace. You are satisfying in an indirect, false way your lust to jab and strike. Either satisfy it in a direct and honorable way, saying, 'I hate you all, liars and swine, and am out to set upon you,' or stick to mathematics, where you can be true. But to come as the angel of peace—no, I prefer Tirpitz a thousand times in that role."

I find it difficult now to understand the devastating effect that this letter had upon me. I was inclined to believe that he had some insight denied to me, and when he said that my pacifism was rooted in blood-lust I supposed he must be right. For twenty-four hours I thought that I was not fit to live, and contemplated suicide. But at the end of that time, a healthier reaction set in, and I decided to have done with such morbidity. When he said that I *must* preach his doctrines and not mine I rebelled, and told him to remember that he was no longer a schoolmaster and I was not his pupil. He had written, "The enemy of all mankind you are, full of the lust of enmity. It is *not* a hatred of falsehood which inspires you, it is the hatred of people of flesh and blood, it is a perverted mental blood-lust. Why don't you own it? Let us become strangers again. I think it is better." I thought so too. But he found a pleasure in denouncing me and continued for some months to write letters containing sufficient friendliness to keep the correspondence alive. In the end, it faded away without any dramatic termination.

Lawrence, though most people did not realize it, was his wife Frieda's mouthpiece. He had the eloquence, but she had the ideas. She used to spend part of every summer in a colony of Austrian Freudians at a time when psychoanalysis was little known in England. Somehow, she imbibed prematurely the ideas afterwards developed by Mussolini and Hitler, and these ideas she transmitted to Lawrence, shall we say, by blood-consciousness. Lawrence was an essentially timid

man who tried to conceal his timidity by bluster. His wife was not timid, and her denunciations have the character of thunder, not of bluster. Under her wing he felt comparatively safe. Like Marx, he had a snobbish pride in having married a German aristocrat, and in *Lady Chatterley* he dressed her up marvelously. His thought was a mass of self-deception masquerading as stark realism. His descriptive powers were remarkable, but his ideas cannot be too soon forgotten.

What at first attracted me to Lawrence was a certain dynamic quality and a habit of challenging assumptions that one is apt to take for granted. I was already accustomed to being accused of undue slavery to reason, and I thought perhaps that he could give me a vivifying dose of unreason. I did in fact acquire a certain stimulus from him, and I think the book that I wrote in spite of his blasts of denunciation was better than it would have been if I had not known him.

But this is not to say that there was anything good in his ideas. I do not think in retrospect that they had any merit whatever. They were the ideas of a sensitive would-be despot who got angry with the world because it would not instantly obey. When he realized that other people existed, he hated them. But most of the time he lived in a solitary world of his own imaginings, peopled by phantoms as fierce as he wished them to be. His excessive emphasis on sex was due to the fact that in sex alone he was compelled to admit that he was not the only human being in the universe. But it was so painful that he conceived of sex relations as a perpetual fight in which each is attempting to destroy the other.

The world between the wars was attracted to madness. Of this attraction Nazism was the most emphatic expression. Lawrence was a suitable exponent of this cult of insanity. I am not sure whether the cold inhuman sanity of Stalin's Kremlin was any improvement.

## Conscientious Objectors

With the coming of 1916, the War took on a fiercer form, and the position of pacifists at home became more difficult. My relations with Asquith had never become unfriendly. He was an admirer of Ottoline's before she married, and I used to meet him every now and then at Garsington, where she lived. Once when I had been bathing stark naked in a pond, I found him on the bank as I came out. The quality of dignity which should have characterized a meeting between the Prime Minister and a pacifist was somewhat lacking on this



occasion. But at any rate, I had the feeling that he was not likely to lock me up. At the time of the Easter Rebellion in Dublin, thirty-seven conscientious objectors were condemned to death and several of us went on a deputation to Asquith to get their sentences reduced. Although he was just starting for Dublin, he listened to us courteously, and took the necessary action. It had been generally supposed, even by the Government, that conscientious objectors were not legally liable to the death penalty, but this turned out to be a mistake, and but for Asquith a number of them would have been shot.

Lloyd George,\* however, was a tougher proposition. I went once with Clifford Allen (chairman of the No Conscription Fellowship) and Miss Catherine Marshall, to interview him about the conscientious objectors who were being kept in prison. The only time that he could see us was at lunch at Walton Heath. I disliked having to receive his hospitality, but it seemed unavoidable. His manner to us was pleasant and easy, but he offered no satisfaction of any kind. At the end, as we were leaving, I made him a speech of denunciation in an almost Biblical style, telling him his name would go down to history with infamy. I had not the pleasure of meeting him thereafter.

With the coming of conscription, I gave practically my whole time and energies to the affairs of the conscientious objectors. The No Conscription Fellowship consisted entirely of men of military age, but it accepted women and older men as associates. After all the original committee had gone to prison, a substitute committee was formed, of which I became the acting chairman. There was a great deal of work to do, partly in looking after the interests of individuals, partly in keeping a watch upon the military authorities to see that they did not send conscientious objectors to France, for it was only after they had been sent to France that they became liable to the death penalty. Then there was a great deal of speaking to be done up and down the country. I spent three weeks in the mining areas of Wales, speaking sometimes in halls, sometimes out-of-doors. I never had an interrupted meeting, and always found the majority of the audience sympathetic so long as I confined myself to industrial areas. In London, however, the matter was different.

Clifford Allen\*\* was a young man of great ability and astuteness. He was a Socialist, and not a Christian. There was always a certain difficulty in keeping harmonious relations between Christian

and Socialist pacifists, and in this respect he showed admirable impartiality. In the summer of 1916, however, he was court-martialed and sent to prison. After that, throughout the duration of the War, I only saw him during the occasional days between sentences. He was released on grounds of health (being, in fact, on the point of death) early in 1918, but shortly after that I went to prison myself.

## Public Emotions and Love

It was at Clifford Allen's police-court case when he was first called up that I first met Lady Constance Malleson, generally known by her stage name of Colette O'Niel. Her mother, Lady Annesley, had a friendship with Prince Henry of Prussia which began before the War and was resumed when the War was over. This, no doubt, gave her some bias in favor of a neutral attitude, but Colette and her sister, Lady Clare Annesley, were both genuine pacifists, and threw themselves into the work of the No Conscription Fellowship. Colette was married to Miles Malleson, the actor and playwright. He had enlisted in 1914, but had had the good luck to be discharged on account of a slight weakness in one foot. The advantageous position which he thus secured, he used most generously on behalf of the conscientious objectors, having after his enlistment become persuaded of the truth of the pacifist position. I noticed Colette in the police court, and was introduced to her. I found that she was one of Allen's friends and learned from him that she was generous with her time, free in her opinions, and wholehearted in her pacifism. That she was young and very beautiful, I had seen for myself. She was on the stage, and had had a rapid success with two leading parts in succession, but when the War came she spent the whole of the daytime in addressing envelopes in the office of the No Conscription Fellowship. On these data, I naturally took steps to get to know her better.

My relations with Ottoline had been in the meantime growing less intimate. In 1915, she left London and went to live at the Manor House at Garsington, near Oxford. It was a beautiful old house which had been used as a farm, and she became absorbed in restoring all its potentialities. I used to go down to Garsington fairly frequently, but found her comparatively indifferent to me. I sought about for some other woman to relieve my unhappiness, but without success until I met Colette next at a dinner of a group of pacifists. I walked back from the restaurant with her and

\*David Lloyd George, Liberal Prime Minister, 1916-22.

\*\*Afterwards Lord Allen of Hurtwood.

others to the place where she lived, which was 43 Bernard Street, near Russell Square. I felt strongly attracted, but had no chance to do much about it beyond mentioning that a few days later I was to make a speech in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street. When I came to make the speech, I saw her on one of the front seats, so I asked her after the meeting to come to supper at a restaurant, and then walked back with her. This time I came in, which I had not done before. She was very young, but I found her possessed of a degree of calm courage as great as Ottoline's (courage is a quality that I find essential in any woman whom I am to love seriously). We talked half the night, and in the middle of talk became lovers. There are those who say that one should be prudent, but I do not agree with them. We scarcely knew each other, and yet in that moment there began for both of us a relation profoundly serious and profoundly important, sometimes happy, sometimes painful, but never trivial and never unworthy to be placed alongside of the great public emotions connected with the War.

Indeed, the War was bound into the texture of this love from first to last. The first time that I was ever in bed with her (we did not go to bed the first time we were lovers, as there was too much to say), we heard suddenly a shout of bestial triumph in the street. I leapt out of bed and saw a Zeppelin falling in flames. The thought of brave men dying in agony was what caused the triumph in the street. Colette's love was in that moment a refuge to me, not from cruelty itself, which was unescapable, but from the agonizing pain of realizing that that is what men are. I remember a Sunday which we spent walking on the South Downs. At evening we came to Lewes Station to take the train back to London. The station was crowded with soldiers, most of them going back to the Front, almost all of them drunk, half of them accompanied by drunken prostitutes, the other half by wives or sweethearts, all despairing, all reckless, all mad. The harshness and horror of the war world overcame me, but I clung to Colette. In a world of hate, she preserved love, love in every sense of the word from the most ordinary to the most profound, and she had a quality of rocklike immovability, which in those days was invaluable.

After the night in which the Zeppelin fell I left her in the early morning to return to my brother's house in Gordon Square where I was living. I met on the way an old man selling flowers, who was calling out: "Sweet lovely roses!" I bought a bunch of roses, paid him for them, and told him to deliver them in Bernard Street. Everyone would suppose that he would have kept the money and not de-

livered the roses, but it was not so, and I knew it would not be so. The words, "Sweet lovely roses," were ever since a sort of refrain to all my thoughts of Colette.

We went for a three days' honeymoon (I could not spare more from work) to the "Cat and Fiddle" on the moors above Buxton. It was bitterly cold and the water in my jug was frozen in the morning. But the bleak moors suited our mood. They were stark, but gave a sense of vast freedom. We spent our days in long walks and our nights in an emotion that held all the pain of the world in solution, but distilled from it an ecstasy that seemed almost more than human.

I did not know in the first days how serious was my love for Colette. I had got used to thinking that all my serious feelings were given to Ottoline. Colette was so much younger, so much less of a personage, so much more capable of frivolous pleasures, that I could not believe in my own feelings, and half supposed that I was having a light affair with her. At Christmas I went to stay at Garsington, where there was a large party. Keynes was there, and read the marriage service over two dogs, ending, "Whom man hath joined, let not dog put asunder." Lytton Strachey was there and read us the manuscript of *Eminent Victorians*. Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry were also there. I had just met them before, but it was at this time that I got to know her well. I do not know whether my impression of her was just, but it was quite different from other people's. Her talk was marvelous, much better than her writing, especially when she was telling of things that she was going to write, but when she spoke about people she was envious, dark, and full of alarming penetration in discovering what they least wished known and whatever was bad in their characteristics. She hated Ottoline because Murry did not. It had become clear to me that I must get over the feeling that I had had for Ottoline, as she no longer returned it sufficiently to give me any happiness. I listened to all that Katherine Mansfield had to say against her; in the end I believed very little of it, but I had become able to think of Ottoline as a friend rather than a lover. After this I saw no more of Katherine, but was able to allow my feeling for Colette free scope.

The time during which I listened to Katherine was a time of dangerous transition. The War had brought me to the verge of utter cynicism, and I was having the greatest difficulty in believing that anything at all was worth doing. Sometimes I would have fits of such despair as to spend a number of successive days sitting completely idle in my chair with no occupation except to read Ec-



clesiastes occasionally. But at the end of this time the spring came, and I found myself free of the doubts and hesitations that had troubled me in relation to Colette. At the height of my winter despair, however, I had found one thing to do, which turned out as useless as everything else, but seemed to me at the moment not without value. America being still neutral, I wrote an open letter to President Wilson, appealing to him to save the world. In this letter I said in part:

Sir,

You have an opportunity of performing a signal service to mankind, surpassing even the service of Abraham Lincoln, great as that was. It is in your power to bring the war to an end by a just peace, which shall do all that could possibly be done to allay the fear of new wars in the near future. It is not yet too late to save European civilization from destruction; but it may be too late if the war is allowed to continue for the further two or three years with which our militarists threaten us.

The military situation has now developed to the point where the ultimate issue is clear, in its broad outlines, to all who are capable of thought. It must be obvious to the authorities in all the belligerent countries that no victory for either side is possible. In Europe, the Germans have the advantage; outside Europe, and at sea, the Allies have the advantage. Neither side is able to win such a crushing victory as to compel the other to sue for peace. The war inflicts untold injuries upon the nations, but not such injuries as to make a continuance of fighting impossible. It is evident that however the war may be prolonged, negotiations will ultimately have to take place on the basis of what will be substantially the present balance of gains and losses, and will result in terms not very different from those which might be obtained now. The German Government has recognized this fact, and has expressed its willingness for peace on terms which ought to be regarded at least as affording a basis for discussion, since they concede the points which involve the honor of the Allies. The Allied Governments have not had the courage to acknowledge publicly what they cannot deny in private, that the hope of a sweeping victory is one which can now scarcely be entertained. For want of this courage, they are prepared to involve Europe in the horrors of a continuance of the war, possibly for another two or three years. This situation is intolerable to every humane man. You, Sir, can put an end to it. Your power constitutes an opportunity and a responsibility; and from your previous actions I feel confident that you will use your power with a degree of wisdom and humanity rarely to be found among statesmen.

The harm which has already been done in this war is immeasurable. Not only have millions of valuable lives been lost, not only have an even greater number of men been maimed or shattered in health, but the whole standard of civilization has been lowered. Fear has invaded men's inmost being, and with fear come the ferocity that always attends it. Hatred has become the rule of life, and injury to others is more

desired than benefit to ourselves. The hopes of peaceful progress in which our earlier years were passed are dead, and can never be revived. Terror and savagery have become the very air we breathe. The liberties which our ancestors won by centuries of struggle were sacrificed in a day, and all the nations are regimented to the one ghastly end of mutual destruction.

But all this is as nothing in comparison with what the future has in store for us if the war continues as long as the announcements of some of our leading men would make us expect. As the stress increases, and weariness of the war makes average men more restive, the severity of repression has to be continually augmented. In all the belligerent countries, soldiers who are wounded or home on leave express an utter loathing of the trenches, a despair of ever achieving a military decision, and a terrible longing for peace. Our militarists have successfully opposed the granting of votes to soldiers; yet in all the countries an attempt is made to persuade the civilian population that war-weariness is confined to the enemy soldiers. The daily toll of young lives destroyed becomes a horror almost too terrible to be borne; yet everywhere, advocacy of peace is rebuked as treachery to the soldiers, though the soldiers above all men desire peace. Everywhere, friends of peace are met with the diabolical argument that the brave men who have died must not have shed their blood in vain. And so every impulse of mercy toward the soldiers who are still living is dried up and withered by a false and barren loyalty to those who are past our help. Even the men hitherto retained for making munitions, for dock labor, and for other purposes essential to the prosecution of the war, are gradually being drafted into the armies and replaced by women, with the sinister threat of colored labor in the background. There is a very real danger that, if nothing is done to check the fury of national passion, European civilization as we have known it will perish as completely as it perished when Rome fell before the Barbarians. . . . While all who have power in Europe speak for what they falsely believe to be the interests of their separate nations, I am compelled by a profound conviction to speak for all the nations in the name of Europe. In the name of Europe I appeal to you to bring us peace.

The censorship in those days made it difficult to transmit a document of this sort, but Helen Dudley's sister, Katherine, who had been visiting her, undertook to take it back with her to America. She found an ingenious method of concealing it, and duly delivered it to a committee of American pacifists through whom it was published in almost every newspaper in America. As will be seen in this account, I thought, as most people did at that time, that the War could not end in a victory for either party. This would no doubt have been true if America had remained neutral.

*Part II, concluding Bertrand Russell's memoirs of the Great War, will appear next month.*

*Martin Mayer*

## AVIS VS. HERTZ: MADISON AVENUE'S FAVORITE FEUD

*Now that Number One is trying even harder than Number Two, no one can remember who put whom in the driver's seat.*

**I**t all began in 1969, when the Norman, Craig & Kummel advertising agency proposed to men all over the country that they "Let Hertz Put You in the Driver's Seat." Until then, "Drive It Yourself," as most car-rental agencies called it in the days of Confident America, had been a natural descendant of the local livery stable and a commercial service to perhaps 200,000 business travelers. Stability and profits came from long-term truck leases to corporations. Then Hertz' new ad made rent-a-car look like a notable growth industry, a customary adjunct of air travel, and a pretty sexy thing to do.

"You have to keep in mind the impact of this thing on the people here," says Jerry Shapiro, operation manager for Hertz Rent A Car. "They went from trade magazine to the fly-by-night Slimy Parker, and Richard Avedon. There were cartoons in *The New Yorker*. The people they met at cocktail parties asked them how they got the man in the car. They got Hollywood to make that movie *Good Neighbor Sam*. Then, later, the discomfort was that much worse, because the whole cocktail-party experience had been so new." Shapiro paused and considered his conversation. "I call this airplane talk," he said. "It's what I wind up saying to the guy in the next seat, after I tell him what I do . . ."

What created the discomfort at Hertz was of course the widely disseminated suggestion that car renters should go to Avis, because "We try harder." Instead of improving the attractiveness of car rental, Doyle Dane Bernbach's Avis campaign searched out the gripes: the lost reservation, the waiting at the counter, the call a day for the

empty gas tank, the dirty car, the streaky windshield wiper—and assured the customer that Avis would never do such things to him, couldn't afford to do them, because Avis was "only Number 2."

Carl Ally, whose young and thriving agency pitched for and won the Hertz account in 1966, still grows angry (perhaps a little synthetically) at what his former hero Bill Bernbach was doing to his current client. "The ads were saying Number One doesn't care," he says, "saying by innuendo that Hertz was a somnolent and sloppily run organization. They'll give you a dirty car with a bad windshield wiper, won't honor reservations; they have surly personnel. Our people were being maligned in public and nobody was defending them; we had a morale problem."

From Bill Bernbach's point of view, all this is nonsense. A soft-spoken, plump, white-haired, ingratiating genius from Brooklyn, Bernbach feels that he simply presented the public with the question his client had presented to him: "Avis," read his first ad in January 1963, "is only Number 2 in rent-a-car, so why go with us?" The first proofs of the ad went off to the researchers, Bernbach recalls, "and they told us not to run it. If you're Number Two that means you're not Number One, and that means you're not the best. But what the researchers had tested was not our campaign—our campaign was that we tried harder."

What looked on the other side like an insult to Hertz personnel, looked to Bernbach like a shot in the arm to Avis personnel. "The greatest stimulus for efficiency," Bernbach says, "is purpose. We went around to those different installations in different cities, called meetings of mechanics and car



washers and counter girls, showed them the ads and said, 'You can make us or break us—if ever anybody needed anybody, *we need you.*' It made them important people, did wonders for them." Meanwhile, of course, the David-and-Goliath image appealed to a long-standing American prejudice: "A week after the first ads ran," Bernbach says, "I got a call from one of the Avis executives, who was in Chicago. He said he *had* to call me. He'd just rented a car at the airport. And while he was waiting on line at Avis one of the businessmen ahead of him nudged another one, gestured to the Hertz counter, and said, 'Look! *Our* line is bigger than *their* line . . .'"

Over the next four years, the car-rental revenues of the Avis System (the company itself plus the local licensees who wave the Avis flag) appear to have gone from about \$40 million to about \$105 million; for Hertz, the figures are about \$120 million to about \$190 million. While the dollar gain for Hertz was slightly greater, Avis, the upstart, took an annually increasing share of the market—especially at the airports, where the Avis business is heavily concentrated and where competition is direct and easily measured.

Moreover, Bernbach had endless fun with his campaign. "We try harder" buttons were issued in forty-odd languages—eight million of them in 1964 alone. A series of ads warned the Avis management against the dangers of waxing fat. A copywriter complained in print that he had found cigarette butts in an Avis car he had rented; an ad featuring a picture of the Forum ("Look What Happened to Rome") asked "Will success spoil Avis?" Number 1 was never identified, except in one particularly flamboyant ad which showed a check on which the name Hertz had been crossed out; the name Avis was written in above. "*You remember it,*" says Hertz's Jerry Shapiro, "*I remember it. We used to open the magazines every month and wince.*"

Finding an effective response for Hertz was an almost agonizing problem for Norman B. Norman, a classically aggressive advertising executive who has managed to remain lean and hungry while growing rich and gray. Only once did he yield to his client's pleas to hit back, and then it was with a little fable about the tiger and the pussy cat ("To tell the difference between the tiger and the

cat take a look at the kitty"), which simply demonstrated that Hertz was Number 1, all right. A specific product guarantee—a \$50 credit for anyone who found anything wrong with a Hertz car, even butts in the ashtray—failed to stem the wave of public sympathy for the struggles of little Avis against great big Hertz.\*

While the battle raged, Norman analyzed Bernbach's approach. He called it "Chinese humility. It's always *nebbish*, always apologetic. 'Think small' for Volkswagen. 'We try harder.' He uses it even when he has the top product." (The reference was to Bernbach's Rheingold Beer Campaign in New York, with the slogan, "We must be doing something right.") "When you have a product that fits, it's brilliant. It's very hard to fight."

In the spring of 1966, Carl Ally sold Hertz the idea of a wholly different counterattack. Ally's approach was pure belligerence. "Somebody at Hertz," he says, "told me he wanted me to be careful about attacking the underdog—to use the rapier, not the bludgeon. I said, 'I'm not going to use either—I'm going to use the six-gun.' You know what the underdog is doing? He's gnawing your ankle. You shoot him."

The first Ally ad carried the blunt headline, "For years, Avis has been telling you that Hertz is No. 1. Now we're going to tell you why." Bernbach, who had been waiting rather eagerly for this moment, replied with an ad which showed a large tower of coins toppling onto a smaller tower. "You've probably noticed," the ad read, "the big change in No. 1's advertising lately. No more jolly man flying into the driver's seat. Instead, they've come out with a get-tough-with-Avis campaign. Why? Because No. 1's share of the rent-a-car business is getting smaller. . . . If Avis isn't stopped, we'll be No. 1 by 1970."

By all classic doctrine, Bernbach was a clear winner once again. Hertz had run ads with the name Avis in the headline, while Avis was still speaking merely of No. 1. And when Ally called off the war a few months later, he was forced to use Bernbach's phraseology: his ad, showing smiling Hertz and Avis girls with their arms around each other's waists, carried the headline, "You were expecting maybe another get-tough-with-Avis-ad?" Avis executives insist that the Ally campaign gave another year's life to an advertising approach which was dying a natural death. Nevertheless, it was much easier to maintain interest in the needling Bernbach had given Hertz than in a

\*In July 1965, while Bernbach was running lyrical ads about Horatio Alger and hailing the American creed of "No. 2ism," Avis became a division of giant ITT. RCA bought Hertz a year later.

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straight-out fight, and it can be argued that the brutality of the Ally approach was Hertz's earliest available exit. In any event, the advertising war is now over; this spring both companies' advertising will peacefully tout the quality of their own service, and rent-a-car will settle down to a condition of competitive coexistence.

### What Makes It Pay?

**S**o far, the story was played out in public. But there is more to it than that.

Wall Street first took an interest in the rent-a-car business in 1953, when General Motors, which had no special need for additional troubles with the Justice Department, sold its Hertz division to Omnibus Corporation—a holding company controlled, oddly enough, by John Hertz, who had sold his car-rental operation to GM twenty-eight years before. Omnibus' bankers were Lehman Brothers, and the repurchase of Hertz had nothing whatever to do with sentiment. Quite apart from the fairly certain future of an industry tied to the growth of air travel, car rental in 1953 offered two of the financial market's favorite lures—a tax gimmick and a chance to employ a high degree of “leverage” (that is, to control large quantities of capital through a small investment).

The tax gimmick came from luxurious allowances for the depreciation of the cars, which left a rental agency with an operating loss to be charged against income. When the rental agency eventually sold the vehicle on the used-car market for more than its depreciated cost, the resulting profit was taxed at a much lower rate, as capital gains.

The leverage factor was Lehman Brothers' creation. Prior to 1953, bankers had considered cars part of the capital of a car-rental business. A business can, of course, borrow some of its capital costs, but only rarely as much as 50 per cent. Lehman persuaded a syndicate of commercial banks that cars were inventory rather than capital. To help a retailer carry inventory—especially easily resalable inventory—banks will lend a high proportion of the cost of the goods. In the case of Hertz, considering that the company, as a volume purchaser, could buy cars for only a little more than wholesale price, the banks could safely lend nearly 90 per cent of their cost. With an investment of \$2 million, Hertz could, therefore, control a \$20-million fleet of cars. To simplify drastically, a rate of profit on the \$20 million only one per cent greater than the going interest rate would produce a 10 per cent profit on the company's own money

—and most of that could be taken as capital gains, rather than as income, for tax purposes.\*

Among others who were reaching for the same gold rings was a Detroit car dealer named Warren Avis. His local rental service was being submerged by a Hertz office which could rely on reservations teletyped from other cities. Avis put together a sort of federation of independent renters which bore his name and which was promoted with the stirring slogan, “All of a sudden I see Avis Rent A Car wherever I go!” The two strengths of the operation were an exclusive franchise at the Eastern Airlines terminal in Miami (so profitable that Avis could lease it for \$200,000 free and clear every year) and the entrepreneurial drive of Boston's Richard S. Robie, who had come out of the filling-station business and was passing through car rental en route to more diversified investments. (Robie was intensely receptive to new ideas, like schemes for one-way, rent-it-here-leave-it-there arrangements. “Let's try it,” he would say; “we can always go back to pumping gas.”)

In early 1955, Robie acquired a controlling interest in the Avis System and moved its headquarters to Boston. A year later, Hertz bought him out, absorbed the Robie franchises with its own system, and threw the rest of Avis—now a very sick rent-a-car company—back onto the market. Avis's condition was not improved by the fact that the hand which seized the bargain was that of Boston's Dumaine interests, themselves floundering in the sea of troubles around the failing New Haven Railroad.

One of those who worked on the Dumaine acquisition was a young Providence lawyer (Harvard Law School '50) named Winston V. Morrow, Jr., now president of Avis, who joined the company as counsel in early 1957. It was not a cheerful experience for Morrow. “We had,” he recalls, “a very weird central administration. Every way there was of losing money, we explored. The banks would come walking in and seize the cars. I used to say my favorite subject in law school had been creditors' rights and remedies, and it fitted right in at my job.”

To cash in on the benefits Lehman Brothers had

In recent years, there has been another advantage of being inside the car-rental business; it offers valid economic forecasts. Renting downturns warning of recession and upturns heralding recovery have been noted three months before the trend shows up elsewhere, both at Avis and at Hertz, where president Rodney Petersen, who used to be an economist, has proposed the inclusion of such data in Department of Commerce business summaries. These fluctuations are shared across the board, and are quite independent of advertising pressure.

seen, the car-rental companies had to operate through wholly owned branches rather than through licensees. Under Lehman's guidance, Hertz expanded its company-owned operations from thirty-one cities in 1953 to 529 a decade later. Furthermore, it established car-rental facilities all over Europe through a joint venture with American Express (launched in 1957 and now liquidated and consolidated into a wholly owned Hertz International). Avis under the Dumaine regime could only limp slowly behind, acquiring a few former licensees and entering the European market by means of profitless licensing arrangements abroad.

### Hazards of the Trade

**T**he fact was that, despite the leverage and the tax break, car rental was an appallingly difficult business in which to make money—especially in opposition to Hertz. Airports charged extraordinary rentals for a few square feet of terminal space and parking facilities (at many airports, in fact, the total fees from the car-rental agencies are greater than the total fees from the aircraft). Half the car-rental company's inventory is always on the road, nobody knows where; the other half is idle on high-priced floor space in the city while unsatisfied customers clamor for service at the airport. (Hertz estimates 1,500 "transfers" a day in New York alone to bring vehicles to the offices where the customers are.) "How this garage busi-

ness got so complicated, I don't know," says Hertz president Rodney Petersen. "But it did."

Poorly supervised or carelessly chosen managers can steal the company blind through cash rentals and padded maintenance bills. Bad weather wrecks a day's business at the airport, a weekend's business in the city, a season's business at a resort. Profit margins are forever at the mercy of the used-car market—and the used-car operator is the horse trader of the modern world. "The moment you forget that you're in the business of dealing in used-car futures," says Avis's Morrow, "you're in trouble."

In 1959, the bottom dropped out of the used-car market, and in 1960 the Supreme Court definitively disallowed the tax gimmick which had made rent-a-car attractive to high-bracket investors. Hertz switched top management, and Avis began to slide toward the knackers. Though Hertz had become substantially less aggressive as the result of an antitrust consent decree (the company agreed, for example, to stop seeking exclusive franchise rights at airports), Avis was unable to take advantage of new openings. Then, in March 1962, the Wall Street house of Lazard Frères, which had noted Lehman's substantial profits on its Hertz business, bought the collapsing Avis System for something less than \$5 million.

Lazard promptly threw out the existing management and installed the duo who had built the Hertz international business—Donald Petrie, another ex-lawyer, who had run the actual opera-



*"The planted bomb has been traced. Will letter carrier Franklin Peabody quickly return to the Post Office!"*



tions, and Robert Townsend, who had handled the financial end at American Express. At Avis the two men changed roles, Petrie working with Lazard Frères (of which he is now a partner), and Townsend (now retired) assuming the presidency of the company. Morrow had quit Avis that January in disgust, and was in the middle of negotiations for a job at Hertz when Townsend and Petrie called him back to be their vice-president and general manager.

Through 1962, Avis and Lazard took their inescapable lumps in large and planned doses. They bought out licensees, reorganized local operations and central systems, hired new girls and gave them bright red uniforms, disposed of an aging fleet for what it would bring. At the end of the year the stations were stocked with brand-new Fords. Old losses were debited and much of the next year's anticipated loss was written off in advance, until the books for 1962 showed a bone-crushing deficit of \$3.2 million. But the books for 1963 were pretty well guaranteed to show a profit. And Ford agreed to make a big contribution to what would be a vastly expanded 1963 advertising budget.\*

"We try harder" hit a marketing situation where Avis was equipped with bright shiny new cars and personnel, while Hertz was on an eighteen-month cycle of vehicle replacement with Chevrolet, still recovering from management shake-ups, and saddled with union seniority agreements at its rental stations. Though nobody doubts either the reach or the grasp of Bernbach's advertising—"all those people who sent me envelopes full of cigarette butts didn't get the idea by themselves," Morrow says—the fact is that his campaign was backed in 1963 by that strongest of selling forces, a superior product. Avis—or Lazard—really was trying harder.

### Choosing the Battlefield

"In terms of prices," says a banker with a large stake in Hertz, rather cautiously, "Avis has been very good competition." About half the volume at the airports comes from men who walk off the plane without any reservation and choose among

Avis later left Ford and went to Plymouth, which was prepared to give the rental company cars on a six-month lease—once the tax gimmick disappeared, there were advantages in financing through manufacturers rather than through banks. Ford went to Hertz, and GM, rather puzzled, found itself dealing with National Car Rental, which is distinctly No. 3. Avis has now returned to purchasing rather than leasing most of its cars, but its supplier is still Plymouth.

counters. (This risks not finding a car on Tuesday nights and Wednesday mornings, incidentally, but it's pretty safe the rest of the week.) A big sign on the desk displaying a lower price list might get all the customers—but only at the risk of price wars too much like those that periodically bring ruin to filling stations.

Price competition is not entirely nonexistent. In late 1967, when Avis raised prices on standard cars at a dozen airports, Hertz let financial reporters know that it was not following suit, and it sent along an announcement to that effect with bills to corporate customers. But public display of bargains, which is normal procedure in other retailing, has been restricted in car rental to the local budget and discount operators, whose inability to deliver or pick up at airports and hotels has kept them a minor factor in the transient trade.

Competition by location is as possible for car-rental agencies as for the oil companies. Places in hotels are an important source of transient business, and increasingly a franchise at an inner-city apartment development generates business from older, formerly two-car suburban families now moved to town and limited to a single parking space. At the airport, to a very minor degree, personnel can be stimulated to lure customers from one line to another. (It's hard work: "You put two girls working side by side," says Avis's Morrow, "they don't compete—they cry.") But over a stretch of country or a period of time, the services provided by competing national car-rental agencies are likely to be very similar. Particularly in the battle for business from the air traveler, advertising is the only plausible weapon, and the ad budgets run 6 to 8 per cent of gross revenue at both Avis and Hertz.

Economists consider this sort of advertising wasteful, because productivity does not rise with volume in service trades. (Some of us would feel that the 85 per cent of the advertising dollar which pays for newspapers, magazines, and broadcasting ought not to be regarded as pure social waste, but never mind.) Nevertheless, as service industries grow in importance, we are going to see more and more such advertising. In selling organized services even more than in selling goods the advertising man is confronted by what Rosser Reeves once described as the dilemma of the modern advertising man: his client walks into the office, puts two identical half-dollars on the desk and says, "Mine is the one on the left. You prove it's better." This would appear to be a dreary prospect—but if others can invest in such struggles the talent that animated the war between Avis and Hertz, we may get some fun from it, too.

David Halberstam

## VOICES OF THE VIETCONG

*Tell me a little about your background.*

*"I was the eighth of ten children and we were very poor. We had no land of our own. I tended ducks for other people. We were moved around a great deal. Once I tried to save money and buy a flock of ducks to raise for myself, but I failed. I never married. Once I fell in love with a village girl, but I was so ashamed of my status that I did not dare declare my love to her."*

*Were you angry at society because of this?*

*"I thought if we were poor it was our own fault. I told myself that probably my poverty was the result of some terrible acts of my ancestors. I was sad, but not angry." A Vietnamese peasant explaining why he had become a Vietcong guerrilla.*

All these years we have fought them, killed them, propagandized against them, propagandized to them, and yet they have remained in the shadows. This is not so surprising, for even our own Vietnamese, side by side with us, wearing our uniforms, often speaking our own language, have remained more obscure than we realized. No wonder then that we knew so little about an enemy whose very business is to be secretive, not just for our benefit, but for his own people as well.

Now for the first time we are seeing into the darkness, seeing their faces, often hearing their voices, sensing how they live. This does not mean we know very much about their leaders, those most faceless of the faceless. Indeed, the impor-

One of the things which struck me on my return to Vietnam this time was how much more we knew about the Vietcong. In the past the Americans had a fair and rather accurate idea of how the Vietcong operated, their strengths and weaknesses, but it was virtually impossible to talk to any Vietcong returnees. When anyone of value came over to the Government side, which was rare, he was immediately foisted on the press in a loaded press conference where he said he was part of a vast national revolution and that thousands of others just like him were rallying. Then he was whisked away before any words of candor might emerge.

But now there are many Vietcong returnees available, a few of them of fairly high rank, and the Government and the Americans were very cooperative in giving me access to them. In these interviews I was aided by a talented interpreter and old friend, Pham Xuan An, who created an atmosphere in which the repatriates talked easily and candidly. In addition, the Americans have conducted a detailed series of interviews with all Vietcong returnees in certain areas, and in one province they have completed several hundred. I was privileged to look at these documents and found them totally absorbing.

Some run as long as 150 pages. They have their weaknesses, the Vietcong often feeling he must tell the Americans what they want to hear, but the final impression in interview after interview about Vietnamese and Vietcong daily life was that here was the real thing. I was impressed by the skill and fairness of the interviewers, and I have borrowed heavily from them. In all I spent about two and a half weeks on the project, dividing my time between talking to the Vietcong and North Vietnamese themselves, and then going through the interrogations of some eighty returnees of varying rank.

tant thing is how little the Vietcong themselves know about their leaders. The leaders, except for the man one notch up, are not that important to them, not that visible. They live in a village and they know about the village chief, but officials higher than that tend to be vague specters. Occasionally, for a local Vietcong, there is the sudden entry into his life of a provincial commissar, a fleeting figure guarded by several guerrillas, wearing his own pistol around his waist. One senses finally a well-organized, tough, doctrinaire bureaucrat; their system works on its local programs, its tight organization, not on any Southern charismatic figure.

A good deal of what we are finding corroborates what we already thought. We knew they were superb about camouflage, lacking their own air force; this was after all the key to their survival. Now we see the company commander sighting the American spotter plane above him, being fired on, telling his troops not to move anyway, not to give any sign of recognition until he is absolutely sure they have been spotted and it isn't just random provocative fire. We also see the member of the recon patrol whose main job in the wet season is to lay a thin nylon strip over a main highway so a company can cross without leaving footprints. We knew they were sensitive about the class struggle and we hear the assistant company commander saying, "The party objected to my marriage because I was a poor farmer and they said I had no business marrying a student. Her mother sold soda pop in Saigon and they thought she would be a bad influence on me. So I promised to transform her into a member of the revolutionary class . . ."

One sees this very real world, intensely well-organized, and their shrewd recruiting sense ("I was visited fifteen times by Mr. An," one young boy said, "and no one else ever came to see me"); their ability to break down age-old superstition and implant their own ideas; and then finally despite all the dogma, and doctrine, all the belief and the passion, occasionally the quality of their being *Vietnamese* still showing through. "It was my first mission," the soldier in the 514th Battalion said, "and they asked us whether we wanted to attack a near or a far outpost. We said

near, because we were all very tired. Then they asked us, do you want to attack the paratroops, or the rangers? We all said paratroops, because we all thought it would be easier to fight the paratroops while they were busy falling to the ground. . . . I was in a unit charged with stopping the Government reinforcements and that night I waited and softly invoked Buddha and the other mighty spirits to drive away the reinforcements."

## Who Rebelled Against Whom?

**T**here are not any great new truths in these talks. One understands, I think, with greater clarity the opportunities handed a very tough and clever enemy. There is a record here of Government impotence and stupidity and Vietcong shrewdness. There is also, in these interviews, a reflection of the muffled sadness of the Vietnamese peasants caught between two sides, the Vietcong forbidding them to sell their produce to the Government, the Government shelling their villages nightly, both sides competing to snatch recruits for its army, and typically the youth who joined the Vietcong because:

"They came to me and said they had heard I knew how to fire a rifle." (The boy had been earlier with a Government self-defense group.) "I said yes, and they were pleased by that. Nguyen came back to see me many times and we became friends. One day he came by and said they were going off to fire a few sniper rounds at the nearby Government outpost, and would I like to join them. So I went with him and after he had taken a few shots he gave the rifle to me and asked if I wanted to fire. I fired a few shots and then we went home. That night he told everyone in the village that I had fired at the outpost and so of course I was no longer safe, and that night I joined the Vietcong and left my village."

There is no single set answer to the question which has been increasingly debated: whether the war started as a peasant rebellion against the Ngo Dinh Diem regime because of its heavy-handed and repressive tactics (largely a French and American New Left view), or whether it was a calculated conspiracy by Hanoi from the moment of inception, with the South Vietnamese Government simply playing into the Front's hands from the start (a view that I accept as do most American reporters).

What evidence there is in these interviews tends to support the latter thesis. We do not see a bewildered peasantry getting angrier by the day and sitting around and thinking what can we do

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to stop this, and rallying to local leaders. Rather there is a view of an accumulation of grievance, and then the Front, quite well and tightly organized, rising up to exploit that grievance, doing it on orders from above.

There is no doubt that the period from 1957 to 1960 was a crucial time (significantly this was one of the least-covered periods journalistically in the entire Indochina chronicle, with almost no staff reporters there for any newspaper). One extremely knowledgeable young American who worked on these interrogations takes a position which combines elements of both views. This was the period of Diem's massive arrests against former Vietminh still living in the South (many of them had gone back North to be retrained; they would, in the years to come, filter back to lead Southern units). The interrogations, this American says, show that Diem had been acting on very good intelligence and had been very ruthless in his arrests. This policy indicated to many former Vietminh that they had no chance with the new Government, they could never change over, and that they must continue the fight. Many of them after all had joined the other side during a time when the only choice was the French or the Vietminh.

The Vietminh themselves knowingly fingered many innocent people, so that once again the grievances multiplied; more and more people were angry with the Government and wanted revenge. Finally the arrests brought many of these people together into the reeducation centers. They were kept together long enough to be embittered, but not long enough to turn against the Communists. "In my village," one local leader who finally defected said, "the Government took over and held a mass ceremony which five thousand people attended. Tu Dang [a former Vietminh official] was brought in front of the people and denounced by the Government 'because he ate nationalist rice but worshipped the Communist ghost.' He and several others were forced to tear up the Vietcong flag and to renounce the Party. The people there sentenced him to death [as often happened in these prearranged dramas] but the Government instead sent him to prison for a year and a half, along with about two hundred others from our area."

How many of these two hundred returned from prison and went on to work for the Vietcong? an American asked.

"All but two or three," the Vietnamese answered.

One high Vietcong official, a lieutenant colonel who had recently defected, told me, "We had left our political cadres behind in 1954, and we had

expected to win easily by political means. Then we soon found that political means would not be enough. They were using force against us, so now we had to respond with force. They made it easier for us, of course, by arresting the people and by handling the land situation so poorly."

## Land: The First Move

Westerners have always believed that the Vietcong's distribution of land to the peasants was basic to their early success. More recently there has been something of a revisionist attack on that theory, suggesting in effect that land was not that important to the Communist cause, and indeed it was a Western misconception of Vietnamese life. But the more interviews Americans see, the more they will be convinced, I believe, how important the distribution of land was, how skillfully the enemy handled it, and how ineptly the Government behaved. In the first Indochina war the Communists had used anti-imperialism as their main thrust. Now with a more subtle and less obvious enemy, they had to change more to class-conscious programs, and the land issue became vital.

The Vietminh as part of their general program had distributed land to the peasants during the French war. Now after 1954 the same scene was being witnessed throughout the South: the GVN (Government of Vietnam) reappearing in rural areas, asserting its control, and taking land away from the peasants and returning it to the wealthy landlords. The Front made its first and major move in this area.

There are three main classes of farmer in Vietnam: poor farmers, making up two-thirds of the population, with no land at all or marginal amounts of land; a few middle farmers, up to fifteen cong<sup>2</sup> or about three acres of land; and the rich landowners. The Front moved quickly to distribute the land to the poor farmers, taking it from both the rich and the middle farmers. Land went first to the completely landless, then to families of Front members, then to those farmers with very large families, all these in the poor-farmer class whose sons would make up the majority of Vietcong combat troops. More often than not, the middle farmers, wanting to be on the right side of the fence, would give up their land willingly, and to some degree they would join up with the Front. If they had seventeen cong,

<sup>2</sup>A cong of land is one-tenth of a hectare; it is a unit used by Vietnamese peasants and it represents the amount of land one peasant can work in one day.

the Front would leave them seven and take ten.

For the rich farmers the Vietcong used a form of steely persuasion. If the VC controlled the area they would visit it, one local taxation official said, "and try and persuade the rich people to give up some land. 'You are rich and you have a small family,' they would say, 'and Nguyen here is poor with many children. He needs the land to feed his family. Give him some land. Why not? It's good for you too, because *afterwards* he'll be grateful to you.' The rich farmers never had any real choice because the Front could always make such high taxes that they would want to give up the land anyway."

Thus the Vietcong created a broad base for its second war, particularly in the Delta areas where land was singularly important. A Government victory was likely to mean, as it had meant before in 1954, a returning of the land to the landowners; the rural population therefore was unlikely to aid the Government. Though there were a few Government attempts at land reform, they were halfhearted and self-defeating. More often than not these efforts never reached anything more than the planning stage.

Sometimes in order to buy the land which became available under the programs, a man had to be at least a middle farmer already in order to afford the little land which became available. This had the effect of driving some poor farmers off the land they were working courtesy of the rich farmers. As one Vietcong soldier said, "The Government talked about loans to the farmers, but we were very poor and were always afraid we wouldn't be able to pay them back. One hundred piastres was the largest amount of money we had ever seen; but we saw loans given in the thousands of piastres and we all became frightened."

### Hamlet by Hamlet, Cell by Cell

**T**he Vietcong leaders worked diligently to change the traditional lethargic attitude of the Vietnamese peasants—the particular fatalism that had marked centuries of life. One village youth leader, recalling those days, said, "After the Vietcong came, the people in our village worshiped less at the shrine and the pagoda than ever before. In the past the rich and the bourgeois used to tell us that the poor were simply those not blessed by heaven. But the Vietcong worked very hard to change this. They said the people were poor because they didn't have any land to till; heaven had nothing to do with economics. So the people listened and decided that if heaven did not affect

their economic life they did not have to go to the shrine and pray for a better life, and they stopped going. They began to change their traditions and paid less attention to their ancestors' graves. They used to put their best food on the altars as offerings to the landowners and the rich people so these people would be well disposed toward them. But after the Front came the people were no longer in constant fear of the rich and no longer offered them their best food."

The Vietcong broke down other customs. Traditionally, when a young couple wanted to marry, the young man had to come and live in the house of the girl, in the words of the same youth leader, "working like an unpaid servant; he had to ask for the help of a matchmaker and bring gifts on feast days and give her family money. Now the Front has changed that. A young couple can just announce their intention of marrying and then do it, often with a man from the Front standing beside them. The older people do not like it very much and the parents are unhappy because they feel it does not show enough respect to them, but the young people like it very much and the Front is more interested in young people."

In 1959 and 1960, hamlet by hamlet the Front began to appear. The same scene was repeated everywhere. Vietcong officials guarded by local militia would suddenly appear and hold meetings. The Diem Government would be attacked, posters of Diem would be destroyed, Front officials would make speeches based on local grievances, and local officials would be criticized. Then a controlled terror would take place, designed to eradicate real opposition and neutralize enemies.

"If a villager was suspected, he was arrested by the Front. Then the local cadres would hold a meeting for the villagers. The guilty man was blindfolded and led to the meeting. His dossier was read, and the cadre would ask the people what to do," a deputy village chief for security said. "The people, who were tipped off in advance what to say, shouted that he should be either assassinated or spared. If it was only a warning, then his errors were listed and he was placed under suspicion for a year. If he did something suspicious he was executed. They would lead the guilty man around with a rope on his neck. It was a frightening sight for everyone. It worked very well." It worked because the Front organization was professional.

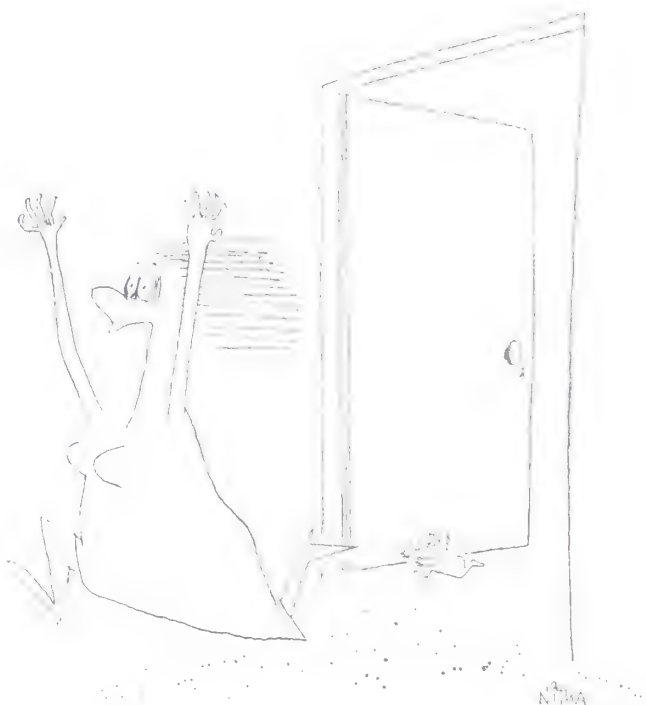
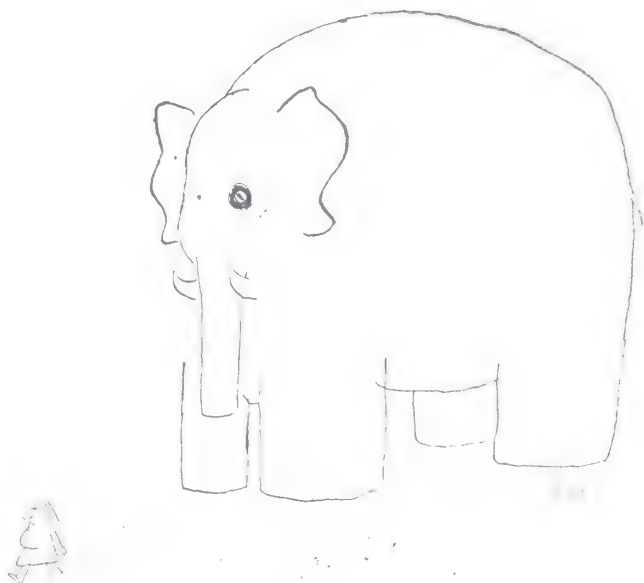
"They were very clever at first," one political repatriot said. "They had only the very best people, and people they could trust. They were willing to have a small number of good people at first rather than to try insecure people." (In that sense they paralleled the Vietminh at the start of the

French war; when they infiltrated villages they always stayed at first with those people whose relatives had been killed by the French and who would do anything to help the Communists.) The Front was tightly organized, cell by cell, unit by unit, and it cannot be overemphasized how important this sense of organization was in the otherwise fragmented and disorganized Vietnamese society of the time, when nominally the only binding form was the family.

To the Westerner the Government was the more formal organization, and the Vietcong was the disorganized rebel outfit, but the reverse was true. The Vietcong organization, though seemingly an underground organization, had been put to an acid test by the first war; *it worked*, it had a sure sense of the psychology of the Vietnamese people and how to adapt the psychology to its own uses. This organization was much more experienced than the real governmental structure of Vietnam, which was new and inexperienced.

In addition, the Vietcong had a sense of the realities of rural Vietnamese society, and since the important job in the war would be governing and winning the rural population it was better suited for the conflict ahead than the real government, which was urban-born, urban-inclined, urban-supported. The worst urban people were sent out to govern by the GVN, the best rural people were promoted by the Front. ("We always believed that any official should be very close to the people, but here on your side you are very different, you believe that if officials are too close to the people they will lose respect for you," a high-ranking former Communist officer told me.) They used secrecy brilliantly in those early days, for it gave a sense of omnipotence to what they did. Only a few Vietcong members were known to the local population at first, and yet what the Vietcong wanted was regularly carried out. Therefore the hidden part of their iceberg seemed not smaller than it was, but much larger.

## TWO BY NITKA





"The very best people were chosen for the security sections," one important returnee told me. "The one thing we could not afford, particularly at the start, was a weakness which would wipe out our entire organization." Everyone in a village would be divided into one of three categories. One was those loyal to the Front, their families, and relatives; the second would be those who appeared to be favorably inclined, or at least neutral; the third would be those who were known to oppose the Front, had relatives working for the Government, were bourgeois in origin or test. The third group was kept under regular surveillance. One rallier said, "When I was security officer I was in charge of all movements in our village. Every time someone arrived I was called to meet him. If we didn't know who he was, then relatives of his were summoned and made responsible for the visitor. If anything happened because of his visit, they would be responsible. It was easier for us because we always knew who the GVN's people were and we just watched the new people."

With this base, a good organizational structure, a peasantry which even if it did not favor the Front—and it frequently did—certainly did not oppose it, the Vietcong began to recruit the young men for its military and civilian units. It did this carefully, choosing the toughest physical specimens for its hard-core units, and deciding that if a family were dependent on a single son, he would be allowed to work in a local capacity.

The recruiting, right through 1964, was enormously successful. The Vietcong had little problem building up their manpower supplies, and replenishing those units which were occasionally battered. Local recruiting officials were chosen for affability and charm, often men with legendary exploits in the Indochina war. ("I had killed two Frenchmen and this was known and thus I had the highest prestige in our village," one official said.) They visited the youths regularly, telling them stories of adventure and the sacrifice. ("The VC in those years were very different from the Government in recruiting. The Government collected only the bodies, but the VC wanted the soul as well," one anti-Communist friend told me in Saigon.)

The reasons the young men joined were myriad. Some, like the young sniper, went because they had been subtly trapped into it. They were invited to VC meetings, and then the VC would let the Government know of their attendance. Many went because they had family members in the Vietminh or because the Government had mistreated their families.

" . . . My father said I should go with the

Government because if I died there would be some benefits to the family, but the Front promised me more excitement and said surely I would become an officer. . . . The military cadre came and told me about the life and it was more exciting than the detective stories. When I left the local agents gave a farewell party for me. . . . They had a team of people who sang and danced and it was very good. At the end they asked who would win, the Ngo puppets or the Front, and so we all shouted for the Front. They asked who would join and we all did, and I was one of the ones chosen and I was very proud. Those who were not were very sad. . . . Our land was poor and I saw all the poor people and I didn't have the heart to sit by and enjoy myself as a middle farmer. 'You are a middle farmer,' they said to me, 'but will your children be middle farmers?' "

### "Do You Want to Live?"

**T**hen there came the next and even more important step—the conversion.

The VC began to work toward tearing down the old ideas and implanting the new ones, driving out the old superstitions, and all the traditional (and necessary) selfishness of the family-based society. This was, I think, their greatest achievement, for finally the individual believes in something bigger than himself and his own family. He accepts the cause. Nothing differentiates them more sharply from our Vietnamese.

When you joined the Front did you tell your parents? the Americans asked one Vietcong soldier.

"No, I did not. I felt it was my filial duty, but I talked to the Front and they said to me, 'Comrade, your words show that you are a fine son filled with filial piety and we admire that very much, but in the face of the loss and destruction of your country you have to choose between filial duty and duty toward your country. In this war the people are your family too, and you have to suffer. If you do your duty toward your parents, tell them of your decision, then you fail your country. But if you fulfill your duty toward your country, then by the same act you will have completed your duty toward your family, because they will be free and no longer exploited.'"

A high-ranking Communist officer, in charge of training Vietcong units, told me that of the two types of VC recruits, the young peasant boys from the countryside and the defectors from Government units, he preferred the former. "Their minds are clean and ready," he said. "The others, the de-

factors, have habits and attitudes which we must try to get rid of. We work very hard with all of them at the beginning on collective activity and discussion. When they first come they all think only in terms of the individual. They think they can do anything they want, go home anytime they want. We have to change that and we do."

The indoctrination, of course, does not merely stop with the conversion. It continues relentlessly, with regular self-criticism sessions (which, of course, the troops do not particularly like after a while: "Making me talk politics is like playing a guitar for a water buffalo," one of them said) and the constant pressure through indoctrination and fear to prevent any political relapse. "They kept warning us what would happen if we didn't attend political sessions," a company commander in the 217th Battalion said, "that we would debauch, become drunk, become afraid of death. The Communists are very good at making you think you are ten times guiltier than you really are."

The result of all this can be seen in the tenacity of Vietcong military units, the resilience of local political cadres, and the quality of belief of its followers. As one woman who finally rallied told an interviewer, "When I told my husband I was going to rally to the Government side and that I no longer believed in the cause he became very angry. 'Why do you want to do that?' he asked. 'Do you want to betray the fatherland? Do you want to die, or do you want to live? If you want to live, don't say anything like that again. If you want to die, I'll shoot you.' They have completely brainwashed him. He no longer thinks of his family. He thinks only of fighting for his people and himself. He says that he has only one family, but there are hundreds of families in the nation. He ended our marriage because I rallied."

### Promises to Keep

One of the great strengths of the Vietcong was its negativism. It did not have to govern the society. In a place where there was so much to be done, where the existing government had trouble finding decent ministers let alone thousands of village chiefs, it was easier to be the critic than the administrator. Given the Vietcong's professionalism, the early successes in the period from 1960 to 1964 were less surprising than they seemed. (They do seem surprising considering the numerical superiority of Government armament.)

But now the role of the Vietcong is changing. In addition to making promises, they must keep them too. In areas they have controlled for some

time, they are the existing government. And just as every aspect of Vietnam has been hurt, discredited, and worn down by the numbing escalation of the war, so have the Vietcong; they have not escaped damage either.

Their defections are up, as a result of the length of the war, and the pounding of both the air and artillery. But it should be noted that the ralliers are, by and large, marginal Vietcong from the lower levels, and that for each older person thirty years old whom they lose because of sheer war fatigue they are more often than not able to come up with a younger and tougher recruit. Their political apparatus has not really been hurt, particularly at upper levels, although there has been considerable attrition at the village level simply from the punishment of the war.

"You are getting a relatively high turnover at the village level because many of them are being killed," one American expert said, "and many of them are being replaced by younger cadres—who are very good militarily but perhaps not so skilled and experienced politically. You are also getting something else, what I would call their cadres' moving down—because some of the newer cadres are not experienced enough to move up to jobs, the more experienced senior ones are moving down. In general, their leadership is as good as ever." In addition, as the war has escalated and the VC have been placed under more pressure, they have put more pressure on the population.

In 1964, perhaps from overconfidence (on the surface they seemed about to win the war), they began conscripting youths. In many ways this policy backfired, because it gave them uncommitted soldiers; now if they can help it, they do not conscript. Similarly, in the early years, their taxation was largely voluntary. In 1963 whether out of necessity or the same overconfidence—I suspect the latter—they began assessing taxes on the population. Now, with the arrival of the Americans, they are continuing to raise taxes, higher and higher, placing an unusually high burden on the very same peasants to whom they had just given land.

All this has cost them some of their mystique, although to doubt the continuing effectiveness of their system would be a mistake. The taxes are very carefully estimated: the amount of land, the quality of the land, the number of mouths to feed in the family. The average for a poor farmer—and this is based on the tax scales for about forty of them—goes something like this: 500 piastres in 1963; 800 piastres in 1964; 1,000 in 1965; 1,500 in 1966.

Generally the Front has been able to get about





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Marion K. Sanders

## THE DOCTORS MEET THE PEOPLE

*A new breed of medical radical is testing some novel—  
and highly promising—techniques in an underdeveloped country  
which happens to be part of New York City.*

If it were in Lahore or Naples, tourists might call Bathgate Avenue picturesque. There is a patterned variety in the soot-blackened brick tenement façades with their latticework of iron fire escapes. On the street, multicolored cotton shifts, pants, and blouses flutter from the awning of Sam's Clothing Store; gleaming fruits, vegetables, and eggs are symmetrically stacked on open stands; Jay's Housewares entices the passerby with great mounds of cheap pillows, aluminum pans, and gaudy plastic tablecloths; a mobile cardboard señorita in the liquor store extols Pedrito from Sunny Spain; gilded plaster saints parade in the window of the Botanica Santa Elena; inside, a faith healer dispenses magical herbs, guaranteed to banish a headache or restore a lost love. On the skeleton of an abandoned building children have painted a weird mural—outsize birds, trees, flowers. And the people strolling on the sidewalk—mostly black, brown, or tan—seem in no great hurry as they gesticulate and yell at their children and each other.

But Bathgate Avenue is not on foreign soil. It is in the Morrisania section of the Bronx, New York's northern borough which is separated from Manhattan by the Harlem River but is only a half hour's subway ride from the city's glossiest skyscrapers. And so you perceive it as squalid rather than colorful—a street where three out of four shops are boarded up, where—at high noon—too many men sit staring into space on stoops or the doorsills of bars.

And everywhere the rancid smell of poverty assails you—from overflowing trashcans, from hallways and gutters littered with moldering food

fragments, beer cans, and dirty paper. The Sanitation trucks don't come often enough, you are told; and when they do they can't sweep properly because both curbs are lined with cars. This is one of the city's illicit graveyards for stolen and abandoned automobiles. Local gangs systematically strip them of their movable parts. Eventually the police tow the carcasses away.

A tiny forlorn kosher butcher shop is a memento of the Jewish immigrants for whom this was once a way station out of the Lower East Side ghetto. Now they have fled northward, as has their once flourishing pushcart and bargain-store commerce. They have left behind only a remnant of their ancestors and incompetents to live in uneasy isolation among the new poor—the Negroes and Puerto Ricans seeking escape from teeming Harlem. What they have found instead is the misery of obsolescence. Like many outlying sections of New York, the Bronx does not have too many human beings packed into a too small area. Avenues are wide; there are huge parks—largely deserted because muggings and other crimes are commonplace—and plenty of vacant lots. But no one builds on them. In once-respectable flats, broken windowpanes gape. Stairs and walls booby-trapped with holes are handy ports of entry for garbage-fed rats; in dingy foyers, mailboxes have been permanently pried open by thieves.

As the habitable living space shrinks, still more bodies, stoves, beds, and scabrous sinks are wedged into closet-size rooms. The lucky few make it to the public housing project—Claremont Village—a conglomeration of institutional brick buildings a few blocks away. Mothers dare not

leave their children alone in its ultramodern but gang-infested playground. And sophisticates call the place an architectural and sociological monstrosity. But because the apartments are clean and the plumbing works many regard it as an unobtainable paradise. "Let me show you *mi colección*," said a birdlike little Puerto Rican woman, perched with her nine offspring amid a clutter of boxes, crates, and a huge TV console, as she prepared to move—heaven knows where—from her condemned building. Laughing, she handed me an envelope filled with cards from the City Housing Authority—permanently overwhelmed by demands beyond its capacity—acknowledging her annual applications for admittance to Claremont Village over the past fifteen years.

## How the Connection Grew

I came to know Bathgate Avenue and some of its people last summer because of a young Canadian-born physician, Dr. Harold Wise. In a handsomely renovated two-story building—Number 1633 Bathgate—he is running a remarkable experiment in medical care, one of several such ventures financed out of Poverty Program funds. Physically, the project, known as the Neighborhood Health Center of Montefiore Hospital, is a startling oasis of modernity among its shabby neighbors. But the more striking phenomenon, as you watch and ponder what is going on inside, is that here in this unpromising setting a new tool for combating some of the central causes and ills of poverty is being fashioned. And at the same time—as the health needs of the poorest and sickest among us are squarely confronted—an entirely new pattern for providing medical care is being hammered out. It may well be the pattern of the future.

The project—or demonstration, as it is currently known—consists at present of the Neighborhood Center on Bathgate Avenue, which is furnishing medical care to 8,000 people of the area. There is also a school, located temporarily in Claremont Village, where men and women from the neighborhood are trained for a variety of subprofessional medical vocations. Other local people have been hired to work as community organizers—to spread the word about the project and to make sure that the program is continuously responsive to the real needs of this complex and troubled area. A small research staff maintains a continuous check on the operation, testing assumptions against accomplishments and assembling data for future guidance. The venture was launched with some \$1,900,000 granted by the Office of Economic

Opportunity to Montefiore Hospital—one of the city's large and most respected nonprofit teaching hospitals, situated in the northern section of the Bronx. As project director, Dr. Wise carries responsibility for the design of the program, for policy and expenditures—subject only to the approval of OEO and Montefiore. Within a year, the main medical operations will move to a four-story building now being renovated on Third Avenue; the Bathgate Center—a third of a mile away—will then become one of two satellite stations handling such minor functions as prenatal checkups, inoculations, and routine well-baby examinations. The three units will then provide comprehensive medical and dental service for 45,000 people living in what has been designated as the Morrisania Health District.

An intense, boyish-looking, slightly built man in his early thirties, Dr. Wise is one of a small but growing breed of new medical radicals. They are activists who waste no energy in ideological debate with the American Medical Association. Some were shaped in the Peace Corps, others as volunteers in the civil-rights movement, the Job Corps, and Head Start. They know that the old battles fought by an earlier generation of medical reformers are won; yet for them it is a dubious victory. Prepaid medical insurance is a fact for most Americans; group practice is respectable if not commonplace; the virtues of the "great teaching hospital" are universally hailed. But yesterday's panaceas have not solved today's problems.

For of what use is health insurance if there is no doctor to treat you in your town or neighborhood? Of what avail the battery of tests the hospital performs in the name of science if the nurse doesn't come when you ring and no one asks how you feel? And was the wicked old AMA perhaps correct when it mulishly argued that doctors alone could not cure the ills caused not so much by viruses or bacteria as by poor nutrition, miserable housing, and bad sanitation? What resemblance is there between the accepted standards of "quality medical care" and the service most people receive?

"Here, in the Morrisania area," Dr. Wise told me, "the pharmacists have been a most useful source of medical care. They actually give people some help for a cold or a skin rash or because they just don't 'feel good.'"

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*Marion K. Sanders, a general editor of "Harper's," specializes in scientific and medical subjects. She was chiefly responsible for the supplement on "The Crisis in American Medicine," which was subsequently published as a book (1961). Among her own articles for this magazine was "Country Doctors Catch Up" (August 1955).*

One doesn't bring such minor ills to a clinic; who would have time to listen? And as for the dear old family doctor—there are only five private physicians, two of them elderly and semiretired, practicing in this part of the Bronx. Dr. Wise is also much impressed by the faith healers and mediums who do a thriving business in the area. "What they do for their clients is real," he says. "There is so much we don't understand about sickness and health. We must respect their contribution. And I hope they will begin to respect us."

Dr. Wise's first assignment when he came to Montefiore was to take charge of the emergency room in Morrisania—the affiliated city hospital to which Montefiore supplies the medical staff. Symbol of poor man's medicine in our time, the emergency room is that grim, crowded little corner of a hospital designed to treat wounds, fractures, burns, heart attacks, and other medical crises. But since specialty clinics have long waiting lines for appointments now, the hard wooden benches of the emergency room are jammed not only with the victims of disaster but also with pregnant women; with mothers carrying feverish babies; old folks with aching backs; men with coughs that won't go away—people with the thousand and one ailments troublesome enough to take to the doctor but surely not "emergencies." And the handful of doctors and nurses, working in noisy crowded surroundings, with never enough of anything to cope "scientifically" with even the gravest cases, simply don't have time or taste for the "uninteresting" ones.

Dr. Wise's most vivid memory of his incredibly harassed first day is of a little girl whose hearing was impaired because a roach was lodged in her ear. (A nurse, wise in slum medicine, showed him how to float it loose with mineral oil and then pluck it out with forceps.) As the weeks wore on, his frustration mounted. "I came to realize that even when I made the right diagnosis and prescribed the right treatment, half the time the patients didn't understand me. Very likely they wouldn't buy the medicine or wouldn't take it. Often I was giving impossible instructions—for instance, how do you stay on a salt-free diet if you eat at lunch counters? What's the use of telling a cardiac to rest if he needs his job and has to climb four flights of stairs at home? I was a highly trained scientific doctor, able to do all the right tests to diagnose obscure diseases, but I wasn't really making the *connection* with the people who needed me."

Over the next few months, Dr. Wise spent his spare hours making house calls on some of his clinic patients. As his conviction grew that some-

thing quite different was needed, he sought the counsel of Dr. George Silver, then director of Social Medicine at Montefiore and the hospital's able director, Dr. Martin Cherkasky. Then began the long process of applying for a grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity. Although he had drafted a plausible blueprint, he could not say precisely at this point just how the money would be used. For he had already formed one firm decision. This plan or program or demonstration would not be shaped by the concepts of city health departments or administrators or other experts as to what was "good medicine" for the people of a ghetto. It would come from the ideas of the people themselves as to what services they needed and wanted.

### Preemie to Senior Citizen

With the preliminary funds that OEO had allotted to him for planning, Dr. Wise hired one of that new profession, a community organizer; a small band of local men and women, who were paid a stipend by the Poverty Program, began to reach out to the community. Plans were shaped and reshaped.

"Our first idea," Dr. Wise recalled, "was to take a couple of floors at the hospital, renovate them, and set up a health center there. All this changed after our community workers rang doorbells, after we met with tenants' groups and church groups. We soon found out that most people lived so far away that it took them a half to three-quarters of an hour to get to the hospital. So it was terribly important to them that the new center be near their homes.

"The way to do this we figured was to renovate a couple of centrally located tenements. But the people told us they didn't want a health center in a tenement. One of the priorities was, it has to be air-conditioned. It turned out, in the end, they didn't want anything that even resembled a hospital clinic. They wanted a medical-arts building—the same thing middle-class people want, the same thing doctors want. In a clinic, you may start with every intention of practicing good medicine but the environment defeats you—patients are lined up; people keep popping into the room while you're doing an examination; you can't hear with your stethoscope because of the noise. So the doctors, like the patients, want private offices, quiet examining rooms, conference rooms, air-conditioning—in a word, a civilized environment."

The large window facing the street at the Bathgate Center affords a view of a children's play-



room, partitioned off from the main waiting room. It is filled with youngsters, scribbling on a blackboard, pushing toy cars, trains, animals under the eyes of a cheerful resident baby-sitter. In the waiting room, seated on chairs upholstered in pastel plastic a dozen or so women and a few elderly men are awaiting their appointments. They are neatly, even smartly, dressed and seem to know each other or to strike up acquaintance easily.

Lining a long corridor are the closed doors of examining rooms and laboratories. Upstairs—since this is noon on a Thursday—a family health conference is in progress. With the consent of his colleagues, Dr. Wise has invited me to sit in on a session to see at first hand what a new kind of “team medicine” is like.\*

The classic medical team or group consists of doctors in various specialties whose efforts are coordinated by an internist or general physician. But the premise here at Bathgate is that there will never again be enough doctors to perform for everyone all the services traditionally considered doctors’ work. Hence physicians should be used only for those tasks that cannot be done by any other health professional. A second, more novel concept arises from the belief that the modern, scientifically trained physician has an almost insuperable communication problem when he deals with patients of an alien class and culture. Someone else is needed to interpret for him the whole spectrum of social, emotional, and economic problems that affect a family’s health. The logical answer, at first glance, seemed to be a social worker. But the idea was rejected—in large part because social workers, rightly or wrongly, are today associated in the minds of poor people with the snooping and widely hated welfare investigators. The alternative was the public-health nurse—known to her clients as an individual who, instead of demanding that you “talk your problem through,” actually does something when the baby has the sniffles or a diabetic needs an insulin shot. Dr. Wise is convinced that public-health nurses today are qualified by training and experience to carry far greater medical responsibilities than those generally assigned them. And though this profession—like every other in the health field—is now desperately short-handed, in the future it will be far faster, cheaper, and more feasible to train an adequate supply of public-health nurses than to double or triple the output of our medical schools—a goal nowhere in sight.

By this logic, the decision was reached that the captain of each medical team at Bathgate would

\*To protect patients’ privacy, I agreed to alter names and explicitly identifying details.

be a public-health nurse. Reporting to her are several family-health workers, local graduates of the training program who have been taught a variety of home-nursing jobs and who serve also as “patient advocates”—that is, they are expected to speak up for their clients who are frightened by doctors and even more bewildered by the maze of city agencies, including Welfare, Building Inspection, and Sanitation, which are often deaf to legitimate demands that directly or indirectly affect health. The public-health nurse calls on the doctors as her judgment indicates, in an egalitarian relationship that is at once exhilarating and unsettling to both doctors and nurses.

The small conference room is a partitioned-off section on the second floor where clerks and record-keepers work. The room can barely seat the fifteen persons assembled, including a pediatrician, an obstetrician, a surgeon, and an internist. Nurses and family-health workers wear identical powder-blue uniforms; the only caste mark is the shoulder-length nun’s coif of blue-eyed, doll-faced Sister Catherine Joseph, a Catholic public-health nurse (“Our swinging nun,” Dr. Wise says proudly). The conference proceeds.

A public-health nurse with a brisk, take-charge manner calls the meeting to order, pointing to a small blackboard on which she has written the names of all the members of the Jones family.

“I am very worried about Joanna, a two-month-old preemie,” she says.

“Could we get the picture of the whole family first?” asks Dr. Wise, who has been huddling in a corner.

Mrs. Ann Spence, a family-health worker, a handsome dark-skinned woman of about forty, picks up her notes. She is one of a half-dozen Negroes in the room.

“Mrs. Jones,” she says in a low, controlled voice, “is a nineteen-year-old Afro-American lady with four children—ages three, eighteen months, eleven months, and two months.” She pauses to allow the precise intervals between these births to sink in. “We are not concerned with the three-year-old, who is living in the South with his grandmother. Mrs. Jones complains of heart trouble and hay fever and says she has epileptic seizures. The eleven-month-old is very small. He doesn’t sit up. He just *lays* there. Joanna, the preemie, was born in the hospital and weighed six pounds when she went home.”

The public-health nurse interrupts to tell of her dismay because the baby has lost a pound and the mother will not bring her to the Center.

“About Mrs. Jones,” Mrs. Spence continues, more taut, “she flares up easy. Her home is a total

## BICYCLE

by Jeannette Nichols

Spokes all  
one moving gleam  
  
the shine  
the pure line of going  
  
to lean  
to make the corner clean  
  
while the sun melts  
on the chrome a moving mercury  
  
the whish of wheel on tar  
and the going  
  
the holding on  
a power of knowing  
  
how fast fast is  
as the hill hisses past  
  
and tar slurs  
to a soft rubber stop  
  
only to start up again  
the going, the greased ease  
  
of red-chrome, three-gear  
going, going, going.

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wreck and so is she. Lately she is not in—I hear the children crying when I knock on the door—mornings—evenings. I have to say that Mrs. Jones is just a child. She has been on welfare since her first baby was born. I have to say that her children would be better off with someone else.”

“Any relatives?” Dr. Wise asks.

“Her sister has five children of her own and she says she is just *fed up* with Mrs. Jones.”

“I would be glad to make a house call if that would help,” Dr. Wise offers.

“No, that would be a waste of physician’s time,” the public-health nurse says firmly.

Within ten minutes or so the Jones family’s medical problems are sorted out—a matter of precise diagnoses to be made and treatment to be prescribed—above all, a foolproof contraceptive. But the roadblock is the fact that Mrs. Jones doesn’t keep her appointments at the Center.

“I think in the end Mrs. Jones will come,” says Mrs. Spence. “I have to convince her that someone *cares* . . .”

A few minutes are spent on Mrs. Jones’ sister. She desperately needs better housing—who can help her get into the Project?

Other cases follow: An old man whose injured leg is doing nicely is lonely and depressed. Is there some way to get him a lift to the Senior Citizens’ Club a good quarter of a mile away? There is a baby—a cretin—who is responding well to thyroid treatment. But the diagnosis was made too late, says the pediatrician. The child will grow up a hopeless idiot. How do you break the tragic news to the mother who is now full of hope? Sister Catherine Joseph disputes the doctor. The baby is visibly improving, she says.

And how about the Lopez family? The medical problems are under control but special tutoring must be arranged for thirteen-year-old Dora, who speaks no English and has only been through third grade in her native Santo Domingo. What about the Garcia family where the grandmother has TB which may be active? Simple enough to give tests but what do you do about the fact that six people are sleeping in one bed? And then there are the Harris babies, who are known “plaster eaters”—that is, like many ghetto youngsters they habitually chew on flakes of lead-based paint peeling from tenement walls. The children must be brought to the Center at once to be tested for lead poisoning, says the pediatrician; it can cause severe physical symptoms and even mental retardation. What about the lethal walls? “I think the landlord is going to cooperate and fix the place up,” says the family-health worker. “We have quite a good tenants’ council going in that building.”

Downstairs an on-the-job training session is in progress. In charge is Ron Brooke, a bearded young urban anthropologist, whose chief job is to remind everyone involved that this is indeed an experiment and that its findings are subject to question every step of the way. “What makes you think you are giving high-quality medical care?” he asks the doctors after scrutinizing a month’s medical records. “We are supposed to do Pap smears on every woman. But they haven’t been done on more than two-thirds of our patients. How come?” Uncomfortable, indeed rude questions for a layman to ask of physicians.

Now Brooke is talking with a group of newly graduated family-health workers; they have completed an eight-week core course in basic medical information and have had two months of practical experience as hospital and home health aides. (There is also a “high-school equivalency” program for those who lack high-school diplomas.) During their training period they were paid \$55 a week. Now as graduates they earn \$90.

Their first assignment has been to take a medical census of the area, and several find it irksome to fill out the detailed forms which will one day provide fodder for a computer. Brooke talks patiently about the research design. Dr. Wise adds some explanation about the value of a good history to the doctor in making his diagnosis. He picks up one of the forms:

"By the way," he says, "I don't know if anyone has mentioned this but you must always remember that a patient just might by mistake get to see his own record. So never write 'cancer'; the word to use is 'neoplasm'; and never put 'syphilis' on a record; we call it 'lues.'"

Heads nod. There is a look of professional pride as the doctor goes on to discuss—in a matter-of-fact, unpatronizing way—how to probe into the real cause of death when it is given as pneumonia; whether or not allergies are hereditary. He has managed to make this a medical discussion—if not among people of equal knowledge—among people of equal responsibility.

## Up the Training Ladder

**I**n the Center's first year, which ended last June, 95 men and women graduated from the training program and 50 other workers were informally trained on the job. From the start recruiting has been easier than selection; currently there are over 450 applicants for each entering class of 30—a figure to be pondered by those convinced the unemployed don't want jobs. ("Of course most welfare mothers want to work," an angry community organizer told me. "You get damn sick and tired of that closed little world—taking care of the kids, looking out of the window, fighting with the landlord, watching TV to see all the things you haven't got. But how can they work when they have no place to leave their kids? What we need more than anything around here is plenty of day-care centers.")

There have been dropouts from the training program. But—again belying current stereotypes about the "poverty culture"—the majority have gladly embraced such middle-class disciplines as neatness in dress, time-clock punctuality, and an absolute ban on absenteeism.

The core program is followed by specialized training for those who chose variously to become family-health workers, lab technicians, or medical record-keepers. And a variety of new jobs in the health field are being developed, such as physical assistant and anesthesiology assistant. It costs the taxpayers approximately \$1,500 to edu-

cate each trainee—an investment that seems modest indeed to produce self-supporting workers who also fill a crucial social need.

So far the Bathgate Center has employed all the graduates of its training program. But should there be a surplus, they can fill uncounted vacancies at desperately shorthanded hospitals throughout the city. And to insure that this will be more than a gateway to a low-level job, a new program was started this fall, in cooperation with the City College of New York. The goal is to help the qualified and ambitious move up the professional ladder—from family-health worker to nurse; from nurse to physician; from lab technician to scientist. These plans will not be easily realized: roadblocks from status-conscious professional organizations are inevitable, and no one yet knows how much weight should be given "practical" experience in relation to academic learning.

In other ways, too, the novelty and the success of the training program have bred special difficulties. In theory, unemployed heads of families are given priority for training. But critics say there is a tendency to pick the more promising, rather than the most needy, candidates. And whatever the reason, the rejected—or the dropouts—are hostile and resentful. There is pressure, too, from militant Negro and Puerto Rican leaders for a double standard of performance—a "compensatory" lower level for the victims of poverty and discrimination. When one worker was dismissed for cause last summer his friends organized a picket line which marched in front of the Center for three days.

Dr. Wise, however, refused to alter his decision. And the picket line vanished in a few days.

## Spokesmen—All Kinds

**T**he Center is firmly dedicated to that vital but esoteric tenet of the Poverty Program—"maximum feasible participation of the poor." A year ago, before the project was started, Dr. Wise felt the way to accomplish this was self-evident. "We will have the community elect a board of directors," he said. "They will be like hospital trustees. They should receive the grant from OEO, hire the doctors, set policy. I'm not worried that they'll try to interfere in medical matters. They'll soon find out that doctors are scarce. If they aren't treated with respect here, they'll pick up their black bags and go to work elsewhere. But unless the people themselves control the purse strings they will see this as just another middle-class project trying to do good 'against' them. It's that simple."

The reality, however, proved considerably more



complex. For who are the "leaders" in a fragmented neighborhood which is not in any real sense a "community" but just—as one woman put it—"a place where people have been plopped down"? And how do you reconcile the conflicting claims of racial pride and professional excellence?

"Two kinds of leaders surfaced right away," said a woman who has lived in the neighborhood for more than twenty years and is now an enthusiastic client of the Health Center. "There are the militants, the Black Power guys who are angry because only four of the doctors at the Center are Negroes. They just won't believe anyone who isn't black can help black people. Then there are the mercenaries . . . the political operators who just want to cut themselves in on a piece of all that OEO money. These people call themselves leaders but they really don't want to make this Health Center *work*."

In charge of community organization is Roy Kurahara, a tough-minded Japanese-American schooled by long experience in other slums; he holds a master's degree in social work but does not flaunt it. "The poor are fed up with the crap social workers have been feeding them all these years," he said. "They want to have a voice in what happens to them, but they are short of spokesmen who make sense."

"Participation of the poor" advanced measurably through the efforts of some fifty student-volunteers—chiefly from medical schools but a few also from schools of social work, nursing, and law—who worked in the Morrisania area last summer. Many became ardent "patient advocates"—learning how to extract from a reluctant Welfare Department the basic necessities of life, or helping to form tenants' organizations to pressure landlords into making vital repairs. Thus encouraged, spokesmen for the poor began to emerge.

Meanwhile Kurahara and his staff printed and circulated petitions for a delegates' meeting. Anyone who could gather twenty-five signatures from bona fide residents of the area could become a delegate. In due course, fifty were nominated. They met, and from their number elected an advisory board of twenty-five. In September, the new board spent eight hours on a Saturday listening to doctors and other experts describe the functions of a lay board of trustees in a medical institution.

The function of the board at present is simply advisory. "To be honest about it," said Dr. Wise, "we are still an imperial power, preparing the underprivileged for self-government. And, Lord, how I hate being in the foreign service."

The Bathgate Center is now providing medical care for 8,000 people at a cost of about \$40 per

patient a year. The patients pay no fees, but the service will be self-supporting because virtually all its clients are eligible for Medicare or Medicaid. Within a year it will have 45,000 clients. This is an imposing prospect; but there are perhaps a million people in the surrounding area who need the same service. What are the chances of making this new kind of medical care more than a "token" or "demonstration" project?

"Excellent," Dr. Joseph T. English, who heads the Poverty Program's medical ventures across the country, told me when I talked with him recently. "We are limited only by the funds available." He spoke with pride of the similar center recently opened in Watts which, for the first time, has enlisted the active participation of the people in a venture they feel is their own.

"There seems to be something neutral about health," Dr. English said. "In Watts, the angriest, most militant leaders can sit down with a very conservative professor of medicine, and their differences seem to melt away because they are talking about a real problem in which their interests coincide."

The first Neighborhood Health Center supported by OEO was at the Columbia Point Housing Project in Boston, directed by another of the new medical radicals, Dr. Jack Geiger. Senator Edward Kennedy visited the project in 1966 and was so well impressed with it that—late in the summer—he succeeded in tacking \$30 million onto the OEO appropriation, earmarked for similar medical programs. There are now eight in operation and another forty-one scheduled to start within the next year—Congress willing.

On my last visit to Bathgate Avenue, I talked with Glenda Oldham, one of the public-health nurses at the Center, a small-boned, soft-voiced young Negro woman. In this neighborhood, where it is explicitly hazardous to walk the streets at night, she seems far more alien than some of the sturdily built white public-health nurses, who have been seasoned by long service in the Kentucky hills. Just back from two years with the Peace Corps in Ethiopia, this articulate, highly personable young woman could choose from a variety of cozy jobs in government or industry at a time when the really qualified "visible" Negro is in high demand. Why had she decided to spend an hour a day in the subway commuting from her room at the Y in Manhattan to Bathgate Avenue in the Bronx?

"There was no question about it when I was offered this job," she said, her startlingly large eyes gleaming with missionary zeal. "This—this is where the action is."

Very likely she is right.



# The beautiful putdown.

"Ladies and gentlemen, kindly fasten your seat belts. We are now about to land at London Airport twenty miles per hour slower than any other transatlantic jet." Perhaps we should amend the landing announcement we ordinarily make when we're bringing in one of our VC 10's. After all, the VC 10 is no ordinary jet.

It's not just the way the VC 10 approaches the runway at a slower rate of descent because of its uncanny ability to glide. Ten big, wide pressure tires prevent any bounce when VC 10 meets the ground. Then four massive thrust reversers turn 90,000 pounds of acceleration into 90,000 pounds of firm but gentle braking power.

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## Status Report

*This month's subjects: Life among the extremists; New York helps victims—but not too much; backfire from the gun lobby; prospects for better school superintendents; the American female in politics.*

### The Politics of Frustration

"American politics has often been an arena for angry minds," historian Richard Hofstadter wrote in his article "The Paranoid Style in American Politics," which appeared in this magazine in November 1964. "Historical catastrophes or frustrations may be conducive . . . to situations in which they can more readily be built into mass movements or political parties."

We wondered whether such a situation was indeed at hand last fall as we heard Dr. Benjamin Spock name the President of the United States as "the enemy" while peace marchers cheered at the Pentagon. A few weeks earlier a New Politics convention in Chicago had surrendered to a militant Black Power minority. Subsequently Senators James Eastland and John McClellan launched subversion hunts reminiscent of Joseph McCarthy's finest hours. And at the University of Iowa, anti-Vietnam demonstrators soaked the steps of the Memorial Union with their own blood, carried to the scene in paper cups. "The land," Richard H. Rovers despairingly reflected in *The New Yorker*, "is filling up with cranks and zanies."

Because extremists of the Left have preempted the headlines, the Radical Right has seemed quiescent. In fact, it is very much alive, having regrouped its forces with remarkable speed after the 1964 Goldwater debacle. By 1966, Americans for Constitutional Action—a group which interlocks with the John Birch Society—could boast of victories for 180 out of 255 candidates it had endorsed for

local and national office. In the same year the far-right New York State Conservative party nudged the Liberals out of third place on the ballot. In Idaho a movement to recall Senator Frank Church was financed by William Penn Patrick, a San Rafael, California, millionaire cosmetics manufacturer. The courts declared the petition illegal, but a second recall drive was launched late in 1967. Its backers are said to be affiliated with the Liberty Lobby, a Washington-based organization which has taken over the *American Mercury* magazine and installed editors even more conservative than their predecessors.

"The Rightists are using much more sophisticated tactics nowadays," we were told by Wesley McCune, director of Group Research, a nonprofit organization devoted to the study of extremism. By way of example, he cited their circumspection in avoiding a public embrace of their cherished rising star, Ronald Reagan. Meanwhile, the John Birch Society is making increasing use of front organizations. One is TACT (Truth About Civil Turmoil) which sends out Negro speakers to preach that the civil-rights movement is a Communist plot.

Many of the right-wing fundamentalists were introduced to *Harper's* readers in 1961 in Willie Morris's article "Houston's Superpatriots." Since then, the Reverend Billy James Hargis has built himself a new cathedral and headquarters in Tulsa and is hard at work exposing the machinations of Walter Reuther and Martin Luther King. (He shares the latter task with a specialized group, INKO—Investigate Now King and Others.) TV and radio shows sponsored by H.

L. Hunt and other ultraconservatives are on the air some 2,500 hours a week. And Dr. Fred Schwarz collected over half a million dollars a year for his Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

Right-wing publications have combined circulation of around a million. Among the newer ones is Washington newsletter, *Ammunition*, edited by Martha Rountree, who will be remembered by TV viewers as the original moderator on "Meet the Press." Among ultraconservative books, a recent favorite is *Pass to Poverty*. Written by two housewives, it has a strong appeal for taxpayers angered by the well-publicized instances of waste and inefficiency in the Poverty Program.

"The people who buy books of this sort," Mr. McCune said emphatically, "are not 'little old ladies in tenn shoes.' They are respectable types, the folks next door. We should take them seriously." A sound admonition. But it would be easier to follow if the Rightists would curb their passion for peculiar acronyms. Our favorite is STENCH of Tennessee (Society to Exterminate Neo-Communist Hangers-on).

### Soft Sell for Crime Victims

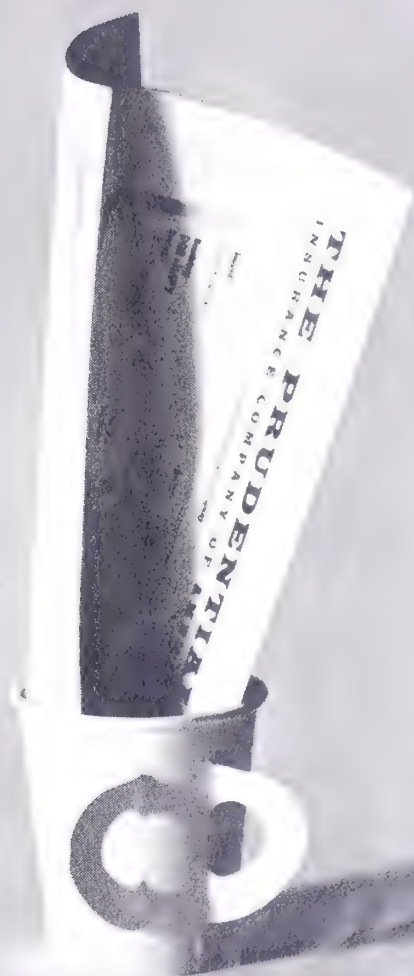
"There ought to be a law," is a classic remedy for social ills. But sometimes after a law is passed it turns out to be only the beginning—rather than the end—of the cure.

Such seems to be the case with the statute which Governor Rockefeller of New York signed in 1966 setting up a Crime Victims Compensation



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top people with a Prudential Split Dollar Plan.

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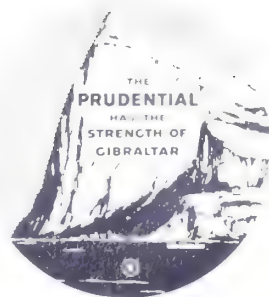


know how it is with many fringe  
benefits. If you give them to some  
employees, you feel you should give  
them to all. But not a Prudential  
Split Dollar Plan. It's a way to show  
your top people you regard them  
as top people.

Under this plan you advance them  
part of the money to buy more life  
insurance than they could otherwise  
afford. You can call it a loan because  
every cent will be paid back. And not  
out of the men's pockets but out of the  
high value of the insurance itself.  
Your people are happy about a

Prudential Split Dollar Plan because  
it gives their families more protection.  
And you're happy about it because  
it's a way to show interest in your  
employees' personal goals. And you  
can arrange it so that the money  
you put in can still figure in your  
assets. And can even be borrowed on  
if you need to.

Your Prudential man will be glad  
to show you how the "split" figures out  
in dollars and cents. When it comes  
to helping you strengthen your  
employer-employee relationships,  
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Board to investigate claims and make awards for loss of earnings resulting from criminal attacks. New York thus became the first state to adopt—with some modifications—the program which New York University Law Professor Robert Childres advocated in *Harper's* in April 1964. (California has a similar but much more limited program.)

New York's Crime Victims Compensation Board began operating early in 1967. According to its unpretentious brochure any New Yorker who is a victim of a violent crime which has been promptly reported to the police may apply for an award if, as a result, he has lost earnings for at least two consecutive weeks. The victim must pay the first \$100 of medical expenses himself and the maximum award for loss of earnings is \$100 a week; the maximum total \$15,000.

Late last fall we talked with the board chairman, Stanley L. Van Rensselaer, who reported that the machinery was functioning smoothly. He conceded, however, that it is a very small-scale operation which, in its first six months, handled some 85 claims—mainly from victims of muggings. In the last comparable period for which statistics are available, at least 15,000 New Yorkers were victims of crimes classified as murder, non-negligent manslaughter, or aggravated assault. Presumably, a considerable number of them—or their families—suffered loss of earnings. Why did so few apply for compensation? The moral would seem to be that after you pass a law it is pretty important to make sure the people it is supposed to serve know about it.

## Infiltrating the Educationists

"Why anyone wants to be superintendent of the public schools in the nation's capital is a mystery," Ben A. Franklin wrote in the *New York Times* last November. The job has been described as "something straight out of *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat . . . Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade* with an added cast of American Congressmen." Around this same time in New York City the aftermath of a teachers' strike was a seemingly

irreconcilable conflict between the teachers' union and various militant parents' organizations, and the Superintendent of Schools announced that, despite an intensive effort to improve instruction over the past two years, pupils in the city's schools had slipped still further behind in the national reading norms.

Two years ago in *Harper's* Allan R. Talbot called attention to the appalling mortality rate—by dismissal or resignation—of the nation's ablest big-city school superintendents. He interpreted the phenomenon as both a cause and a consequence of the steady deterioration of central-city schools and he called for "A New Breed of School Superintendent"—men recruited outside the narrow educationist hierarchy, equipped to cope with the racial tensions and political pressures inherent in running a big-city school system today.

Although the long-range effects are still to be felt, something of the sort is actually taking place. The New York State Board of Regents, for example, has revised its certification procedures to permit local school boards to hire (subject to annual review) nonprofessionals as superintendents. A number of large cities in other states are quietly recruiting from industry, government, and philanthropy to fill top school administrative posts. One is Philadelphia, which recently hired an urban-renewal planner as Associate Superintendent of Schools.

Looking to the future, Harvard's Graduate School of Education has received a grant of \$999,400 from the Danforth Foundation to attract men and women of "distinguished accomplishment" from such fields as business and public administration to a one year program which would lead to their placement in big school bureaucracies. Starting this fall ten fellows will take part in this program annually. According to Harvard's announcement they "will be tied together by a common interest in the understanding and improvement of education."

## Taking the Second

Like every magazine that lends its pages to contributors who have strong views, *Harper's* is periodically

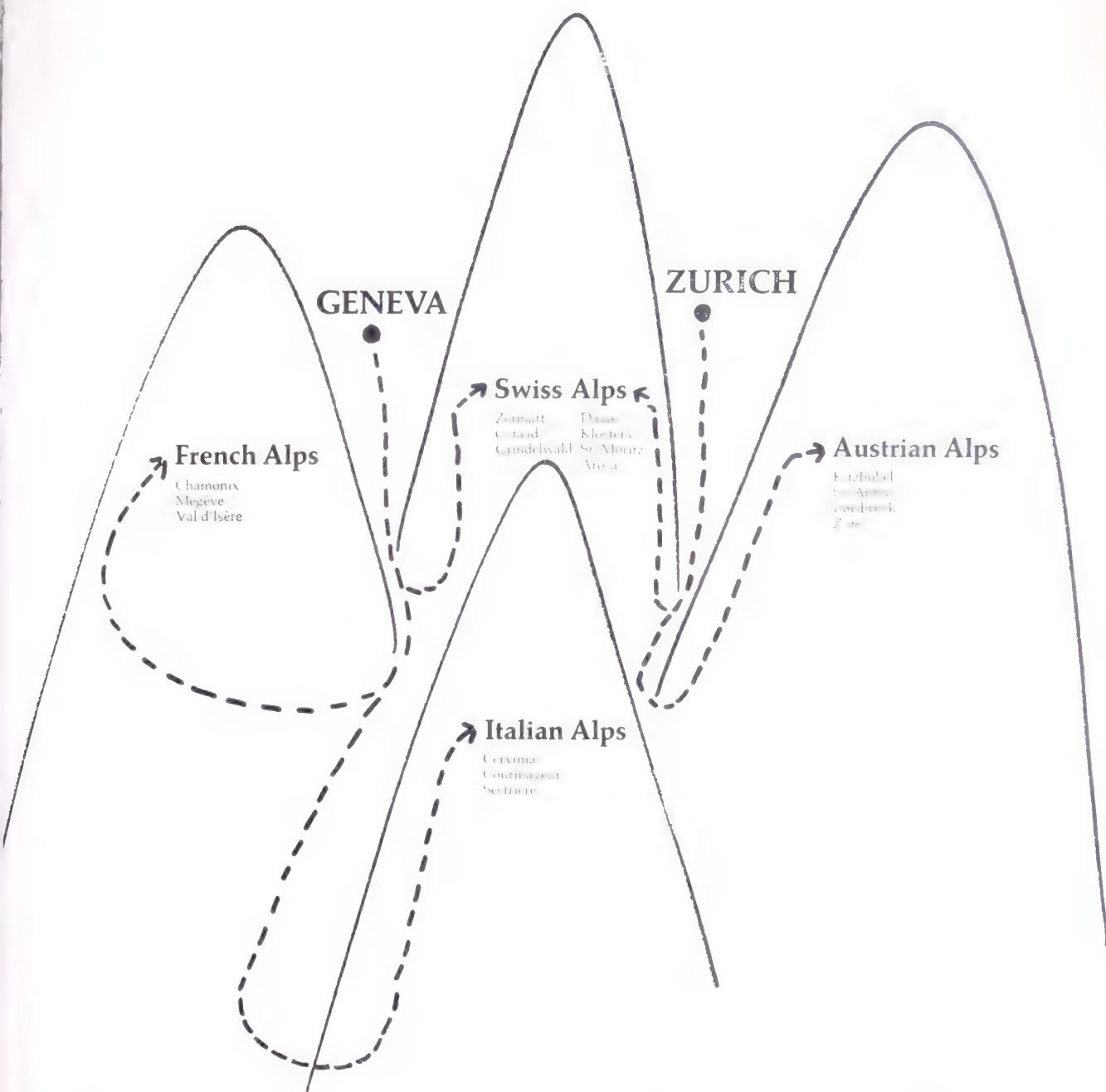
charged with being the tool of "interests" some of its readers don't like. Last November we found ourselves variously labeled as the mouthpiece of (a) do-gooders who would harm even a germ-laden fly; (b) politicians who would traffic in emotionalism to get votes; (c) overzealous fanatics ready to doom whatever they disliked; or (d) calculating extremists determined to destroy what we knew and treasure as the American way of life. The American Rifle Association, in its house organ, thus characterized all magazines, TV stations, and newspapers which have favored gun-control legislation, as Carl Bakal wrote in *Harper's* in December 1964 ("Traffic in Guns").

Though several states have since then passed strict gun-control laws, they are largely ineffective so long as guns can easily be bought by mail. But for five consecutive years federal gun-control legislation has perished thanks largely to the extraordinary lobbying efforts of the American Rifle Association. The watchword of the organization and its followers is an edited version of the second Article of the Bill of Rights which says: "well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The phrase relating to a "well-regulated militia" is customarily dropped when the gun enthusiasts speak up for their cause.

Senator Edward M. Kennedy—leading proponent of a gun-control law—has long deplored the fact that the National Rifle Association receives what amounts to a \$5-million subsidy from the federal government in the form of free weapons and ammunition. The Defense Department has now moved to end this handout by canceling next year's civilian rifle and pistol matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. The matches, said Senator Thomas J. Dodd, another advocate of gun-control legislation, have been "repeatedly used by the gun industry to advertise its wares and by opponents of effective firearms laws to proselytize shooters with propaganda in the form of literature and posters to oppose firearms legislation."

Whether this drying up of federal largess will diminish the effectiveness of the gun lobby remains to be seen in the next Congress.

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## Sex and Politics

The defeat of Shirley Temple Black in her race for Congress last November prompted our resident feminist to conduct a spot check on how women in general are doing in public affairs—a subject of periodic inquiry in *Harper's* for more than two decades. ("The Little Woman" by I. A. R. Wylie, November 1945. "Women in Politics" by Marion K. Sanders, August 1955.) Ten years ago women occupied approximately 2 per cent of the seats in the U. S. Congress. They still do. With the exit of Maurine Neuberger in 1966, Margaret Chase Smith became once again the Mother Superior of the Senate. In addition there are eleven Congresswomen—mainly long-term veterans. Frances P. Bolton of Ohio, for instance, is serving her fourteenth term; Edna Kelly of New York, her ninth. Three have won election seven times—Martha Griffiths of Michigan, Edith

Green of Oregon, and Leonor Sullivan of Missouri. Florence P. Dwyer of New Jersey has served six terms; Catherine May and Julia Hansen of Washington, five; Charlotte T. Reid of Illinois, three. The freshman is Margaret M. Heckler of Massachusetts, a thirty-five-year-old lawyer who defeated octogenarian Joe Martin in the Republican primary and then went on to win his seat. Serving her second term is Patsy Takemoto Mink of Hawaii. Swept out in the 1964 Johnson landslide was Katharine St. George of New York. (A notable spokeswoman of the right during her days on Capitol Hill, Mrs. St. George still carries the torch as head of a New York affiliate of the American Conservative Union.)

Probably the most influential of the current female legislators is Representative Edith Green, No. 2 Democrat on the House Education and Labor Committee. Of late Mrs. Green has devoted herself chiefly to dis-

mantling the Poverty Program—the considerable dismay of her fellow Democrats, among whom she has won the sobriquet of "the smiling cobra."

Back when she was first elected to Congress we interviewed Congresswoman Green and found her a typical—if unusually energetic—product of the U. S. Female Establishment. In her case the PTA; other organs: the Business and Professional Women's Clubs and the Federation of Women's Clubs; a maverick is the League of Women Voters, which concerns itself with genuine civic rather than so-called "women's," i.e. housekeeping, issues).

If their imprint on Capitol Hill is dim, American women are enjoying an even more impressive obscurity in the Executive Branch. Eisenhower apparently set no precedent when he appointed Oveta Culp Hobby Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, for the succeeding Kennedy Administration managed to forget women except in its moments of relaxation. (See *Harper's*, "Nobodies Here But Us Pompadours," October 1962.) The Johnson regime, though pledged to mobilize female talent at a high level, has found few likeable candidates with movable husbands or families. (See "The New American Female," July 1965.)

We discussed this impasse with Liz Carpenter, Mrs. Johnson's press secretary, who also heads the White House Ministry for Female Affairs.

"What you're going to see," she said, "is more and more women going to the top in local government—the future lady mayors are learning the ropes in the beautification program—working hard, doing fine. But when it comes to the big jobs in Washington women have got to put up or shut up—the qualified ones just won't leave home."

We asked Mrs. Carpenter how she felt about the influx of show-biz glamor in high government places—for instance Betty Furness as Consumer Counsel, an appointment which has caused shudders among veterans in consumerology, who tend to wear orthopedic shoes and manufacture their own cosmetics.

"Well now, Betty's doing a real good job," she said firmly. "We girls have got to stop cannibalizing each other." [ ]



"Certainly I got stoned. A recording of 'Waiting for Godot' in its entirety, for God's sake!"

# The Continuity of Russian Voices

by Irving Howe

**White Island: A Journey to Sakhalin,** by Anton Chekhov. Translated by Ilya Libin and Michael Terpak. Washington Square Press, \$6.95.

**The Master and Margarita,** by Mikhail Bulgakov. Translated by Michael Glenny. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

**The Master and Margarita,** by Mikhail Bulgakov. Translated by Dmitri Nabokov. Grove Press, \$5.95.

**The Tale of the Unextinguished Candle,** by Boris Pilnyak. Translated by Beatrice Scott. Washington Square Press, \$4.95.

**Love,** by Yuri Olyesha. Translated by Robert Payne. Washington Square Press, \$4.95.

**My Life,** by Boris Pasternak. Translated by Phillip Flayderman. Washington Square Press, \$4.95.

It is hard to resist the feeling that Russian literature, especially the fiction of the nineteenth century, is somehow "special." It glows with a humane exaltation, it burns with a sense of irreducible tragedy; and together these qualities make the other literatures of Europe seem affairs of mere surface, vanity, and passing worldliness. Reading Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Gogol we recognize not merely that we are in the presence of masters but that we have brushed aside the little pleasures of aesthetic refinement and have entered a vestibule of truth where we must listen, with every resource of conscience, to voices of moral purity.

Why this "specialness" of Russian literature? Perhaps because there had remained in Russia, as Dostoevsky claimed, a strong residue of primitive and therefore undefiled Christianity. Perhaps, on the contrary, because we hear in the great Russians something close to what we hear in nineteenth-

century Western writers like George Eliot and Thomas Hardy: the last echoes of Christian speech, torn out of a strictly religious context yet still alive with prophetic urgency. Perhaps because we hear the voices of writers who have been driven by an intolerable society to a seriousness the West seldom required.

Whatever the reasons, every sensitive reader shares the impression that a literature portraying circumstances which are, after all, decidedly alien to us—those airless boarding houses of Dostoevsky, those manorial spaces of Tolstoy, those bureaucratic grotesqueries of Gogol—nevertheless reaches to the heart of our moral life. Why are we here on earth? How can we recover the substance of our humanity? What are the possibilities and limits of our freedom? These questions ring through the pages of Russian literature with a force that can be heard nowhere else.

With a force, but not always with a clarity. Almost all the nineteenth-century Russian masters are hostile to Western liberalism, and their polemical thrusts against it are very sharp. They regard liberalism as materialistic and atomistic, exalting the rootless acquisitive individual at the expense of a shattered community, and denying mankind the comfort and discipline of religious belief. Yet within Russia itself they are the opponents of censorship and obscurantism. Hostile as they may be to the idea of liberalism, the Russian writers, precisely because they are writers, find themselves acting throughout the nineteenth century in behalf of liberal ends, those limited secular freedoms they find so inadequate in the West. What they, like so many Russian social theorists, really want

is a strategy by means of which Russia may escape—or "transcend"—the miseries of industrial capitalism. They hope to leap across modern history.

But in trying to do this they must nevertheless continue to live and work in a society that is still very far from having reached even the ambiguous achievements of the West. And in scorning the liberalism of the West, they may even contribute unwittingly to the destruction of liberal values at home. When the Russian Revolution breaks out some decades later, both Bolsheviks and non-Bolsheviks think of it as a way of racing past the trials of capitalist development; and the price for this we all know.

To a Western mind there must be something troublesome about the mixed legacy of the great Russian novelists: an unmatched profundity in the exploration of moral problems and especially the problem of freedom, yet an unearned contempt for those political conditions which, thus far in history, have alone made possible even a blurred approximation of freedom. And that is one reason we may feel a relief of sorts when we turn from Dostoevsky and Tolstoy to writers like Chekhov. The metaphysical temperature has been lowered, the apocalyptic fever contained. Chekhov has none of the overreaching qualities of Dostoevsky or Tolstoy, but for that very reason we recognize

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Irving Howe begins this month as "Harper's" book critic, to alternate with William Styron. His many wide-ranging books include "William Faulkner: A Critical Study" and "Politics and the Novel." He is professor of English at Hunter College and editor of the journal "Dissent."



in him a creature more akin to ourselves, readier to accept the virtues of ordinariness and the uses of limited freedom. The religious strivings of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy are reduced, in Chekhov's work, to a tolerant and skeptical humaneness which, by a world-historical measure, probably represents a loss but which also, for anyone who has suffered through twentieth-century politics, seems a gain. Better a little more kindness and a little less apocalypse!

And does kindness really seem so little? In 1890, at the peak of his literary and personal powers, the thirty-year-old Chekhov set out on a shattering journey to inspect the Pacific island of Sakhalin, the pesthouse in which the Tsarist regime buried alive criminals and political prisoners. "A man of letters," Chekhov had written three years earlier, "is a responsible person . . . bound to battle with his fastidiousness and soil his imagination with the grime of life." After his visit Chekhov wrote a lengthy report, *The Island*, which those of us who lack Russian could know only through remarks of his biographers and critics. The book has now been put into rather careless English in a new series called "The Russian Library," edited by Robert Payne, which is meant to make available previously untranslated or poorly translated Russian classics.

In a culture such as ours, where

the quest for sensation has become a collective opiate, *The Island* is likely to be dismissed or ignored; I have found it an extremely moving document. The prose is dry. The statistics mount up. The evidence is marshaled with an impersonality one expects from an American sociologist. There is hardly a phrase of indignation. Yet through this deliberate simulation of official prose there shines that subdued glitter of humaneness one sees in such great Chekhov stories as "Ward Number 6" and "In the Ravine." Now the point is not that there are brilliant passages here and there, in which Chekhov allows his imagination free movement. No, the point is that precisely through the dryness, the meticulous piling of detail, the fussy concern with local fact does Chekhov reveal his imaginative powers. For he understands that his task here is not merely to register the horrors of the prison island, not merely to evoke the ghastliness of a prisoner cut to blood by ninety strokes of the lash or the despair of a wife who has come to share her condemned husband's fate. He is intent upon beating the enemy at its own game, so that he must mimic the voice of the "impartial" investigator, prevent the sycophants of the state from dismissing his book as "mere impressionism," and demonstrate the inhumanity of the government's policy through the sheer accumulation of fact.

Here is a key passage:

Punishments which humiliate the offender, embitter him and contribute to his moral degradation, those punishments which have long since been regarded as intolerable among free men, are still being used here against settlers and convicts. *It is as though exiles were less subject to the dangers of becoming bitter and callous and losing their human dignity.* Beaters, rods, whips, chains, iron balls, punishments which shame the victim and cause pain and torment to his body are used extensively. Floggings with birch rods and whips are habitual for all kinds of transgressions . . .

The writing is usually detached for good reason; I have italicized a sentence in which Chekhov allows himself to violate just a little the strategy of composition that dominates his book. In reading the book as a whole, one finds such sentences overwhelming, their very modesty coming to seem a call to conscience. *The Island* is a work, I should think, which any number of twentieth-century Russian writers must have pondered as they struggled to survive in a totalitarian state.

## II

Anyone who thinks about the relationship between the nineteenth-century Russian masters and the literature which began to flower in Russia during the 'twenties must worry about the problem of moral continuity. A decade ago there appeared a remarkable book by a refugee from Communist Poland, Czeslaw Milosz, entitled *The Captive Mind*, in which he presented a picture of writers who more through dialectical manipulations than brute force, had been broken to the style of doublethink. At the moment this picture had enormous value; but like all apocalyptic treatments of Communist society it suffered from an assumption that the society had in effect reached an end of history, a stasis of terror such as Orwell imagined in *1984* and his marvelous Russian predecessor, Eugène Zamiatin, in *W. C. Milosz*, Orwell, and Zamiatin were all presenting imaginative refractions of the totalitarian state, but none of their books sufficed as an analysis of either the society itself or the place of literature within

## SOMETHING ABOUT TERRITORY

by Allen Kanfer

Lie with and have done: sometimes a sweet specific.  
But what if one is so inoculated  
With desire for territory that he longs  
To build his kingdom here: to roam his meads  
In perpetuity: to rest at peace  
In comfort of his gardens: entertain  
His dreams of being recollected when  
The dissolution comes to words and wishing?  
Tell her the world has taken on for you  
A permanence: no China threat can shake  
Your certainty that there's a dance in bed  
No revolution will undo: no black  
And white Laocoön end time with venom.  
Move close: I'll tell you a tale of my ancestors.



## THE NEW BOOKS

For what has in recent years become clear is that through silence, age, and Aesopian evasiveness a culture can somehow survive the brutal assaults of history and hand down its heritage despite the rulers of the society demand anyone repeat. Brains don't wash as easily as people had supposed.

Then, one can summon the necessary historical distance and for a moment put aside the list of writers ordered by the Communist dictatorship, there is even some reason for a sort of celebration. Literature, it becomes clear, has a life of its own while writers can be broken and shattered, the tradition of independence survives. Yes, all well and good; but then, once you remember the victims . . .

In the Russia of the 'twenties there appeared a new literature: brilliant, confident, playful, experimental. It was upon the Russian literary past, especially the comedy of Gogol and the psychology of Dostoevsky, but it also arose out of the cataclysmic events in revolutionary Russia. Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Babel, Pilnyak, Zamyatin, Bulgakov, Olyesha, Akhmatova—these novelists and poets could not have flourished without the support of the nineteenth-century masters; yet they were also in revolt against those masters, also developing a crazy quilt of symbolist devices and expressionist styles that are strikingly similar to those of Western modernism.

Reading some of these brilliant Russian novelists and poets in new translations, I have been struck by a tragic paradox in their careers. Their work does show the continuity of the great Russian tradition, the ways in which a literature can survive morally resisting ideological pressures. Yet it is now clearer to me than ever before precisely why Stalin had to destroy these writers. Few of them were heroes, fewer intransigent opponents of Communism, and some even tried to declare themselves sympathizers of the regime. But they were also true artists. They could not put word to paper without striving for imaginative autonomy and at least a fragment of truth, so that quite apart from their wishes they were obliged to be critical.

Some were killed in the 'thirties, others survived through chance, silence, and guile. Mikhail Bulgakov, a

novelist and playwright of enormous talent, lived through the worst years of the terror steadily composing his satirical novel *The Master and Margarita*. Not a word of it appeared in print during his lifetime, despite his considerable fame within Russia during the 'twenties; when he died in 1940 he had virtually been erased from Soviet literary life. Only in the 'sixties have tentative efforts been made to "rehabilitate" him, and even then *The Master and Margarita* appeared in the literary journal *Moskva* in severely censored form.

Now this remarkable novel reaches us in two English versions, that of Grove Press, faithful to the cuts of the Moscow censors, and that of Harper & Row, restoring some 23,000 words of the original manuscript. The cuts alone are fascinating to observe: mostly passages needling the secret police, venal bureaucrats, and intellectual toadies, though some offending the absurd prudery of the Soviet rulers.

(A malicious parenthesis: Grove Press, which has won fame of a sort through printing unexpurgated versions of trash, now offers a bowdlerized version of a major work of art . . . not by its own choice but by the delayed judgment of the gods.)

*The Master and Margarita* is a very difficult book. Those reviews I have seen mostly skirt the critical problem it raises: the reviewers declare it a splendid novel and a work of spiritual force, all of which is true, but they do not offer a coherent account of plot, character, and theme. That such an account can be offered after a first reading I doubt; whether it would be possible after several readings I am not sure. Bulgakov left the book in an unfinished state and it is possible that we are dealing with a masterpiece never brought to complete focus. Or perhaps a masterpiece that, like *Ulysses*, requires some years of study before it fully reveals itself. I can only say, at this moment, that while the book yields great pleasures, it does



"Mmmmm—would I like to divorce him!"

not yet fall into shape as a coherent work of art.

The action moves along three narrative planes, each of which can be grasped independently without much trouble:

(1) *The devil comes to Moscow.* Bulgakov's devil owes something to Dostoevsky and Mann: he is a shabby, debonair scoundrel, a little world-weary yet ready for mischief, and devoted not so much to positive evil as to scoffing at the idea of positive good. Woland, as Bulgakov calls the devil, masquerades as a professor of magic, and is attended by a canting choir-master, a red-haired vampire who parades about naked, and an enormous black cat called Behemoth who smokes cigars and is a dead shot with an automatic. This gang throws Moscow into superb confusion. A literary editor is suddenly deprived of his head; a theatrical official is spirited off to Yalta; a suit of clothes sits, minus its body, and continues the rigmarole of a bureaucrat; clothing vanishes from the backs of ladies in the streets; bank notes change into champagne labels; a sparrow does a fox-trot on a doctor's desk; and a choral society, like a broken record, must endlessly repeat "The Volga Boatman."

This part of the novel is sheer pleasure: an orgy of malice and revelation in which the devil trips the society to its inner corruption, as if he, Woland, were a buffoonish Dostoevskian double of the state of things under Stalinism. Woland strikes one as an inner emanation from within the society itself, revealing the reality of its disorder beneath the stiff surface of authoritarian order; he is also intent upon upsetting the stuffy atheism of official Russia by demonstrating the powers of the supernatural. As social satire, this part of the novel is remarkable: Gogol reincarnated.

(2) *The Master's struggle for freedom.* The Master is a Russian novelist, an eccentric genius shut up in an insane asylum (Bulgakov here anticipated a punitive device of the post-Stalin dictatorship) because he has written a novel about Christ which the editors will not print. Together with his mistress Margarita, the Master seems to strike a bargain with Woland by which Margarita joins the devil at his annual ball, a witches' sabbath at which a dazzling cast of

sinner appears, Johann Strauss conducts an oversized orchestra, and Caligula makes a bow. Then, apparently as a reward for Margarita's descent, the Master's freedom will be restored.

(3) *Pontius Pilate wrestles with his conscience.* Meanwhile the Master's novel is being unfolded within *The Master and Margarita*, a profoundly stirring narrative about a lonely Palestinian preacher named Yeshua, seemingly without disciples, whose only word to the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate, is that of defenseless love. Bulgakov's version of the Christ story approximates the spirit of primitive Christianity, and his Jesus is a figure Dostoevsky would have recognized and loved. The Palestinian setting is evoked with rich detail; Pontius is as credible as Dean Rusk; and, as if to provide his own apocrypha, the Master has Pontius arrange for the murder of Judas shortly after the Crucifixion.

The first and third of these narratives are self-sufficient and masterly; the second, dealing with the Master and Margarita, is for me clouded and problematic. One gains a general sense of what Bulgakov is doing here. The Master is canny, upright, beleaguered in his duel with the authorities; when Christ, in the Master's heterodox gloss, says to Pilate, "One of the greatest human sins is cowardice," we know that an oblique reference is being made to the shame and disorder of the Russia portrayed in Bulgakov's novel; and we also have some vague awareness that the Master must make a deal of sorts with Woland, or that Margarita must make it for him, in order to gain a respite in his struggle for freedom as a writer. But examined with some strictness, the relationship between the story dealing with the Master and the story dealing with Woland is far from clear. It is as if all the pieces of the puzzle were there, but the pattern had not yet become visible.

Meanwhile, however, it is a book to enjoy and ponder: a trophy salvaged from the most terrible decade of twentieth-century life.

### III

Among the Russian writers of the 'twenties few can have been more talented than Boris Pilnyak. In "The

Russian Library" there is also a volume of Pilnyak's stories, *The of the Unextinguished Moon*, translated by Beatrice Scott in a hauntingly romantic style. Though a lite modernist experimenting with abrupt narrative transitions, cryptic philosophical intermezzos, and a blizzard of words," Pilnyak also had something in him of the ancient bard. He was a marvelous storyteller, a spellbinder, an enchanted rhetorician. The surface of his fiction dealt with revolutionary Russia, but beneath it, like a land buried under ice, there is always traditional slugs of Russia. Pilnyak is a romantic in that he is fascinated by experiences drawn to their breaking point, situations of extreme pressure and revelation; also a romantic in that he likes to tell his stories against a background of peasant timelessness, primitive survivals. He deserves, I think, quite attention that his contemporary Isidore Babel received in the American literary world about a decade ago.

As a writer Pilnyak is obsessed with the contrasts between the rhythm of a generation trapped in historical cataclysm and the larger rhythms of the life of an entire people. A man may suppose his life to be driven by conscious purposes, but in reality he is acting out part of a centuries-long national drama. Shattering change is set against fixity and changelessness. In stories like "The Cheshire Cheese" and "Wormwood" the Revolution is at the stark foreground, but behind it sweeps the archaic fury of the Russian peasants.

Pilnyak believed that the Revolution, far from being the proletarian uprising that Lenin and Trotsky supposed, was actually an outburst of long-suppressed primitive Russia energies. As it now seems, he was quite as wrong as the Bolsheviks, for in reality neither the peasants nor the proletariat triumphed in Russia. But from a literary perspective it hardly matters that Pilnyak was wrong since his point of view enabled him to dramatize the experience into which he had been thrust. Better than he realized, Pilnyak's stories show the ordeal of a people at a point where tradition has been ruptured, a culture contorted with the agonies of rebirth and men enslaved to a masquerade of historical consciousness.



me of his stories are simply magnificent. There is "The Bielkonsky te," which describes the leaving of an old landowner, stoical dignified, and his replacement by a nervous peasant leader: one feels as if he were thrust into the eye of a cyclone. There is "Above the Rainbow," a virtuoso piece composed by Pilnyak at the age of twenty-one, in which he describes the life and courtship of a pair of eagles: a story written as if the earth were unpeopled and we were looking down upon the unperturbed savagery of creation. There is "The Tale of the Unextinguished Moon," which Pilnyak wrote in 1927: a tense and austere narrative about the death of a beloved Red Army commander whom the party leadership mercilessly orders to undergo a needless operation. When this story first appeared, it became immediately clear that it was based on an actual incident, the death of Mikhail Frunze, Trotsky's successor as Commissar of War, and that the character ordering the operation is Stalin, whom Pilnyak does not name but keeps describing as "the man who never stoops." It is one of the most terrifying pieces of prose ever written in the Soviet Union, and no amount of later obeisance—Pilnyak could not prove himself a hero in the 1930s—could remove the sentence of boldness in publishing this story that surely brought upon him. In 1937, during the purges, he was shot. But even now we can see that he was one of the great masters of this century, as great as a writer of short fiction as Isaac Babel.

In Mr. Payne's "Russian Library" there appears the work of another writer from the 'twenties, one who I manage to live out his natural life. The talent of Yuri Olyesha is smaller than that of Babel or Pilnyak, but still very precious. In his best fiction, the short novel *Envy* (which appears in the volume called *Love*), Olyesha writes, like many of his contemporaries, about the clash of two worlds, but with a wry, half-defeated yet touchingly affectionate irony that seems entirely his own. His subject comes straight out of Turgenev: the plight of "the superfluous man," a figure of hesitation and sensitiveness destroyed by a rationalistic world. His technique resembles that of Charlie Chaplin: the pathos of slapstick, the

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### — RULES —

1. Manuscripts must be no longer than 1,500 words and must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only.
2. All entries must be accompanied by a completely filled-out entry blank.
3. The contest closes January 31, 1968. No entries postmarked after that date will be considered.
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5. All manuscripts submitted will be the property of *Harper's Magazine* and will not be returned. The decision whether or not to publish entries will rest with the editors.
6. Teachers whose classes use the *Harper's Student Edition* are requested to screen manuscripts and submit only those which they deem of especial merit.
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8. Decisions will be announced in May 1968.
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### -----ENTRY BLANK-----

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## THE NEW BOOKS

heartbreak of horseplay. One hears in Olyesha's prose something of the trembling irony of Yiddish literature: the grimace, the shrug of the shoulder, the flick of despair. I have been told the story of a Yiddish writer who lived as a refugee in wartime Russia and became friends with Olyesha. The Yiddish writer asked him why he no longer wrote and Olyesha replied, "I do write—every morning. And every night I tear it up."

*Envy* presents a collection of clowns and buffoons who seem transported from the world of Gogol to the world of Bolshevism. The main buffoon is Andrey Babichev, a party leader seen not as a figure of terror—*Envy* appeared in 1927, before the mass terror began—but as an ultimate bourgeois devoted to food, more food, and the Platonic idea of food. Commissar of the food trust, Babichev is a da Vinci of sausage-making. Counterposed to this comic gargoyle, who fits the pre- and post-Stalinist periods better than the Stalinist, is his brother Ivan Babichev, the obsolete humanist who daydreams about a machine which will undo the whole bureaucratic nightmare and meanwhile makes grandiloquent and poignant speeches about the need to restore the sense of humanity in a society of sausages. Ivan comes straight out of a late Turgenev novel, perhaps *Virgin Soil*, and he speaks with the forlorn urgency of a Turgenev hero:

Nowadays, so I am told, I and everybody else, even those who are great in the world, are worth precisely nothing as individuals. Slowly I have had to accustom myself to the hard truth. All the same it is a truth which I would like to quarrel with. I would like to have an argument with the truth.

The Babichev brothers and a bizarre accompanying cast are set into a spin of phantasmagoric episodes, vivid talk, and a final pathos: the bureaucrat triumphs amidst a mountain of sausages, the dissenters find a solace of sorts in the arms of a damp widow. When *Envy* was first published, the official Soviet critics praised it, supposing (or pretending to suppose) that Olyesha had written a celebration of "positive" Soviet man; only later did its tender-ironic subversiveness, its argument with "the truth," become clear.

Finally, there is a translation as far as I can judge a good one of Phillip Flayderman of Boris Pasternak's early poems. *Sister My Life* written in 1917 and published in 1922; it is a book which displays Pasternak in youthful fire, energy, and solute excitement. Short lyrics would seem to focus merely on private experience and inner sensation, but the poems are nevertheless brought to the height of intensity by Pasternak's sense that he is writing at a moment when human history is undergoing an irrevocable change:

Christmas will glare like a crow  
And clearing weather will clarify  
A lot of things that never dawned  
On my beloved or me.

Youthfulness is here more than a personal fact, it is a quality of historical consciousness:

Hey, you in the wind beating you  
path  
Through the branches, isn't it tin  
for the birds to sing?  
Yes, you, lilac branch, I mean,  
Wet as a tiny sparrow.

And still more explicitly:

Set your soul rocking! Today all  
frenzied:  
This is the high noon of the world  
Use your eyes! Look!  
In the hilltops, thought is whipped  
to a white boiling  
Of woodpeckers, clouds, cat, pine  
cones, and needles.

Later, under the blows of time and Russian history, Pasternak would become quieter and more meditative. His novel *Doctor Zhivago* would be a cunning effort to return to the past Russian culture and recover the image of the human through a simulation of Tolstoy. Pasternak stands the center of our story: backward Tolstoy and forward to Andrei Sinyavsky, the superb Russian critic of his poetry and himself the author of *The Trial Begins*, a fictional attack on the dictatorship which has some literary similarities to the work of Olyesha.

Inheritor of the Russian tradition proper into an unachieved freedom Sinyavsky rots in a prison cell. "A man of letters," said Chekhov, "is a responsible person . . . bound to battle with his fastidiousness and soil his imagination with the grime of life."

## PRODUCED IN HARPER'S

ions or adaptations of the following books appeared in the magazine before book publication.

**Open Heart**, by N. Amosoff. Simon Schuster.

**Anyone There?**, by Isaac Asimov. D. Appleday.

**Vale of Laughter**, by Peter De Vries. D. Apple, Brown.

**Effective Executive**, by Peter Drucker. Harper & Row.

**Time of Laughter, A Sentimental Journey of the Twenties**, by Corey Lewis. Little, Brown.

**Temper of Our Time**, by Eric Hoffer. Harper & Row.

**Republican Establishment: The Present and Future of the GOP**, by John Hess and David S. Broder. Harper & Row.

**Guide to Riots: A View of Urban America from the Bottom**, by Paul Robeson. Random House.

**African Season**, by Leonard Levitt. Simon & Schuster.

**J. Edgar Hoover, 1914-1965**, ed. by Robert J. Ellery, Peter Taylor, Robert Penn Warren. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

**Waves in the Monsoon: South Vietnam**, by S. L. A. Marshall. Morrow.

**Lawyers**, by Martin Mayer. Harper & Row.

**Sons of Martha and Other Stories**, by Richard McKenna. Harper & Row.

**Path Toward Home**, by Willie Morris. Houghton Mifflin.

**Soviet Achievement**, by J. P. Nettl. Houghton, Brace & World.

**Revolution in Learning**, by Maya Pines. Harper & Row.

**Myths of the North**, by William O. Douglas, Jr. Harper & Row.

**Senegal: The Birth of an Improbable Nation**, by Berkeley Rice. Houghton Mifflin.

**The Dissenting Academy**, edited by Theodore Roszak. Pantheon.

**The Chimneys**, by Nelly Sachs. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

**Latin Americana**, by Ronald Steel. Viking.

**The Confessions of Nat Turner**, by William Styron. Random House.

**If Sun, Half Sleep**, by May Swenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

**Intimacies**, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press.

**Two Worlds and The Fifth Ace**, by Andrei Bely. Basic Books.

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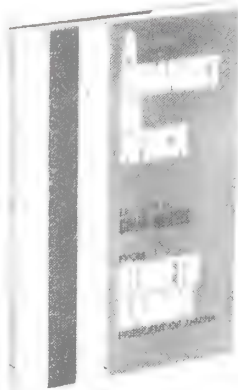
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

### *Fiction and Reportage*

**Death Had Two Sons**, by Yaël Dayan.

Whoever called Miss Dayan "the Françoise Sagan of Israel" did both authors a disservice. Both have distinctive literary styles notable in part for their economy. But except for that, they are quite different. Miss Sagan's concern is with a private nihilistic world and she writes of it superbly. Miss Dayan writes, with involvement and a passion for life, of death and guilt and the tragedy inherent in human choices. And she writes with riveting and beautiful intensity of the geography and physical feel of her country. The story's psychological beginning is at the moment when German soldiers in Poland tell a Jewish father, in the presence of his two young sons, to choose one of them to be taken with him to the comparative safety of the concentration camp, leaving the other to be killed. In this agonizing moment is the seed of the whole of this moving, exciting, and credible novel. It opens in Abraham's town of Beer-Sheba, where the father himself lies dying while close by is the son whom long ago he had left to be killed. Obviously, sacrifice and its motives are at the heart of her story. If Miss Dayan keeps on writing we shall all soon know well the long roads, the deserts, the fertile valleys, the star-filled nights of her country in a context of human drama told with such vitality and simplicity that nobody can ignore it.

McGraw-Hill, \$4.95

**Yaël Dayan: Israel Journal: June 1967.**

And here, published on the same day, is the journal of the daughter of the Defense Minister of Israel in another guise—that of soldier-correspondent during the fighting days last June. Her photograph indicates that

she is very beautiful even in lieutenant's uniform, but there is nonsense about the writing, which leads one instantly into action and quickly disabuses the reader of anything but the realities of war.

How long it takes us to gather component parts of our memory—problems, self-appraisals, the analysis, our little daily dilemmas, petty quests for comfort. And quickly they can all disappear. Between Shivta and the armored gade camp, London was dum Paris was lost from there to Kt. Pucci and Trigère were forged with the first grease marks on khaki trousers, my car with the s of heavy bulldozers blocking road, while Rome and Athens disappeared among the rocky hills of sana as we approached Beerot. headquarters of the battalion was "sitting on the border."

For all its vivid and objective to-day reporting from the midst of the fighting, it is a very feminine, very passionate book. Miss Dayan at home in several languages writes in English.

McGraw-Hill, \$4.95

**An Antique Man**, by Merrill J. Gerber.

A very nice man and *pater familias*, a Jewish antique dealer, is dying leukemia and his eldest daughter writes the story of how his illness and death affect the whole closely knit family. It is well and sensitively written but it is an experience that happens to everyone sooner or later: some form or another and, though one understands the need to communicate it, it is hard to read the detailed page-by-page account and be as moved as one feels one should in the face of the author's deep distress. Somehow, although this is called a novel, the healing transformation to fiction never seems to have taken place.

Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

## Nonfiction

airs 1925-1950, by George F. an.

The first thing that makes reading memoirs so pleasurable and re- ing is the distinction with which are written. They are literature ll as history, covering the years een Mr. Kennan's graduation college and his retirement from ate Department. . . . The second is the impressive selectivity exed in what they include and what leave out; one is conscious of iplined editorial mind—not usual ographies—behind the pen. . . . the third is the nature of the man elf and the influences that shaped From them stem the career and vents he writes about. He grew a Wisconsin, a lonely child ("I . particularly in childhood but lessening intensity right on to le age, in a world that was pecu- y and intimately my own"); he that one of the reasons he was r tempted by Marxism is that his nts lived in the West and were r exposed to the Industrial Rev- on as Easterners were; that in sense his background was more tenth-century than nineteenth. n the time he was a child he was ed by great spaces in a kind of mas Wolfen way reflected some- s in his language: "outside the e oasis of the diplomatic colony Moscow] there stretched still, fast- ing and inviting, the great land life of Russia, more interesting to han any other in the world." And: e Russians stared vacantly out the dows of their car, and on their es was that same stoical emptiness h which Russians stare out train dows all over their vast, melan- ly Russian world."

One has the feeling that his loneli- s—and his five years of training to ome a Russian specialist, an alien e cold Baltic capitals of Tallinn stonia) and Riga (Latvia), and in lin, sound isolated and studious to egree—combined with his identifi- on with "their vast and melan- ly Russian world" were partly the son why he better than anyone was e later to interpret the Russian nt of view and turn of mind to our ate Department (whether it was ed or not) during vital years.

The ins and outs of foreign policy



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# COMING IN HARPER'S



"Bumie and Co." by David Levine, Copyright © 1967, "The New York Review"

**Jules Feiffer's** wicked pen describes the process that has made LBJ the special joy and target of every American caricaturist. Illustrated with Feiffer's own drawings, as well as David Levine's (above) and others'...

**Larry L. King's** intimate and entertaining view of New York's affable, smiling, and quite determined **Governor Nelson Rockefeller**...

**The New Morality** by Henry David Aiken. The distinguished professor of philosophy at Brandeis University traces the breakdown of traditional morality in the nation and discovers the emergence of a new and deeply responsible set of moral attitudes among Americans...

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**William Styron's** appraisal of the recent deluge of pornographic books...

**Bertrand Russell's** *Autobiography: 1914-1918, Part II*...

Also **Anthony Burgess**, **George P. Elliott**, **John Fischer**

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

in the twenty-five years he wrote can't possibly be covered or even referred to here but his own story of the excitement and enthusiasm of the years in our new Embassy in Moscow under William Bullitt; of being in Berlin when we entered World War II and his subsequent internment for nearly six months; his appalling time in Lisbon in 1942 when he was left to deal, completely unbriefed by the home office, with Salazar over military bases; his recall to Washington to explain himself—which he did effectively; and the inside story of the famous Mr. X article in *Foreign Affairs* and the storm of controversy over "containment" that followed are only some of the high points of a most readable book.

One finishes the book feeling a sense of contact with a tough, uncaused knowledgeable) but genuine mind of absolute integrity, and in fact also with his frustration and despair at the impossibility of working out a foreign policy based on "principles, not doctrines" through the State Department as then—and perhaps now—organized.

Atlantic-Little, Brown

**Infidel in the Temple**, by Matthew Josephson.

At the end of a summer afternoon during the fourth year of the Great Depression, sitting on the porch of Mr. Josephson's Connecticut farmhouse, the historian Charles Becker exercised over current scandals and financial leaders, remarked, "those respectable ones—oh! their principles of respectability—how I despise them!" And his host replied, "I have often found myself in the precincts of those temples and have always found myself an infidel there."

In a way this sets the tone for the recollections of literary, political, and financial life in and around New York in the 'thirties. They are very different indeed from the memoirs of Kennan, covering some of the same time. While Kennan was deeply studying Russian and the Russian and learning ways to cope with them in later years, American intellectuals at home were turning Left as inconceivable, unrest was everywhere, and nobody seemed to know what else to do. Both men, however, were deeply committed on their particular fronts although their paths never seem to have



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

sed, even when they must have in Moscow in the same months in 1937, both agree that the 'thirties were times of greater excitement and hope than they have ever experienced since.

Mr. Josephson, not surprisingly, is at his best when describing financial and business matters as he knew them in those turbulent years. The literary and political scene has become very familiar (Granville Hicks and Alvin Kazin and others have done so well by the same period). The Hooveres, the soup lines, the Harlan County miners, the rebellious farmers, and the same militant intellectuals and liberals (not yet tired) on the same magazines, even at the same times, have become an old story. But when he talks of some of the particular "forgotten men of the flophouses" of how some of the Wall Street speculators survived—or didn't—the Depression, his approach is illuminating and sure. By the author of *The Robber Barons*. Knopf, \$8.95

**Journey Into the Whirlwind**, by Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzberg. No nightmare could be as terrible as this real story of the author's first three years of imprisonment and forced labor in Siberia. This woman, who was a dedicated Communist, was falsely accused and convicted of treason in 1937 at the age of thirty. She is the wife of a high official in the Soviet Communist party, a teacher, editor of a Party paper in the provincial town of Kazan, and the mother of two sons, one of whom died while she was in prison. She endured five years of solitary confinement, months on end without books or communications of any kind, outdoor labor in sub-zero weather and snow with insufficient clothes and food (insufficient is a puny word in this context). Though she is obviously a modest woman, her zest for life in all its manifestations is such that heroic is the only word that comes to mind for her determination to live and especially to remember and set down for her grandson (the son of Vasily Akonov, the Russian novelist) a record of what happened to the lost souls of Stalin's purges after the assassination of Kirov in 1934.

It takes a strong stomach even to read some of this, but it is Mrs. Ginzberg's gift as writer and person that

out of such anguish and degradation she makes an inspiring document.

Harcourt, \$6.95

*Suspense!*

**Roseanna**, by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö.

Suddenly we have a detective named Martin Beck imported from Sweden, and, I would guess, here to stay. Dedicated, crusty, and laconic, drinking too much coffee, smoking too much, eating too little, he's the despair of his wife but absolutely relentless in his pursuit of the criminal and a hero to his men. . . . Roseanna is a naked and beautiful corpse, raped and strangled, without identification of any kind, who has been accidentally hauled up by a dredging machine from the bottom of lovely lake Vättern, near the city of Motala. How Martin Beck from Stockholm and his colleagues in Motala built up her identity and that of her slayer—and trapped him—is a wonderfully tough and pleasantly chilling tale though told without a wasted word. One is impressed with how much everyday details are like the U.S.A.—the sentinels in containers of coffee, traffic, subways. One has to keep reminding oneself that the setting is Sweden. In spite of the way he treats his wife, I cast a vote for Martin Beck.

Pantheon, \$4.50

**The Edge of the Chair**, edited by Joan Kahn.

A marvelously catholic collection of mystery stories, both fact and fiction, with old-timers like Dorothy L. Sayers and Agatha Christie rubbing elbows with a couple of surprises like Rudyard Kipling and Harold Pinter—thirty-four in all, put together by Miss Kahn, who has for twenty-years been the talented and perceptive editor of the publisher's mystery department.

Harper & Row, \$6.95

**Murder in Mind: An Anthology of Mystery Stories by the Mystery Writers of America**, edited by Lawrence Treat.

These seventeen stories (plus a poem for preface) are all fiction, but vary greatly in plot, style, and locale and are all written by able professionals in the field. Mr. Treat is himself an award-winner of the Mystery Writers of America. Dutton, \$4.50 [ ]



Continuing their annual award which was instituted one year ago, Abingdon Press will consider manuscripts in the "general book" category for the 1969 prize of \$5,000. The 1968 award will be given for the best religious book, and the 1970 prize will go to the author of the best children's book. Plans call for continuing the awards program in the same three-year cycle.

#### THE CRITERIA

The 1969 award will go to the author of the manuscript which, in the opinion of the judges, contributes most significantly to man's understanding of himself and his role in relationship to the issues confronting contemporary society. All manuscripts and entry forms must be submitted between January 1 and March 1, 1969.

#### THE JUDGES

Judges for the 1969 award are Max Lerner and Steve Allen. Lerner is professor of American civilization and world politics at Brandeis University, a syndicated columnist for the New York Post, and author of a dozen books. Comedian, actor, composer-musician Steve Allen is also a popular lecturer and author of eleven books ranging from collections of humor to *The Ground Is Our Table*, an analysis of farm-labor poverty.

For additional information and entry forms, write:

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## Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



### FILMS: THE BIGGER THEY COME

Stanley Kramer's *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* is another of his Euclidean problems in human geometry, worked relentlessly through step-by-step to the last tear and the neat solution, both of which are designed to provide full satisfaction. The problem this time involves a liberal newspaper publisher and his wife—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, lord and lady of all they survey in San Francisco—who have their liberal faith tested when their daughter brings home a Negro fiancé. The liberalism quickly weathers the test. The Negro, it turns out, is a world-famous expert on international hygiene problems and in terms of character he is a near-perfect mixture of Albert Schweitzer, Louis Pasteur, and Ralph Bunche, while looking like Sidney Poitier, who plays the role. Who could resist that? Only the fathers of the young Negro and his girl, it seems, both of whom recoil momentarily at the realistic projection of the troubles the couple will have to face.

The mothers have other ideas, however. One believes that sex should carry the day, although the young couple have so little physical contact—they barely touch throughout the film—that it is hard to believe in the passion everyone talks so much about.

The other is romantically sure that her daughter's happiness will be her own. In the end, they carry the day. Only the Negro's father is left dubious and down-at-the-mouth, uncomfortably isolated from the crowd's opinion. His wife, in the meantime, has piously insinuated to everyone present, including a Monsignor of the Church, that her husband is, besides intransigent, something less than a man these days.

Working against all this, to put it mildly, is a credibility gap between what is happening in gorgeous Technicolor on the screen and what the audience knows is happening in pain and real blood in life. If miscegenation is a problem in our national life (and the movie sees it as a kind of summation of the entire racial situation), it is almost totally a middle-class problem. No doubt brilliant, gentle, and handsome Negro doctors will marry pretty, educated, and middle-class white girls in increasing numbers; and their parents will probably face the fears of Matt and Christina Drayton in settings just as expensive and fastidious. But one indication of the film's unreality is the curious possibility that it will have trouble being shown in both the South and in the Northern ghettos. In the

South, where habit has bred a new pathology on the subject, it will still face those ancient sexual anxieties about mixing the races; in the ghettos, where extremity has bred another kind of pathology, it can only insult its audience. I would not want to watch *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* in a Watts or Harlem movie house where it may well be stoned by your Negroes who know better about miscegenation.

The film is the last that Spencer Tracy made before he died, and his forthrightness and spunky conviction almost made me believe at moments in the Draytons' agony. He and Miss Hepburn glisten with style. They are crusty, tough, intelligent, and sentimental, the essence of Yankeeism. Without even holding hands, they manage to suggest that they have had a bracing physical life together. Their intimacy crackles on the screen, and it is their exchanges—snapping and barking and laughing at each other—that give the film its only reality.

Miss Hepburn's niece, Katharine Houghton, plays the Drayton daughter and makes her a ninny with shining eyes. Sidney Poitier seems slightly embarrassed by his role. The film's "plot" hinges on the necessity for him to announce to Spencer Tracy

## PERFORMING ARTS

Katharine Hepburn that he will marry their daughter without ir unqualified approval. Without ultimatum, of course, there is no pence. Still, Poitier manages an otional wallop in a rather cruel ne in which he reads his father off l puts him, once and for all, in his er-middle-class place as a retired sman.

Everyone, in fact, has his set piece *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, plosive speeches of varying lengths, hy as the screenwriter, William se, could make them. The Draytons' ok makes an "uppity-nigger" speech Sidney Poitier. Poitier's father nplains about the 75,000 miles he lked on his mail beat in order to se money for his son's education. s wife talks about his old-time ual prowess and Katharine Hep- rn speaks on maternal identifica- n with children. In the end, Spencer acy, standing in the middle of his ing room, ticks off everybody's sition on the problem, then provides e solution. Everyone embraces: rtain.

It's a climax as static as the rest the film, which has been set and rected in the boxed-in theater style the 'thirties. The action almost ver moves out of the confines of the ayton home, where someone is al- ays remembering that he is wanted the kitchen (or library or terrace) that two other characters can be ft alone to play out a scene. Every- ing in *Guess Who's Coming to Din- r* suggests the 'thirties, when we ed our drama cut like crystal, with o edges left unhoned to disturb us. e must have believed then that we ould cure the world by making it dy.

Probably the only way to make a film at of *Camelot* was first to throw out lan Jay Lerner and Frederick oewe's score. It is mainly delightful ork, with pleasant tunes and some- mes witty, and even overly witty rics, but there are surely other, bet- er contexts for it than the story of rthur, Guenevere, and Lancelot. hat story grows darker and darker s the triangle of betrayal and sexual ntrigue takes form and each Lerner- oewe song—perfectly crafted for yes- erday's Broadway musical stage— elps to trivialize it. But I cannot hink of a composer alive who would

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be up to musicalizing *Camelot*; it really needs someone with the gifts as well as the pretensions of Richard Wagner.

As Guenevere, Vanessa Redgrave manages to shape some character out of the feckless heroine she plays, while remaining one of the most beautiful women ever photographed. One of the chief pleasures of *Camelot* is the chance to watch her face dissolve into the various attitudes of grief, remorse, hurt, and despair. No man could face such waves of honeyed suffering and survive untouched. Richard Harris gives a properly Richard Burton-ish performance as Arthur; he has a fine voice, he has ideas, and he is willing to take chances. An eager young man named Franco Nero, imported from Italy, plays the insufferable Lancelot. His face is handsome but inexpressive, he works too hard, and his English is not so good, either. "Take da horses and go fit dem," he says to a lackey at one point, raising instant memories of another chivalrous Italian, Chico Marx. In Nero's place the film needed Jean-

Paul Belmondo. With Harris and Redgrave, he might well have been able to suggest dark, terrible things, and the destruction of a life's work. But this *Camelot* could be moved into Disneyland, intact.

That enormously wide, curving screen reserved for *Camelot* and other epic productions has also been used to try to shape Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* into some sort of cinematic form. Like *Camelot*, it's mostly wrong. Two conceptions battle each other to a stalemate—and the audience's mindless boredom. In one, the director, John Schlesinger, and the writer, Frederic Raphael, try to suggest the inexorable natural power of Hardy's Wessex landscape and its effects on human character and destiny. In the second, they try to remain faithful to Hardy's Victorian plotting, in which characters perform dastardly actions against trusting victims and stolid men wait out entire lifetimes in the celibate hope that a silly woman will finally marry them. The result is intermit-

tently stunning photography, occasional dramatic scenes of storm ravaging the attractive countryside, and an almost endless recital of the woes that Miss Bathsheba Everdene brings upon herself and the two men who truly love her. Their names are Mr. Boldwood and Mr. Oak and they have all the stalwart qualities their names are supposed to suggest.

Julie Christie makes Bathsheba a creature of nervous mannerisms that have become the Christie style: broad smiles light up the screen, her finer play with her jaw (so do Miss Redgrave's, although less frequently), a kind of coltish prancing suggests energy and purpose. But Miss Christie's quality is febrile rather than passionate, shrewd rather than intelligent, and her Bathsheba never forms a coherent personality. Peter Finch's Boldwood broods steadfastly for the picture's entire length and Alan Bates, who plays farmer Oak, suggests an easy sophistication somewhat surprising to come upon in the Wessex highlands. Terence Stamp is the film's villain and Bathsheba's beloved, arrogant Troy; the role is absurd, but Mr. Stamp is faithful to it.

What made all these talented people embark on a project so expensive and time-consuming, and so demanding on purely artistic terms? The *Hardy* kind of melodrama—straining always toward something vaster and more meaningful—is twice as melodramatic projected on a screen twice as big as normal. Amidst this inflation, a real awesome emptiness is revealed that cannot all be blamed on Thomas Hardy. There is so little authentic feeling in *Far from the Madding Crowd* that the audience I was part of took to hissing and booing the villain to relieve their own embarrassment and mock the film's absurdity.

Jiri Menzel's new movie, *Closely Watched Trains*, is from Czechoslovakia. It was obviously made for far less than the costumes alone cost for either *Camelot* or *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and it is being shown on an ordinary screen that seems almost postage-stamp size after the massive envelopment of Panavision. Nevertheless, it is neither tacky nor easy to escape and along its modest way it summons up a kind of pathos and good humor that seem beyond movie makers in the West these days. The

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## PERFORMING ARTS

echs are sending us films that are selfconsciously tender about ordinary life and candid about its most ordinary manifestations. The mere act of their making such films questions assumptions about the kind of British art that must emerge from a totalitarian state. These are films made by artists in love with their art and their material. They do not make statements; they zero in on individuals with a story and then let them have their way. By doing just that, Menzel has made one of the most appealing movies of the year.

*Closely Watched Trains* is set almost entirely in a small-town train station. The time is World War II; the Germans occupy Czechoslovakia. A young man—a boy, really—is apprehended to the station crew for training as a signalman. His tutor is another young man—in his late twenties, probably—myopic and unshaven, who amiably approaches his claustrophobic wartime life through pleasurable experiments in seduction. He has, in effect, become quite witty at it; it is how he expresses himself. His pupil, however, lacks confidence; his anxiety militates him at crucial moments. Nevertheless, he begins to understand the master's style, learns from it, and uses it. Then, this ordinary young man performs an extraordinary act and is undone by his inexperience, his lack of imagination, and his slow intelligence.

Jiri Menzel shared the screenplay for this apparently simple tale with Bohumil Hrabal. They have not found their provincial hero uninteresting, and neither do we. His life, in their hands, becomes as unexpected and urgent as our own. Beyond that, they have created an astonishing fidelity to the environment of late wartime, of the bitter winter of 1944. Everyone seems near exhaustion and their authentic fatigue subtly fills the screen. It comes from the suggestion of endless privation, from the constant snow and cold, shabby clothing, furniture that is coming apart, unshaven men and graying women, the general and inexorable muting of life which always serves in the middle of disaster to intensify its values. All of this is in *Closely Watched Trains*, never explicitly stated, but there as a powerful ingredient of the dramatic atmosphere and unmistakable to those who have ever known it. [ ]

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# Music in the Round *by Discus*

## A POLISH PASSION

*One avant-garde composer does achieve a certain amount of personality . . . but it's on, and on, and on, with many of the others.*

Krzysztof Penderecki is a Polish composer, born in 1933, who represents the new wave of the musical vanguard. Until recently, by the title could ye know them. A composer of the avant-garde was a serialist, and recognizably so. Or he worked in the John Cage neo-Dada style. Or he concentrated on electronic music. But the last few years have seen a shift. Orthodox serialism sounds positively old-fashioned these days, and it is too strict, too rigid, for the new group of composers. What they are now doing is almost a form of collage, in which serialism, aleatory, jazz, even triadic harmonies are mixed. A new kind of musical personality is the result, and Penderecki is a representative example of the younger generation.

When his long *Passion According to Saint Luke* received its premiere in 1966, it almost instantly became the talk of musical Europe, and many groups rushed to program it. (Not long ago it received its American premiere with the Minneapolis Symphony conducted by Stanislaw Skrowaczewski.) There was some astonishment that a work (a) avant-garde in the extreme, and (b) of a religious nature, should have come from a Communist state. But of all the Communist countries, Poland has been most permissive to its creative people, especially in music, the least sensitive politically of the arts. And Poland does have a strong Catholic group.

*The Passion of Saint Luke* is performed on a new recording by several Polish vocal soloists and the Cologne Radio Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Henryk Czyz (Victrola VIC 6015, mono; VICS 6015, stereo).

*Harper's Magazine, January 1968*

Penderecki put his own text together, drawing on St. Luke, the Missal, the Breviary, some Psalms, and other ecclesiastical texts. The music is a compendium of modern devices, as up-to-date as one of the new-wave films. And the score does indeed have something in common with film music. This is not meant in a derogatory sense. Some of the best and most imaginative music composed today can be found in the new-wave films. Penderecki's *Passion* music has drama and flair. He uses his chorus in a realistic manner, making it produce crowd noises and whisperings and shrieks as well as singing. *Saint Luke* is intended as a devotional score, and it is, though the chances are that few Catholic churches, if any, would dare present such a shocker. Gregorian chant, aleatory, serialism, tone clusters, quarter tones—all are mingled.

Like most avant-garde music, *Saint Luke* is athematic, and anybody looking for melody—at least, melody in the generally accepted sense—is going to spend a long time looking. Most contemporary composers are not interested in melody. They are more interested in organization, in effect, in sonorities and technique. Penderecki is one of the few who in addition manages to get a certain amount of personality into his writing. He certainly gets more than some of the other heroes of the avant-garde musical movement—Karlheinz Stockhausen, say, whose complete *Piano Music*, as played by Aloys Kontarsky, can be heard on two discs (CBS 32210007, mono; 32210008, stereo).

### *The Busy Ones*

Stockhausen, a German composer born in 1928, is an important theorist, a pioneer in electronic music, and he is taken very seriously by the international musical Establishment. He was one of the first to organize all

elements into a serial work—silence and timbre as well as the notes of a series itself. On these two discs of his ten *Klavierstücke* (Piano Pieces) and they go on, and on, and on, and on in monotonously dissonant configurations. They may be epochal contributions to the theory of music. They also are epochal bores. The most individual touch about the album is the liner notes, written by the composer. Stockhausen writes virtually nothing about his music, and a good deal about the eating habits of his pianist, Herr Kontarsky: “. . . 1. his midday meal he chose fresh tomatoes to juice, a Saltimbocca Romana with spaghetti, iced coffee with whipped cream, 2/10 liter of Johannisberg wine, and two bottles of mineral water. At 6:00 P.M. he ordered . . . Shades of Robert Craft!

Both Stockhausen and Penderecki are among the composers in a disc named *The New Music* (Victrola VIC 1239, mono; VICS 1239, stereo). This disc is not misnamed. It contains far-out music—far-out of the generation just ending, that is. The young collagists are missing. The Penderecki work is an early one, his impressive *Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima*, composed in 1960 (see *Harper's*, “Music in the Round,” September 1967). It is a dissonant work with screams of torment from the orchestra. The strings are asked to do things that strings shouldn't; and this too is typical of the modern style. A strangely moving piece. Stockhausen's *Kontra-Punkte* for ten instruments (1952) also is an early work. It represents the development of what he calls “tone color groups” and is very dense, very dissonant, very complicated, very busy, and very unlovely.

### *Toward 197*

Two other important avant-gardists round out the disc. Earle Brown, of the John Cage group in America, with his *Available Forms I*; and Henri Pousseur of Belgium, with his *Rime pour différentes sources sonores*. Pousseur is a serialist who also has done extensive work with electronic music, and these *Rimes* combine tape and live instruments. His use of electronic music, however, is completely doctrinaire, along the lines set out by the Cologne laboratory in Germany and the Columbia-Princeton group in





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"Don't turn around, but I think she's a well-known name."

York. There are the usual boops and bleeps: frustrating, because electronic music is capable of many more interesting effects than the doctrines can bring out. The young composers in the 1970s will show the world how electronic music can be handled. All the kids are flocking to it, and something big should emerge. Earle Brown was one of the pioneers in aleatory, the music in which the performer has as much leeway as the composer. *Available Forms I* deals with what the John Cage group (others have accepted the term) calls "events." The composer gives the performer or conductor a choice of any number of "events," and the "events" can be played in any order, at any tempo. Brown (or his performers; all the music on this disc is played by musicians of the Rome Symphony Orchestra conducted by Bruno Maderna) creates delicate sounds and lovely sonorities. But his music too has a family relationship to serialism in its durations, and a little of it goes a long way.

### Modern Masters

And now two older modern masters, Dimitri Shostakovich and Charles Ives. The Juilliard Quartet has recorded the remarkable *String Quartets Nos. 1 and 2* by Ives, in performances that for spirit, polish, and

understanding far eclipse anything that has come before (Columbia 6427, mono; 7027, stereo). The Shostakovich work is his *Symphony No. 13*, the so-called *Babi Yar*, and it comes to us as performed by the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus, with Vitaly Gromadsky, bass, conducted by Kiril Kondrashin (Everest 6181, mono; 3181, stereo). *Babi Yar* has not been heard in the West. It was composed in 1962 and ran into trouble with Khrushchev and the party ideologists because of the first poem, which deals with the massacre of Jews in Kiev during World War II. Apparently Shostakovich and Yevgeny Yevtushenko, whose poems (five of them) form the basis of the score, had to do some rewriting to indicate that not only Jews were massacred at Babi Yar. Even with the revision the work is not a repertory piece in Russia.

In any case, it is not a very good work. It is official music, propaganda music (even though the poetry is anything but official) that falls back upon tried and true Shostakovich formulas. Shostakovich had his spirit broken in 1936 and again in 1948, when the Party attacked him, and he has ended up a skillful composer with very little of interest to say. The comparison of what he is, against what he could have been, is enough to make a—a—a Communist, or something, out of one. [ ]

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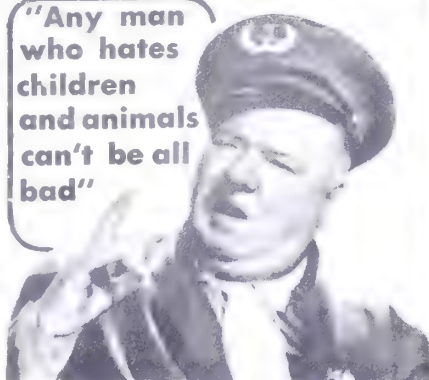
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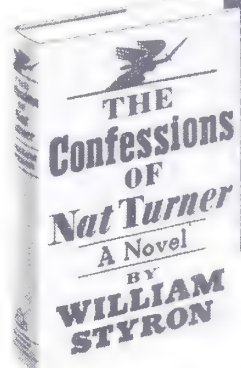
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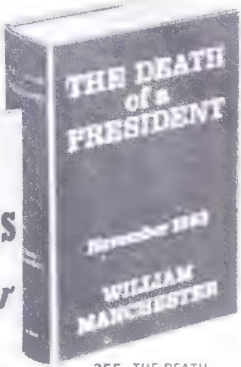
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February  
1968

ARTICLES

- 31 **The Cool World of Nelson Rockefeller** Larry L. King  
*cartoon by Mort Gerberg*
- 41 **On Manners, Music, and Mortality: An Interview with Igor Stravinsky**
- 48 **LBJ in Caricature** Jules Feiffer *caricatures by Feiffer, Levine, Conrad, Macpherson, Franklin, and Haynie*
- 53 **The Future of Anglo-American** Anthony Burgess
- 58 **The New Morals** Henry David Aiken
- 79 **Autobiography, 1914-1918, Part II** Bertrand Russell  
*cartoon by Robert Censoni*

FICTION

- 73 **Where Do the Detectives Eat?** Margot Hentoff  
*drawings by Karen Eisin*

VERSE

- 57 **Three Dream Songs** John Berryman
- 92 **Breakthrough** Harold Bond

DEPARTMENTS

- 1 **Letters** *cartoon by Edward Kucin*
- 12 **The Easy Chair—The Consequences of Peace** John Fischer
- 21 **After Hours—Forgery for Fun and Profit** Russell Lynes  
*drawing by N. M. Bodecker*
- 91 **Books** John W. Aldridge, William Styron *cartoon by Larry Barth*
- 100 **Books in Brief** Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 102 **Coming in Harper's**
- 105 **Music in the Round** Discus *cartoon by Don Wilder*
- 108 **Performing Arts—Herr Felsenstein of East Berlin** George R. Marek

*cover by Lawrence Ratzkin*



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2. Crumple the windshield.

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# Letters

## Scholars Half-baked

Professor Louis Kampf is right about English departments being bad for the education of students ["The Scandal of Literary Scholarship," December]. If he cared to he could say exactly the same things about the philosophy departments and all the rest of those bureaus of spiritual sterilization which go under the name of the humanities in the universities.

The scandal is that the universities continue to take the taxpayers' money, tuition fees, and gifts from well-intentioned persons, only to waste it on academic exercises which students are forced to perform with little intellectual profit or personal satisfaction. Many students recognize the fraud, but until now have not been able to prevail against it. There should be a way in which they can enjoy and sustain the values Professor Kampf is talking about while still remaining in college.

HAROLD TAYLOR  
New York, N. Y.

Professor Louis Kampf's energetic, lectern-banging criticism of literary scholarship expresses a bundle of unresting truths that many literary intellectuals consciously ignore. In a recent speech even the president of the MLA, Professor George W. Stone,

Jr., deplored the flood of trivia manufactured by "half-baked" scholars. But the irrelevant, lifeless books and monographs are not the result, as Professor Kampf believes, of a lack of critical standards or vision, for the standards do exist. The drowning flood swells out of the pernicious demand upon mediocre scholars to publish or, if not perish, be professionally maimed. But above this increasing torrent of trivia great literary criticism is being produced today.

DOUGLAS A. HUGHES  
Dept. of English  
U. of Colorado  
Boulder, Colorado

Articles such as Louis Kampf's "The Scandal of Literary Scholarship" perform the valuable function of reminding the "fact man" of literary criticism where he belongs—*i.e.*, out of the classroom down in the basement, so the noisy clank of his little computer, like the rest of the plumbing, won't interrupt those above him who are trying to hear the voice of a writer.

WILLIAM LAMBDIN  
Dept. of English  
Northeastern Junior College  
Sterling, Colorado

... Professor Kampf is really describing faculty dropouts, *i.e.*, those who would turn the campus into a

semi-monastery by their concern with tenure at the expense of active, controversial scholarship. Such co-dropping out by faculty undoubtedly contributes to the restiveness of day's college student; the more ceptive ones then feel compelled to leave the campus. It is the irrelevance of so much of the content in higher education which galls students.

THEODORE J. BROOKS  
Asst. to Director  
School of Social Work  
Michigan State University  
East Lansing, Michigan

## The Cardinal's Missions

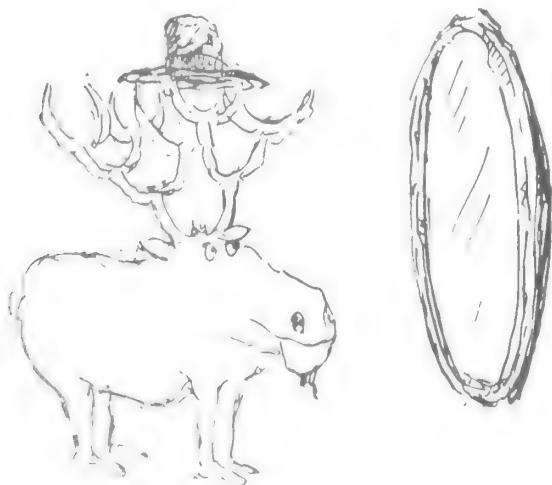
What I like about John Corry's article ["Cardinal Spellman and New York Politics," December] is essential fairness to the Cardinal in the absence of unsupported statements. Let me commend you for being presented, even if unintentionally at this time, a suitable eulogy and a timely comment on a chapter in New York City history which will be of interest to all concerned New Yorkers.

As a vice-president of the Protestant Council of the City of New York I have had occasion to notice the unusually small percentage of Protestant appointments to the Bench, and I have also been aware over a considerable period of time of the gradual change on such issues as birth control. The Cardinal has ended his mission on earth at a time when the methods of exerting control by the Church over political appointments has, fortunately, diminished.

ARTHUR A. ATWOOD  
New York, N. Y.

## Behold the Bourgeois

In "Making It: The Brutal Bargain" [December] Norman Podhore manages to be both engrossing and provocative. From my vantage point I had always belonged to the middle upper middle class, but I had to escape from it to be an intellectual. Please most people in the upper middle class do not have a taste for Keats. The dumbbells in the upper middle class



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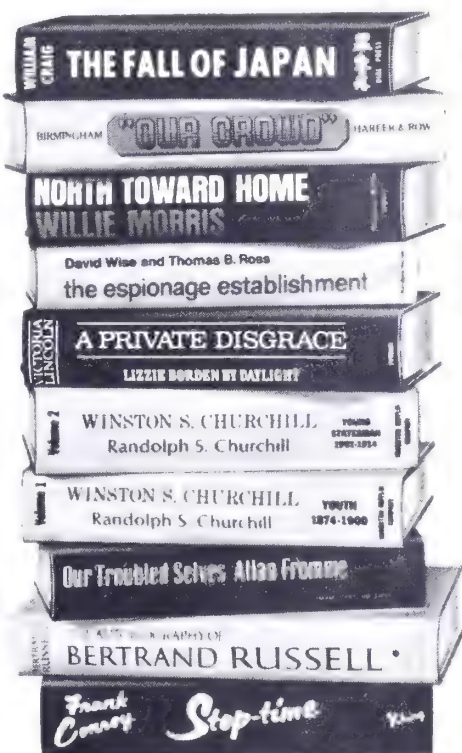


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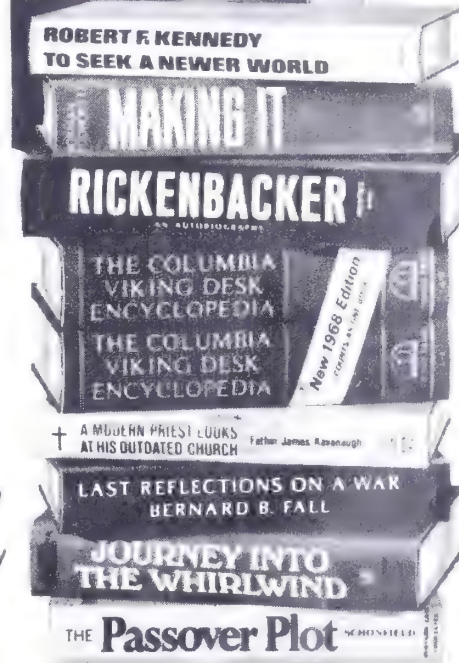
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## LETTERS

do not have to descend to Brooklyn to become their real selves or find their milieu—they're already in it, because most upper-middles are dumbbells too. They are not only totally nonintellectual, noncultured (except for those wistful ones who belong to book clubs and respect culture from afar), but by and large they are politically backward, economically selfish, and socially nearsighted. One can be ashamed of having originated among these dinosaurs, Republicans and Babbitts, but luckily no one reproaches me for rejecting them. . . .

I don't think the literary community in Manhattan can be defined as the upper middle class. If they have the money, then their way of life will resemble that of the ordinary clods who have the same incomes—i.e. lots of private schooling for the kids, etc. But the literati and other cognoscenti are a special conclave within whatever income class they live—they are quite different from that income class. . . . I think anyone whose parents were not intellectuals will have the same complete gap between his adult and high-school selves, even though class and ethnics don't seem to be involved. . . .

ANNETTE MASON  
Los Angeles, Cal.

### Womanpower at Work

I was very interested in the small article "Housewives and the Psychotherapy Gap" ["Status Report," November]. I remember Maya Pines' article very well ["Training Housewives as Psychotherapists," April 1962], and I believe it has had some influence on my own thinking.

At present I am a social worker employed by a school system, and I see over and over again the tremendous need for additional help to schoolchildren which never will be met by professional mental-health people.

I have enlisted the help of women volunteers to work with troubled children in our school district with gratifying results. Three years we began with two housewives, second year we worked with six, this year we have almost twelve women, and two men, working with school children under the direction of self, the teachers, and the principal.

We also have used high-school students to help us with a class for emotionally disturbed children, and had many more volunteers from high school than we have been able to use. These youngsters are enthusiastic, dependable, and acutely aware of the emotional needs of the child with whom they are working. . . .

MRS. MARIAN NELSON  
School Social Worker  
Salt Lake City, U

The article by Maya Pines about the experiment of Dr. Margaret Rioch at the National Institute of Mental Health coincided with the completion of my dissertation on "The Postnatal Phase in the Life-cycle of Female College-educated Women." My chair's recommendation at the end of the thesis was for programs of one or two years to use the nurturing abilities of the kind of woman to whom you refer in "Housewives and the Psychotherapy Gap." With the impetus of Dr. Rioch's program and my appointment to the faculty of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University I was able to start a program for training mature women as mental health rehabilitation workers. Since 1965, with the collaboration of Mr. Agnes Lauga, director of psychiatric social services, and codirector of the new project, we have trained and graduated twenty-two women. The training consists of an eight-and-one-half-month, four-day-a-week program with some background courses in psy-

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IDA F. DAVIDOFF, ED.D.

Asst. Clinical Prof. of Psychiatry  
Albert Einstein College  
of Medicine, Yeshiva U.  
Bronx, N. Y.

### Who Is Bill Miller?

Thanks for the Christmas stocking gift of Dick Schaap's double-edged

article, "Where Is Bill Miller?" in the December issue. I say "double-edged" for its dual effect, on me at least. I enjoyed it down to the last funny paragraph and I recoiled in shock at the irony of it.

Using a deft touch, Mr. Schaap made it clear that William Miller, a small city lawyer who loves to spend his days playing cards with the boys, had been terribly embarrassed—for his country as well as himself—to be chosen deputy standard bearer for the Republican party and its candidate for Vice President.

Yes, let the book be closed on the "public figure" of William Miller, just as his immediate and embarrassed neighbors (who could never remember Lockport's greatest public figure) instinctively closed it.

But let it not be forgotten that the political party that saluted its country with Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and Nixon in the political seasons really surpassed itself in the year 1964. For in the year of the Goldwater-Miller ticket, the party frankly thumbed its nose at both the Presidency and the

nation. I judged Mr. Schaap's art a masterpiece of political commentary.

CHARLES DELA  
Chicago,

### PBL on Tr

I find the Public Broadcast Laboratory ["The Easy Chair: The Happening on the Night of November 4, 1964"] an engrossing, serious show and a welcome addition to television viewing. On the other hand, I wonder if it's going to justify the high hopes invested in it by M. Fischer and others. In itself, PBL is not a radical innovation. It seems to be doing little the commercial networks have not done. PBL's essential advantage lies in its length, regularity, and use of prime time.

A more serious drawback is that PBL is not *programming*. It is only a program. If financing could be found the proper way to demonstrate demand for a public broadcasting system would be to take over the entire nighttime programming of a NET station in a good-sized city for a year during which an assessment of total community reaction and careful audience studies would be made.

Incidentally, judging by the first two programs, the "noncommercial" Mr. Fischer mentioned seems to be a non-form. The real forms are (a) the commercial, (b) the public-service announcement, and (c) the pointed parody of the commercial. The non-commercial falls rather weakly between (b) and (c).

ROBERT ECK  
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Eck's article "The Real Masters of Television" appeared in the March 1967 issue of Harper's.

### The Social-dollars Complex

Several of the points in Michael Harrington's recent article ["The Social-Industrial Complex," November] deserve response. First, the problem is not that "satisfying social needs and making money are two distinct and often antagonistic undertakings." The fault lies not with industry but rather with those who allocate dollars so that industry finds it profitable not to move in a direction which coincides with the public interest. For example,

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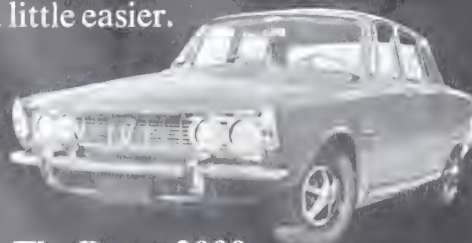
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## LETTERS

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corps contractors to conduct R&D  
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Second, rather than whether an al-  
e is being formed "between self-  
tested executives and ambitious  
bureaucrats," the fundamental ques-  
is to what extent is this existing  
ance desirable and how can it be  
in the public interest. Following  
Schumpeterian reasoning for the  
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public-service markets are seldom  
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ainly less to the voter's ballot box.  
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to perpetuate a monopolistic non-  
em of education.

Third, the fear that industry will  
ne future determine the education  
ctives of our children is mislead-  
textbook publishers already do.  
s fear is further eroded by the  
itted difficulty which the educa-  
-technology industry is having in  
ting a market for their sophisti-  
d technology a market which is  
ably smaller today than the mar-  
for education-technology confer-  
es, articles, symposia, etc.

Fourth, his concern that the federal  
ials are using industry as "politi-  
allies" is probably second only to  
astrialist's concerns whether in  
the federal government is willing  
become a *de facto* ally for educa-  
ual improvement. One corporate  
e president posed the dilemma to  
in this way: either we sell educa-  
s what they think they need and  
reby make quick profits or we de-  
op quality materials, software,  
dware, and learning systems, etc.,  
ing for long-run profits while at-  
pting to fundamentally change the  
cept and improve the quality of  
eation. Here he asked what at-  
pts were being made by govern-  
nt to promote the creation of an  
iciency-oriented environment con-  
ive to innovation and the applica-  
n of costly but efficient technology.  
As Harrington contends correctly,  
"end of ideology" is not yet here.  
s article attests to this fact.

CHARLES L. BLASCHKE  
Washington, D.C. [ ]

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# The Easy Chair by John Fischer

## THE CONSEQUENCES OF PEACE

In an article in *The New Yorker* of October 28 last year Richard Rovere raised some questions about Vietnam which most American intellectuals had been avoiding, and still are. He predicted that the United States would pull out of the war sooner or later, simply because it has become "intolerable" to so many Americans—and "no government that is not totalitarian can go on indefinitely fighting a hard war that its people hate."

He went on to suggest that the end of the war would throw this country into turmoil—perhaps "worse turmoil than it has known at any time since the Civil War." "I dread it," he said. But he concluded that since "there will be turmoil whether we stay or go," the consequences of withdrawal probably would be less fearful than the consequences of continuing the war.

Mr. Rovere did not say what kind of turmoil he expected, or what its results might be. Neither have those intellectuals who have been demanding, noisily and sometimes violently, that we pull out of Vietnam forthwith. So far as I know, only Edwin Reischauer, former Ambassador to Japan and one of our most distinguished scholars on the Far East, has attempted any serious examination of what might happen after the war ends; and even his

book, *Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia*, is concerned almost solely with foreign policy. What might happen inside this country is something that nobody, apparently, is eager to talk about. Certainly the militant doves, from Dr. Benjamin Spock to Norman Mailer, seem hardly to have given it a thought.\*

This strikes me as curious, since our recent history foreshadows pretty clearly what the consequences of peace may be—and because those consequences are likely to bear heavily on the intellectual community. To the extreme doves, in particular, the way the war ends may be a matter of enormous importance.

**H**ow can it end? The possibilities for speculation seem fairly limited.

Conceivably the war could escalate into an atomic collision with China or Russia, or both. To me at least, that looks highly unlikely; but in such a case there would be little point in worrying about the future, if any.

A dwindling number of people inside the Johnson Administration still believe the end will come—in two years, or five, or ten—when the Communists are at last persuaded that they cannot take over South Vietnam by force. Then, according to a theory favored by former Ambassador Henry

Cabot Lodge, they will simply fall back into the countryside and the fighting will trickle to an unannounced close, as it did in Malaya and the Philippines. This scenario never sounded entirely convincing because those countries—unlike Vietnam—were geographically isolated from both Russia and China. Consequently the "liberation armies" there (and in Greece during the final stages of its civil war) could be cut off from supplies and reinforcements, and gradually worn down. This time we have the testimony of no less an authority than the Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara, that the enemy's supply lines can never be completely severed, either by bombing or blockade. Nor is there any realistic prospect that the borders of South Vietnam, running through hundreds of miles of jungle and mountain, could be sealed off no matter how many ground troops we might pour in. So even if the fighting now is going in our favor, as our military leaders claim, I can see no reason why it should not go on at about the present level for years. And, like Mr. Rovere, I do not believe that American public opinion will sustain the war indefinitely.

That, of course, is what Ho Chi Minh is counting on. He has always predicted that eventually the United States will get so sick of the conflict that it will abandon its South Vietnamese allies and pull out—because, as he says, Americans don't like long, indecisive wars. Therefore he insists that he is prepared to outwait us "for twenty years if necessary." In effect, he is asking us to admit complete defeat and to turn all of Vietnam over to him.

Mr. Fischer was a member of the Panel on Disarmament under the chairmanship of Jerome B. Wiesner which reported to the White House Conference on International Cooperation in 1965. His writings on foreign policy include *Crucial Choices*, "When Things Begin to Change," and "Master Plan U.S.A."

*Report from Iron Mountain on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace* (Dial Press, 1967, \$5), an anonymous satire probably written by Leonard C. Lewin, pretends to study such questions, but only as a put-on device, an exercise in black humor. The fact that a few people here and a good many in Europe took it seriously casts a rather alarming light on the temper of the times.

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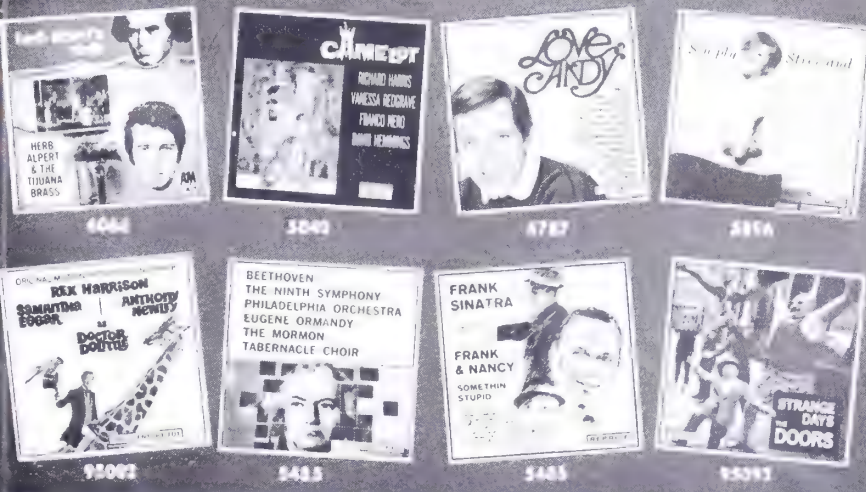
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under the most humiliating circumstances. That also is what the more extreme wing of the "peace movement" seems to be demanding—the Tom Haydens and Staughton Lynds and Rap Browns, and indeed (if I read her rightly; one can never be sure) Mary McCarthy.

It is hard for me to imagine any American President agreeing to such demands. But if the fighting drags on long enough, and if public support for the war continues to erode at the present rate, I suppose it might be possible. (Five years ago I could not imagine that draft-dodging would ever become respectable, not to say fashionable, on American campuses.) It would, in my view, be the worst possible ending. For the ensuing turmoil, here and abroad, might reach hurricane proportions.

Another possibility is a negotiated peace. So far, of course, Ho has rebuffed every offer of negotiations, and probably will continue to do so until after our Presidential election. Sometime next year, however, he may be willing to start talking. It would seem to be the rational thing for him to do, since it offers him a good chance to get the main things he wants at the least cost.

Meanwhile, it would be helpful if people in this country get clearly in mind what we should try to get out of a peace conference and what, at a minimum, we could expect to settle for. So far in all the uproar about Vietnam there has been strangely little discussion of these questions; and they are crucial. Just possibly, our rock-bottom terms for a settlement might be closer to Ho's than we generally suppose.

Our announced goal is an independent South Vietnam, free to work out its own destiny without armed interference from the communist forces. We hope that it might develop eventually into a stable democratic society—but that is not something we or anybody else can guarantee. Stable democracies are scarcer in Asia than Giant Pandas, and it simply isn't realistic to expect to pick up the pieces overnight out of the debris of twenty years of warfare. We should recognize, therefore, that South Vietnam quite possibly might have a communist, or communist-leaning, government sometime after American troops are withdrawn. That might be an acceptable

able, no doubt. But it would not be intolerable to American interests, so far as I can see; and in any case there would be nothing we could do to prevent it, any more than we can prevent the communist leanings of the present Egyptian and Algerian governments.

We could afford, it seems to me, to accept practically any kind of deal worked out between the South Vietnam government (either the present one or a successor) and its adversaries—no matter what the ultimate destiny of South Vietnam might be. What we cannot afford is any deal which would make us appear to be abandoning an ally under the pressure of armed aggression.

There is an imperative reason why we cannot accept such a deal—but it is not a reason that President Johnson or anyone in his Administration can discuss publicly. If they did, they would be committing a grave diplomatic offense. Since hardly anybody outside the Administration has mentioned it either, it might be useful to state it here.

Nearly all of the important nations of Southeast Asia and the Pacific are supporting our effort in Vietnam, either actively or tacitly—a fact that critics of the Administration usually ignore. Some, such as Australia, Korea, the Philippines, and Thailand, are contributing men and money. Others, such as Japan and Malaysia, are giving diplomatic support; while India, Ceylon, and Indonesia have whispered secret encouragement.

They are not behaving this way out of devotion to the United States, or to the independence of South Vietnam. They are supporting us now because they expect our help if they get into trouble. Some, such as Australia and Japan, depend on formal treaties of mutual assistance. Others, such as India, simply trust that we will rally around in time of need—as indeed we did, when China routed India's army in their first border war. (John Kenneth Galbraith was then American Ambassador to New Delhi, and he used to speak with considerable pride about his success in whistling up U. S. military transport planes, loaded with ammunition and small arms, within hours after the Chinese attacked. Since he has become a leading critic of the Administration's involvement in Vietnam, he has fallen noticeably

silent about his earlier role as interventionist.)

If we end the present war by an abandonment of our South Vietnam allies, everyone else in Asia would conclude immediately that our protection is worthless. If we bug out in a limited conflict, how could they expect us to stand firm in a confrontation with a nuclear-armed China?

Inevitably some countries would then seek a more reliable protection—that is, atomic weapons of their own. India probably would be the first to go nuclear. It has the scientific capacity, and a number of influential Hindus have argued for some time that should be put to use. Japan might well follow—and Israel could easily decide that a few atomic bombs would good insurance against the next round with the Arabs. After that, who knows? West Germany?

All hope would then be gone for a treaty limiting the spread of nuclear weapons, and eventually for atomic disarmament. A world in which five nations have such arms is bad enough; if eight—or ten or fifteen—were able to trigger off the holocaust, it would become almost unbearable, dangerous and tension-ridden. Consequently it seems a little odd that those who talk so much about the moral issues of Vietnam show no concern about the morality of an unlimited spread of atomic weapons.

But let's assume that we can manage, one of these days, to negotiate an acceptable peace. Even then we can expect a good deal of the turmoil that Mr. Roever predicts.

In foreign policy, America is likely to move a long way toward isolationism. Public opinion will be fed up with foreign involvements, with allies who do so little to help themselves, with European "friends" who offer nothing but criticism and *Schadenfreude*, with the fecklessness and corruption of underdeveloped countries in general and Asia in particular. Congress will whittle foreign aid close to the vanishing point. Overseas defense commitments will be cut back sharply, since the postwar government—of whatever party—will try at all costs to avoid getting bogged in another Vietnam. Probably we would keep our nuclear umbrella spread over the island nations of the Pacific, and the British Isles, but not over the Asiatic mainland.

# We must have Rural-Urban balance

There is something we can do about the crisis that faces every big city in America.

What we can do is to use our greatest resource—space—to reverse the tide of unhappy refugees in the countryside that flows to the streets and sidewalks (and slums and ghettos) of the city.

Because these refugees are the victims of a quiet revolution in agricultural technology rather than war . . . because they travel by ones and twos and threes in cars and buses . . . because they appear into city warrens and by-ways rather than refugee camps, they are unseen and unheeded until they pour forth into the streets in violent protest.

Riots in the cities begin with hungry children on land that has lost its promise. They and their parents move from the bleak areas of the countryside to the cities in search of another promise.

The cities are already over-crowded, straining to cope with their own growth. There is little room for the less opportunity for those who are poorly-educated, without modern skills, unequipped to meet the city on its own terms.

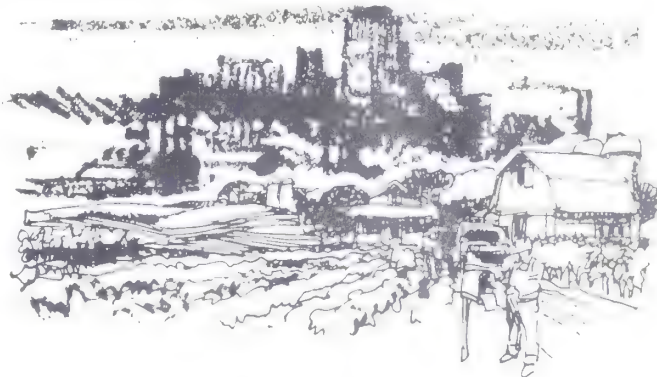
In many areas of rural America, rural electric cooperatives have achieved great success in developing local sources of space and people. They have helped create home-town industries providing home-town jobs with home-town payrolls.

But the job is bigger than one group. The urgency of the problem requires the effort of us all, working in concert with Federal, state and local officials as well as the private organizations in the cities and the rural areas.

We can—and we must—restore the promise to the land. We must create the job opportunities in small towns and rural areas. We must develop the instruments of modern living—more decent housing, more hospitals and medical facilities, better schools and libraries, improved water supplies and sewage facilities, adequate public services—that will attract and hold people who yearn for space to call their own.

America's rural electric cooperatives have been heartened by the response of the nation to their initial efforts. They look forward with high hopes to the efforts of our nation's leaders to restore the rural-urban balance in people and in opportunity. We offer our unstinting cooperation and all our resources of energy and determination in this effort.

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## THE EASY CHAIR

land with the possible exception of India. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, already moribund—thanks to General de Gaulle—would almost surely die.

Would the rest of Asia then quickly fall under the domination of Communist China, as Dean Rusk so often warns us? I don't know enough to make an intelligent guess, and I'm sure that anyone else can be entirely certain. There is at least a possibility I should think, that China may be preoccupied with its internal troubles to gobble up its smaller neighbors immediately. (And would any Chinese in his right mind *want* to take on responsibility for India, with its recurring famines and all-but-insoluble economic and social problems?) Even if the dominoes should fall right on schedule, I am not certain that they would remain under the Chinese forever. Under strong dynasties China normally expands, while under weak ones its borders recede. For 19 Chinese have never proved good colonial administrators; they are too realist for that, too uncomprehending of lesser breeds. We don't know yet whether the Mao Dynasty will turn out to be a strong one. But if it does in time it too may have trouble with schismatic sects and resurgent nationalism in its subject lands, just as the Russians have had. Even a temporary control of much of the Asian mainland by Red China is a grim prospect. But I can't see why it would necessarily be fatal to the national interests of the United States.

What worries me a good deal more is the turmoil we can expect within this country. To many Americans, an conceivable outcome of the war will look like a defeat, and the hunt will soon be on for those responsible. In a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*, Dr. Noam Chomsky remarked that, "it is axiomatic that no army ever loses a war; its brave soldiers and all-knowing generals are stabbed in the back by treacherous civilians. American withdrawal is likely, then, to bring to the surface the worst features of American culture and perhaps to lead to a serious internal repression."

The good doctor—a highly vocal dove and distinguished specialist in linguistics—doesn't know the half of it. Reaction is the common aftermath

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of war, and not only in America; witness the Dreyfus period in France and the rise of Mussolini and Hitler after World War I. I think it improbable that the United States will turn fascist, but very likely that it will go through an era of reaction even harsher than those which followed the Civil War and both World Wars. If the Korean conflict could produce a Senator Joe McCarthy, this one might well bring forth a dozen of them, with two heads and fangs eight inches long. As they start crawling out of the woodwork, any number of frustrated and embittered citizens will cheer them on. And they will have no trouble finding victims, plentiful and virtually defenseless.

For the undeniable fact is that some members of the New Left—relatively few—have been preaching treason, or something close to it. They have openly proclaimed their allegiance to Mao or Castro or Che Guevara, and their hopes of destroying or at least “dislocating” American society. Others have engaged in what now can be excused as idealistic gestures—burning flags and draft cards, assaults on in-

duction centers, blocking of troop trains, mobbing Cabinet officers. Tomorrow, in the hot glare of a Senate investigating chamber, a skillful demagogue could easily make such behavior look like giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Moreover, the New Leftists are busily undermining their own best defense: the American traditions of free speech and tolerance. Increasingly they are taking the position: “I’m right. You are wrong. Therefore I cannot permit you to be heard.” So, in the name of morality, they are stoning and howling down anyone who might disagree with them—setting a precedent, in short, for mob violence. They don’t seem to realize that their doctrine is identical with that of the Spanish Inquisition, and with Hitler’s justification for gas chambers. Nor, apparently, do they suspect that their own doctrine might soon be turned against them by the radicals of the Far Right. (Professor John Silber, a liberal teacher of philosophy at the University of Texas, has described these extreme leftists as “the new Fascisti.” In a *New York Times* arti-

**“I love ’em like a rattlesnake,”** Cap’n Eddie Rickenbacker said at a National Press Club luncheon in Washington. “If I had my way I give draft-card burners a good lashing and a good haircut; I would give beatniks the same, and get a good old-fashioned horse curry brush and give ’em a good bang. I’d put these odds and ends out in front in Vietnam to fight with the enemy in front and bayonets in back.”

—*Time*, December 8, 1966

cle of November 20, 1967, he was quoted as saying, “They are indistinguishable from the Far Right. One group wants bloody revolution. The other wants to blast the world. They share a contempt for rational political discussion and constitutional legal solutions. Both want to be pure. They know nothing about the virtue of compromise. They know nothing about the horror of sainthood or the wickedness of saints.”

The saddest prospect is that the coming reaction will fall not only on these “new Fascisti” but also on a lot of innocents. Among them will be good many students of the kind described by Nan Robertson of the *New York Times* as “intellectual hobbits: warm, lovable, and a little furrow-minded.” Among them, too, in all likelihood, will be people like Mr. Rovere and myself, who still believe in the old-fashioned virtues of free speech and a fair trial—and who will feel compelled, therefore, to oppose the new crop of witch-hunters as we opposed Mr. McCarthy, in defense of people persecuted for views we despise.

The duration and violence of the period of reaction will depend, in large measure, on the nature of the peace. If we should, God forbid, double-cross our allies and pull out in shame, it is likely to be cruel and prolonged. If we succeed in negotiating a tolerable settlement, it might be relatively gentle and brief.

Much depends, too, on how long the war lasts. Every month it drags on this present turmoil, this spasm of irrationality and hate, seems to grow worse. And the worse it gets, predictably, the more fearful the eventual reaction will be. That is why I am praying, like Mr. Rovere, for early and successful negotiations. [ ]

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## FORGERY FOR FUN AND PROFIT



Several weeks before the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York proclaimed in December that its famous little "Ancient Greek" bronze statue was a forgery, A. Hyatt Mayor, many years the Museum's curator of prints, said, "It is not the integrity of the maker that matters but the honesty of the taker." He made this statement at the first of a series of "seminars" on art fakes at the museum. (It was at the third seminar that the announcement was made about the horse.) Mr. Mayor's observation made the audience of about seven hundred persons laugh.

Laughter about forgeries is always somewhat uneasy; no one, least of all an expert, has any solid confidence that he is above being duped. Forgery is a game played for high stakes by highly skilled artisans and quick-tongued middlemen and, at its best, in the arena of high scholarship. Thomas F. Hoving, the spirited young director of the Museum, spoke of it on the same occasion as "the delightful and dreadful game of forgery." Since the days of the Egyptian dynasties it has had a perpetual fascination for the per and duped, maker and taker, and for the uncommitted observer as well.

At a preliminary meeting of the members of the panel for the second

of the seminars (I was on it as the non-expert to represent the public), Theodore Rousseau, Jr., the Museum's curator of paintings, said, "Of course all we can talk about are unsuccessful forgeries. We don't discover the successful ones."

No one, of course, knows how many successful ones adorn our museums and distinguished private collections, probably not a great many, but it is well known from the rash of stories about forgeries that have appeared in the press recently that this is a moment to be wary. It is inevitable that this should be so when there is a flourishing art market as there most assuredly is today, with tremendously inflated prices reported from sales at auction houses. When there are many new, ambitious, and naive collectors searching for bargains in masterpieces, "masterpieces" at bargain prices are going to turn up with dis-

tinguished "signatures" on them and with impressive "documents" to support their "authenticity." So much publicity has recently been given to fakes that the Art Dealers Association of America, an organization of seventy-three members, most of whom are in New York,\* now operates as a clearinghouse of information about forgeries, and according to the *New York Times*, "works closely with the Internal Revenue Service appraising works of art contributed to museums . . . by donors who seek to take the market value of the gift as an income-tax deduction." It has been reported that the Association plans to establish panels for authentication of works of art, a business fraught with traps not only aesthetic but legal. People who are duped into buying fakes frequently do not like to be exposed any more than do those who duped them.

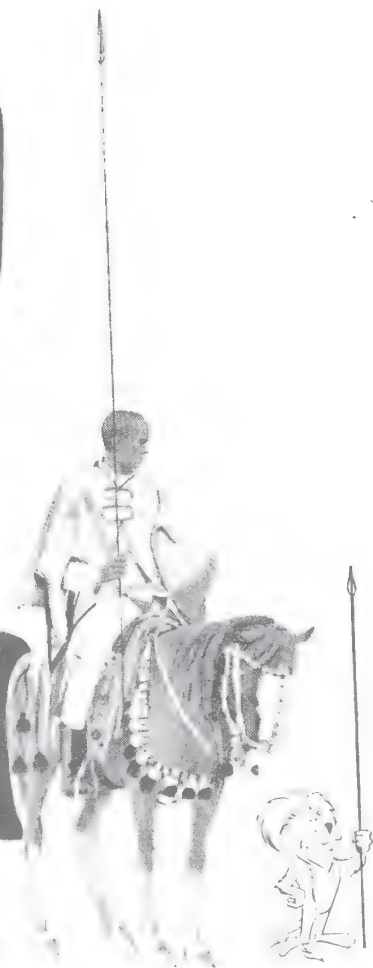
My own interest in forgeries goes back about fifteen years when I came on the story of Alceo Dossena, the greatest forger of our century, and thought it would make an interesting article for this magazine. I spent a good deal of time finding out what I

\*The membership in late November was New York 60, Chicago 3, Los Angeles 4, and one each in Buffalo, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Dallas.



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could about this remarkable sculpture of the 1920s, but I never wrote the article, for reasons which, I trust, will become apparent. I first saw a piece of his work in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in a basement room, if I remember correctly, displayed with a number of other known fakes. It was a statue of an archaic Greek maiden which my notes record as "37 inches high." The Met had bought it in 1914 "for a comparatively small sum of money," and the very man who had bought it, as an agent for the Museum in Europe, was also the one who subsequently decided that it was a modern forgery. I remember the maiden as extremely handsome, and I wish I owned her. When I inquired about her at the Museum recently no one I asked remembered ever having seen her, or heard of her.

It was reasonable that the first person to call at the time when I began to reconstruct the Dossena story was the late Francis Henry Taylor, who was the director of the Museum and a friend of mine. I told him that I wanted to talk to him about Dossena, that it had been some years since the scandal had first broken, and that the story was so curious that it might again be of some interest.

"I'll tell you anything you want to know," he said, "but I warn you, you won't get anywhere."

A few days later I called another friend, a dealer and the head of a distinguished gallery, and said, "I'd like to pick your brains about Dossena."

"You don't want to write about Dossena," he said, and that is all he said.

Several days later I was invited to dinner at his house and his wife told me that the first piece of Dossena sculpture sold in this country, a relief head of a Madonna ascribed to Donatello, had been sold unwittingly by his gallery. When the forgery was revealed, restitution was, of course, made to the museum which had bought it. The dealer, who had a reputation for scrupulous honesty and a remarkably sure eye, retired several years ago. Many great works of art

*This winter Mr. Lynes participated in the Metropolitan Museum's seminar on art forgery. He is President of the Archives of American Art, a member of the Landmarks Preservation Commission of the City of New York, and a contributing editor of "Harper's."*

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H2



were brought to this country by him. There was scarcely anyone in the art world here who was not taken in by Dossena at one time or another. Once the story broke, however, there was a rush of experts who as Francis Henry Taylor put it "wanted to get there first with the most" in claiming to have been the detector of the crime.

Dossena came to be a forger by an entirely logical route. As a very young man in Cremona (he was born there in 1878) he went to work for a marble mason repairing balustrades and columns in churches and palaces. He had only a cursory training in an art school and a few lessons in anatomy, but he was extraordinarily gifted with his hands and with a sense of epoch, and he came to pride himself on the fact that his restorations were indistinguishable from the original stones. He was schooled not only in the technical processes of early stone carving but, as his work took him to such cities as Ferrara, Piacenza, and Parma, he was continuously exposed to the individual characteristics of Renaissance and Medieval sculptors. "He was constantly called upon," *Art News* reported in 1933, "to match, first the forms and techniques of some long-dead sculptor, then the specific kinds of marble which he afterward had to treat so that its patina would be identical with that of the original."

Until the first world war he traveled to many parts of Italy as a restorer and worked in many styles and, as a successful artisan, evidently made a decent living, which he supplemented by running a small shop with a friend in Parma in which they sold "all the arts," many of which he presumably ran up himself. However, he was recruited into the army, and it was while he was in uniform on Christmas Eve in 1916 that his career took a turn which ultimately made him if not rich at least famous and placed his name securely in the annals of art history.

Dossena walked some distance that Christmas Eve from where his regiment was bivouacked to a café in Rome called Felicetto's on the Via Mario de' Fiori, a street which, according to Mario Prodan, a Roman dealer in Oriental antiquities to whom I am indebted for many of the details of Dossena's career, was "infamous for its pimps, prostitutes, and shady

peddlers."<sup>2</sup> Dossena had carried under his arm the bas-relief of a Madonna which ultimately turned up in St. Louis as a Donatello. It was carved in a piece of marble, artificially aged by having been in the base of a military urinal. He showed it to Felicetto, the café's proprietor, who thought it beautiful and summoned a friend. Alberto Fasoli, a fashionable jeweler in the Piazza di Spagna, "a tall, lank man," Prodan wrote me, "who knows how to speak equally to ladies and to washerwomen, to dukes and to recruits." Fasoli bought the piece Dossena showed him for 100 lire (then about \$12) and Dossena, being cautious, told him, "It's my uncle's. I know nothing about it." A few days later, however, Dossena and Fasoli had come to an understanding which ultimately cost collectors and museums a sum estimated at \$2,500,000.

How this large sum of money was purloined (if that is not too mild a word) is a story which entails a number of devious characters other than Fasoli—most notably a Florentine dealer named Romano Palesi who was considered by Prodan to be "the real genius of the whole imbroglio." It was he who launched Dossena (his works, not the sculptor himself, who was, of course, kept out of sight) into the international art market and who induced at least one presumably respectable scholar to produce falsified documents to authenticate a "monument of the Savelli household" which sold for six million lire (of which Dossena got 25,000 lire). It is now in the basement of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. For a time it was attributed to Mino da Fiesole, and, according to the story concocted by Palesi and his tame scholar (whose name does not appear in my notes, alas), the monument came from a fifteenth-century chapel, near Siena, which was destroyed by an earthquake in the eighteenth century and was rediscovered by a "monk."

The principal reason why I did not write an article on Dossena in the early 'fifties, when I did my legwork, was that I could see no way to resolve

the conflicting opinions and claims about who had first discovered and vealed the forgeries. Most of the dealers, critics, scholars, agents, and curators who had been involved in the matter recently or otherwise were still competing for first place in the discovery sweepstakes, though the race was long over; since some of them clammed up and others wouldn't stop talking, I decided I was in no position to tell a definitive story. Now it doesn't make much difference whose claims were the real ones; the story seems to me no less entertaining or revealing for that.

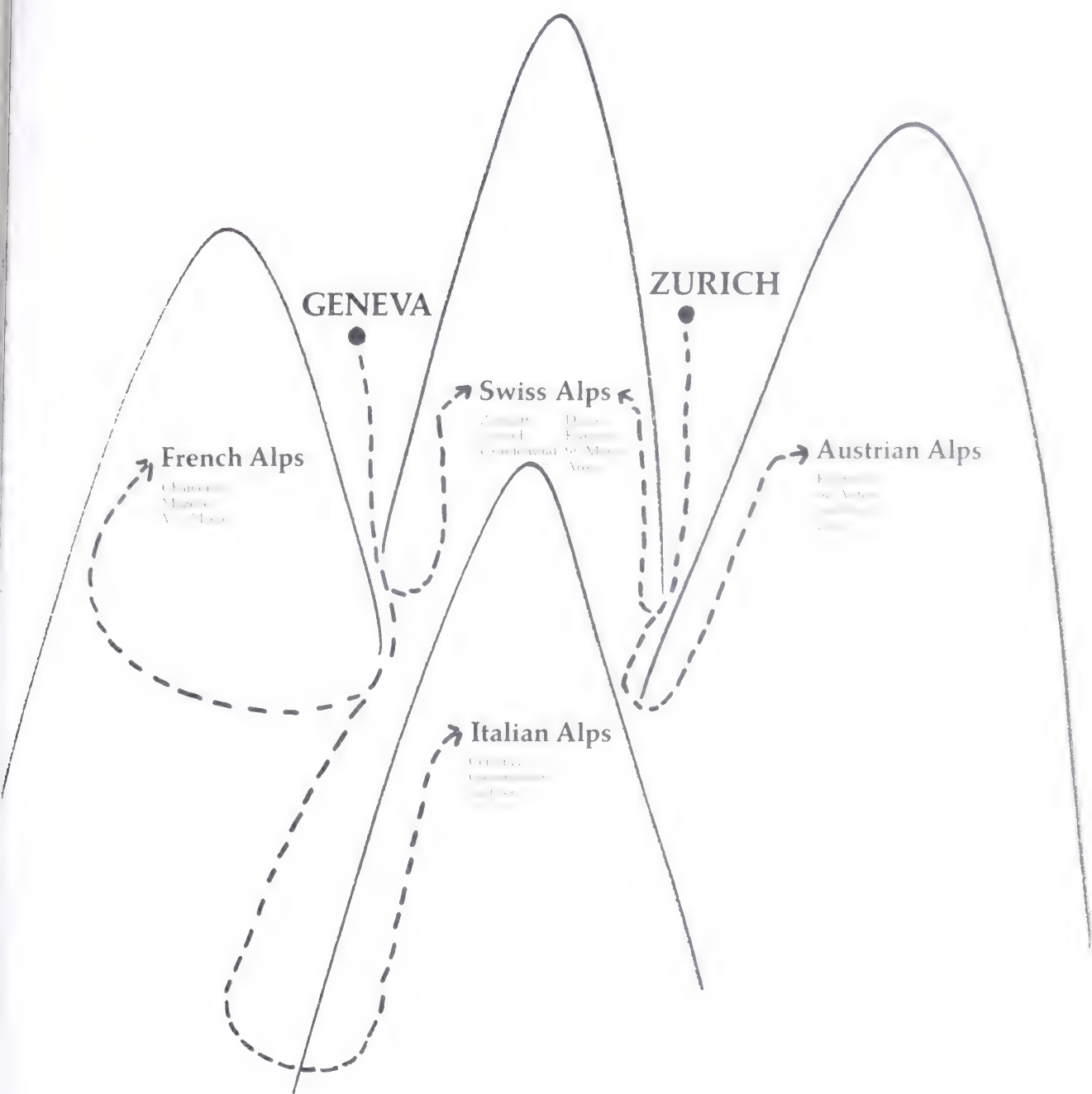
Francis Henry Taylor told me that "the storm broke in Bologna in 1922—I was in Rome at the time—"when an inscription on a jewel in a trecento wooden sculpture was spotted as copy from a known fake of a Visconti gothic sculpture in the Bologna Museum.\* Obviously Dossena didn't know about it." Taylor added, "I told you this as a friend. I'm not the time type, you know that, but I'd steer clear of the whole business. You'll have first getting the information, but the story is full of potential libel and you'll have trouble publishing it." I told him that I hoped to talk with Miss Helen Frick (who, it happens, has just recently attempted unsuccessfully in the courts to stop the distribution of a book on Pennsylvania history on the grounds that it libeled her late father, Henry Clay Frick, the steel magnate), and Taylor said, "Look out for her!"

I did look out, though there was no good reason to talk with her, and I wish that I had. The Frick Collection had been duped, like so many others, but in a somewhat grander way than most collectors and in a somewhat subtler way as well. The Frick Collection purchased a Virgin and an Announcing Angel, separate sculptures which stood for a time at the foot of a staircase in the Frick Museum. They were ascribed to the Siennese painter Simone Martini, who was not known ever to have been a sculptor, but the pieces seemed to the experts closer to his style than to any other artist's. It is one thing to be duped by pieces that can be attributed to a known sculptor or to a school of unnamed sculptors; it is something rather splendid to

<sup>2</sup> Mario Prodan is also a writer, two of whose short stories appeared in *Harper's* in September and December 1949. They were very funny stories indeed.

\* Another version of this story says that a nail of modern manufacture was found in the sculpture.

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In the December 1, 1928, number of *Art News* there appeared an article that said, "An international traffic in spurious sculpture has recently been made public, chiefly through the action of Miss Helen Frick of New York." The article further credited Captain Piero Tozzi, a painter and former member of the Italian Legation in Washington and a dealer, with being "the first man to find Dossena and connect him with the series of forgeries . . ." Among others who were in on the discovery was John Marshall, who bought the archaic Greek maiden for the Metropolitan but was darkly suspicious of an Athena which was later purchased by the Cleveland Museum for \$120,000 and was determined to be a forgery before it was ever put on exhibition. (The piece was returned to the dealer and prompt restitution was, of course, made.) Another claimant was Dr. Leo Planiscig of the Imperial Museum in Vienna, who said that he turned down the tomb that Boston bought, as early as 1921. Still another was Harold W. Parsons, who lived mostly in Italy and acted as an agent for a number of American museums and collectors. I had a letter from his secretary in 1953 saying, "He feels . . . that nothing is to be gained by 'rehashing' this story, as it would be detrimental to museums and art dealers alike."

Whoever was the prime sleuth or however the forgeries were finally exposed, there is a part of the story which is rarely told, and that is what happened to Dossena once the scandal broke. There was a trial in Rome involving Dossena and both Fasoli and Palesi—the man who discovered the young genius in the café and the man who sold his wares for such high prices. The trial came about in an odd way over a strange contretemps.

By 1926 it was evidently known in the inner world of art dealers and museums that it was Dossena who had produced the extraordinary fakes which ranged in style from ancient Greek to the seventeenth-century ex-

uberance of Bernini, no mean accomplishment. The public, however, was unaware of what had been going on until 1927, when Dossena's wife died. Dossena was devoted to her, and she had been ill for a long time and the expenses of her illness had left too little money for the fine funeral Dossena wanted for her. He went to Fasoli who, he claimed, owed him \$7,500 for his work on a piece that Fasoli had sold to a London dealer for \$150,000. Fasoli brushed him off and, according to Mario Prodan, "... his fine Mediterranean temperament breaking forth, he spills the beans. He takes all the photographs of the fakes to a magistrate and accuses his hard-hearted colleagues of having left him out in the cold. The news explodes like a bomb. Rome is stunned."

Dossena sued Fasoli for 1,250,000 lire, accusing him of having taken over three statues for which he had not been paid, and Fasoli countered with what Prodan called, "a deft albeit low blow." He accused Dossena of having made in public derogatory statements about the government and about Mussolini. This was a far more serious matter than Dossena's piddling charges, and the battle was joined on a political basis. "Dossena found himself at bay," Prodan reported, "but not for long. . . . He appealed to Farinacci, then Fascist No. 2 and a lawyer, to defend him. It is not remarkable that Farinacci should have accepted. Public opinion was on Dossena's side (the Romans adored this man who, ignorant genius, had succeeded in fooling the pompous professors of two continents). . . . Farinacci's acceptance of the case was an assurance of victory and Dossena, in fact, won—that is to say, Fasoli's accusation of 'Insult to the Regime' had to be set aside for insufficiency of proof . . . while Dossena's suit against Fasoli (now augmented by the accusation of libel) was deferred to a later judgment."

"Later judgment" set aside Dossena's suit against Fasoli also on the ground of "insufficiency of proof." Dossena paid his famous lawyer with two small statues.

His fortunes changed. He was no longer a forger, he was a respectable sculptor, showered with commissions for portraits and monuments in the fashionable classical style and he lived, as Prodan put it, "in a sort of

tabernacle of fame" for several years. It was, however, a gaudy dissolute tabernacle. "He had a passion for women and it seeped into his attitude toward them was Oriental: he would hire a Greek girl, marry her and drive through the gardens with three or four beauties at a time." Movies of his work were made and he visited his "factory" where he created his models and cut his stones. He submerged his marbles in a great vat of acid to give them an ancient patina.

"The patina is a secret of mine," said in an interview in the *Giornale d'Italia* in 1931, "a technique varied from marble to marble and also a torment to me. If this lime mine gave luster to my creations, it was never an end in itself. It was of the amalgam that made of the object something worthy."

Dossena never admitted to being a forger, and no one ever managed to prove that he was deliberately trying to deceive. He never copied existing pieces but always worked in the manner of an epoch. It was claimed that his pieces were as good as those of Donatello or Simone Martini or a known Greek of the fifth century. Dossena made a statement to a reporter, quoted in *Art News* in 1931, which may not have been *faux naïf*. He

Antiquarians and private people have shown me marbles which I have even thought of sculpturing. Critics have even found defects in my work, acting on the mistaken supposition that I meant to make false reproductions. The truth is that I have made any but original things, modeling them from nature in an individual character and style.

Whatever his motives, he was an uncommonly gifted stonemason, archaeologist and a chemist, and had a remarkable sense of style and taste. He spoke an era. He died in 1937 of a stroke; Farinacci, who defended him against accusations of anti-Fascism, was strung up by his heel in a Massacration at the downfall of Italy in World War II with Mussolini and many others.

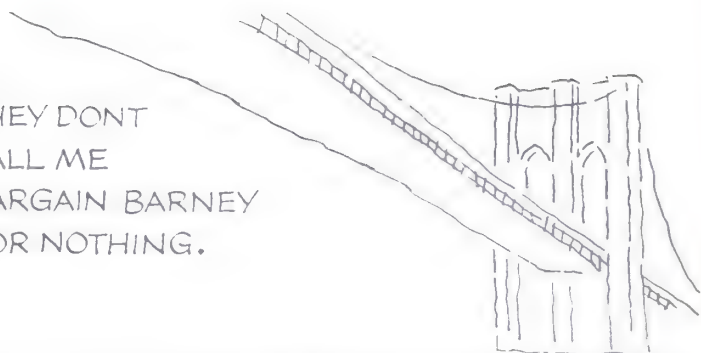
At the Metropolitan Museum's seminar Charles K. Wilkinson, curator emeritus of the department of Ancient Near Eastern Art of the Museum, said, "What happens to

\*The *Picture Art Book* once listed the large photograph of Dossena's work known or attributed to him. The "Simone Martini" pieces are now at the University of Pittsburgh described.

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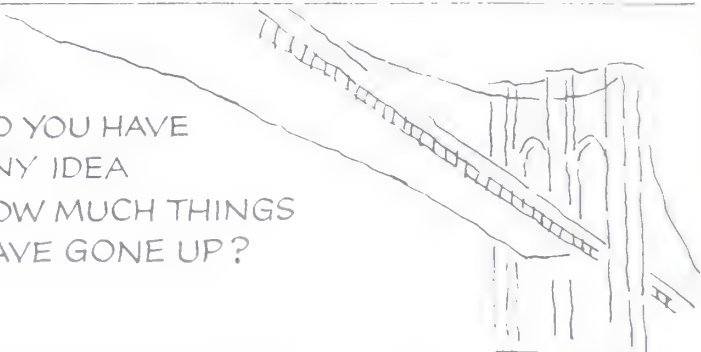
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THINK ABOUT IT.



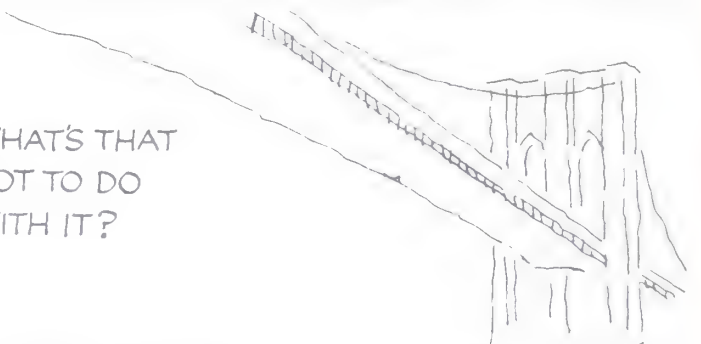
DO YOU HAVE  
ANY IDEA  
HOW MUCH THINGS  
HAVE GONE UP?



THE COST OF  
LIVING'S GONE UP  
MORE THAN 16% IN  
THE LAST 9 YEARS.  
BUT THAT THERE  
BRIDGE IS STEEL.



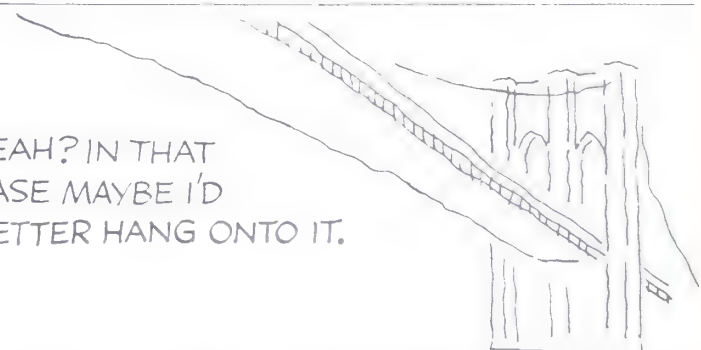
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GOT TO DO  
WITH IT?



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GONE UP 4% IN  
THE SAME PERIOD.  
YOU CAN'T HARDLY  
FIND A BIGGER  
BARGAIN.



YEAH? IN THAT  
CASE MAYBE I'D  
BETTER HANG ONTO IT.



SO THAT.



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I'VE BEEN  
TAKEN.





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artifact after it is made determined if it is a forgery." This, of course, is out Dossena's contention that it is not he but the connivers who now sculptures become dishonest and also became disenchanting. When an auction of them took place in 1933 in the ballroom of the Hotel in New York, thirty-nine pieces sold for a total of \$9,125; the top price for a single piece was \$900. There is no love affair so quickly finished as that between a collector and a "masterpiece" which turns out to have been faithless.

To the scholar one of the prime dangers of forgery is that it may go undetected, distort history. The problem is that a fake and is thought to be genuine, and whose plastic claim may be reinforced by forged documents can mislead the historian and thus, in a sense, change the written course of history. A subtle fake can throw into question many genuine works of art or artifacts and, as Hoving paraphrasing the great art historian Max Friedlander, "The greatest danger all is to stamp a genuine work of art as a forgery."

Since Mr. Parsons wrote to discourage me from reopening the Dossena story because to do so would be detrimental to museums and art dealers alike," the climate of opinion has changed in a way that seems to be healthy. Reliable and conscientious dealers have banded together to try to drive the fakers out of the market, at least that part of the market in which they have control. The fact that the Metropolitan Museum has held a series of discussions in order to invite the public to examine the problems faced by its technical experts, connoisseurs, legal staffs, and curators is indicative of a change of heart. There is a great deal to be gained by exposing rather than by securing the pitfalls into which collectors both private and public may fall. There is nothing to be gained, except by the forgers and their fences, from obscuring their techniques, their methods, and their subterfuges. Nothing, however, is likely to eliminate them so long as they can count upon the snobbism of collectors, the probability of those who hope to make a quick profit in art, and the passionate hopes of connoisseurs whose cool vision can, like that of other humans, be distorted by desire.



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# Harper's

magazine

Larry L. King

## THE COOL WORLD OF NELSON ROCKEFELLER

*Despite the resounding polls, he says again and again he does not want to be President. But now he is more relaxed and realistic than before, and his fate as a national leader rests with the most important GOP convention of our time.*

*He had a strong decent face and something tough as the rubber in a handball to his makeup, but his eyes had been punched out a long time ago—they had the distant lunar glow of the small sad eyes you see in a caged chimpanzee or a gorilla. Even when hearty he gave an impression the private man was remote as an astronaut on a lost orbit.*

Norman Mailer on Nelson Rockefeller at the 1964 Republican National Convention

Somewhere between Syracuse and New York City, high in the cold, gray November clouds, Nelson Rockefeller took a sip of Dubonnet and over the roar of *Wayfarer's* engines repeated for maybe the jillionth time what virtually nobody believes: that he really doesn't want to be President of the United States.

Lyndon Johnson was to have been in Syracuse that day, scheduled—like Governor Rockefeller—to address the centennial convention of the National Grange. LBJ canceled out when the White House learned that 3,000 anti-war pickets planned a raucous greeting. Some two hundred peaceniks did not get word of the President's defection, nor did a detachment of West Point Cadets meant to form

an honor guard. Governor Rockefeller had plunged from a limousine straight into War Memorial Auditorium, ignoring the stone-faced Cadets and the pickets' chant of "End-the-war-in-Vietnam" and their placards that read "Drop LBJ on Hanoi" or somehow equated the Great Society with the Third Reich.

Surrounded by bushels of apples, pyramids of pumpkins, and acres of flags, Governor Rockefeller did not comment on Vietnam or anti-war pickets. Polite, nervous laughter greeted his opening joke: "I am delighted to be here today with my wife—Lady Bird." When he departed from a dry text praising snap beans and attacking various agrarian scourges ("Golden Nematode, the potato pestilence, is now nearly erased") to advise the Grange delegates that America's cities had problems even more pressing than the June bug—rambling on in simple eloquence about poverty, ghettos, crime, polluted air—the crowd sat on its hands until Governor Rockefeller paused so long he embarrassed them to perfunctory applause. For this was a Lawrence Welk crowd, at ease with home permanents, pickup trucks, county fairs, and



—one suspected—Barry Goldwater. Few of them had experienced the rush-hour miseries of the Seventh Avenue IRT or had ever been mugged or insulted in midtown Manhattan. In speaking to them of urban rot, the Governor may as well have been using Swahili.

Later, however, as he toured the exhibit booths (leading his vivacious wife, Happy, to displays of needlework, home photography, egg candling) the Welk addicts swarmed around to shake his hand. "We're proud to have you but we're sorry the President didn't come," a stout matron said. "So am I," Nelson Rockefeller said, deadpan. "I had looked forward to seeing him again." A man said, well, by golly, the *next* President was there, anyway. Governor Rockefeller ignored him. When someone made a slighting reference to the howling anti-war pickets the Governor smiled vaguely, as if perhaps he had not understood the gist of the remark, and then swooped down on a display of New York apples to nibble away for photographers. One had the impression he was playing his political cards so close to his vest they might fade on his shirt.

Returning to New York City a herd of reporters, handsomely supplied with *Wayfarer's* superior Scotch and bourbon whiskeys, speculated on the 1968 Presidential campaign. Would Lyndon Johnson require a brigade of paratroopers to clear anti-war pickets and angry ghetto victims out of his path when he visited the great cities? Could the GOP nominee expect the same treatment? Had the country reached a point where its leaders no longer dared walk among the led? Whom would Republicans nominate? Someone suggested Rockefeller. The high altitudes and spirited refreshments inspired an impromptu mock press conference. "I do not want to be President," the fellow miming Governor Rockefeller said, "though I do wish you salt-of-the-earth snap-bean growers would get behind my move to sweep clean the wicked cities. Just as we eradicated dread Golden Nematode so shall we banish poverty and ignorance forever from the sidewalks of New York—and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue." The bogus Rockefeller paid questionable tribute to Michigan's Governor George Romney as Presidential timber ("Deep down he's shallow") and spoke in praise of mothers, homogenized milk, and the flag.

Governor Rockefeller, bent over paperwork in his padded executive's chair at the rear of the aircraft, looked up at the sound of laughter. In a moment he came forward to claim a place among his friendly tormentors: a man wide of shoulder and thick of chest—though shorter than one had remembered—and slightly in need of a hair trim; his complexion, rather than ruddy from sun lamps

or golf courses, was more nearly sallow. He appeared sturdy, ruggedly good-looking, and the fatigue that marked his face when he was campaigning for the Presidency in 1964 was gone.

"I couldn't quit on that bland speech about snap beans," he said, grinning as if abashed. "I thought the Grange people responded pretty well to my remarks about urban problems, didn't you?" Well, it was the Governor's whiskey and only ill-mannered guests challenge a host, so there were polite murmurs of assent. Somebody was crass enough to bring up the Presidency. Governor Rockefeller, responding as if the subject didn't apply to him, immediately asked whether anyone felt that Lyndon Johnson might not run for reelection. No, he was told, LBJ's ego wouldn't permit him to quit: the President felt a need to justify his actions and wished a special place in history; a campaign would probably be a tonic to him. The Governor's nod was noncommittal; he changed the subject to the New York State bond issue.

It was late 1967, almost exactly a year away from the next Presidential election and more than three years after the Governor of New York had been booed and hooted by angry Goldwater partisans at the 1964 GOP convention. Watching him there in the airplane—he very much at ease, now and again bestowing for no particular reason that automatic politician's smile so that crowfeet running from the corners of his eyes seemed to multiply and deepen, speaking without passion of the passions of politics—one's thoughts turned back to how Rockefeller had reacted to those old hisses and jeers. He was going to stay on that platform until he made his speech if it took all night—he said in the face of the mob—and they had just as well hush and let him get on with it. So he told them, with his back up, that he had suffered "at first hand" the bitter grapes of extremist wrath in the California primary he had lost by a hair to Barry Goldwater: threats, smear literature, obscene calls, strong-arm and goon tactics. The delegates thought him small and mean—a sore loser. And who is to say there was not a smidgen of smallness and a little righteous meanness in it? For he was a politician stabbed deeply in the pride, his ambitions lacerated to the bone, and neither Caesars nor Rockefellers take their dirkings

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*Larry L. King's most recent article in "Harper's" was his profile of "Everybody's Louis Armstrong" last November, and his study of President Johnson (October 1966) has provided the title for his forthcoming book "My Hero LBJ & Other Dirty Stories," to be published by New American Library later this year. Mr. King grew up in rural Texas, and now lives in Washington.*

ightly. Rockefeller left the San Francisco convention convinced that he had been "morally right and politically wrong." The naked eye saw him as politically moribund. Not only had the Goldwater grinder chewed him up, there was the double-divorce marriage of May 1963, that had sent fearful wives, expedient politicians, pious clergymen, and assorted old hypocrites into opposition. He was perhaps no better off than poor old Harold Stassen except that he had more money; improbably enough, he trailed far behind the dimmed star of Richard Milhous Nixon. "People do not talk about Nelson Rockefeller and the Presidency anymore," a syndicated columnist wrote then.

Now, three years later, as his red-and-white Fairchild F-27 brought him back to New York, the partisan fold seemed to be wooing its prodigal son's return. Nixon himself had just named Rockefeller one of five potential nominees his party surely would turn to, Pollster Lou Harris had found him a 52-35 winner over Lyndon Johnson, the Associated Press had discovered in a national sounding of GOP leaders that Rockefeller-Reagan constituted "the strongest potential ticket" (*Time* in a cover-story called it a "Dream Ticket"), and at least two major Rockefeller "drafts" were under way. He was being called the best available candidate by Mort Sahl, Walter Lippmann, and Governor Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland. Just one day earlier New York's Mayor John Lindsay (whose attitude toward Governor Rockefeller generally has been very chilly) had said on national television that a Rockefeller draft "would be a good thing for my party and the country." That very morning, in the Governor's offices at 22 West 55th Street in New York City, a member of Rockefeller's staff had waved a new poll and shouted, "Here's another one that shows our man ahead in Montana. *Montana!* I can't believe it."

Governor Rockefeller smiled out at the clouds and said that though he found the polls interesting he didn't exactly worship them. "A year before my last reelection," he said, "the polls showed only twenty-five per cent of the people for me." Somebody asked Rockefeller what he—the original activist—would do in retirement other than clip coupons. "Oh, don't worry about that," he said. "You could plop me down in a small village of no more than two hundred people and in no time I'd be organizing them to attack whatever local problems existed. I am very happy when I am working with people." (The Governor repeatedly remarks on how much he loves *people*, as if compelled to remind us that a Rockefeller can.)

Come on, now, a troublemaker insisted; don't you *really* want to be President? "Nobody believes

me," Governor Rockefeller said in that curiously flat nasal twang and with a sigh appropriate to a small boy caught stealing candy, "though I've said it again and again. I really *don't* want to be President." The troublemaker then quoted New Mexico's Governor Dave Cargo quoting Rockefeller when the two had stood on the White House lawn a few weeks earlier: "I think there are a lot of things I could do here, a lot of things I want to do, but I just don't have that drive anymore. Besides, I don't want to put Happy through it."

Governor Rockefeller's eyebrows shot up, the narrow eyes widened. "Dave Cargo said *that*?" Yes; was it true? The Governor looked into his wineglass, slowly turning it, and smiled a little sadly. "I don't remember any such incident," he said. The reporters studied the Governor, waiting, and one or two of the more impatient ones received scowls from their colleagues, for mind reading is a difficult enough art even when you are not dealing with so intensely private a public man. The engines droned and rain slanted against the sealed windows. One of the Governor's assistants, lurching with the sway of the plane, passed up the aisle distributing roast-beef sandwiches. Then, gesturing with his head toward the rear of the aircraft, where his wife sat reading Edith Wharton, Rockefeller said—so low that you had to strain to hear him—"That part about Happy is right. This is a rough and dirty business."

## II

*He's ignored us. If he thinks he can sit on his rump and expect us to come running to him, he's badly mistaken. He's got to forget once in a while that he's a Rockefeller. We've got pride, too.*

GOP Border State Congressman  
in late November 1967

**A**ssuming (as one did both before and after two weeks observing Nelson Rockefeller at work) that at least a small part of the Governor would not run from the Presidency under any circumstances, one must nonetheless stress the fact that his camp probably expects the nomination to chase him more avidly than may be justified.

Richard Nixon—despite losses to John Kennedy and Pat Brown, his feuds with the press, that unsightly five o'clock shadow so irresistible to political cartoonists—goes into this Presidential year more likely to be the party's nominee than any other man. Where Nelson Rockefeller has worked hard against Republican candidates or platforms personally obnoxious to him, Nixon has loyally refrained from causing trouble. Professionals such



as Barry Goldwater, Everett Dirksen, and many a nameless old precinct chairman prefer the smoother intraparty harmony. "In a brokered convention," Nixon himself has said, "Rockefeller would not be a good bet." The GOP convention, with at least fifteen states expected to present presumably ambitious "favorite sons," may be about as brokered as any within memory.

One recent night at the New York Hilton, where he was to speak to the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, Rockefeller frantically waved a staff assistant to the head table. Handing his man a roll call of visiting Congressmen, judges, and Senators, the Governor said, "I've got to publicly recognize these people. Why do you have only their last names on there?" The assistant mumbled that, well, he had assumed the Governor knew the first names of the more prominent men. "I don't know any of these people," Rockefeller said.

Richard M. Nixon (not Richard E., as Governor Rockefeller once introduced him to a crowd) would have known them.

"If Dick Nixon passes through town," a Congressman from the Midwest said to me, "he telephones from the airport. If I'm not in, he'll likely chat with someone on my staff. And I'm not particularly close to Nixon. Rockefeller? I've seen him on television." Similar sentiments were voiced by several young GOP Congressmen who, under guarantees of anonymity, consented to discuss Nixon *vs.* Rockefeller. Although one Congressman judged himself ideologically closer to Rockefeller (and another said he felt "closer in temperament" to him), all expressed a personal preference for Nixon as their nominee. All, however, said that if Nixon could not be nominated, then Rocky would be their second choice.

An Illinois Congressman who went down the line for Goldwater in '64 remarked that he and the top five GOP leaders in his district ("two of whom were so strong for Barry we almost had to bury them when he lost") would warmly support Rockefeller should he be nominated and then volunteered that "we would probably turn to Rockefeller rather than Reagan at a deadlocked convention, purely on the basis of seeking a winner." Hostility toward Rockefeller has lessened among Old Guard Republicans and even some fanatical rightists. Still, the Governor should not persuade himself that all is forgiven. In one office a Congressional press secretary said, "I hope the son-of-a-bitch supports the ticket this time"; his associate commented, "He probably will . . . if he's on it."

"Lately," a Border State Republican said, "we've elected some bright young men to Congress. They've got style, they're educated, they're

concerned. Our leaders in Congress are—well, older and less visionary than we would like. We desperately need leadership from somewhere. I keep reading that Governor Rockefeller has become the great spiritual leader of progressives within our party: he's solving this, he's attacking that, he's proposing another thing. Well, bullshit! He's not leading *us*. He's got these gigantic research projects and fact-finding commissions coming out of his ears in New York; the Rockefeller Foundations spend millions on studies and research—then the Governor doesn't even take a few minutes or a few dollars to have them mailed to us down here where they might be useful.

"We don't understand this. We're interested in the same problems Rockefeller is: poverty, racial upheavals, the urban tangle, lack of a directional foreign policy. Congress attacks problems piecemeal: you build a highway thinking only of traffic. There's no concern with displaced homes or air pollution or conservation of soil, trees, wildlife—though all are interrelated. How do we coordinate? How do we change old Congressional and bureaucratic habits? We spend too much time floundering. We've formed a research group but we can't fund it more than one hundred thousand dollars—that doesn't scratch it. Rockefeller hasn't helped us."

### III

*The Presidency seemed quite beside the point. He is a great man because he is a great character in a novel. Other politicians cannot raise their game enough to make anyone really care about something so fundamental as a constitution; this one can turn a campaign for a bond issue into a desperate adventure.*

Murray Kempton observing Governor Rockefeller, November 1967

**R**ockefeller was going to ride the subway, though from the crush of radio commentators, newspaper men, TV and still cameramen milling in front of his West 55th Street office he might have been taking our first manned rocket to the moon. Les Slote, the Governor's press secretary, passed around mimeographed handouts while hecklers demanded to know when this goddamn show would get on the goddamn road. Someone asked why Rockefeller was going to ride the subway, anyhow. "He hasn't got cab-fare," Slote said. "Read the handout, for Christ sake."

One had expected a Rockefeller press secretary to come off tall and reedy in tweeds, or in a houndstooth jacket with ascot and maybe puffing a briar pipe from Dunhill's; someone good at sailing and

tennis, gamely talking between his perfect teeth as if in the terminal stages of lockjaw but simply too well-bred to complain about it. Les Slote is a Democrat straight out of a middle-class Jewish family in Brooklyn by way of many a smoke-filled room (he was once press secretary to Mayor Robert Wagner) and a Manhattan public-relations firm. More horizontal than vertical in structure, he moves about in a belted trench coat that may have original smudges from the Battle of the Sunken Road, and his cigars, judged on aroma, are as hazardous as the Manhattan air which they help contaminate. He favors ice hockey, Japanese restaurants, Israel, classical music, the St. Regis bar, and so much roughhouse banter that it takes a while to realize that Slote really *is* married to a wounded veteran of the Israeli Army who just happens to be a stunning blonde. If Slote is reluctant for Rockefeller to be quoted on a touchy subject he may respond to questions with such outrageous answers as, "When I'm in the White House, Sir, you will answer for such insolence," or, "You may say that the Governor thinks the Senator is a Fascist pig."

The men around Governor Rockefeller are more freewheeling, the atmosphere more relaxed, than in the troubled past. The Governor once fired a personal photographer in the middle of a plane flight because he took a picture when the Governor did not want one taken. He berated an associate pulling him into a car to keep a campaign schedule: "Don't bother me when I'm talking to people!" Irritated by a question from Gabe Pressman of NBC, Rockefeller turned away from the microphone and snarled at him. Reporters agree that he was defensive, churlish, and sometimes, indeed, arrogant.

Three years ago columnist Dick Schaap wrote: "He seems jumpy, ultra-sensitive, and the men around him seem even more jumpy. They are so anxious to protect the Governor. They are so afraid he will be misquoted. They are so afraid that, somehow, they will slip or he will slip, and he will be exposed in a bad light, and they do not realize that the whole protective atmosphere is more damaging and feeds the charge of arrogance."

Until Les Slote became press secretary, reporters were often locked out of the Governor's press office for no apparent reason. Now they are greeted with glad cries, coffee, and sweet rolls.

On the surface, at least, Rockefeller's temper has cooled; his staff operations are smoother and more human. There is still a certain amount of chariness (the Governor refuses to be privately interviewed unless everything is off-the-record; a personal stenotypist trails about attempting to

take down his every word, cough, or sigh) but nobody acts as if his job might be on the line every waking moment. He has come to treat reporters with a gentlemanly show of cordiality; he may occasionally drop down from his spacious quarters upstairs to inquire after a man's teething child or head cold. Where once any Rockefeller assistant late for a plane flight would have been abandoned on the runway or to unemployment, the Governor recently waited on two tardy stragglers for fifteen minutes without fretting. On that same flight when somebody prepared him a taste of Dubonnet, it was mistakenly poured into a glass half-filled with vodka-martini. Nobody noticed until the Governor took a sip, made a horrid face, and then beckoned a staffer to ask him to "see if this tastes odd." When the mistake was discovered Rockefeller, far from smashing the glass, laughed along with everybody else.

Perhaps the man has been mellowed—or tempered—by time and adversity: political disappointments, the tragic loss in 1961 of his son, Michael, presumed drowned at sea off the New Guinea coast; the nastiness following his remarriage. "One of the advantages of getting older," Rockefeller says at age fifty-nine, "is the loss of fear. I'm not even afraid of not getting what I want."

When he came from his office to lead the battalion of reporters toward the subway, the Governor was beaming. He touched an elbow somewhere, nodded to some newspaperman, hailed others by name. He laughed over remarks that really were not all that comic.

The trip to the BMT station covered only three blocks; even so, it took a half-hour and resembled a convention of gypsies. Sweet little ladies bowled over anything in the paths of their autograph-hunt rushes, teen-agers giggled and screamed, the gentlemen of the press cursed and elbowed for stations in close proximity to the action, bent on recording such gubernatorial pronouncements as, "Hi, there! . . . Good to see you . . . You're very nice . . . Terrific." Winking and hand-shaking up Seventh Avenue, the Governor spoke into a cluster of microphones: "The purpose of my ride is to dramatize the need for subway improvements. If the people of New York support Proposition One—the transportation bond issue—we will have more and better subway trains. I urge all concerned New Yorkers to vote for Proposition One." One took comfort in recalling that the Gettysburg Address hadn't sounded like very much at the time, either.

Rocky confused them in the subway, as would anyone offering a lady a seat or saying good morning to a fellow straphanger. "He's running



for President," a stout matron explained. "Publicity," a swarthy little man decreed. "Why the hell would a millionaire ride the subway unless for publicity?" ("I am riding to dramatize the bond issue," the Governor admitted, "but I rode the subway daily for years. I'm no stranger here.") A Puerto Rican youth shook Governor Rockefeller's hand and possibly his composure in saying, "Thank you, but I'm going to vote for Bill Buckley."

For all the tangle and confusion the Governor's presence caused, he was warmly received. People wrung his hand and begged autographs on the backs of envelopes or magazines. Several solemnly assured him he had their votes for President or reelection. "You are certainly kind," Rockefeller answered, "but what I want is your vote for Proposition One." Above the rattle of BMT trains he shouted explanations that sounded straight off the Teleprompter: "New York stands at the transportation crossroads . . . Two and a half billion for improvements . . . an opportunity to lick this problem before it licks us." Occasionally he stated his case in more personal terms: "You know, it's terrible to be buffeted about, half-suffocating and the victim of grime. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have clean, air-conditioned subway cars?" Rocky made it sound as if everyone would have his own private car without pickpockets, drunks, anonymous perverts, signs proclaiming the miracles of hemorrhoid salves.

A dark and feverish old woman rushed off a car straight into Nelson Rockefeller's arms. She threw hers around his neck and in a thick ac-

cent cried, "I love you." The Governor's embrace was as bearish as her own; for a moment they swayed together there in the stuffy underground. Then they beamed at each other, their noses almost touching, and when Governor Rockefeller began to speak in Spanish the old woman's eyes brimmed with tears. Long after the Governor had moved on to other ecstasies the old woman stood, rooted, looking at the hand that Rockefeller had pressed briefly to his lips. "Nobody gonna believe me," she said repeatedly. "Nobody gonna believe me."

#### IV

*Why, I'd only been in politics about a year—as a professional, that is—and I had a lot to learn. I didn't even know how to talk to the pros. And those pros scared me a little, frankly.*

Nelson Rockefeller on missing  
the GOP Presidential nomination of 1960

When Rockefeller was born on July 8, 1908 (an event recorded on page one of the *New York Times*), he did not enter the world a natural politician. It took him a while to get the hang of personal diplomacy. In various roles under Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower, he perhaps made as many enemies as friends. John Foster Dulles became so convinced that Rockefeller's wheeler-dealing would wreck the U. N.'s original charter sessions in San Francisco that for days he refused to speak to him; years later, Dulles almost automatically opposed any idea that he suspected originating with Rocky. Harry Truman



reluctantly fired Rockefeller as Under Secretary of State after his top man in State, James F. Byrnes, forced him to choose between the two of them. At one time or another in Washington, Rockefeller offended Cordell Hull, Averell Harriman, Alger Hiss, and Herbert Hoover, Jr.

Nor was Rockefeller always admired in the business world. His policies as a young executive inspired charges that Rockefeller Center's special concessions to tenants unfairly lured them away from other landlords hard-pressed by the Depression. Later, following a tour of South America, young Rockefeller startled and irritated Standard Oil executives by lecturing them on the failures of corporations doing foreign business. Profit, he told them, wasn't everything; they must "live up to social responsibility."

In his first campaign for Governor, against Averell Harriman in 1958, Rockefeller perhaps too clearly informed the GOP National Committee that he did not wish its help. His decision to confine the campaign to state issues—rather than to defend the Eisenhower Administration—cannot be faulted because, after all, he won an election by 567,000 votes that few expected him to win. Rockefeller's methods were far from tactful, however. He angered Vice President Nixon by neither greeting him nor sending an associate to receive him when Nixon visited New York. He replied in such lukewarm terms to an offer from President Eisenhower to campaign in his behalf that Ike—who suffers rebuffs only at the price of great personal pain—knew that he had been rebuffed.

Seeing the easy, expert way in which Rockefeller moves among the common herd these days, one almost forgets that it was not always so. In that first campaign he habitually greeted everyone as "Hi, Fella," and unless your name happened to be Fella this somehow came off condescending. Though he duly learned to eat blintzes, bagels, and pizza slices for the camera, he often looked as if he would have preferred dining alone. For all his initial stiffness, he still had that certain chemistry—that spark or magic or charisma or presence—that mysteriously exists between some few public men and the masses. Even a Rockefeller, if he does not have it, cannot buy it. Learning that he had this gift relaxed Nelson Rockefeller. Soon he came to regard campaigning as a pleasant experience.

In 1959, taking national soundings for his party's 1960 Presidential nomination, Governor Rockefeller discovered that a rapport with the masses was one thing; meaningful communication with the pros was another. Some "Nixon can't win" talk then existed—and would grow after

President Eisenhower bumbly said that "given a week" he might be able to name a specific contribution made by his Vice President. But when Rockefeller sallied forth full of enthusiasm and innocence, he walked into many a Nixon-baited trap.

In New Hampshire, when Rockefeller attended a press conference where a pro-Nixon Governor was host, party workers partial to the Vice President packed the room to ask Governor Rockefeller tougher and far ruder questions than the press. The heckling shocked Rockefeller, who had accepted the assurances of New Hampshire friends that he would be warmly received in the state where he had attended college (Dartmouth, '30) and presumed himself popular; he departed shaken. When he arrived in Chicago, Governor Rockefeller was greeted by absolutely nobody, got to his hotel alone, and found a disappointingly small number of reporters on hand for a press conference. At a press luncheon the next day he mentioned the "six greatest areas of national concern"—and was roundly castigated when he somehow failed to list agriculture, though he was speaking in the Midwest farmlands. At Los Angeles, local politicians introduced him while he stood under a giant picture of Nixon. The dubious high point in Texas came when Sam Rayburn, a Democrat, appeared "to let Nelson know he has friends in Texas." Everywhere Governor Rockefeller was privately told by GOP heads that their money and their votes, if not their hearts, were pledged to Nixon. These humiliations led Rockefeller to perhaps his greatest political mistake—the statement of December 1959, that "I am not, and shall not be, a candidate for nomination for the Presidency. This decision is definite and final."

In retrospect, Rockefeller seems to have jumped too soon. Months later, Eisenhower would continue to create doubts about Nixon's worth as his successor (he hardly campaigned for him at all). One who worked several states for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket recalls the optimism that seized his camp, and the despair of his Republican friends, as the feeling became widespread that Nixon just didn't have it. Rockefeller, however, had painted himself into a corner. He failed to take into account that conditions might change. He had not done his grass-roots work. He was too easily discouraged by pro-Nixon shows staged for his benefit in alien places.

Mention this period and Governor Rockefeller makes brave sounds about never fretting over the past. Yet there must be long weekend nights, in the rich quiet of his Pocantico Hills estate, when he replots that old political course anew. For he



admits that his inexperience caused blunders, and he must know that John F. Kennedy—given his narrow win over Nixon—expressed doubts that he could have defeated Rockefeller in 1960. The Governor lost the political initiative in those last days of 1959. For all his scrabbling since he has never quite regained it.

## V

*No chance. The Governor doesn't mix his public life with his private one. Forget it.*

Rockefeller man to a reporter seeking to observe Nelson Rockefeller in his private surroundings

**I**t is easy to report the surface facts about Rockefeller the private man—to recite those personal little habits stressed in profiles written about great men: that he loves ice cream, takes vitamin pills, drinks only wine and that in moderation, smokes not at all, delights in his collection of modern art (Klee, Léger, Shahn, Picasso), and that he always takes care, for all his millions, to claim the correct change from taxi-drivers.

But saying anything meaningful about what goes on in his inner mind or being—or even in his home—is next to impossible. There is a self-imposed reserve about the man, a private coolness of the soul, that mocks the informal nickname “Rocky” and that not only seems impossible to penetrate but discourages the interloper even from really trying. One has known other politicians (Lyndon Johnson, for example) who under the influence of stimulants, the autumn moon, or some sudden whim, pour out their fears and hopes and end up asking for their companions’ prayers. Over the years there comes to many public men the moment when they no longer truly know what is for real and what is for show. Somewhere in all the wild exhaustions indigenous to politics, they lose sight of the Law of Self: that we are two-sided creatures, each of us, with a side to show the world and a side to preserve from it. Quite without knowing it, such men merge their private beings into the public men so that the former simply cease to exist. Governor Rockefeller will never know this rather pathetic fate. He is almost ruthlessly dedicated to preserving his private self.

Rockefeller’s enigmatic nature is reinforced by a private interview. Not only must the writer swear (as a condition of gaining a hearing) that he will not directly quote the Governor, nor attribute to him, nor even hint that certain subjects were discussed, one often has the feeling that even under these protective conditions the Governor is

walking one on a verbal treadmill. “I am really going to trust you on this,” he says, then follows by a statement that is neither explosive nor revealing. Even those Rockefeller pronouncements that seem full of hot matter at the time of utterance grow cool and less satisfying when notes are read in a less heady atmosphere—or prove to have been said on the record at some earlier date.

On those matters in which he has no record of specific performance—as with the sticky question of Vietnam—one is largely abandoned to conjecture when considering what sort of President he might be. He has been generally depicted as supporting LBJ’s basic position on Vietnam, though a careful reading of his public statements fails to find any such commitment. His comments have been limited to mild generalities implying that he opposes “communist aggression”—but, with the possible exception of Ho Chi Minh, who doesn’t? (“There’s a technique when you don’t want to be committed to something,” Governor Rockefeller has said, “of talking around it. I’ve done it myself.”) Given his performance in the State Department,\* his belief that almost anything can be solved by negotiation, and his confidence in himself in the peacemaker’s role (“I fancy myself an excellent negotiator. I love it. It is, I think, my one natural talent”), one senses that Rockefeller, as President, would be greatly tempted to seek extraction from Vietnam. He is known to believe that negotiations must begin with recognition of “the other fellow’s problems,” that mutual trust and confidence must be built up before negotiations are meaningful, and that certain concessions must always be made in return for other concessions. Applied to Vietnam, this must mean that he would spend a long period of time—perhaps a year—in refraining from saber-rattling speeches or even that he would cease bombing North Vietnam in an effort to create an atmosphere favorable to negotiations. It would probably also mean a rough period for him on the home political front, with cries from hawks that the war had stagnated (or was being lost) and other noises from the doves that useless bloodshed was continuing unabated.

Domestically, one can fairly predict what direction a Rockefeller Administration might take simply by tracing his record as Governor. New York has appropriated more money under Rockefeller for transportation improvements and water-pollution programs than any other state—or the

\*He was solicitous of the problems of Latin-American countries under Roosevelt and Truman, recommended Eisenhower’s “open skies” plan, and generally opposed the Dulles “hard line.”

federal government. Rockefeller has committed 45 per cent of the state budget to education, emphasized urban renewal (Albany is now getting a \$500-million face-lifting) and outdoor recreation projects, and recently proposed the toughest gun-control law in the country. His medical-aid program is the nation's most generous, and he has proposed a compulsory national health-insurance plan. He recently called a conference of more than a hundred leading industrialists, college presidents, publishers, government officials, and sociologists to recommend new solutions to welfare problems.\* He thinks that poverty and welfare programs have failed because they have not "involved" the poor, and believes that no truly effective schemes toward correcting ghetto evils have even been proposed.

That Rockefeller would be a "strong" President can hardly be disputed. Those who recall his defiance of the GOP at the Goldwater convention four years ago, and the "surrender" he forced Dick Nixon into on the 1960 Republican platform, think that he might even be an overbearing one. There are hints in the Rockefeller record, however, that he would not be the 100 per cent knee-jerk liberal that some might hope and others might fear. Though he has established a sales tax and raised the state income tax, he has yet to put his hand into corporate pocketbooks. He denounced, in 1962, the U. S.-Russia test-ban treaty on nuclear weapons. He favors more wire-tapping authority for police. Nor is his judgment infallible: one of his first acts of office, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. has pointed out, was to abolish an Averell Harriman commission to study the causes and remedies of poverty. And he once proposed, as a man who has never worried about meeting the rent bill might, that every family in New York be required to construct a home bomb shelter.

## VI

*If you had stood in front of that convention in 1964, you wouldn't think you were going to be nominated this time either.*

Nelson Rockefeller in October 1967

**Y**ou can sit and listen to Nelson Rockefeller say that he does not want to be President, that he is happy and fulfilled, and that if he never had a dime he'd be rich as you know who, and after a

\*Ghetto pickets, demonstrating for the right to be represented at the conference, were incensed when the Governor ignored them and his State Troopers arrested a dozen of their number for crossing a restraining barrier.

while—watching the brow wrinkle in sincerity, the little blue eyes drilling right in—you can almost believe that sunny-side-of-the-street jazz. Then somebody on what the campaign flyers call "The Rockefeller Team" forgets all the denials of record and in a moment of weakness speaks of the Governor's nomination as merely "possible" rather than "probable," and suddenly you note that their arms are waving and they are talking louder or faster and you realize that the Big Dream has sneaked up on them again. Some of the men close to Rockefeller pulsate with it, and they cannot hide it by jokes or disclaimers. And though he himself may claim that he loses sleep over neither the past nor the future, one comes away convinced that hope whispers in Nelson Rockefeller, too—feebly, perhaps, but stronger than a year ago, two years ago.

The Rockefeller camp knows that as an announced candidate the Governor would be a divisive force within the GOP, subject to partisan ires and dangerous Republican primaries. "Rocky doesn't have to prove that *he* can win," his partisans say smugly.\* On the record, of course, Governor Rockefeller is supporting Romney; he has propped Romney up with staff help, research services, and kind words. Rockefeller's supporters, however, fear that Romney is sinking so fast that Nixon will find him easy pickings in the Presidential primaries and thus reach Miami in a commanding position. (Politics is a game of opposing fears: a pro-Nixon Congressman fretted that Romney's collapse may be so complete that Nixon won't prove anything much by beating him.)

Should Romney dramatically revive to thrash Nixon, why then, of course, it is all over. That isn't likely to happen, pro-Rockefeller hopefuls say, and then go on to enumerate the many evils that could befall Nixon: he could be scarred enough by primary defeats or close shaves to throw further doubt on his ability to win; Lyndon B. Johnson could perk up in the polls as campaign time approaches and thus show Nixon as more of a risk than the GOP would want; Nixon will reinforce his loser's image at Miami unless he can be nominated no later than the second ballot; he could fall in the bathtub.\*\*

\*They do not point out, however, that in New York the Governor's winning margin of 567,000 in 1958 fell slightly to 529,000 in 1962 and to 400,000 in 1966—and that in the 1966 campaign the estimates are that he spent \$10 million of his own money.

\*\*Some friends of Rockefeller believe that Nixon may have trouble being nominated early because fifteen states will present "favorite sons"—and several of these will be commanded by Governors friendly to Rockefeller.



With Nixon and Romney out of the way—the hopeful reasoning goes—only Rockefeller, Senator Charles Percy of Illinois, and Governor Ronald Reagan remain. Percy is given short shrift; he is too inexperienced and an unknown quantity. That would leave the likelihood of a Rockefeller-Reagan showdown at a convention where approximately half the delegates will be those who nominated Goldwater—and booed Rockefeller—in 1964. A visitor to Rockefeller's offices remarked that since Goldwater would almost certainly back Reagan in such a circumstance, and a frustrated Nixon very well might, a dubious fate would apparently await the Governor of New York. Well, he was told, the Republicans could nominate another dull troglodyte if they wished another defeat. The choice would be that simple.

## VII

*Yeah, this is really Fun City. This morning a guy called wanting Governor Rockefeller as "a national leader" to fly out to Arizona to settle some labor strike. And yesterday some schmuck who's invented a rubber bumper for cars was in here trying to peddle it to the State of New York.*

Press Secretary Les Srote on life in the Governor's office

Governor Rockefeller was headed back for his office, stretching his steps out because he was running late again. He had just made another promotional subway tour (this one with Mayor John Lindsay, the Mayor somehow seeming stiff and ill at ease, the Governor taking command by directing who should stand where during pictures). As he hurried along he complained about lack of time. "Govern this state for a while," he said, "and you won't be afraid of any job in the world." He talked about the ghettos, lamenting the lack of any ready answers. "We've got to get those people involved," he said. "I think it's our most pressing problem." And then he said a curious thing: "You know, there's an entirely different class of people that ride the subway now and that rode it a few years ago. You see so many minority groups now . . ." Then another thought intruded, and he turned to instruct an assistant about certain telephone calls.

On a corner near the Governor's office a woman silently distributed handbills with the fluid motions of an experienced street-corner evangelist. Governor Rockefeller paused and reached out a hand: "What have we here?" The handbill lady's composure faded. "Oh!" she cried, as if stricken. Then: "Please . . . Mr. Rockefeller . . . help us!"

"I'll surely try," the Governor said, smiling and accepting a handbill. He walked on, reading. After a moment he said, looking mildly distressed, "Oh my!"

The handbill said, "Governor Rockefeller has refused to recognize our association as the bargaining agent for all state workers although we are unquestionably entitled to recognition . . . Our livelihood is in jeopardy because of the Governor's failure to grant us what is ours by law . . . The evidence [as to why] we should be recognized as collective-bargaining agent has been in the hands of the Governor since September 1, yet not one word regarding our request has been forthcoming." The Governor shook his head. "Because I haven't made up my mind," he said to the handbill.

He ended the march down Fifth Avenue and turned the corner onto West 55th Street. Chaos. Harried policemen shoved and pushed to maintain order while a thousand or more pickets representing the Civil Service Employees Association hooted and milled in the street, chanting for the Governor to come out. When they saw him coming up the street they surged forward; there was a frightening crush, a wave of bodies, and the Governor was forced against a wall. Within seconds the policemen cleared a small circle for Rockefeller and he stood in the temporary clearing talking to a half-dozen pickets at the head of the wedge.

"Will you help us?" one asked.

"I haven't made my decision on this," the Governor said. "You know, the other organization is putting the pressure on too. I'll reach my decision soon. And I promise you I'll be very fair."

One of the pickets, raising his voice to be heard in the noisy stone canyon, asked whether the Governor would listen to his organization's side of the story. "Of course," the Governor said. "Would your leaders like to come inside and talk with me now?" The message was called back through the crowd, repeated, relayed, and a smatter of applause began as several leaders were pushed forward.

The policemen helped extract three leaders from the crush. Rockefeller moved to his office door, opening it, motioning his guests inside. He turned then, and smiled, and waved to the crowd. And a roar went up, a sudden, spontaneous sound that rose in concert with his gesture, as if he were, indeed, a concertmaster directing them. He stood a moment, raised both arms over his head as Eisenhower used to do, and then he turned to duck into the door and was gone. Behind him, in the streets, the people who had come to picket and challenge him cheered and cheered and cheered.

# ON MANNERS, MUSIC, AND MORTALITY

*an interview with Igor Stravinsky*

"To avenge the wrongs of our time . . . the wounds of Igor." —*The Song of Igor's Campaign* (Nabokov translation)

**H**arper's: *Your New York appearances have become rare, Mr. Stravinsky. The cancellation of the recent Carnegie Hall concerts was a great disappointment to us.*

**I.S.:** The city itself is hazardous for me now. I started on a walk one afternoon during my last visit, but the wind was so strong I had to lean against walls and hold on to No Parking signs. A Meter Maid was soon watching me censoriously, no doubt thinking I was drunk. Then a young man approached, not to offer help, as I expected, but to ask for an autograph. To oblige him I inched my way like a mountain climber out of the Sixty-first Street wind-tunnel and back into the hotel lobby, where I duly signed my name. But the absence of any sense of the absurd in this collector, or dealer in disguise, left me so out of spirits I did not try to resume my wind-blown promenade.

**Harper's:** *Newspaper accounts of the cancellation said you had been in the hospital.*

**I.S.:** True. I did a two-week stretch because of a gastric ulcer—a "benign" one in medicalese, but if it isn't "benign" you are as good as, or maybe already, dead. The doctors attributed the lesion to too much alcoholic vasodilation, but of course their report mentioned only the alcohol part and omitted the virtuous intentions. I was not greatly worried at first, and my presentiments that the real trouble might lie further upstream, that in fact I might be headed for the rapids, were aroused only by the sudden bedside manner of certain music critics. But it was only an ulcer. And I recovered more

quickly from it than from the hospital for ailing philanthropists to which I was sent. There the meters started to tick when I broke the electric beam of the front door, the pills came with my name on them, and the bill might still have to be paid by a charity ball.

But seriously, penitential orders, Desert Fathers and such, seeking to update their mortifications could hardly find more ingenious exemplars than in a modern hospital. My day began at ca. 5:00 A.M. with an urgent and for some reason unpostponable mopping of the cell. (Once it began even earlier, when the television started by itself.) From then until "lights out," when I was regularly awakened and told it was time to sleep, I remained constantly, even ulceratingly vigilant to avoid being injected with someone else's medicines, nearly having been fatally so injected during another hospital siege some years before. As it was, not many fakirs can have been so often stuck, jabbed, poked, punctured, perforated; and considering that loss of blood was the reason for my incarceration in the first place, the further withdrawals seemed remarkably copious and frequent. I also swallowed, was pumped with, breathed, absorbed through the pores, an impressive variety and volume of medications; and was between times tourniqueted for blood pressure, radiologically sensitized, laxitized, squeezed, thumped, and subjected to much "laying on of hands."

The hospital was partly audio-tactile, the patient being obliged to address his pleas to wall-tubes sieve-ended like the speaking grills in confessional boxes, and then wait for the answers to boom back at him from the ceiling like flight announcements. This ceiling voice reminding me to drink my milk



was a torture worse than the milk itself, I might add, my tongue becoming ermine-coated at the first crackle of the sound system, as if it were in one of Pavlov's hounds. And some of the humans were as automated as the automata. One of them brought Jello three times a day and another yogurt, but so far as I could discover, neither did anything else. At first I assumed that this arrangement had been devised to safeguard easily overtaxed brains, but now I suspect that there weren't any (brains) and that all cerebral zones except those controlling Jello and yogurt deliveries had been surgically removed. I now wonder, too, since these automatons had been programed to clear away empty but not unconsumed dishes, how long it took to discover a certain forty or so uneaten jars of Jello in my closet.

My own nurses were not yet automated, and in fact one of them was so old-fashioned that she drew a curtain around my bed before giving me B-12 shots *in the arm!* Her sense of delicacy in keeping me informed on the new diseases caused by the new medicines was less acute, but she *did* teach me an effective sleep-inducing formula: gamma globulin, hemoglobin, balneotherapy, the threshold of pain, the front door of pain, pain itself . . . ZZZZZZ.

My love of pain-killers has now been confirmed, incidentally, and if I had been a "terminal" patient (meaning you know what), I would not have supported the anti-drug lobbyists who claim to be "entitled" to their deaths. (As soon as I am on the loose again, in fact, I plan to join the flower people.) A mere three doses of morphine were enough to hook me, and to increase my allowance of Demerol I began to "put" the doctors "on." Finally I have been able to kick the colchicine habit—shared by gophers, incidentally—through the irrelevant but disquieting knowledge that it splits chromosomes in plant cells; but Darvon is still prescribed, and I am therefore, temporarily, a legal addict.

My recovery has now been certified, but I still feel like Amfortas and suffer giddiness at moments as if I had stepped from a ferris wheel. I have become a milk dipsomaniac, too, and pharmacology continues to be my "life style." Worst of

all, the retreating ulcer left a booby trap of digital gout. The pains are difficult to accustom to, being both erratic and pedantic, as well as so strong at times (I do not believe Aubrey's account of Milton singing in his "gout fits": he was more likely howling) that I am no longer certain of being "an artist to my fingertips." It is almost impossible to hatch any new music for the moment, as you see, and absolutely impossible to do so at the piano, the gout having robbed me of my dexterity.

**Harper's:** Only "almost," Mr. Stravinsky?

**I.S.:** I am composing, or thinking about continuing to compose, a set of pieces provisionally titled *Etudes, Inventions, and a Sonata*. Only two sections, both ante-ulcer, are completed. I hope the plural does not prove to have been overoptimistic.

## II

"Of Paradys ne can I not speken propurly for I was not there." —Mandeville

"...for months together, vast, wet, melancholy fogs arise and come shoreward from the ocean . . . it is always sad." —Robert Louis Stevenson on California (1880)

**Harper's:** Why do you live in Los Angeles, Mr. Stravinsky?

**I.S.:** I migrated there for my health, originally, or in other words for the same reason I am now advised to leave, the effects of smog—the phlegm in this interview among them—currently being estimated as the equivalent damage of two packs of cigarettes a day; the poet's "Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat" takes on a literal meaning in Los Angeles. I had been considering La Paz as the next step, not because I had a message for Garcia, or Guevara, or anyone, but because gastric ulcers are almost unknown there, owing to what is thought to be the "benign" influence of altitude on the gastric enzymes.

**Harper's:** But is Los Angeles really so different, or is it merely that certain forms of social behavior are developing there ahead of the rest of the world?

**I.S.:** The latter; unless by ahead you mean in the real sense, *i.e.*, retrogressing faster. Los Angeles is well ahead (meaning behind) in, for example, such relatively minor developments as the cinematizing of politics; and in the matter of fads—the current ones are decal tattooing and silicon rejuvenating (with which, to adapt Eliot, most over-forty faces that you meet have been prepared)—it hot-rod pace-sets the world. But the city is also undeniably ahead in such fairly important developments as the changeover, men to women, women to men, and in the elimination of death.

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*Since 1959 Robert Craft, who conducted this interview, has collaborated with his friend the great composer Igor Stravinsky on five books. Mr. Craft's most recent publications are the texts for Arnold Newman's book of photographs "Igor Stravinsky" and for a facsimile edition of the sketches of "Le Sacre du Printemps." A recording of Schoenberg's opera "Von Heute auf Morgen," conducted by Mr. Craft, will be released in February.*

Dying in Los Angeles seems to be only remotely, if at all, connected with death. According to the notices of burial bargains all over the city, in any case, the only question involved is that of tidying up a few problems (namely your remains) which, thanks to certain altruistic business services, can be arranged by a telephone call and then put out of mind. In the past these advertisements have struck me as merely ribald, except in the center page of Philharmonic program books where they were usually quite fitting; and on bus-stop benches where, buses being the transportation of elderly poor people, they are cruel. But I see them now as the logical end of the local philosophy of life (meaning death). By taking the funereal out of funerals, and with it the nonsense about bereavement (as well as the sense of a "supreme irony," and lingering superstitions about a "victory over the grave"); by substituting the movie-style fade-out for the baroque-style celebration with trumpets, elegies, and marble tombs; in short, by connecting the transaction to negotiables, and reducing it to a supermarket service, death itself becomes in some measure less unknowable. And this, I think, is why the moribund take such a lively interest in ascertaining the relative advantages of cremation (as there is no "sting" so there can be no "putrescence" and no "worms") *versus* Pharaonic preservation ("keeping up appearances"); and in securing the most favorable installment ("pay now, go later") terms.

The trans-sexual trend, or switching of sexual roles, is hardly less interesting, but more difficult to follow because sociology is switching as well. At first, the new *nacktkultur* was classified, presumably by unvested interests, as merely the latest manifestation of the visual-tactile revolution, but now, probably under pressure from the Garment Industry, the same experts tend to see it as a reactive phenomenon. The nude waitress is a sexual suffragette, the new argument runs, a die-hard demonstrator in the cause of the old-style binary design of the sexes.

However that issue is decided, the sexual acculturation of the rest of the world sags furthest behind Los Angeles in the free exposure of the American former-male's mammary fixations. And by this I mean not only the topless restaurant, but the ice cream parlor as well; for at the time of day when the Frenchman downs his *marc* or his Pernod, the adult Angeleno male, a parent, it may be, of consenting daughters majoring in sun-tanning at UCLA, is himself ensconced in a milk pub sucking an ice cream soda. (Let me remind you that my own present incontinencies in the matter of milk do not stem from the same cause, which is

that of not being properly "fed-up" as an infant.) But what of the mammalogical future? What, after a few centuries of natural selection, will the Supergirl foldout of A.D. 2500 look like, taking as outside measurements of progress the Eves of a Cranach or Clouet and *Playboy*?

(I sometimes wonder whether *au nature* restaurant service is very beneficial to digestion. For instance, do lower-area exposures, if not in themselves then strategically, exert any effect on the course of digestive juices? And does anyone ever inadvertently order a tomato or a figleaf? Music appears to have entered the bottomless era, too, incidentally, not in the sense of profundity, of course, but in the actual use of the anatomical surfaces for musical notations, as in the film *Night Games*.)

### III

"... a few are riding but the rest have been run over." —*Thoreau*

"A personal God . . . who loves us dearly with some exceptions for reasons unknown."  
—*Waiting for Godot*

"Is it possible that Shakespeare should be forced to accuse himself of ignorance of the 'ism'?"

Is it possible that Stravinsky should be dragged through screaming streets with a pail of garbage on his white hair?"

—*Voznesensky, March 1967*

**Harper's:** Are you aware of a "gap" between yourself and the young, Mr. Stravinsky?

**I.S.:** Judging from a news program that I happened to watch for a moment last night and that may have had the effect of reopening my ulcer, an Arizona-size canyon divides me from practically everyone else. The telecast began with an announcement about overpopulation that included statistics like "7.2 people," which are as horrifying to me as Shylock's knife; by the end of the century the expression "joined the majority" will mean born rather than died. This was followed by a foregone revelation by Mrs. Alliluyeva, that victim of the newspapers, first by exploitation, then by criticism for failing to be the edifying author they alone pretended she was; they are doubtless trying to arrange for the defection of Mao's mother even as we talk. (But as Mrs. Alliluyeva's real appeal is as an exiled princess, a kind of Communist Anastasia—the denomination makes little difference here—we may expect her to find a new career among the Beautiful People; democratizing Americans—the Ugly People, by their own inference—love nothing quite so much as phony royalty.)



Then in that alternately serious and facetious, man-to-man and man-to-woman (and denture-setting-on-edge) tone, the newscaster read the latest toll of our "anti-personnel" (i.e. anti-people) bombs. This included some non-Communists killed by mistake, though happily, in their case, the next-of-kin will be reimbursed, so the announcer promised, at the \$34 going price *per* non-Communist corpse. And so far from any trace of doubt underlying this specious recital, the computerized price-fixing of lives and the paying for them as hunters are paid for pelts was made to sound like a matter for handshakes all around. I switched off at this point for the sake of my ulcer, though in truth the promise of a "roundup" of cultural events, meaning a movie closing, and a prediction concerning tomorrow's smog, did not tempt me.

The "gap" between myself and the protesting young, to stop editorializing and return to your question, is only as deep as my furrows compared to the chasm separating me from anyone who can be so mendaciously mouthed to. In fact, as the Sunset Strip, that dry Ganges for hippie holies (immersions in water not being in their line) is only a few steps from me, I shall probably apply for membership among the young Hindus myself. As for their elders, it hardly seems to be worth asking whether they know what became of humanity. (P.S.: Voznesensky must have been thinking of Stokowski. I am bald.)

#### IV

"Claudio Monteverdi, in moving the affections . . . becomes the most pleasant tyrant of human minds." —*Aquilino Coppini (1608)*

**H**arper's: *A picture of Monteverdi is conspicuous in the photographs of your workroom, Mr. Stravinsky. What are your thoughts about him in this quatercentenary?*

**I.S.:** I keep the portrait of him by my piano because I feel very close to him. But isn't he the first musician to whom we *can* feel very close? The scope of his music, both as emotion and architecture (parts of the same thing), is a new dimension compared to which the grandest conceptions, and the most estrual ardors and dolours of his predecessors, shrink to the status of miniatures. The man himself, in for instance Goretti's description of his habits of composing and conversation while at Parma, as well as in his own letters, with their moodiness, anxieties about shortage of time, complaints of migraines, sounds not only strikingly contemporary to me but even, if I may say so, rather *like* me.

To me the progressivist sense in the labeling of

the great composer's First and Second Practices has been reversed, as the forward-looking and backward-looking have sometimes done. I mean by this that the older polyphonic style, with its explorations of rhythm and contrapuntal tensions (those suspending seconds in the *Gloria* of the *Magnificat à 7*), sounds even newer now than the harmonic novelties of the declamatory style. But I concede, through a recent discovery of my own, that the most modern effect of all did undoubtedly occur in the Second Practice. A newly published [1966] letter indicates that Monteverdi must have had something very like *Sprechstimme* in mind for a scene in a lost dramatic work. At any rate that is how I read his phrase "*a parlar nel modo come se l'avesse a cantare*."

If I marvel at Monteverdi's rhythmic inventions first, it is partly because I have worked all my life in the same directions (at least), and they are therefore part of my psychometrics as a composer. I know of no music before or since the *Sonata Sopra Sancta Maria* in which accentual and metrical variation and irregularity are so felicitously exploited; and no more subtle rhythmic construction of any kind than that which is set in motion at the beginning of the *Laudate Pueri*—when the music is sung according to the verbal accents instead of the *tactus* or the editor's bar-lines. On the other hand, a listener gratified primarily by rich harmonies would naturally find the almost purely rhythmic interest of the *Dixit Dominus* monotonous. I relish that canonic monotony myself, and the simple drop to G-minor at the "*Gloria Patri*," after the long A-minor, is as powerful a musical earthquake as the three unmodulated plunges in tonality of the first theme of the *Eroica*.

One of the greatest honors of my life was the invitation to introduce two of my own works in rooms hallowed by *il divino Claudio*, the *Canticum Sacrum* in the Basilica di San Marco, and *Threni* ("*I Treni*" the *New York Times* called the opus, as if it had come from the same track as *Pacific 231*) in the Scuola di San Rocco.

But in Mantua, the Monteverdi associations impressed me less than Isabella d'Este's music room, that monument to the high condition of music in the Gonzaga court both of an earlier time and as a whole: miracle that the occurrence of Monteverdi was, a highly developed language awaited him. But then, *no* musical association of that most romantic palace in the world is as haunting as the Gonzagas themselves, at least in Mantegna's frescoes where they all seem to be on a poppy mandragora "trip"; Lodovico himself is unable to retract more than half of his eyelids for sheer drugged drowsiness.

V

"The third, doubtless a serving-man,  
Carries a musical instrument."

—Yeats: *Lapis Lazuli*

**Harper's:** *What can we learn or borrow from art patronage systems of other times, Mr. Stravinsky?*

**I.S.:** Little, except to try to improve the taste of individuals, for example by teaching the piper-payers some of the tunes. Patronage systems are of course not abstractable from social and belief systems as wholes. Nevertheless, one rather consequential difference may be noted between the ruling-class culture of our own and, say, Monteverdi's time. It is that art was important, in fact very near the center of life, to the heads of church and state who were Monteverdi's patrons, and who—though this is a subordinate differentiation—were able as a class to exercise trained judgment on the qualities of architects, sculptors, painters, poets, composers. Now certainly no one would dare to accuse any high officeholder in our (Johnsonian) Golden Age of even the slightest interest in art, at least not without incurring the risk of libel action. Art, to our middle-class millionaire politicians, is something to be collected and dowered, which is part of the reason why our yachting millionaires and racehorse millionaires include so many French Impressionist millionaires but so few musical millionaires: the tangible, resalable musical artifacts are comparatively insignificant.

Nor are the cultural economics of other societies more instructive, except for drawing still more invidious comparisons. We can learn from them that musicians have not always been starvelings, or in such undemanded supply as they are now. In Sophoclean Greece, for example, musicians' salaries were fixed by law (*cf.* Sifakis's *Studies in the History of Hellenistic Drama*). And in Greece, as well as at Mantua, and Esterhazy, and Monticello (Virginia), they seem to have been regulated by merit.

To recur to the trained-judgment question, if Haydn was hired help, at least his employers did him the honor of knowing something of and about his work. Jefferson was a musically cultivated man, by the way, and though he appears to have been a difficult source of income to his orchestra-players (demanding that they should also be gardeners, etc.), he spent a far greater share of his money on music than the "eleven cents out of every hundred dollars of disposable income" (according to the Twentieth Century Fund survey) that his fellow countrymen are now squandering on the "performing arts."

**Harper's:** *What are musical artifacts?*

**I.S.:** The marketable commodities. Publicity is the largest, but the manuscript trade is brisk, and letters and "associational objects" (soap from hotels where the artist has stayed, etc.) are coming along. This switching of the price tags from the functioning talent to souvenirs of its penmanship (my own manuscripts have always fetched far more than I received for writing the *music* in them), from the actual delectation of a piece of music to a collector's association with its author through an autograph album, accounts for a large part of art commerce. And composers are valued now less for their actual composing function than as committee-sitters, meeting-attenders, and teachers. In fact most of them, including one great one, have been and still are too poor to afford the time from teaching to compose. The great one illustrates another aspect of my argument, incidentally, in that a university has recently put up a museum to exhibit his pocketknife, underwear, and last cigar ash, no doubt having paid more bounteously for the least of these relics than the composer received for all of his music. When you consider what a thousand dollars won't buy nowadays think about that thousand-dollar commission on which a good composer must work for a year or two.

As for "associational objects," not long ago I tried to give away a fur coat which I had worn for a number of years, but which was still in good condition. I failed to find anyone chilly enough, however, and even the Salvation Army turned it down. At this point a Foundation scout heard about this garment of no *useful* value, and the issue of it is that my old *shuba* is now enshrined at the Paris Conservatory (its conveyance there doubtless having incurred some substantial entries on a number of expense accounts). And it is the same with my music as with my overcoat. My new composition will serve musical commerce less for its real value of musical content than for its consumer value as publicity, meaning its use as a premiere. But for the new artist, publicity has become almost the only value, and he must be a publicist himself before all else.

**Harper's:** *And Foundation patronage, Mr. Stravinsky?*

**I.S.:** Foundations are tax-escape systems and as such their money has been diverted from society as a whole; certainly more pressing social needs exist than some so-called art activity. It seems unreasonable to complain about that, however, in view of other wastes compared to which all expenditures for art are as "peanuts." And, anyway, money is not the only ingredient; to have sub-



sidized a Bach, or Fulbrighted a Beethoven would have done no good at all. Money may kindle but it cannot by itself, for very long, burn. (Conscience money may smolder for a while, though.)

**Harper's:** *Do you think that society undervalues artists?*

**I.S.:** For their art, yes. Otherwise, it is the contrary, which is why their opinions about matters beyond their competence are publicized (*viz.* this interview). But intelligence and virtue do not occur together in natural incidence with artistic talent, as popularly supposed, nor can *good* artists have the time to know very much about anything except their work. The political wisdom of painters, actors, cellists, composers continues to be propagated, nevertheless, and in spite of such an example as Bertrand Russell, who really *was* intelligent, ethical, elevated, but who advised us to drop the bomb on Russia. In truth, artists and "intellectuals" can be as foolish and dangerous as professional politicians, and so far from being morally superior to other people, they are, owing to their exceptional vanity and egotism, often a shade worse.

## VI

"To occupy the sense of hearing . . . with many noises." —*The Imperfections of Modern Music* (1600)

**Harper's:** *Is there a talent famine, Mr. Stravinsky?*

**I.S.:** Not of small talent, if sheer volume means anything. But I must hold my tongue. I am a dropout myself, no longer being able to attend the picnics of those small, ingrown, and not always saturnalian new-music groups through whose offices, nevertheless, a talent of any size would most likely *have* to appear. My opinions have been formed entirely from the tapes and scores I receive in the mail. (The scores, by the way, are for the most part verbal descriptions and diagrams, some of which I suspect of being fashion-market research charts in the literal as well as graphic sense.) This method has yielded nothing enticing of late, though I may have learned something from it about certain operations of chance. My discoveries about aleatory are not so much that it doesn't make any difference but that in not making any difference it still sounds very much the same. In other words, the infinite range of possibilities between those *à la mode* landslides of noise which neither man nor beast can unscramble (I say nothing about machines), and those equally *à la mode* silences, is in practice a small and patented area of cliché. And I say this not forgetting that the harvest of my mailbox is also an aleatory. But

do I hear that way merely because I am less permissive than my youngers, and still require music not just sounds; and because "open-ended" art does nothing for me, or "minimal" art (already leaning indistinguishably flatly on "no" art), or that glare of publicity and high commerce which calls itself the "Underground"?

What, may I ask, has become even of the *idea* of universality—of a character of expression not necessarily popular but compelling to the highest imaginations of at least a decade beyond its own time—and which artist in any medium born in the last fifty years has come within a moon-shot of it?

**Harper's:** *But do you find nothing to applaud in the young art, Mr. Stravinsky?*

**I.S.:** Apart from the slow handclaps for aleatory, I hail the invisible sculpture movement (Takis's *Radar*, for instance, which the "viewer" is supposed to "energize" in an "environment"); and all forms of throwaway art and self-exploding art are surefire with me.

**Harper's:** *May we ask why you have tended to disparage the "expanding possibilities"—quarter-tones, synthesizers, multiple sound-systems, and so forth—of the new composer's arsenal, Mr. Stravinsky?*

**I.S.:** But I haven't. I only ask whether they are related to art, for they seem to kill even the possibility of it: *parvo in multum*, to reverse the slogan. The use of the new scientific hardware naturally appears to the new musician as "historically imperative"; and warnings that music is made out of musical imperatives only, and that awareness of historical processes are better left to future and different kinds of wage earners, are weightless to him. But who can doubt the possibility that mathematical machines will soon be making something that will be called art? (How will art be defined, anyway? What, for example, was Holbach's idea of "*le bonheur*," in his *Traité mathématique sur le bonheur*?) In any case, whether I think that the composer's new hardware has landed him in an impasse cannot count, for I have no title to an opinion; even the exact nature of the problem is as remote to me as the Gluck-Piccini debate. (I examined the latest models of musical typewriters not long ago and found that musical hardware to be marvelously suited to the needs of . . . Bach.)

**Harper's:** *You have praised Mr. Stravinsky as a dominating influence of the decade, Mr. Stravinsky, and at the same time criticized important elements of his music. How do you appraise his music generally?*

**I.S.:** High. In fact, one of those great hymns of his might be the wisest choice of all our music for

the deck-band concert on the *Titanic* of our sinking civilization. (Rescuing vessels—other planets—would have a good chance of hearing it, among other advantages.) I unrashly predict, as well, that his more recent works will last as long as any music of the decade. But I still can't "make it" with *Turangalila*.

So far as criticisms are mere likings and dislikings, they define the critic more than the target. Even the larger antinomical definition I attempted to draw between myself and Messiaen (I would accept the *shang* in the pentatonic scale as an autumn symbol, for example, but not the description of the note itself as autumnal) said more about my brand of convention, my way of holding the mirror up to nature, than about his. But my main reservation was founded in a personal, even perhaps a neurological, disability. Our ever more Noise-energized Environment, which includes highly dangerous inaudible noise, has made me ever more nervous. I have had nightmare visions of new Jerichos lately, and dreams of being trapped with a hearing aid that I cannot turn down. Acoustic wattage of a certain intensity can be lethal, after all.

**Harper's:** *In connection with your remark concerning universality, Mr. Stravinsky, do you believe that all of the great emotions have already appeared in music?*

**I.S.:** Until new ones appear and prove that they haven't.

## VII

"Everything must be learned, from talking to dying." —*Flaubert*

**H**arper's: *What, apart from your new composition, has most occupied your thoughts, Mr. Stravinsky?*

**I.S.:** The ultimate *force majeure*, naturally. In spite of all those little capsules ("mood raisers") to shoo away the truth, a hospital bed provides an abundance of both time and "motivation." The blackest thoughts have been dispelled since then, and I feel as if I had been reprieved from, say, one minute before twelve to eleven-thirty (I hope it is no later than that!). But I look and feel like the Seventh Age of Man. Stiff, creaky, slow, I am hardly certain at times of being "in possession of all my facilities."

The chief mental problem in being eighty-five, though intelligent people are afflicted with it already at thirty-five or even twenty-five, is the realization that one may be powerless to change the *quality* of one's work. The quantity can be increased, of course, even at eighty-five, but can one

## ANTI-FLOWER POWER

Iowa is striking back at the marijuana and LSD set with its own chemical—"2-4-5-T." It's not a new drug for getting high, but a potent chemical for ridding the state of thousands of wild marijuana plants that have become an unwelcome tourist attraction. The tourists, needless to say, are out-of-state hippies, ready for the harvest. The marijuana plants, a type of hemp, were planted during World War II for use in rope production.

—*Pacific Search*, Journal of Natural Science in the Pacific Northwest, November 1967

change the whole? I, at any rate, am absolutely certain that my *Variations* and *Requiem Canticles* have altered the picture of my whole life, and I seek the strength now to change that "completed" picture just one more time.

By some unlucky circumstances I happened to reread *The Death of Ivan Ilytch* a few months ago, and as every reader of the story must, I have been seeing myself in it ever since. (For similar reasons Groddeck's *Das Buch Vom Es* is to be avoided by anyone whose autosuggestivity is overactive.) But even when identifying with Ivan Ilytch, I admired the skill with which Tolstoi projects his hero's consciousness of growing separateness, and of the irrelevance of himself and his condition in the lives of younger people. As for Ivan Ilytch's awareness of the transparency of doctors' professionalism, of the diplomatic dishonesty of his family, as well as of such subtleties as the feeling that a good-night kiss must be underexpressed to avoid a collision of unsaid thoughts: of these things my recent experience has equipped me to be an ideal literary critic. No less brilliant, as my experience has also taught me, is Tolstoi's delineation of the awareness of transitional stages, of the alternation of struggle and acceptance; of the need for sympathy and the rejection of sympathy; of the onslaughts of childhood memories and the attacks of philosophy in endless interior dialogues about the meaning of life; and above all of the sick man's acute sense both of the nature of his destiny and of the terrifyingly accidental aspect of life (and how much of it *is* accident if, as Rank claims, our birth history—instrument landings and so forth—is the all-important event in it).

But thank Heavens it is Ivan Ilytch I am talking about! As for myself let me say, "to be continued, I hope."

*Hollywood, October 25-30, 1967*

*Harper's Magazine, February 1968*





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*Jules Feiffer*

## LBJ IN CARICATURE

**C**haracter libel is a long-established and honorable tradition in the political cartoon. In 1831 the English magazine *The Athenaeum* described the political cartoonist as "a man who closes his heart against the sensibilities of human nature . . . who insults inferiority of mind and exposes defects of body . . . who aggravates what is already hideous and blackens what was before sufficiently dark . . ." Use this as a gauge against current work on Lyndon Johnson and it is immediately apparent how far most of us still have to go.

In their day Gillray was the scandal of George III's monarchy, Daumier was tossed into jail by Louis Philippe, Nast was offered a small fortune to get lost by Boss Tweed, the Wilson Administration tried Art Young for conspiracy; a cartoonist once counted for something. The secret ingredient was hate. Not personal hate, but professional hate: the intensity of conviction that comes to a craftsman's work when he has made the decision to kill; a commitment to shun all political and behavioral complexities, so that the subject becomes, for example, not an overburdened leader struggling tragically with the agony of power but, purely and simply, a demon.

A blackmailer's savvy for his victim enters the artist's work—an insight so correct and damning that the drawings take on a separate life of their own, becoming psychic *Doppelgänger* of the leader caricatured. The mark of their effectiveness is that to the eye of the observer the features of the real man reshape themselves to resemble more strongly their caricature. There can be no serious question that Gillray's caricatures bear a truer likeness to George III than his official portraits, and the same must be true of Daumier's Louis Philippe and Nast's Tweed, as well as of many other ran-

cidly inspired cartoons between that time and this.

For that time was a pre-Marxian, pre-Freudian, pre-RANDian time. No defender of British imperialism felt the need to legitimize his position by stating, "None of us likes this war, but we are bound by a commitment to defend the freedom of the North American people. Once we lose Philadelphia, Boston goes. Once we lose Boston, Canada goes. Once we lose Canada, Ireland goes." No dissenter from the Spanish-American War was cautioned by the government to quiet his dissent lest he lend aid and comfort to Madrid.

If the work in our time shows less hate it is not because we have lost the capacity; it is because undisguised hate is currently less marketable. Debate today is conducted on what is thought of as a more responsible level: meaning, simply, that when the press uncovers the irresponsible truth, it is denied. A lust for conquest was not in the past considered a moral deficiency as it now (officially) is, and open opposition to war once carried with it more danger than it does today. Hate is a luxury of the illiterate and the insular. Once literacy and mass communications enter our lives we have to be a lot more cautious in admitting what our real aims are, and who it is we want to kill.

When people say that issues today are so complex that it is impossible to tell right from wrong, what they are really saying is that they are getting more news about themselves than they like, and that they *can* tell but they don't want to. This avoidance of the unpalatable has come to be known as good taste. With tastefulness so prominent a feature in our makeup, it is to Lyndon Johnson's credit that he has single handedly undone the evasiveness developed over the last fifty years and restored open vitriol to a place of honor in our land.

The high passions aroused by the President's conduct of his office, and in particular the war in Vietnam, have returned us to a simpler (one might even say preliterate) stage of American history.

"I hope the day will never arrive when I shall neither be the object of calumny or ridicule, for then I shall be neglected and forgotten," said Johnson, the Doctor, not the President. "Have you heard the British demean their King or Queen? . . . You don't demean the ruler," answers Everett McKinley Dirksen sometime later.

As we have seen, the political cartoon is not at its best when trying to be fair, it is at its best when trying to be cruel. Fortunate to the service of truth, in the case of the President, to be fair is to be cruel. He has, since Vietnam, been a hostile cartoonist's dream. Defenders of the President claim that what his critics really have against him is his style. Ordinarily it would be enough. But the Johnson style as we know it today is very different from the Johnson style we used to know. In his earliest days in office the President was seen as a Rooseveltian figure, later as a brilliant political strategist, later as the nation's Number One civil-rights leader, later as a man who was touched by his own childhood poverty to the extent that he intended to see all poverty wiped out in his lifetime. He was so good, he was lousy for cartoonists.

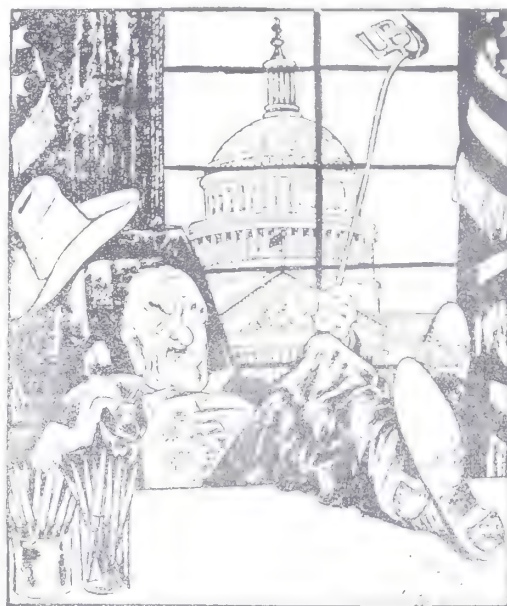
First of all, he is not all that easy to draw. An overabundance of oversized features makes cari-

cature difficult, makes friendly caricature damned near impossible. It is beyond ordinary talent to do a drawing of Johnson that looks like Johnson and, at the same time, make him look honest. However well disposed one might have once been to the President, his eyes could never be described as warm, or (as in the case of Kennedy whose eyes were not warm either) touched with humor; and the set of his mouth bore an unfortunate resemblance to that of the man at the bank who turns down your loan. Now, if you have drawn a man with small, pouchy eyes, and a tight mouth set inside a flushed face that inclines toward puffiness, what you have drawn is a well-to-do drunk. Not the image one was after at all. So most early Johnson drawings were inadequate. The resemblance was scanty. For humor they focused on the President's whirlwind vitality, his use of the telephone, his careless driving, his passion for turning out lights in the White House, his Texas manner.

Amusing, and at times no doubt annoying to the President, but hardly lethal. Style only became a problem to Johnson after he won as a peace candidate and promptly went to war. And the problem was not one of style so much as one of identity. Before the policy of escalation we didn't know who the President really was. We have since found out. We have come to see him as not vital but violent, not clever but devious, not shrewd but cynical, not political but hypocritical, not populist but paranoid. He is less John Wayne in the White House

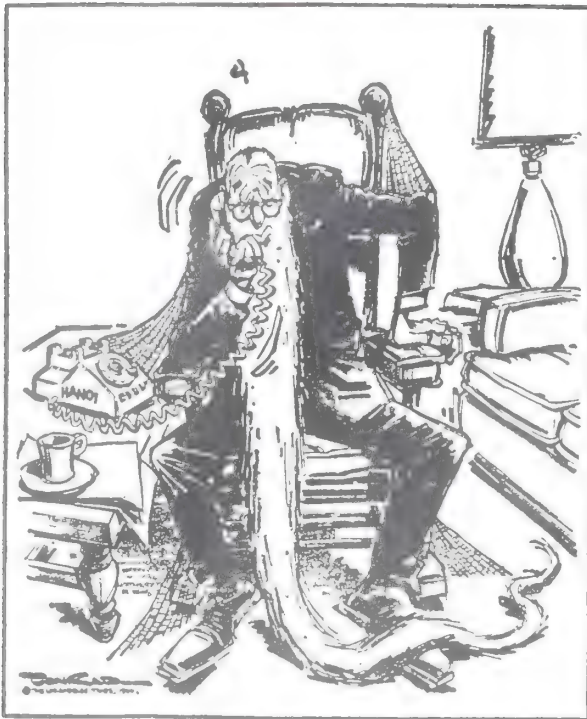


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"Yes, operator, I'm still here . . ."

*Conrad: Register and Tribune Syndicate*

(as popular mythology would have it) than he is Victor Jory; or to put the movie metaphor in its proper context: if Richard Nixon reminds us of the man who sells whiskey to the Indians, Lyndon Johnson reminds us of the man who has sold the whiskey to Nixon. Through no encouragement of our own Johnson has developed from a poor subject for political cartoons to a glorious subject. Though World War III may be just around the corner, to the true pro these are the best times since Boss Tweed.

*I don't care what they print about me, most of my constituents can't read anyhow—but them damn pictures!*  
—Boss Tweed

**A**nd how are we handling the times? Certainly better than we handled World War I. William Murrell in *A History of American Graphic Humor* writes:

In order to inform the cartoonist of the many specific subjects upon which the government wished to have cartoons drawn the Bureau of Cartoons was established in December 1917. . . . The Bureau published weekly the *Bulletin for Cartoonists* which was sent regularly to every cartoonist in the United States. These bulletins contained subjects for cartoons, as suggested by the U.S. Food Administration, the Treasury Department, and other government agencies.



A Finger in Every Sticky Pie

*Haynic: Reprinted with permission of L. A. Times Syndicate*

Thus a considerable cartoon power was developed stimulating recruiting, popularizing the draft, saving food and fuel, selling Liberty Bonds, etc., etc. When they were not doing their utmost to graphically urge any and all of the above suggestions the cartoonists, for the most part, concentrated their efforts on Uncle Sam buckling on armor, or the Kaiser with a bomb, pistol, or knout. There were exceptions, of course, but they are almost impossible to find.

The exceptions as it turns out were all left-wing: Robert Minor, Art Young, Boardman Robinson—all publishing in *Masses*, for who else would have them? The situation today is quite different: never before in wartime have so many respectable artists in so many responsible publications gone so far out of their way to get their President. Vietnam is our most unhappy international involvement since we fought Spain, and our most internally disruptive war since 1865. Whether we attack Johnson

*Jules Feiffer's cartoons are syndicated in seventy-five newspapers, among them the Los Angeles "Times" and St. Louis "Post-Dispatch." His play "Little Murders" is scheduled for off-Broadway this fall, and his two most recent books are "Feiffer on Civil Rights" and "Feiffer's Marriage Manual." This article is from the forthcoming book "LBJ Lampooned: Cartoon Criticism of Lyndon B. Johnson," edited by Sig Rosenblum and Charles Antin, to be published by Cobble Hill Press, Inc., distributed by Hill & Wang, Inc.*

on his tax program, his poverty program, his credibility gap, or his handling of the cities, when you get right down to it what we are all really talking about is Vietnam.

There are serious moral objections to Lyndon Johnson's involvement in Vietnam but these only trouble the peace movement; the issue that really alienates the American people is that we are not winning. Lyndon Johnson has dropped more bombs per month on North Vietnam than were dropped per month on Europe and Africa in World War II, and we are not winning; he has sent nearly a half-million American troops to join 622,000 South Vietnamese troops, not to mention 45,000 South Korean troops—all million of them fighting 358,000 of the enemy—and we are not winning; he has dropped the most sophisticated explosive deviants known on the heads of North and South Vietnamese alike, and we are not winning; here we have the first war in history to have its news coverage *entirely* in color, and we are not winning! Small reason bitterness sweeps the land. Americans are winners; we have never lost a war; *one* of us is worth *ten* of *them*—we are taught that practically from birth. (Johnson to the Senate: "There's an old saying down in Texas: if you know you are right, just keep on coming and no gun can stop you.") More basic to our national identity than the Constitution itself is the ferocious belief that what Americans do is *win*. Well, for crying out loud: who got us into this mess in the first place? The President (ably assisted by all those officials who

have access to more information than we do) has brought the country to the brink of mutiny.

So it is the fact that he is not a winner that makes us look more critically upon Lyndon Johnson. Winning is the personality trait that first recommended him to our favor: if we were to love Johnson at all it had to be for his winning. There is nothing else to admire him for: Joe McCarthy had more charm, Richard Nixon, as much sincerity, and Thomas E. Dewey, equal warmth. Or as Joseph Alsop puts it, "The fact has to be faced that President Johnson has an uninspiring, perhaps even a downright bad moral style." We can suffer a bad moral style in victory only: when civil-rights legislation was passed, when the War on Poverty was organized, when Medicare went through, the Johnson style was discussed either defensively or affirmatively, and all good liberals hoped that the Bobby Baker case would quietly go away. What we wouldn't give to have it back with us today.

Defenders of Johnson further assert that had Kennedy lived, and made the same moves in Vietnam as his successor, he would not be subjected to the same sort of vilification. They are undoubtedly right—which goes to prove how fortunate, in this case, at long last to have a President whose style coincides with his content. Kennedy could possibly have convinced us that Vietnam was a just war, and a whole generation of young people, hypnotized by charisma, could possibly have marched proudly off to napalm and defoliate knowing that their country stood firmly behind them. A far more

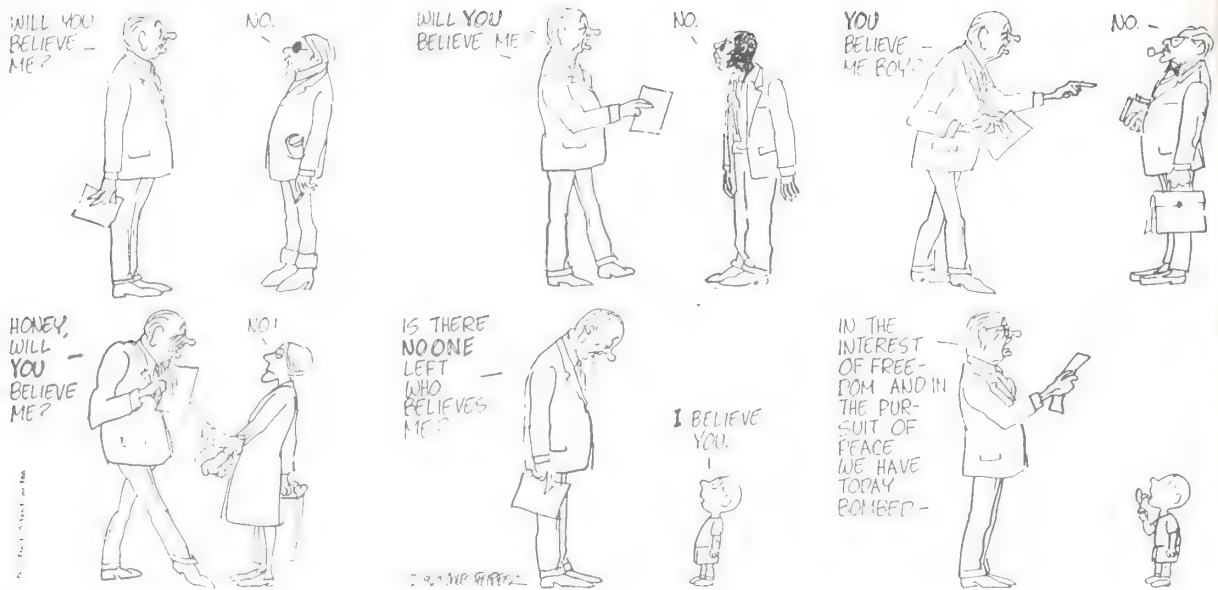


David Levine: © 1965, The New York Review



David Levine: 1966, The New York Review





frightening national image than today's; give me a nation of draft resisters anytime.

So we do owe Johnson something. Compare an early Levine drawing of Johnson weeping crocodile tears to a later Levine drawing of a crocodile weeping Johnson tears and you will see how far recent experiences have deepened us.

*He moved in close, his face a scant millimeter from his target, his eyes widening and narrowing, his eyebrows rising and falling. From his pockets poured clippings, memos, statistics.*

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak,

*Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power*

*He picked his nose. He was liable, when slumped down in his chair, to reach casually and unashamedly into his groin to ease his pants. . . . To a reporter who began an interview with a trivial question, he said, "Why do you come and ask me, the leader of the Western world, a chicken-shit question like that?"*

Michael Davie,

*LBJ: A Foreign Observer's Viewpoint*

*Johnson had compromised too many contradictions and now the contradictions were in his face: when he smiled, the corners of his mouth squeezed gloom; when he was pious, his eyes twinkled irony; when he spoke in a righteous tone, he looked corrupt; when he jested, the ham in his jowls looked to quiver. He was not convincing.*

Norman Mailer, *Cannibals and Christians*

**T**he above quotations indicate to some extent the difficulty in dealing graphically with the President: how is it possible to overdo? The degree of restraint practiced by some cartoonists is, by one's own lights, either admirable or chicken. The degree of excess by others is, by one's own lights,

either accurate or offensive. Mauldin's Johnson is the most human and, to me therefore, the least appealing. Szep (*Boston Globe*), Macpherson and Franklin (*Toronto Star*) go to the other extreme: put their three Johnsons behind a bubbling pot (labeled "Congress" or "Vietnam" or "68 elections") and you have the witches in Macbeth. Conrad's Johnson (*Los Angeles Times*) would be natural sitting across a collective-bargaining table from Haynie's Johnson (*Louisville Courier-Journal*): Jimmy Hoffa talking terms with Roger Blough. Herblock's Johnson sells suits. There is a smattering of cowboy Johnsons, the less said about them the better. Levine's Johnson (*The New York Review*) is pure bitter-soul—the Johnson that, of all others, I would happily trade my own for. My own is taken from the Norman Mailer model described above.

And how goes the campaign? I have no idea how it goes with my colleagues but in my case I have been assaulting the President since March of 1965, and he isn't out of Vietnam, he isn't in the ghettos, and he's switched from chanting "We Shall Overcome" at Negro universities to addressing National Police Chief Conventions on the need for law and order.

Not that I'm not being listened to. After the Newark and Detroit uprisings I drew a bloated-looking President appointing a fact-finding commission which included one Democrat, one Republican, one intellectual, one anti-intellectual, one young person, one old person, one Negro, and one bigot. The last panel has the President smiling his falsest smile and saying, "Come, let us reason together." The White House requested the original.

Talk about effectiveness.

Anthony Burgess

## THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN

*Our language cannot be fixed forever. Sounds and meanings inevitably change. Tomorrow's English—and American, too—will be rich in vocabulary but spare in grammar.*

*So argues a brilliant British writer, as he warns us of the dangers as well as the pleasures of the language of the future.*

Those rational horses of Gulliver's Utopia affirmed, in High Dutch neighings, that the telling of lies was not just an immoral act; it was a subversion of the purpose of language. After all, men developed language in order to communicate, and yet they consistently use it to convey "the thing which is not"—in other words, they will as readily discommunicate as communicate. Such equine ingenuousness is perhaps appropriate to an age which believed in reason and was soon to produce Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Lying, we must all accept, is a device to avoid tears, fighting, the loss of face; without deliberate lying we would soon have anarchy—all right for Houyhnhnms but not for Yahoos. Deliberate lying is in order; what worries me more and more these days is lying of an undeliberate kind.

We are all subject to the need for undeliberate lies. Whenever I commit myself to a generalization I have to lie—boldly and with a sort of desperation. "Chinese women have exquisite legs." Do they? I've seen many who have not. "For the most part," then. How do I know? Have I actually made an examination of the millions of pairs of female Chinese legs available on both sides of the Bamboo Curtain? Very well, then. "Of all the Chinese women I have seen, a great many have exquisite legs." Suspect, suspect. Are they any different from other women? "Some women have exquisite legs." And some women have not. I have failed to lie, and in so doing I have failed to engage. I've said nothing.

The circle is very vicious. "An oak is a tree" is an acceptable statement, so long as we are sure what a tree is (and an oak, for that matter), but human intercourse cannot be conducted on the basis of Lesson I of a language primer. Philosophers like Bertrand Russell used to insist that the only acceptable statements were tautologies like "An oak is an oak" or "A rose is a rose" (Gertrude Stein took it further and made even tautology suspect). But language, of its very nature, resists tautology; it wants to launch out, risk lies, say "the thing which is not." And so human society is committed to downright lying ("You're the most beautiful girl in the world") or to the conjuring trick of bogus meaningfulness which is very nearly a lie. Gobbledygook is a means of disguising lies, and also a device for rendering sheer portentousness of sound somehow superior to the covenants of meaning. Last night on television I heard a doctor of divinity speaking about the achievement of an "ecumenical dialogue." It would be mean to question the meaning. I heard somebody else in a current-affairs program (I hope he was not from the Pentagon, but I fear he was) talk of a "viable escalation."

Generalize and you lie; avoid lies and you are left with tautology and gobbledygook—which, since neither predicates anything about anything, come very close together or, if you like, tend ineluctably to escalate into a dialogue. As Western society has accepted the domination of the scientific and the technological, its language must



increasingly generalize. Go to a country like Malaya, where there are still plenty of Rousseau-esque children of nature, and you will find that language is still refreshingly close to *things*. You don't speak much unless you can predicate about something demonstrable—that *padi* in that field, that snake in that grass. In objects imported from the prototechnological Victorian age, it is possible to avoid abstraction: a railway train is a *kereta api* or "fire carriage," and an express train is a *kereta api sombong*—a "haughty fire carriage" (i.e., one too proud to stop). But introduce the great abstract ideas of the contemporary world and you leave the simple fishermen and *padi*-planters behind. You have to draw on Sanskrit (as we draw on Latin and Greek) for notions like "federation"—*persekutuan*—or institutions like the United Nations—*bangsa-bangsa sharikat*. The local river is a very tangible reality; the super-market and the Laundromat are abstractions. The abstractions are moving in everywhere.

You can see how easy it is for modern language to move away from its referents. I very nearly said that "the local river is concrete"—not absurd as we in the West use language, but perhaps crassly inappropriate in that child-of-nature, thing-that-is context. But abstractions are really disguised metaphors (most thoroughly disguised when they derive from the classical languages), and metaphors can only keep their sensuous content when poetry insists on reminding us of it. Take a scientific term like *parthenogenesis*, put it in a poem, and the poem will not be able to resist digging out the "virgin" image (with the help of the Parthenon and the New Testament) and showing, with reference to the Old Testament, precisely what *genesis* means. Not that etymology is necessarily much help in giving us an anchor for an abstraction; it just happens to be the only source available, with some words, for a concrete image, the sense of a real thing out there in the world of the senses. The vague term "lady" at least takes on an image when we refer it back to the Anglo-Saxon *hlæfdige*, which has something to do with making a loaf. Somebody's there supervising the bread-making, perhaps. Or, even if she's actually baking it herself, her hands are clean. Superiority, neatness, calm, authority—those will do for a beginning.

Poetry, which reminds us of both the limitations and potentialities of language, is not much read nowadays. The irony is that poetry is regarded, by the hard-eyed and hard-headed, as somehow remote from reality, reality being represented by computers. Beatniks and teen-agers desperately try to hurl their own pale substitute

for poetry—slang—in the face of the growing corpus of abstract language. But slang is ephemeral and often vague. God knows what "fun-people" are. "With it," in England, is defined as "not square," and "square" as "not with it." "With it" had to yield to "switched-on," but "switched-on" is already dying. Laboriously learn the slang of French teen-agers, like *son et lumière* and *PPH* (*passera pas l'hiver*—"won't last the winter") as derisive terms for the old (those over thirty), and French teen-agers will look at you in pity. The young won't meet the old on this matter of language; they seem to doubt the possibility of genuine communication. And if their slang is ephemeral, at least it's healthier to discard words than to let them grow stale and venerable and riddled with ambiguities.

For no venerable word—like "justice" or "democracy"—can be trusted anymore. We in the West think we know what democracy is, but the so-called democratic republics of the Soviet bloc are quite sure that they know too. The Russian words *pravosudiye* and *spravedlivost'* will both have to be translated "justice," but we feel pretty certain that it's not the kind of justice we ourselves prize. Even within a single language community such terms can be polarized; if not, there would be no opposed political parties. Any discussion group in England or America resolves itself into a semantic wrangle about "liberty" or "the state" or "beauty" or "religion"; women's cookery circles at least know what they mean (though sometimes one wonders) by a soufflé or an angel cake. Something concrete there.

## Cleanup by Big Brother

Concerned about the state of the English language at present, one must be even more concerned about its future. George Orwell, in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, presented the semantic nightmare of Newspeak. He conceived of the total control of language by a ruling oligarchy (symbolized by a mythical figure called Big Brother) which should cleanse words of vagueness and ambiguity and impose on them an exactness appropriate to a totalitarian orthodoxy. Thus, "ungood" and its intensive "doubleplus ungood" are better than "bad" and the limitless range of intensives

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Oldspeak, since they are defined in terms of what they oppose. There is a limited context for the use of "ungood"; its main meaning is opposed to the principles of Ingsoc" (i.e., "English Socialism," the ruling ideology). Since Big Brother personifies this ideology, a statement like "Big Brother is doubleplus ungood" can have no meaning. Wherever a statement made by the Party (or by Big Brother, which is the same thing) seems to conflict with a previous statement, the principle of "doublethink" must come into operation.  $2 + 2 = 4$ , but  $2 + 2$  can also equal 5, according to the policy of the Party. The aim is not merely conformity; it is the extirpation of the power to think freely. When language is controlled, thought and action are also controlled. No more chaos, no more arguments about meanings, no more verbal speculations. Freedom to wander through the wild woods of language, perpetually missing the way, is a kind of slavery to the mess of imprecision that language always is; slavery to fixed definitions and forms becomes a kind of freedom. This is one explanation of the Party's motto "Freedom is Slavery."

Needless to say, such a nightmare is incapable of fulfillment. Language cannot be fixed forever; the creation of new forms—which is one of the processes which keep language moving—takes place at a subliminal level, unresponsive to external rules. Sounds change, and they cannot be stopped from changing. No legislation, and no act of the conscious will, brought about the sound-shift which stopped "road" rhyming with "laud" and "weak" sounding like "wake." However much we yearn now for an academy which shall tell us precisely in what contexts a word may be used and thus establish a definition of that word forever, language insists on retaining its own curious autonomy. Any visitor to London now will notice that the question-tag "didn't I?" or "wasn't I?" is appearing in new contexts. A stranger in a pub will say, "I won five quid on the horses last month, didn't I?" There's no answer to that; you're not in a position to know whether he did or not. But the question-tag doesn't expect an answer anymore; it's merely a new emphasis. Nobody knows when the new usage first sprang into being. One suddenly wakes up to the existence of a change in language (perhaps temporary, perhaps not), as self-willed as a wart.

How English will change in, say, the next century is anybody's guess, but there are certain pointers which indicate directions we shall be unable to resist. In England, the hegemony of East Midland English in its spoken form is already—unconsciously—being questioned. This

form of English has always derived its glamour and authority from the fact that it developed in that region which contains the capital, London, and the two oldest universities, Oxford and Cambridge. It is the Queen's English, though the Queen herself employs variations of vowel sound which may be regarded as a little archaic—suggesting the England of her grandmother rather than that of her children. Now it is clear that this brand of "upper-class" English is already becoming something of a joke. Students at Oxford and Cambridge assert their regional origin rather than attempt to flatten it out into a non-provincial *koine*. If public schools like Eton, Harrow, and Winchester are legislated out of existence, there will be no stronghold for a patrician accent. The accents of the North and Midlands are now respectable, whereas they used to be vaudeville jokes; pop groups like the Beatles have given authority to the accent of Liverpool. What we are now hearing more and more is the "flat a" in words like "bath" and "dance"; the final or medial "r" in "park" and "far" is being sounded. In other words, American English is providing a speech norm; it is the only national speech which can contain British provincial sound-systems as well as its own regional variants.

I think that by 2067 the so-called American accent will prevail wherever English is spoken. The former British colonies are no longer tied to the accents of their masters; they will as soon send their students to American schools as to British ones. The death of the old ruling class in England is bound to mean the death of the ruling-class accent.

But will American pronunciation itself change? If its past history is a trustworthy guide, it will not change rapidly; there will be nothing like the revolution that took place in British speech in the two centuries before Shakespeare's birth. It is the English spoken four years after Shakespeare's death—by the Pilgrim Fathers of 1620—that still provides the phonetic norm for these United States. Most varieties of American speech remain close to the Elizabethan of Southern England—the avoidance of a round "o" in words like "not" and "thought"; the front "a" in "dance"; the "r" pronounced in all positions. An American asked to say Hamlet's line "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt" invariably conveys the ambiguity in the word "solid" that Shakespeare must have wanted—a mixture of "solid," "sallied," and "sullied." One thing that American English has not retained is the "Irish" sound in words like "tea" and "reason," but the rest is close enough to the London English of the first



Elizabeth's day. America is a progressive country, but American speech is highly conservative. One cannot imagine its being very different a century—or even two centuries—from now.

### For "Finch" Say "Bird"

**T**he question of the vocabulary of the future is answered by the foreseeable pattern of technological trends and, for that matter, by the population trends that must become technology's main preoccupation. Man will be less in touch with the natural world as Wordsworth and Thoreau knew it. As more and more land comes under cultivation, the ability to distinguish between the forms of wild life is bound to diminish and eventually die. A great deal of the poetry of the past will become unintelligible. The general term "bird" will swallow the swallow, the finch, the green linnet. "Vegetation" will have to serve for most of the varieties of green life—plant and weed alike. A huge technical lexicon will replace the old country lexicon, and this technical lexicon will not be well understood by its users. Vocables made out of initials—like DDT and PVC and LSD—will disclose nothing of their origin to the non-technical mind; they will be flavorless, rootless, so much plastic. More mass production of more things will step up the race toward total abstraction; one rose can be different from another, but washing machines and refrigerators are not all that strong on individuality.

The growth of vocabulary may go along with a simplification of grammar. The discarding of unwanted verb endings and noun endings, the rationalization of gender—these have been resisted by German, but its sister English has shaken off a great deal of the old Teutonic luxuriance. It seems likely that more strong verbs will go weak (perhaps partly out of deference to the *Grundgesetz* of the German language), so that "go" will become "goed" in the past tense, "ate" will change to "eated," and "swam" and "swum" to "swimmed." The only remaining vestige of personal inflection in the verb—the present-tense "s"-ending as in "drinks" and "sleeps"—is superfluous, since the person is always indicated by a governing noun or pronoun: "he swim" or "John drink" makes perfectly good sense. There are already small signs that pronoun inflection isn't being taken as seriously as it used to be. One hears, in carefully prepared radio talks, not only "between you and I" but also "What will entry into the Common Market mean to we English people?" Pedagogues and English language ex-

aminers ought to be permissive about these rationalizations. That popular usage must sooner or later be bowed to is shown, I think, by the fact that framers of a Vietnamese primer for American troops have yielded to the form "I lay" (for "lie") since the majority of GIs use it. And, in England, as most people say "due to" where "owing to" is officially correct, the posters of British Rail announce without shame: "Due to fog on the line trains may be late." These are straws in the wind of change.

I think that the concept of a unified English-Anglo-American, if you like—is already being realized. Television has something to do with it. A series made by a British television company can often pay its way only if it can be sold in America. Hence the sight and sound of Cockney hurrying along the sidewalk (not pavement) to buy suspenders (not braces). The popular music and lyrics favored by British teen-agers are American-derived, even where British-composed, and the American idiom as well as pronunciation is accepted without self-consciousness. Even the most patriotic of Englishmen must admit that the English of the future has to be mainly American—though flavored by British contributions as much as by those from expatriate Russian Jews.

This common language of ENSPUN (the English Speaking Union) will be rich in vocabulary but spare in grammar. The lexical richness will be derived from science but humanized by slang—a desperate attempt on the part of the emotions and imagination to warm the cold heart of a cerebral civilization. But it is the vocabulary of generalization that will prevail. The desert Arabs used to have innumerable terms for "camel." The Malays have no single word for "you" but, instead, a battery of honorifics whose usage is decreed by protocol. This is the old way of language, the way of particularization, what—in the middle ages—was termed the "nominalist" way. With the "realist" or generalizing way, language must, inevitably, tell more lies, perpetrate more unwilling inaccuracies. We shall have to cherish our poets in the future far more than we have ever done in the past. It is only they who will be able to bring back the flavor of the particular to words that—*and I should rather like to say here*—will be any neutral counters. They will have the job of reminding us that words relate to things, not to abstract ideas.

Dr. Johnson saw the danger of words taking off into the empyrean, losing contact with the world of actuality. "I am not so far gone in lexicography," he said, "as to forget that, though words are the daughters of men, things are the sons of heaven."

# THREE DREAM SONGS

by John Berryman

I Henry, weak at keyboard music, leaned on  
the slow movement of Schubert's Sonata in A  
& the mysterious final soundings  
of Beethoven's, 109-10-11 & the Diabelli Variations  
You go by the rules but there the rules don't matter  
is what I've been trying to say.

Huddled, from their recesses, the goblins spring  
(I'm playing it as softly as I can)  
while the sound goes roaring.  
If I scream, who would hear me? Rilke, come on strong  
& forget our rôles, we'll play the Housman man  
unless, of course, all this is boring.

Tides bring the bodies back sometimes, & not.  
The bodies of the self-drowned out there wait,  
wait, & the widows wait,  
my gramophone is the most powerful in the country,  
I am trying, trying, to solve the andante  
but the ghost is off before me.

II —Mr. Blackmur, what are the holy cities of America?  
Sir Herbert's son, who lives near Canterbury,  
precocious, asked my friend.  
A brain can stammer: Henry's friend's did: "Er . . . er . . ."  
Pilgrimages to Palm Springs smother me,  
I'm retreating to Atlantic City.

Atlantic City in the winter is worth having: holy it's not,  
empty it is, and who knows anybody in Atlantic City?  
His doctors drove him there  
for privacy: at the biggest bar in the world,  
down his hotel, shared now with a man a football field away,  
he had one drink.

The Boardwalk, keen winds, & the timeless surf  
& the medieval torture-instruments from Nuremberg  
& shrunken heads for dollars  
and home he fled, abroad he streamed, to Autun  
& places else where holiness held forth  
& then hid back in his north.

III Henry lay cold & golden in the snow  
toward whom the universe once more howled "No"—  
once more & again.  
"What pricks have you agin' me, —liquor laws,  
the appearance in my house of owls & saws,—  
decanted unto the world of men?"

"Divulge we further: somewhat is because  
you loner, you storm off away without pause  
across, the sad ice  
overlain with the tricky new of all the snow  
whereat my Sisters up in him sang 'So:  
he's coming: 'twill be nice?'"

Darker, of the beginning of their hopes,  
the huddled end, toward which the lost cork gropes.  
I seize the neck of the bottle  
& smash it on my sink, when from both ends  
it spurts, it rides, as if to blow amends  
for the earlier part of the bottle.



Henry David Aiken

## THE NEW MORALS

*Behind what some people have thought to be an alarming new disregard of traditional morality there has in fact been developing a deeply personal sense of individual responsibility.*

**W**e have heard much lately about something called "the new morality." The range of its application is unclear. To some new things on the scene, however, it plainly does not apply: for example, spokesmen of the New Right such as William Buckley (to mention the most fashionable of the lot), although their ungodly pastiche of Christian piety, sour-mash elitism, and holy-American nationalism and militarism, all packaged in a dandy box of old-hat conservatism, has a moral air all its own. The phrase is applied more characteristically to positions on the New Left. But this suggests an exclusively political orientation which is not the case. To some, no doubt, it suggests deviant sexual practices. But deviance, sexual or otherwise, is neither a new nor a moral phenomenon, and moralities obsessed with sex are of a much older vintage. More broadly, it is applied to various youth movements, and of course to the hippies and the new druggies. More deeply it applies to a whole spectrum of "dropouts" from the affluent society repelled by its prevailing culture and unmoved by its customary stations and duties. It has many representatives within the universities, particularly in the students' protest movements. In fact, because the university has become the indispensable feeder institution and hence a prime symbol of our whole national society, the forms of disquiet, disillusionment, and disaffection so widely manifested on the campuses of our great universities themselves provide salient clues to the moods from which the new morality has emerged.

In all events, the new morality is no flash in the pan. It has touched many people in widely different peer- and age-groups: writers, artists, scientists, ministers, teachers, intellectuals employed at vari-

ous jobs of work. And the predictably disdainful response which it receives from the "men of measured merriment" who form the cadres of our unofficial American Establishment has itself unwittingly served a purpose: to give exponents of the new morality a sense of common identity which they otherwise might lack. By their enemies shall ye know them.

But my use of Sinclair Lewis's mordant phrase may be misleading. For it calls up associations with an earlier generation of hell raisers very different from our own. The Jazz Age is celebrated as an era of splendid—but largely conventional—immoralities, a time of wild parties, hangovers, and well-heeled safaris into the exotic wilderness beyond Main Street: first New York, the jumping-off place, then Paris, Madrid, and points south. It was an age of facile disillusionment, but also of easy pleasures and hopes. Not very much like our own. The following decade was notably more earnest, though less inspired and less amusing. The shift from *The Great Gatsby* and *The Sun Also Rises* to *The Grapes of Wrath* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* stood for an advance in manifest social consciousness, but in little else. The 'thirties were in fact years of false loyalties, untried ideals, and of nearly universal naïveté and ignorance. How little did any of us understand then of what was in store either for ourselves or for our children. Not only did we have no premonition, we had literally no conception of the gas chambers of Belsen or the cloud over Hiroshima.

All the same, the Spanish Civil War marks the beginning of a great sea change in the attitudes of Western men toward their whole civilization which, as we shall see, bears directly upon the new

ality. For this was the moment at which there in a vague but sickening sense of general tural disorder, of imponderable ideological con- ts and moral duplicities, of pervasive institu- tional incompetence and corruption. Nor was the alaise limited merely to "the others"; that is, to e Fascists, Nazis, Communists, and other "total- urian" monsters unlike ourselves. On the con- ary, it also afflicted the liberal democracies, the ristian churches, the universities: in short, all e presumptive traditional carriers of political d social progress, moral regeneration, and in- tellectual enlightenment. With the onset of e second world war, there was momentarily a pperficial clearing of the moral air; by their un- provoked total war against both the Western de- mocracies and the Soviet Union, the Nazis local- ed problems which had been accumulating for ver a decade. Soon, however, the whole world ound itself involved in a new round of paradoxes hose very terms no one seemed able to compre- end. How, for example, does one cope with total ar save by responding in kind? But then what moral difference finally remains between the two ides? And when it is all over, how and on what rms can something called "justice" be done the nnocent dead and mutilated, the dispossessed and prooted? If it comes to that, who is innocent or guilty? One can talk about crimes against human- ty. What does "humanity" mean? Who shall de- ide and, having decided, serve as judge and witness? The victors? Then how shall one answer Thrasymachus's ancient jibe that justice is merely e interest of the stronger? What can be more monstrous than genocide? Nothing possibly—ex- cept nuclear war? But are such monstrosities moral acts at all or are they owing to diseases of the soul that can be dealt with only in clinical and therapeutic terms which have not yet even been formulated? Of such paradoxes—a meager sample —the new morality is a function. There exists some doubt, however, whether it is to be regarded as merely a symptom of disorder or as evidence of a varied effort to create a new moral order—or moral orders—out of the encompassing spiritual chaos of our age. For my part (and this forms a premise of the remarks that follow), it seems possible that something immensely valuable is emerging, from a moral point of view, that could be the harbinger of a new day for many men.

At the moment, it must be admitted, such a be- lief is hard to sustain. For as the humid, cloudy, crisis-riddled summer of 1967 now becomes his- tory, the self-divisions confronting our body politic go deeper than at any time since the Civil War. The word "revolution" is heard—and not just

at gatherings of the New Left in Chicago but at chaste summer-school symposia and meetings of well-groomed civic leaders in a hundred cities. Right and Left, hawk and dove, black and white, North and South, old and young, military and civilian, Jew and Arab; do we even possess any longer a common vocabulary of moral judgment? Let us see.

## II

**T**he phrase "the new morality" suggests many things. For some, it undoubtedly conveys the idea that we are undergoing the "transvaluation of values" predicted by Nietzsche three-quarters of a century ago—possibly the first fundamental one since the onset of the Christian era. To others, the phrase would have a more ironical, mocking ring, intimating that the Nietzschean prediction has been carried past the point where "superior men" are to find themselves beyond conventional ideas of good and evil and to the point where all men have divested themselves of that life which is at once represented and governed by judgments of moral right and wrong.

Can it, for instance, be that men are finally accepting it as a fact that remorse (as Spinoza long ago argued) and resentment (as Nietzsche contended) are really nothing more than signs of human "bondage" or weakness? And can it be that indignation (as Freud sometimes suggested) is merely the childish reaction of people who have no effective way of coping with people freer and more potent than themselves? If so, then it may not be farfetched to suppose that we are simply outgrowing morality, in the same way that we have outgrown magic, mythology, and superstition, and therefore (as some think) God. For remorse, resentment, and indignation are indeed moral sentiments *par excellence* without which it seems hard to imagine moral relations with other people.

The recent arguments about the Death of God, then, may have an analogy in the examination of the ethical life itself. Nor is the correspondence between those two issues, the "death" of God and the "death" of morality, something that humanist philosophers can take lightly. For if, like the humanist's, one's only faith is in man, what hap-

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pens to one's commitments to man when one has lost faith in *him*? In other words, can moral responsibilities any longer exist for men in despair of one another or of themselves; and can one go through the verbal ceremonies of promising, of contracting, of saying "I shall" and "I ought" where there is nothing to support the ceremony, to give it life and being? If man is to be the moral authority, then he must command respect. But since there is no morality without respect, a new morality must entail a new respect, a new loyalty - even, perhaps, a new faith. And if morality, nowadays, must begin at home, then it is there also where respect begins.

Through a series of confrontations and arguments which cannot be rehearsed here, modern ethical theory has brought many "enlightened" people to a certain presumption about the nature of morality: unlike the objectively verifiable theories of science, moral judgments and principles are merely expressions and incitements of emotions. No doubt this presumption commonly harbors basic confusions about the difference between the psychological effects of words and their linguistic meanings or functions. For instance, it does not follow from the fact that the word "fire" may serve, in context, to empty a theater that this is any part of its meaning. On the contrary, it is because we understand what "fire" signifies that it can have such a devastating effect upon us. Nevertheless, this blurring of the difference between the logical functions of ethical terms such as "good" and "right" and their psychological effects upon us serves to reinforce a primary attitude of the new moralists: namely, that moral experience is something wholly real—but its reality is wholly personal.

The man who arrives at such an understanding of the nature of morality may experience a sense of loss that can be very keen. It may be only gradually that he picks himself up and says, "Well, it's up to me, then. My moral responsibilities are my own creations, but they are *mine* at least, and that hard fact no one can take away from me. What then ought *I* to do, and what shall *I* become?"

### III

Such are the strains and stresses that provide a central part of the moral experience for "the new morality." It must be said, of course, that there is no such thing as *the* new morality but only certain more or less newish moralities. They overlap undoubtedly in mood and in perspective, but they are not all one thing, and their representatives often radically disagree with one another.

Further, although they all are critical of many aspects of contemporary American life, they do not all share a common "hatred" of everything American; nor are they part of an underground conspiracy to do America in. Just the contrary: most of their exponents are concerned to save the beloved country from itself, often in the name of ideals that derive from what is most generous and enlightened in our own American traditions. The phrase "the new morality," then, does not apply exclusively to the moral attitudes of people under thirty, but to people (many of whom do happen to be young in years) who are in one way or another peculiarly exposed to the predicaments of contemporary life. This vulnerability is usually a function of their thoughtfulness and sensitivity, their powers of imagination, and their readiness to assume personal responsibility for their choices and actions. Moreover, some of the men and women who have been most responsive to the moral challenges of our strange, distraught era are self-renewing ancients for whom today is the beginning, as well as conceivably the end, of time. In the matters that concern us here, neither age nor youth gives anyone an edge; we all start virtually from scratch, and the fastest and acutest among us will break no records.

For this, above all, is the age of extreme situations, preoccupation with which is a common factor inherent in all the new moralities. Accordingly there is something extreme, although not necessarily overwrought, about the styles as well as the positions of the new moralities. As we know, the mood of the Establishment in America is repelled by extremes—and by the necessity of confronting them. But the moralities of compromise and adjustment which prevail within the Establishment blind their exponents to the fact that in affairs of life or death, of what Paul Tillich used to call ultimate concern, no basis for compromise and no room for adjustment exist. Such precisely is the situation created by nuclear weapons.

It is still true, no matter how banal the reiteration may be, that the bomb has created the most extreme of all the predicaments that have ever confronted men: the ever-present possibility of the immediate extinction of mankind. The centrality of this possibility to the moral experience of the people I am writing about is incalculable. Somehow we "made it" through the Berlin crisis, the Cuban crisis; we may even make it in Vietnam. What matters is that the chance *has been taken again and again by "rational" men*. Doubtless it will be taken again and again. Until what?

The effect of this possibility on moral attitudes is, to begin with, that it makes it difficult to take

eriously the traditional liberal commitment to the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number in the longest conceivable run. Happiness can hardly be a problem—whether for the greatest number or even only for ourselves—when what we must concern ourselves with first is simply to exist, to survive. Thus for so many new moralists the categorical imperative becomes the immediate and total dismantling of all nuclear weapons and all plants capable of producing them. Failing that, and it is a likely failure, the objective is to dispose of one's own country to renounce the use of nuclear weapons and to shut down its own nuclear capacity. This second objective seems perhaps even more unlikely than the first. All the more reason, then, that it is so immensely difficult for new moralists to be patient with the complacencies of ordinary long-run-ist thinking about the general welfare and the greatest happiness of the greatest number. In short, the question of human survival qualifies the attitudes of the new moralists toward everything else.

For some of them the possibility of extinction leads directly to a refusal of all concern for the morrow: what exists, once for all, is a present with no real future built into it. It commits others to what may be called a morality of extreme personal chances or risks, a readiness to do *anything*, at whatever cost to oneself, to make others aware of the horror of nuclear war. Thus ordinary considerations of prudence, which are central in conventional moral deliberation, simply do not faze these new moralists. In this they have much in common with the company of European intellectuals among whom the doctrine of "the gratuitous act" has been prevalent throughout the twentieth century. But whereas the despairing exponents of *l'acte gratuite* deliberately performed acts of the grossest immorality in order to prove their freedom, or indeed their very existence, as moral beings, our new moralists, taking their moral freedom for granted, are often moved rather to extreme acts of selfless dedication to the causes in which they believe. And it is the extremism of such dedication which truly spooks the establishmentarian. From his point of view, the conduct of the new moralist is at best incomprehensible and at worst simply immoral. From the latter's point of view, conversely, it is the representatives of the Establishment, with their apparent capacity to play the game of nuclear poker, who are the extremists: they have risked annihilation not only for themselves but for the world.

It is not my task at this stage to try to settle the question; very likely there are touches of madness—as well as acts of faith—on both sides. But

undoubtedly both *are* extremist. The point here, however, is that for the new moralists the pervasive, inescapable "normal madness" of the statesmen and their advisers is a function of the institution of which they are votaries. Patently, beyond reasonable doubt, ordinary "responsible" functionaries of the American nation-state, no less than their Communist counterparts, are systematically incapable of solving the problem of nuclear war. But the doubts engendered by this overwhelming incapacity of the national government and the institutions with which it is interlocked are not easily contained. And among the new moralists analogous doubts exist concerning virtually all of our most characteristic and central institutions: are they any more capable than the nation-states of handling, or indeed even taking seriously, the gigantic man-made problems of our time—the pollution of the air, the water, the land; the noisy, ugly, chaotic, increasingly dangerous and ever-spreading mega-cities; the exponential overcrowding; "superfluous" millions of human beings incapable either of fending for themselves or of being fended for.

The most agonizing problem for the new moralists, however, does not so much concern the various issues currently racking our traditional system as it does the prior question, what is the real nature of that system? What, in other words, *has* the American liberal democracy itself come to—granted (which many Negroes, for example, understandably do not) that it ever really existed? Their argument is formidable: formally a democracy, they would say, the United States is in fact an oligarchy with a democratic front. In both political parties the "serious" candidates for our greatest office, the Presidency, appear term after term as so many interchangeable parts: regardless of who is elected, all goes on just as before. Who, in any effectual political sense, *uses* the liberties guaranteed in our Constitution? Not certainly the great masses, black or white. In economic terms there exists a greater span of relative inequality among men in America than anywhere else in the world. And, given the system, what can overcome it? Moreover, in practice if not in theory, great economic inequality means gross political inequality. What about fraternity, or what is more commonly these days called community (to come to the third crucial term of the triad of revolutionary principles which our founding fathers, as well as the French so passionately invoked)? As Professor Daniel Bell argues, we have become a national society every operative part of which is tied organically to every other. But an organic system by no means makes a community. In sum, it is as



easy for dispossessed members to say of the American system as many have said of Christianity: the system has not failed for it has never been tried. Here, at bottom, is a crisis of faith. For many new moralists the question is whether one can any longer reasonably repose one's faith in bare forms of liberal democracy. The answer is not easy.

Less spectacular but more insidious are the collateral breakdowns in supporting institutions—schools, churches, families. Now, the possibility of tolerable popular government, as Jefferson foresaw, depends upon an enlightened electorate; and yet our great public secondary-school system is, by general consent, a shambles. Nor is the problem here only one of segregation, whether of rich from poor, or of black from white. It is as much or more a matter of tenth-rate schooling where education is most desperately needed: in the great slums and ghettos, rural as well as urban, where *all* children so rarely get a second chance—and where for years now the blind have been leading the blind over cliffs of ignorance, boredom, and hatred of the whole life of the mind.

Far more shocking to the American people, of course, has been the discovery of failure in the most extensive, complex, and (it goes without saying) affluent system of higher education in the history of the race. One need not retell this dismal story in detail. In the present context what most needs emphasis are not so much anxieties about overcrowded classrooms, a frequently obsolescent curriculum, or the inadequacy of faculty, but the pervasive sense among many of the most alert students and the ablest junior faculty that the American multiversity, at the top of its own form, as in California, is an educational monster, which devours its young, processing them into a kind of all-purpose compost for refertilizing the great briar patch of the national society. Such liberal, and liberalizing, education as our ablest young men and women get is either provided for them in high schools or else gleaned in a hit-or-miss fashion from a few "distribution" courses and such para-academic educational encounters as the university "communities" may provide. Yet it is these same bright, immensely skilled young people who will set the standard for the national society itself. The point cannot be over-emphasized. Liberal education is neither a luxury nor a mere aesthetic prejudice of those inclined to it. As its very name implies, it is nothing less than the indispensable carrier of the formative ideals and restraints that constitute a large part of the formal ideology of traditional liberal culture. It is the universities themselves, by making that ideology irrelevant to the academic and professional

aspirations of ordinary university students and teachers, that have helped to prepare the script for those new moralists who declare that our traditional ethics is an irrelevant subterfuge which not even its official professors sincerely believe.

The paradox of the multiversity is that, creating the very conditions that dispose the new moralists to skepticism about the value of the education it offers, it has also proven to be a breeding ground *par excellence* for some of the most vital impulses within the new morality itself. For it is impossible to bring together so many lively minds and varied talents in one concentrated environment as the multiversity does, without creating a myriad of unanticipated educational situations rich in meaning and interest.

#### IV

When he turns to the churches, the new moralist, while certainly indifferent to their institutional demands, is rather surprisingly often moved to speak more kindly of them. Here, at least, there appears to be a deep internal reformation: Pope John XXIII and the Ecumenical movement; the superb example set by churchmen of all sects, Christian and Jewish, as leaders in the civil-rights and peace movements and other socially disreputable causes; the intellectual and moral vitality of some of the new theologians, with their willingness to abandon ancient shibboleths that distract men from forms of assent, trust, dedication, and love more central to the authentic religious consciousness.

It is, perhaps, the family, regarded by the whole Western tradition as *the* indispensable social institution, which has been most subject to the crises of our age. Indeed it is at the level of the family where the prevailing institutional malaise is evident even to the most conventional of minds. The decline of parental authority is scarcely worth remarking; even to talk in such terms is to speak out of a bygone era. More to the point, the family, which is critically affected by the ever-increasing mobility of human beings, has ceased to serve as a primary carrier of moral and religious ideals or to provide the fundamental psychological security for its members. No longer is it the enduring center of personal affections and loyalties. Many roles once performed by it are performed, however inadequately, by the welfare state. Once upon a time the breakup of a "home" was a calamity; now there hardly seems to be a home to break up.

And with the decline of the family, a whole series of attendant institutions has tended to disappear also. For one, the neighborhood, which once



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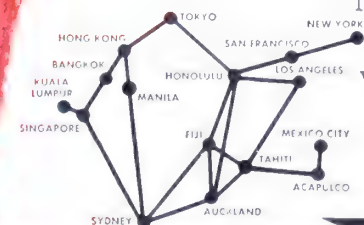
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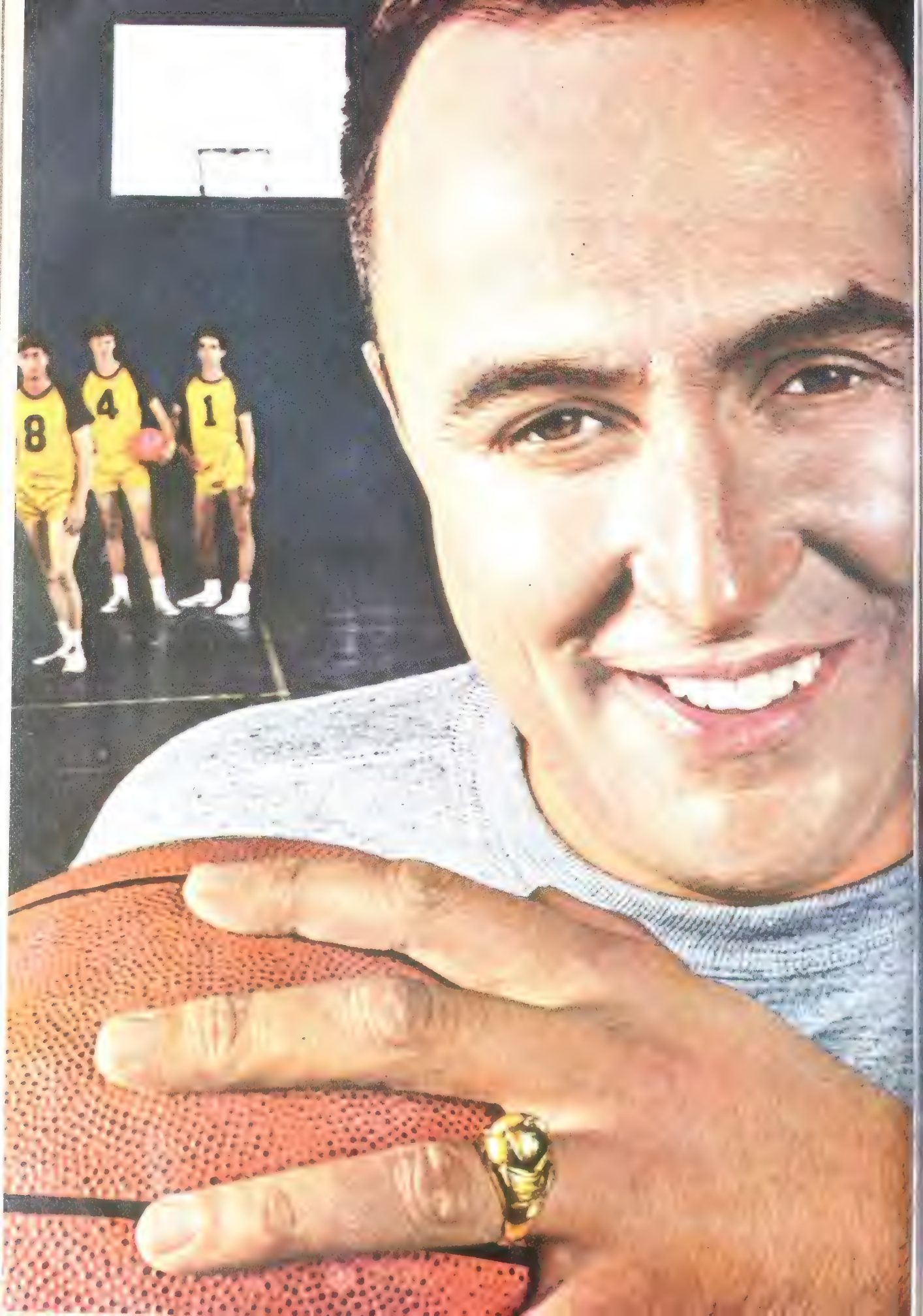
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# This ex-pro basketball star found his toughest competition selling computers.

At 6 foot 4, 210 pounds, Paul Arizin was one of the "small" men in professional basketball. Today, he's an IBM computer salesman in Philadelphia.

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"The computer industry is intriguing. Each of my customers has a different problem, ranging from routing trucks to unscrambling inventory. And with many computer companies working on the same problem, you have to hammer out the best possible solution, or it's no sale.

"All this competition not only makes my job exciting, it's good for the customer. For a dollar, today's computer can process a thousand times more data than it did in 1950. And as data processing gets even more economical, it becomes useful to more people."

Although Paul Arizin traded the basketball court for the computer business, he still finds time to coach his son's basketball team. "I

don't know if there are any all-Americans in the bunch, but maybe there's a promising computer salesman or two."



The computer industry began less than two decades ago with a handful of firms. Today, IBM and companies like it have created new career opportunities for hundreds of thousands of people like Paul Arizin.



# Let's play pin the butto



If she catches you, you buy the White Horse—the Scotch of the Good Guys. What's so Good Guys about it? This. You just don't argue about the taste of White Horse. Either you like it or you love it. So Good Guys pour it. Good Guys drink it. Some even play "Pin the But-ton" for it. Want to try? Ask at your tavern for Good Guy Buttons. After that, you're on your own.



**The Good Guys  
are always on  
the White Horse**

in a time seemed an extension of the home and family themselves. In megalopolis, including, particular, suburbia, relationships with neighbors, though often amiable, *must* be casual, since the literally today's neighbor is gone tomorrow. Indeed, the very amiability of suburban neighbors is itself typical and symbolic of the dispersed, casual, shallow amenities of modern life which have replaced the enduring affections and friendships of an earlier age. To be sure, such a way of life has its compensations. If one no longer deeply and abidingly loves other particular individuals, then does one have the time to learn deeply to love them. And so the whole schedule of human emotions and sentiments, signified by the words "friend" and "enemy," "love" and "hate," "loyalty" and "disloyalty," and the rest, tend to lose their meaning or, rather, acquire different sorts of meanings, involving different sorts of commitment, affection, and disaffection. In one way we all live not only in a much less stable but in a much less concrete world. Processes replace substances; events, things; people, persons; movements, people. What is the personal identity symbolized by a proper name really come to when to the world one is a stream of numbers and identity cards? And if the world does not care who *I* am, how indeed can I think of *myself* as an enduring person, a continuing center of loyalties, responsibilities, and human values?

This fragmentation of the self, this replacement of the old casual-historical orders, this emulsification of the world is manifest in an art and a literature that have become abstract, nonpersonal, and meaningless." How can there be, say, a serious art of portraiture, when a face is only a face; how can there be novels like Jane Austen's or Leo Tolstoy's when there are no longer ties, identities, sentiments, and significant actions out of which one can form a history-story in the traditional sense? Our contemporary art is indeed an anti-art, inventive, ingenious, brilliant, extraordinary. But the notions it expresses, the feelings it embodies, and the attitudes it engenders are an affront and a wound to conventional sensibilities. The new art, or anti-art, cuts off, or down, the "ordinary" expectations, identifications, emotional loyalties out of which older writers and artists formed their worlds." And if it gives little "pleasure," it isn't meant to.

## V

But, the reader asks, what is the point of this lugubrious recitation of failures and breakdowns? Not that, to be sure, it has all been lugubrious, or

wholly a record of breakdown. In the church and in the environment of the university are impressive signs of renewal, and in the art or anti-art of our time there is not only a profoundly interesting commentary on the "metaphysics" of contemporary social life, but an often exhilarating response to it. And in the realm of politics, the very intensity and range of the various protest movements may be construed as evidence of some kind of ideological reconstruction. Still, the picture is somber enough. My point in sketching it has been neither to create a sense of nostalgia nor to strike a just balance between the dark and the light on our institutional landscape. Rather is it to show that the assumptions inherent in the old conventional moralities are to a great extent functions of an institutionalized social and human world that does not exist for the new moralists. From an ethical point of view, the life of the ordinary person—that is, the conventional political man, educator, churchgoer, family man, art lover, good citizen, and good man—is largely (if never entirely) a matter of what the philosopher F. H. Bradley called "my station and its duties." The code of such a person consists of obligations incurred by the institutional relationships and practices in which his life involves him. He does not elect to have a father and a mother, be an American or the member of a particular race. Such ties are simply *there*, and in discovering them he also finds his ethical identity.

When this world breaks down, when its "stations" fail to stay put or involve him in conflicting responsibilities which he cannot resolve, his sense of objective right and wrong becomes insecure and, in extreme cases, disintegrates. To some extent, of course, this happens to every person. Alienation in some measure is part of the human lot. But conflict can be lived with only if the conflicting loyalties are genuine and the values they represent are themselves known to be stable and real. For "us," however, it is not a matter only of finding a way to resolve temporarily conflicting objective values, but of dealing with a world in perpetual crisis, full of shattering institutional changes, of unprecedented troubles created in large part by the very factors on which modern man has hitherto prided himself: the immense progress of exact science and the astounding inventiveness and productivity of technology.

Know the truth and the truth shall set you free, saith the Lord. Is this any longer true? Most of us still believe it, but who knows it to be so? For the first time, the products of our knowledge have created an immense new ignorance about man and his society. Inadvertently, it seems, science itself



has presided over the birth of a new kind of man in a new kind of world, about which neither the ancient wisdom of the race nor the sciences themselves can tell us much.

## VI

Here, then, we have a significant factor in that special tension which is popularly known as the "generation gap." The "older" generation, if the preceding descriptions are right, still thinks mainly in terms of "objective" ethical certitudes. Its members function within a "system" whose code forms a network of rules the authority of which they accept as a matter of course. This does not mean necessarily that they are uncritical or that they have no genuine moral problems. It means, rather, that their problems in the ordinary course have established boundaries. And even when they raise certain questions of boundary, as they do on occasion, there exist critical ground rules in terms of which they justify proposed changes in some part of the system. They resemble the players of a game: they have a book, often quite informal, of rules governing proper forms of play and umpires agreed upon in advance for adjudicating disputes that may arise in the course of the game. Should the issue arise, they themselves would finally have to decide whether to play the game at all; but normally the issue doesn't arise. Nor do they readily understand people who simply do not see the point of playing.

It should be emphasized that individuals who live simply as they like are *not* playing a new kind of moral game. Nor are they exponents of a new morality; for they do not live in moral terms at all. I do not know how many of them, old or young, exist in our society. Every age breeds its outlaws, just as every moral being has moments when the sense of responsibility fades out and moral agency seems a wholly external thing.

The new moralists, however, are not outlaws, they simply fail to see the point of the game as it is conventionally played. Given the overwhelming chaos of the age, the wonder is that they exist at all, that they display so much sensitivity, seriousness, and compassion, and that they should try so hard to find the terms to cope responsibly with all the bafflements of contemporary life. For my own part, I am astonished not that there should be *new* moralities but that there should be *new moralities*.

Whatever the differences among new moralists, of which I shall say something presently, one thing they all have in common: a new sense of what morality is. For them any morality worth discussing begins at home, and judgment is directed

above all to one's own problems and choices. Moral principles now become first-personal precepts: the guidance of one's own conduct through the maze of one's life. It is no longer possible to talk of something called "*the* moral point of view"; the question is not what "one" should do, but what *you* should do, not what are "the rights of man," but what, man or no man, "my" commitments and loyalties are to be. No doubt we are members of mankind, but before anything we are individual persons who must decide for ourselves not only whether we are to be men but what it is to be man. The point is not that we are wiser or more precious than anyone else, but that this, our being, is not encompassed by definitions others have set for us. But whatever else we may be or become we are not just things, not just values of a variable, not functions of a general run, social, institutional, or whatever. And if we should come together, form a community, it is, and can be, only for so long as "we" endure, and it is only we, by our common intent, who can make it endure, who can indeed make it real at all.

It is just here where one discerns a second distinctive feature of the new moralities. If morality begins in first-personal responsibility, only by mutual consent do "my" responsibilities and "yours" become "our" responsibilities. To be sure we may assume responsibility for someone else as well, but he does not in virtue of that fact alone become "one of us." This does not mean that we intend to be exclusive; we may be ready to accept anyone who cares to join as our friend or comrade. There may be a rule between us that anybody at all can come in simply by opening the door. (That in fact, is one of the most agreeable attitudes of the hippies, and, in this respect the rest of us might very well go to school to them.) Still, community is not something any longer to be taken for granted; it has to be renewed each day, not just ceremonially, but by sacrificial acts of mutual trust and loyalty.

But the matter goes beyond this. Recently I heard an extremely serious and intelligent Negro explain what he took to be the root of the Black Power movement. For him it was not at bottom a matter of power but of community. The phrase, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union," meant, in his view, "We the white men of the United States." It did not include "them." As I understood him, he was saying that there are, at the very least, two Americas, one white and the other black. These ideally form two distinct communities with different fundamental loyalties and obligations. He did not condemn the whites; such condemnation was

meaningless. Nor did he deny a certain sense of responsibility for the whites. The point was rather that his fundamental moral being belongs, first of all, to the black community or, better perhaps, to a community of blacks who have discovered at terrible cost a sense of common identity, mutual respect, and desire to be together, away from the alien whites with whom they were now entangled in a wholly abstract, unreal, and purely political society.

I have observed or felt the same sort of thing in other groups. Of course, such a position can be put to ugly use. But certainly in part the radically pluralist view of American society is a response to the sense of the unreality, the inauthentic, haunting thinness of much conventional liberal talk of "one world," "mankind," "the rational animal," "the community of men." And feelings of revulsion at the idea of an abstract "humanity"—as witness most of the best writing of the past decades—often presage the emergence of a sense of mutual concern and responsibility between people who, before, felt scarcely any sense even of personal identity and self-respect.

## VII

But one must speak more concretely of the new generation and the communities that are growing up within it. Plainly a great part of the brunt of every war must be borne by the very young. They must face, if anyone does, the dangers of physical combat, the psychological strains of military life, and the problems of rehabilitation when, if ever, peace returns. Yet, in formally democratic societies these same young people have no share in the so-called democratic process. They are peremptorily drafted by a government which is not theirs in "defense" of values they have not made their own. Who are "they"? Not the young only, but also, especially, the young poor who are systematically disadvantaged, educationally, psychologically, and physically. Out of school, it is they who find it difficult or impossible to find employment. And when they do, it is grubby, meaningless, degrading work. Their relationship to the national society is marginal, and their civil rights, for want of exercise or means of legal defense, remain vestigial and formal. The "social system," so far as they can form an idea of it, means one thing: exclusion. In the face of these and other deep cleavages between the young and the system—with which, naturally enough, they identify their elders—those belonging to the generation "under thirty," like the blacks, tend to form both a community and a subculture unto themselves. In lesser or greater degree, they

become aware of a moral solidarity with one another, and of a responsibility to one another, sometimes against the system which, like the weather, they simply endure. And their odd costumes and manners, their beards and long hair, serve as identification cards which are at the same time badges of dissociation from the national society and its institutions.

To their elders, of course, all this too often means arrogance, selfishness, a diminished sense of public responsibility, immaturity. Reinforced by images of indiscriminate sex, drugs, wasted "opportunity," it also means, not a new morality, but a new immorality. And this conventional "moralism" of the elders who are all too ready to judge and to condemn does little more than reinforce in turn the solidarity of the young with one another and confirm them in their own sense of what is significant, decent, moral.

Their attitudes toward sex symbolize most strikingly the quality of this new morality. Whole books have been written about it, and every popular magazine exploits it for its own purposes. Here I offer no more than a few observations concerning immensely delicate and complex patterns of feelings which people of my generation have not always placed in perspective. Above all, it is essential to bear in mind the general breakdown, already alluded to, of the family as an institution and especially as *the* basic social institution. Throughout our century sex has been increasingly dissociated from marriage and from the family. Contraceptives, however, have until recently been hard to come by, frequently illegal and expensive, and they all too often didn't work. Thus there were practical, if fewer and fewer moral, restraints in premarital sex. Now the dissociation is not only taken for granted by many, perhaps most, young people, but "the pill," cheap and safe, can be obtained by any high-school or college girl without much difficulty.

With the ancient "dangers" of premarital sex apparently nonexistent, and the pleasures thereof obvious, to ask young people to abide by the sexual taboos by which their own mothers and fathers frequently did not and do not now abide is a little like asking executives of great corporations to abide by the medieval rules of the "fair market." It doesn't make sense to them, morally or any other way. This does not mean that in relation to sex and love that young people have gone beyond good and evil. To be sure, the area within which they feel free in conscience to do as they please is much wider; taboos against homosexuality, for instance, are rapidly disappearing. Here, as elsewhere, new notions of loyalty and love are emerging, stripped



of what are considered to be the hypocrisies of the traditional attitudes that go by these names.

The new moralists are more "cool" toward sex than their elders. But this does not mean that they have no sexual *morals*. It means that they are more careful or reticent about displays of moral feeling, rather in the way that the English are about displays of affection generally. It means also that they have fewer rules about sexual immorality. They deal with each situation in this sphere as they do in others, with a concern for its own integral worth, a question that can't be settled by mechanical application of a code book of sexual mores. Furthermore, the young are less disposed than their elders to confuse questions of manners with questions of morals, questions of conventional rudeness or incivility with questions of immorality. And since questions of etiquette interest them little or not at all, they tend to be less full of resentments, less disposed to take umbrage, less exposed to affronts, to conventional jealousy, to the whole emotional paraphernalia of conventional sexual relations. Given this different focus, the moral agent is accordingly faced with a new set of problems.

The younger new moralists, consciously or unconsciously taking a leaf out of the writings of certain radical Christian thinkers, including St. Augustine, Pascal, and Kierkegaard, are preoccupied with possibilities of self-discovery and self-transcendence, of being "twice-born," that may require a sharp break with the immanent personality with which one comes into the world. Their tendency to reject all "ideologies" may itself be taken, in part, as a token of their repudiation of the ideal brought down to us from the Greeks—of a self whose forms are prefabricated, whether by society, by history, by human nature, whatever. And again, they decline to accept any form of activity, intellectual or otherwise, as self-evidently preeminent, or the exercise of the faculties required by it as constituting man's highest good. The crucial problem of freedom—of self-identification and self-determination—becomes for them the most intimate and most personal of problems, about which no one can speak for "all mankind."

The new moralists, less certain than their predecessors of a stable, predictable, not to say millennial, future for themselves and their offspring, are disposed, as Henry Adams once put it in describing the heroine of his novel *Democracy*, "to drive life into a corner" and to force it to bring forth its quotidian yield of authentic realities and intensities. In most of them there exists a deep fund of idealism; but it is the last-ditch idealism of young men and women who have had to discover

their own resources of devotion and responsibility. To John F. Kennedy's overpublicized cry, "Ask not what your country can do for you: ask what you can do for your country," the reply is prompt: "I must first discover what is my own true country and there alone shall I plant my flag." This reply belongs to a deep American tradition, inscribed in the Declaration of Independence, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Emerson's "Self-Reliance," and above all Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience." The contemporary literature of dissent, too, is a literature whose central demand is for independence and self-respect—one which insists that morally speaking "I" am the end of the line. In fact it is a literature of moral autodidacticism. And as such, no matter how admirable, it naturally runs the risk of breeding other attitudes that I, for one, find less admirable.

Not every liberty, for instance, is worth taking; not every act of rebellion is a stake for the good life. Some exponents of the new morality seem to me at once superficial and pretentious. Moreover, they too often exhibit a tendency toward out-group conformity which, sadly, seems little more than an inverted image of the official culture. Angry young men, too, can come dressed in uniform. And in the case of the new druggies, their rage for "experience" passes over into a form of hedonism—which is, of course, an abandonment of the life of self-determination.

Perhaps the most disturbing attitude among some of the new moralists is a pervasive failure of discrimination—what I call "the false democracy" and the "false equality." The fact that this failure is intentional, deriving from a principled opposition to discriminations of any sort, makes it seem no less idiotic to me. A free soul is more important than a free beer, and the inequality of human beings before the law is a profounder disgrace than the offensive status symbols of a culture that calls itself democratic but is really elitist from top to bottom. At present, there is also a tendency to confuse novelty with originality, oddity with independence. One is tempted nowadays to speak of the banality of the new. In a world where everything shocks, who needs the latest bit of clever perversity? And in a world of monstrous immorality, who is fetched by the latest immoralist?

These, however, are all matters of perspective and judgment. Important as they are, they are still more or less incidental. A more serious problem is the fickleness of many of the new intransigents. Nothing, I find, is so dead as last year's protest, no one so forgotten as the leader of last semester's sit-in. At the University of Michigan, where the teach-in originated, I recently asked a

# How do I love thee, Kahlúa? Let me count the ways...

*With thee I love to baste my chicken,  
spare ribs, fish or steak.  
I love thy taste in brownies,  
in fudge and chocolate cake.  
I love the way you make desserts  
an extra special treat.  
I love thee in Kahlúa Kups of  
chocolate I can eat.  
I love thee mixed in cocktails,  
I love thee poured on ice;  
I love thee in Black Russians.  
Brave Bulls are awfully nice.  
For my evening cup of coffee  
thou art the perfect mate.  
But best of all, Kahlúa,  
I love to drink thee straight.*

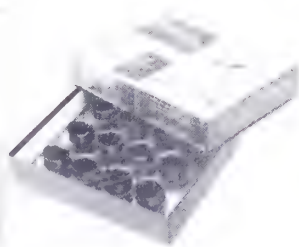


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friend what had happened to the peace movement. It was there all right, but it was not very visible. Instead, last winter, Ann Arbor was all agog over the daring films—in particular *Flaming Creatures* and *Blow Job*—which the students' cinema guild was showing, or trying to show. And when the local police arrested the students in charge and confiscated the former movie, there was a tremendous uproar. Civil rights were being violated, academic freedom infringed by gross and arbitrary impositions from representatives of "the law." The university authorities declined to offer support or even legal counsel to its jugged students. "Questions of law," they said in effect, were not their affair. The university's behavior—not to say the police's—was nauseating. At the same time, I wondered (out loud in a talk that was the germ for this article) what had happened to the earlier passionate concern for rights that had been more profoundly infringed elsewhere in America. And while the students and junior faculty spent—I do not say wasted—their energies over the pornography bit, other and (as it seemed to me) deeper moral issues were temporarily forgotten. The students remained preoccupied with local campus affairs that were, in the winter and spring before "Detroit," minuscule. Where was the old insistent solidarity with other "disadvantaged" groups, with all the wretched of the land? No doubt "we" whites and academicians were not wanted (or trusted) by the successors to the old civil-rights movements. So what? Because "they" are black, must we then retreat into our whiteness? If the new moralists are to be taken as seriously as they deserve, they must learn to recognize the difference between matters of passing and local outrage and those of general, continuing concern. Too often the impression is conveyed, not of a new morality but of a new gadget, not of a new determination to discover one's own vocation through what Mill called "experiments in living," but of a new off-beat victory for current image-makers. The new moralists cannot expect others to take them seriously if they do not take themselves seriously. Sincerity like loyalty begins at home.

Nor am I at all impressed by the new amoralists who really mean to go beyond good and evil. For a life without responsibility to itself has abandoned altogether the Socratic search for self-understanding. And when Nietzsche and his successors praise, or seem to praise, a life that has passed altogether beyond morality, they are praising, perhaps unwittingly, a form of existence that is not utopian but simply mindless. The moral life is ineluctably a part of the life of the mind, and it is for the sake of this life that I for my part am prepared to bear

witness to and for the new moralities of my age, against the conventionalists, the establishmentarians, the realists and pragmatists who serve the national society, with its affluence and its bombs, its sleek suburbs and hideous cities, its fabulous scientific technology and its sick universities.

Finally I must express my own dismay about the abandonment by many new moralists on the political left of the noble tradition of *civil* liberty. If one wishes to make points, there are many scores to be made against the liberal tradition. I know this and have myself frequently pointed them out. But, like Irving Howe, I am astonished at the indifference of so many on the New Left to the liberal ideas of which their own are frequently bastard offspring. In my book, John Locke, John Stuart Mill, and Bertrand Russell are great, ever-to-be-revered names. I shall, on occasion, continue to attack their opinions, but I shall not forsake the great causes of liberal freedom because they sometimes faltered or were occasionally obtuse. I am prepared to admit (alas) that such liberals as Hubert Humphrey or Adlai Stevenson (you name them) "sold out." The neo-pragmatic liberals of the New Frontier are no allies of mine; not vaguely. No matter, we are talking here about principles and ideals, not about coteries, inside-men who have lost their way.

These admonitions, let me add, are addressed in the first instance to myself even more than to my younger friends, for I too am shallow, fickle, insincere, a victim of the image-makers. I too on occasion confuse a new resentment with moral insight. And I too have been misled by Ezra Pound's slogan "Make it new!" But all this is precautionary. I cast my lot irrevocably with all the young sons of Socrates who, in our time, insist that the only morality worthy of the name is one which, finally, one discovers for oneself. If an unreflective life is not worth living, an unreflective morality, whatever its sanctions or authority, is not worth having. Indeed, it is not a morality at all but a form of politics and ideology. And ideologies, indispensable as they are to an even tolerable social existence, must always be made to play second fiddle. This is what the exponents of the new moralities know. It is what they must try, by their sustained example, to make the appointed guardians of our own more fateful polis also understand. In the time of Socrates it was already too late, for Athens, which the Thucydidean Pericles had so proudly called "the school of Greece," was doomed. Is it too late for our would-be free society, which was also once a light to the world, to save itself? I do not know. But I know this: the time is short, and the nights are growing longer.

# WHERE DO THE DETECTIVES EAT?

a story by  
Margot Hentoff



**A** long time ago, when I was very young, Elizabeth Taylor and I got married—each for the first time and in the same summer. We traveled in Europe that July; she with Nicky Hilton, I with my then husband, both of us visiting essentially the same places, she usually leaving an area some days before I arrived. I knew where she was because the European press kept following her, and I read the stories with an interest born of identification. What the papers didn't tell me was how she felt about being married, so I never knew what Elizabeth Taylor did; but all that summer, I cried and cried and cried.

I wept in Paris cafés, in English bookshops, and in Swiss trains going over the mountains. But most of all, I wept on my twentieth birthday in a room in the Golf Hotel in St. Jean-de-Luz. I sat, that day, at a window overlooking the Bay of Biscay and beyond that, the Pyrenees. The sky was blue, the trees green. There were flowering bushes in the gardens, and striped tents on the beach below. The more I looked, the lovelier it became, and the lovelier it was, the more I cried, knowing that not only was all Europe my jail, but that New York, where we lived, was not going to be any better because I was married now, and I was twenty years old, and everything had passed me by.

Many years have gone. Elizabeth Taylor and I remarried; she a number of times, I once. I still don't know how she feels about things, but I have learned a lot since that summer. One of the things I learned is that I wasn't so stupid when I cried.

**T**his morning, sick of the sound of children, I walk through my happy home. It is Saturday. Christina, my oldest daughter, is in her room. She has begun high school this year, has been uprooted from the school she entered at three. Her old class-

mates are scattered. She has been writing to a friend. The letter lies on her bed as she dances around the room to WMCA. Swinging her dime-store hips, Christina, at fourteen, is hip. I have no compunction at reading her letter upside down. Why should I—we are enemies.

School is rank [the letter says]. Nobody hear can dance. I read Candy yesterday. The part about her and the hunchback is groovy. Maybe my father will take me with him to New Mexico. I can't wait to get to Santa Fe!

On the envelope she has written:

De liver  
De letter  
De sooner  
De better

I turn the radio dial to WINS for a weather report. "Oh God," Christina says, "the news!"

She thinks the news is square and would prefer things to swing. I, too, would prefer things to swing, but am less hopeful than Christina, having listened to the radio for so many more years.

Christina is ready to swing into life. "I can't wait to get to Santa Fe!"

Oh Miss Hippie, where do you think you're going?

Christina's desk is stuffed with letters. She and her friends communicate.

"I love you," the boys write her. "There is something between us, I know."

Words from a popular song twenty years old.

"I really like you a lot," Christina writes to each of them in turn. No dope, she, but will keep them hanging while saving her passion for a seventeen-year-old from Lawrenceville who dances loose-kneed and jangly. On him, even short hair is okay. He sends her no letters.

I see that Christina is eating a marshmallow cupcake for breakfast. And a Coca-Cola.



"You can't eat that way," I say. "It's disgusting."

"I want to live with my father," she says. "I hate you."

Her face is pinched like an Ozark child's. The words hiss through the Yardley Slicker shining on her lips. Her eyes are full of tears.

The younger children from this second marriage live here too. But Christina is my obsession.

**A**nother day begins. It is October, once my favorite season. The sidewalk on Twelfth Street has trees which drop whips in October. My five-year-old son gathers them for his arsenal against the world. When I see them, I know that Christmas is almost here. Again. And my house will be wrapped in its Black Forest cheer.

What no one knows is that I hate even the Christmas ornaments saved from my childhood, the ones I wrap so carefully in tissue paper each January and put away on the high shelf of the linen closet. We are very merry at Christmas in my house. I once read that Elizabeth Taylor loves Christmas, that she sends extravagant presents to friends. I, too, do that, shopping all December. But then, I am always buying.

For a month now I have been purchasing-agent for the children; the boxes from Saks' and Bloomingdale's and Bonwit Teller's entering the house on the shoulders of carriers like provisions for a caravan. The children need things for their journeys. But I need nothing. My closets are overflowing, and I am going nowhere.

"What do you want for Christmas?" the younger children ask me.

I want to be left alone for Christmas. And for April. And for October.

"I don't know," I say. "You think of something."

Do you know how many nights I have planned to run away? Beaving a note on Christina's (yes, Christina's—not my husband's or the other children's) pillow which would say,

I have gone. Do not try to find me.

Leave that to me.

I have taken myself away.

Today I am on my way to Bendel's to buy a fall of hair. Thick and fake, with it on my head, perhaps I will stay on top of it all.

Walking on Fifty-seventh Street, I have a momentary view of the sky. Blue. So what? I am no longer beguiled by the October sky over New York. But then, neither do I shiver in despair when the late-winter sun comes in my window. There are, I expect, compensations for most things. Has Elizabeth Taylor found out what they are?

Upstairs, on the Beauty Floor at Bendel's,

which is latticed and wickered like a country sun-room, I am waiting for my fall. They bring it to me, attach it to my head, and I sail out through the ground floor Street of Shops, my neck like a swan's bending under the weight of this great mass of hair which flows downward in a manner far too *jeune fille* for a woman of my age and character.

I walk to Fifth Avenue and there, in front of Tiffany's, is Beejay Ward, Christina's closest friend for all the years before this. She has been away at school in Vermont. At five, Christina clipped Beejay over her eyebrow with a scissors, and Beejay still wears bangs to cover the mark. At eight, they shared a room at camp and cried in each other's arms all night all summer. Last year they were hardly separated for a waking hour, and I wondered how they would ever exist apart.

I had no idea Beejay was in town this weekend.

"Beejay," I say. "Have you spoken to Christina? Aren't you coming to see us?"

Christina is busy. Beejay is busy.

The moon is rising over Tiffany's. It hangs pale and unadmired in the afternoon sky. Jesus—who needs a moon in the afternoon? And what right have Christina and Beejay to be busy—they who had no business except with each other? They have no right to do this to me who is left, ghost-like, a receptacle of their memories.

Later, at home, Christina says, "God, you look dumb with that hair on. Anyone can see it isn't yours."

Just wait, Christina—one day you will get yours.

I tell her about meeting Beejay.

"Mommy," she says gently, "you can't stay best friends forever."

**A**nother afternoon. November. Sunday. Almost five o'clock. We are at the Central Park zoo—my husband and I and the two small boys. All day the sky has been gray and now, growing dark, it has an underlayer of mauve, of ashes of roses. "Paris light," my husband says.

The Delacorte clock had chimed earlier. The elephant danced, and the goat. Now, people are leaving the zoo as we move further in. The trees are bare except where escaped balloons hang from branches like strange shrunken fruit, at once both bright and withered. The park lamps go on, each globe a moon. The Dutch calliope plays, and the camel's back is outlined against the darkness.

*Margot Hentoff's writing has appeared in "Harper's Bazaar" and the "Village Voice" and elsewhere. She has lived in New York City, she says, forever. This is her first story in "Harper's."*

e could have stopped here.



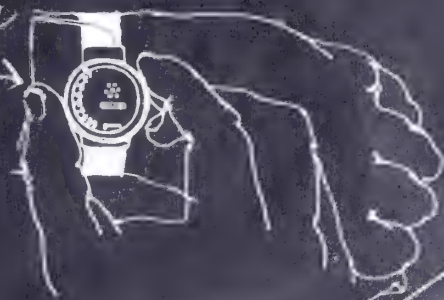


# We could have stopped here

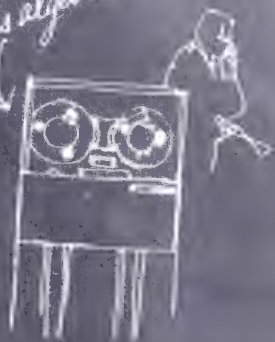


# But we're getting itchy again.

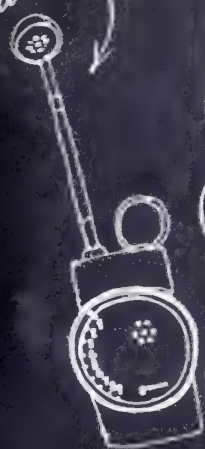
Phones could be made small enough to carry on your wrist and reach any other telephone in the world.



Home telephones may be able to reach computers for figuring income tax, getting information from the library, or helping your son with his algebra.



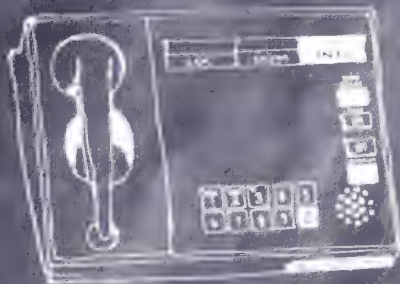
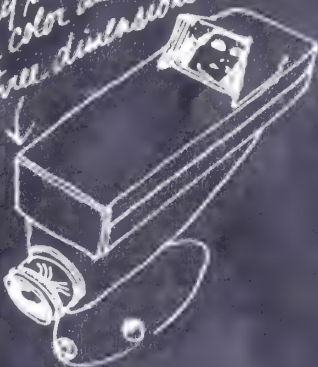
Working on less phones you carry around.



Picture phones for the home may show pictures in color and three dimensions.



No possible telephones with memories will remember where you went and automatically transfer them to them on your own when you're out of town.



These are just a few possibilities we can see for the telephone service of tomorrow. We're working on some of them already.

We're never going to stop exploring ways to make your service better and more useful.

Another way to say it is: We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.



**AT&T**  
and Associated Companies



"Popcorn! Balloons!" the boys cry.

I walk ahead. A hundred moons are lit for me around the seal pool. The sea lions are dark in the dark water.

"We want something!" the boys cry in the distance.

The zoo is almost empty. It begins to rain.

"Where are you?" my husband calls. "It's time to leave."

"Is she lost?" the boys ask. "Get us balloons."

And we ride in a taxi, warm and crowded, home through the rainy streets.

**C**hristmas week. Christina is having a party for those friends who are back from school. The record player sends Donovan's dreams into my room.

In the living room, they are flushed and dancing. The lights are dim. Christina is moving to the music close to a boy who has grown so tall I hardly recognize him. Christina makes a face at me as I walk by. Beejay is here. She has brought with her a boy from her new school. They sit in a corner of the dining room, his arm around her, she leaning into his shoulder. They are so obviously in love as they talk, ignoring the others.

Christina is enraged. She whirls into my bedroom.

"Beejay has some nerve bringing her own date," she says. "She thinks she's so great. Well, I think they're both creeps—and I'm never inviting her again. And you," she says before she slams the door, "stop coming out there and *looking* at us!"

She goes out, then opens the door again.

"Mommy," she says, her face softening, "Bruno is in love with me."

Bruno, I think, is a name for a bear.

This morning, Sally, my friend of longest standing, called to tell me she had taken a lover. Twenty years old, she said, with wire-rimmed glasses and blond hair falling across his eyes. He comes to her house to tutor her son in math. Her husband suspects nothing. But I can see Sally at twenty, and tonight I am appalled that we age in our own skins.

**W**inter is over. I pack away the winter clothes and think of painting the summer house. At night I say to my husband, "You know, we'll only have to paint the house about three more times before we die."

"In that case," he answers, "one must be careful about the colors."

White, then, with black trim. And the furs to be sent to storage. Elizabeth Taylor and I have everything. And sometimes, these spring days, driving on the highway close to the river, I am happy.

Evenings, Christina floats through the apart-

ment in a mist. Her voice is liquid. I can hardly see her. Her new friends make me uneasy. Their speech is like music and they glow. Has Christina been smoking grass? Discovering psychedelic gravity? She tells me nothing. Mirror balls hang in her room and music boxes play. I understand nothing of the change—feel primitive and brutal as I plow through her drawers looking for clues. There are none. She has emptied the desk of herself. Not even a scrap of paper written in her own hand.

**F**or my husband, a letter from a patient in the morning mail:

Dear Doctor,

The Family often uses detectives to ensure family unity. But what about holidays? Do the detectives eat with the family on holidays? If not, where do they eat? If you do not understand this, there will be no further explanation.

I do not understand it. A letter from a madman. But tell me, on holidays, where *do* the detectives eat?

**A**n afternoon in June. I rest in a soft bed, the curtains drawn. The voices of the children are blank and far away. They are being tended by someone else. All is as it should be. And I have a vision:

At the funeral chapel, in her casket blanketed with daffodils, Beejay lies. Her lovely eyes are closed, her cheek and hair so smooth. We are weeping, all of us, parents, teachers, friends. Christina and I look at one another tenderly, holding hands in mutual sorrow. A ray of sunlight comes through the stained-glass window and falls, two rows behind us and to the left, on the head of Elizabeth Taylor, whose hair is short and fluffy as it was in the summer of 1950, and from under whose dark lashes, large and perfect tears unceasingly roll.



*Bertrand Russell*

## **AUTOBIOGRAPHY: 1914-1918, Part II**

*Pacifism, pamphleteering, and imprisonment precede the end of the Great War, which ultimately brings to Lord Russell the realization that "all I had done had been totally useless except to myself . . ."*

**F**rom the middle of 1916 until I went to prison in May 1918, I was very busy indeed with the affairs of the No Conscription Fellowship. My times with Colette were such as could be snatched from pacifist work, and were largely connected with the work itself. Clifford Allen, the chairman of the Fellowship, would be periodically let out of prison for a few days, to be court-martialed again as soon as it became clear that he still refused to obey military orders. We used to go together to his courts-martial. When the Kerensky Revolution came, a great meeting of sympathizers with it was held in Leeds. I spoke at this meeting, and Colette and her husband were at it. We traveled up in the train with Ramsay MacDonald, who spent the time telling long stories of pawky Scotch humor so dull that it was almost impossible to be aware when the point had been reached. It was decided at Leeds to attempt to form organizations in the various districts of England and Scotland with a view to promoting workers' and soldiers' councils on the Russian model. In London a meeting for this purpose was held at the Brotherhood Church in Southgate Road. Patriotic newspapers distributed leaflets in all the neighboring public houses (the district is a very poor one) saying that we were in communication with the Germans and signaled to their airplanes as to where to drop bombs. This made us somewhat unpopular in the neighborhood, and a mob presently besieged the church. Most of us believed that resistance would be either wicked or unwise, since some of us were complete non-resisters, and others realized that we were too few to resist the whole surrounding slum population. A few people, among them Francis Meynell, at-

tempted resistance, and I remember his returning from the door with his face streaming with blood.

The mob burst in led by a few officers; all except the officers were more or less drunk. The fiercest were viragoes who used wooden boards full of rusty nails. An attempt was made by the officers to induce the women among us to retire first so that they might deal as they thought fit with the pacifist men, whom they supposed to be all cowards. Mrs. Snowden\* behaved on this occasion in a very admirable manner. She refused point-blank to leave the hall unless the men were allowed to leave at the same time. The other women present agreed with her. This rather upset the officers in charge of the roughs, as they did not particularly wish to assault women. But by this time the mob had its blood up, and pandemonium broke loose. Everybody had to escape as best they could while the police looked on calmly. Two of the drunken viragoes began to attack me with their boards full of nails. While I was wondering how one defended oneself against this type of attack, one of the ladies among us went up to the police and suggested that they should defend me. The police, however, merely shrugged their shoulders. "But he is an eminent philosopher," said the lady, and the police still shrugged. "But he is famous all over the world as a man of learning," she continued. The police remained unmoved. "But he is the brother of an earl," she finally cried. At this, the police rushed to my assistance. They were, however, too late to be of any service, and I owe my life to a young woman whom I did not know, who

\*The wife of Philip Snowden, a prominent Labour politician.



interposed herself between me and the viragoes long enough for me to make my escape. She, I am happy to say, was not attacked. But quite a number of people, including several women, had their clothes torn off their backs as they left the building. Colette was present on this occasion, but there was a heaving mob between me and her, and I was unable to reach her until we were both outside. We went home together in a mood of deep dejection.

The clergyman to whom the Brotherhood Church belonged was a pacifist of remarkable courage. In spite of this experience, he invited me on a subsequent occasion to give an address in his church. On this occasion, however, the mob set fire to the pulpit and the address was not delivered. These were the only occasions on which I came across personal violence; all my other meetings were undisturbed. But such is the power of press propaganda that my non-pacifist friends came to me and said, "Why do you go on trying to address meetings when all of them are broken up by the mob?"

### Why I Was Put in Prison

**B**y this time my relations with the Government had become very bad. In 1916, I wrote a leaflet which was published by the No Conscription Fellowship about a conscientious objector who had been sentenced to imprisonment in defiance of the conscience clause. The leaflet appeared without my name on it, and I found, rather to my surprise, that those who distributed it were sent to prison. I therefore wrote to *The Times* to state that I was the author of it. I was prosecuted at the Mansion House before the Lord Mayor, and made a long speech in my own defense. On this occasion I was fined £100. I did not pay the sum, so that my goods at Cambridge were sold to a sufficient amount to realize the fine. Kind friends, however, bought them and gave them back to me, so that I felt my protest had been somewhat futile. At Trinity, meanwhile, all the younger Fellows had obtained commissions, and the older men naturally wished to do their bit. They therefore deprived me of my lectureship. When the younger men came back at the end of the War I was invited to return, but by this time I had no longer any wish to do so.

Munition workers, oddly enough, tended to be pacifists. My speeches to munition workers in South Wales, all of which were inaccurately reported by detectives, caused the War Office to issue an order that I should not be allowed in any prohibited area. The prohibited areas were those into

which it was particularly desired that no spies should penetrate. They included the whole sea-coast. Representations induced the War Office to state that they did not suppose me to be a German spy, but nevertheless I was not allowed to go anywhere near the sea for fear I should signal to the submarines. At the moment when the order was issued I had gone up to London for the day from Bosham in Sussex, where I was staying with the Eliots. I had to get them to bring up my brush and comb and toothbrush, because the Government objected to my fetching them myself. But for these various compliments on the part of the Government, I should have thrown up pacifism work, as I had become persuaded that it was entirely futile. Perceiving, however, that the Government thought otherwise, I supposed I might be mistaken, and continued. Apart from the question whether I was doing any good, I could not well stop when fear of consequences might have seemed to be my motive.

At the time, however, of the crime for which I went to prison, I had finally decided that there was nothing further to be done, and my brother had caused the Government to know my decision. There was a little weekly newspaper called *The Tribunal* issued by the No Conscription Fellowship, and I used to write weekly articles for it. After I had ceased to be editor, the new editor, being ill one week, asked me at the last moment to write the weekly article. I did so, and in it I said that American soldiers would be employed as strikebreakers in England, an occupation to which they were accustomed when in their own country. This statement was supported by a U. S. Senate Report which I quoted. I was sentenced for this to six months' imprisonment. All this, however, was by no means unpleasant. It kept my self-respect alive, and gave me something to think about less painful than the universal destruction. By the intervention of Arthur Balfour, I was placed in the first division, so that while in prison I was able to read and write as much as I liked, provided I did no pacifist propaganda.

I found prison in many ways quite agreeable. I had no engagements, no difficult decisions to make,

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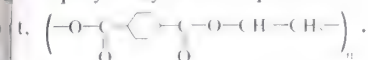
*Lord Russell's two-part narrative of his reaction to the first world war is concluded here. At the time of these events he was already famous as the author of "Principia Mathematica" (with A. N. Whitehead) and "The Problems of Philosophy." This account is taken from the first chapter of "The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, 1914-1944," to be published by Atlantic Little, Brown in May. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950 and was ninety-five years old.*

## The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

### Carpeting power

When purchasing carpet many families proceed rationalistically. The young person actively buying public tends to have had more education than its parents. Several hundred thousand people who see this ad have passed college chemistry courses. Many can remember a little about structural formulas. When carpet-shopping they note that 100% polyester seems to have become accepted. To expect widespread understanding of what "polyester" means may be asking much.

With one important exception, the polyester fiber of commerce is poly(ethylene terephthalate),



Make one that is  $\left( \text{O}-\text{C}(=\text{O})-\text{C}_6\text{H}_4-\text{C}(=\text{O})-\text{O}-\text{CH}(\text{CH}_2-\text{CH}_2)\text{CH}(\text{CH}_2-\text{CH}_2) \right)_n$ .

One would expect much different properties, and one would expect a lighter weight.

That extra ring of  $\text{CH}_2$  groups drops the density of the polymer from 1.38 to 1.22. This means you buy less dead weight and more carpeting power with your money.

The specific gravity of the polymer accounts for but part of the difference. Melting point rises from 250 to 290 C. Elongation at break drops from 45-35% to 34-24%. The stress-strain characteristic curve changes. Strength in grams/denier is from 5.5-4.5 to 2.5-3.0. (For monofilament fishline you wouldn't brag about the strength change, but for carpets it helps.) In concert the changes lead to fiber that remains tough processing more like microscopic bundles of springs than rods. On the floor the advantage is quickly perceptible to the bare foot. Yet the added softness fails to prevent the fiber from springing back faster from shoe traffic and the pressure of an occupied chair.

For fire resistance, nonallergenicity, and easy cleaning and stain removal, poly(ethylene terephthalate) is probably just about as good a fiber.

Be kind. Let the carpeting salesman make his pitch for the new fiber even if he knows less about it than you now. At least he can show you colors and textures and talk price.

### Push air in the vault

The industry keeps trying to charm science graduates out of the campus laboratories into its own laboratories. A widespread willingness to be charmed exists. (Not everybody with scientific talent and preparation feels personally cut out for teaching.) Many yield to the blandishment and soon discover how much more they know than the more influential of their colleagues, and how much less. The discovery can bring little distress to both sides.

Management has the problem of how to keep a high-powered young newcomer interested and useful during the initial time that her\* usefulness is bounded by ignorance of what has been accomplished in the lab over the years before she came.

We see a way to play this off against another common management problem, namely, needless repetition of work already done and paid for, simply because the results are too

... shall be ... unlawful ... to refuse to hire ... limit, segregate, classify ... any individual or otherwise to discriminate against any individual ... because of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin." Public Law 88-352, Sec. 703a. This cannot alter the observation that in our society the smart female is more at ease in some work than the smart male.

hard to dig out of the vault where the old notebooks have been crammed to save on floor space. She could be tried at the responsibility for getting the notebooks organized on microfilm. That we make the Recordak microfilming and retrieval equipment with which this can be done is the reason the suggestion appears here, but even good hardware is only hardware.

To look at each piece of past work and quickly but perceptively select for it a set of, say, four descriptor terms provides plenty of challenge for any possessor of a campus-fresh, up-to-date orientation. Also a chance to learn things the faculty couldn't have taught.

If asked in an employment interview what one thinks one could do for a start, it might stimulate conversation to recall this. If the boss reads this first and wants to look into it further with or without a newcomer, he can inquire about organizing a microfilming system from Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Division, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

### Aerial reconnaissance for peaceful purposes

Many men in military service have had to learn a great deal about aerial reconnaissance photography and how to deduce often amazing facts from what looks to the untrained eye like scanty evidence but in fact plainly tells plenty. Then they return to civilian life and happily forget all about photo-interpretation.

A few don't forget, and proceed to develop their skill into a business. Their industry, manned also by some who entered it through an academic route instead of a military one, doesn't advertise much. It may not be as well known as it should be to citizens who could make good use of its services. Good customers of ours, we'd like to see them prosper.

Business reasons aside for wishing them well, their low- and high-flying aerial photographic missions are nowadays often a little-noticed first move toward correction of unwise ways to deal with our mutual environment, including the air, the watercourses, the land, and the creatures that inhabit them. The work of assembling solid facts on which to act is aided by certain technical accomplishments of ours in manufacturing a weird film that allows the photo-interpreter to use his color vision in the infrared, instead of the way the human eye normally sees color.



Aerial survey companies come in all sizes. Many kinds of arrangements can be considered, ranging from full-scale studies summarized in engineering recommendations to an order for a single good photograph, taken when the wind and sun are right and interpreted by the client.

To help bring the right clients and companies together is our intent here. Address Eastman Kodak Company, Department 926, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.



no fear of callers, no interruptions to my work. I read enormously; I wrote a book, *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, about the principles of mathematics, a semi-popular version of *The Principles of Mathematics*, and began the work for *Analysis of Mind*. I was rather interested in my fellow prisoners, who seemed to me in no way morally inferior to the rest of the population, though they were on the whole slightly below the usual level of intelligence, as was shown by their having been caught. For anybody not in the first division, especially for a person accustomed to reading and writing, prison is a severe and terrible punishment; but for me, thanks to Arthur Balfour, this was not so. I owe him gratitude for his intervention although I was bitterly opposed to all his policies. I was much cheered, on my arrival, by the warder at the gate, who had to take particulars about me. He asked my religion and I replied "agnostic." He asked how to spell it, and remarked with a sigh: "Well, there are many religions, but I suppose they all worship the same God." This remark kept me cheerful for about a week. One time when I was reading Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, I laughed so loud that the warder came round to stop me, saying I must remember that prison was a place of punishment. On another occasion Arthur Waley, the translator of Chinese poetry, sent me a translated poem that he had not yet published called "The Red Cockatoo."\* It is as follows:

Sent as a present from Annam  
A red cockatoo.  
Colored like the peach-tree blossom,  
Speaking with the speech of men.  
And they did to it what is always done  
To the learned and eloquent.  
They took a cage with stout bars  
And shut it up inside.

I had visits once a week, always of course in the presence of a warder, but nevertheless very cheering. Ottoline and Colette used to come alternately, bringing two other people with them. I discovered a method of smuggling out letters by enclosing them in the uncut pages of books. I could not, of course, explain the method in the presence of the warder, so I practiced it first by giving Ottoline the *Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society*, and telling her that it was more interesting than it seemed. Before I invented this device, I found another by which I could incorporate love-letters to Colette into letters which were read by the Governor of the prison. I professed to be reading French Revolutionary Memoirs, and to have

discovered letters from the Girondist Buzot to Madame Roland. I concocted letters in French saying that I had copied them out of a book. The circumstances were sufficiently similar to my own to make it possible to give verisimilitude to the letters. In any case, I suspect that the Governor did not know French, but would not confess his ignorance.

The prison was full of Germans, some of them very intelligent. When I once published a review of a book about Kant, several of them came up to me and argued warmly about my interpretation of that philosopher. During part of my time, Levinov was in the same prison, but I was not allowed any opportunity of speaking to him, though I used to see him in the distance.

## Like Life on an Ocean Liner

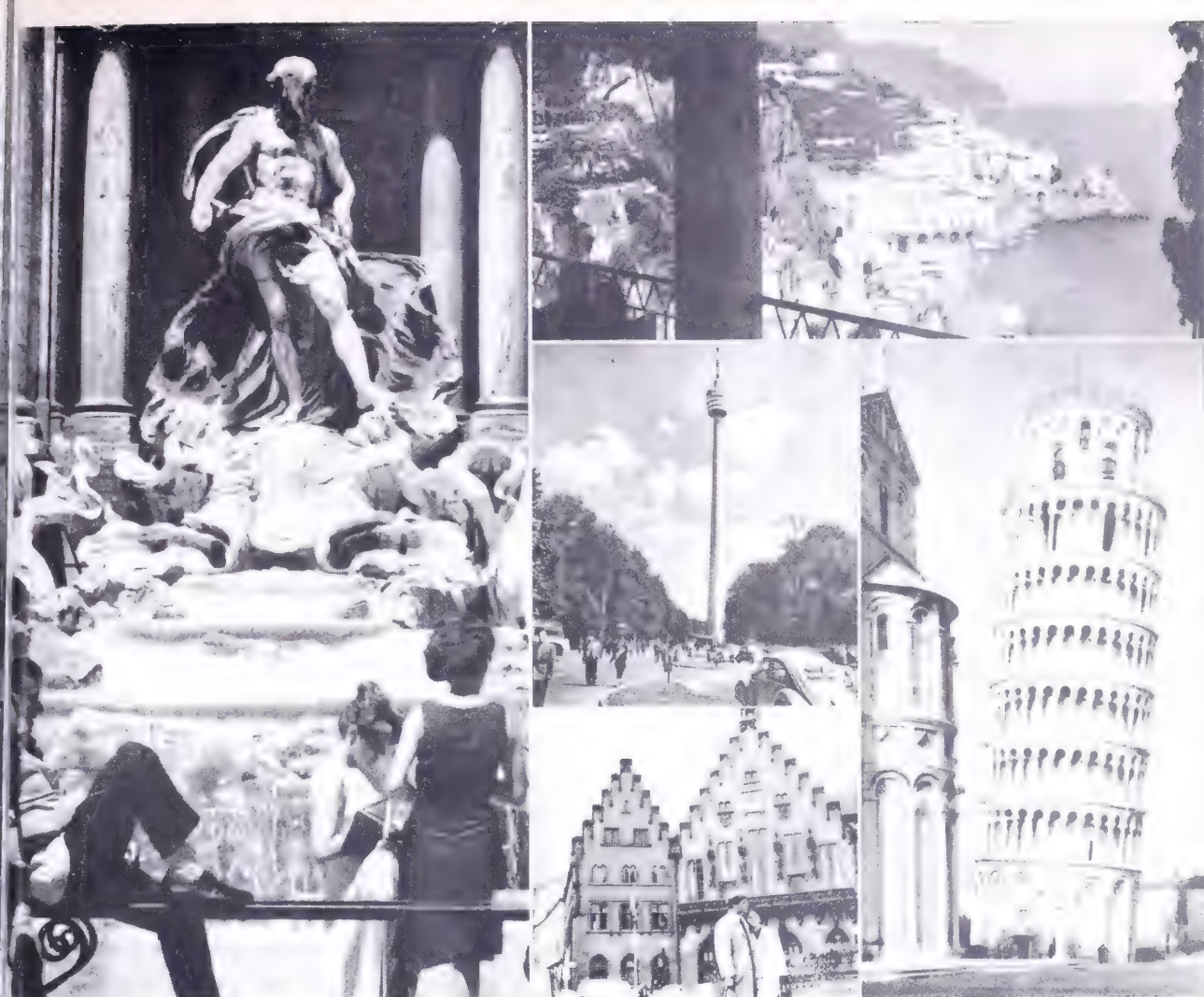
**S**ome of my moods in prison are illustrated by the following extracts from letters to my brother, all of which had to be such as to be passed by the Governor of the prison:

(May 6, 1918) . . . Life here is just like life on an Ocean Liner; one is cooped up with a number of average human beings, unable to escape except into one's own stateroom. I see no sign that they are worse than the average, except that they probably have less willpower, if one can judge by their faces, which is all I have to go by. That applies to debtors chiefly. The only real hardship of life here is not seeing one's friends. It was a great delight seeing you the other day. Next time you come, I hope you will bring two others—I think you and Elizabeth both have the list. I am anxious to see as much of my friends as possible. You seemed to think I should grow indifferent on that point but I am certain you were wrong. Seeing the people I am fond of is not a thing I should grow indifferent to, though thinking of them is a great satisfaction. I find it comforting to go over in my mind all sorts of occasions when things have been to my liking.

Impatience and lack of tobacco do not as yet trouble me as much as I expected, but no doubt they will later. The holiday from responsibility is really delightful, so delightful that it almost outweighs everything else. Here I have not a care in the world: the rest to nerves and will is heavenly. One is free from the torturing question: What more might I be doing? Is there any effective action that I haven't thought of? Have I a right to let the whole thing go and return to philosophy? Here, I *have* to let the whole thing go, which is far more restful than choosing to let it go and doubting if one's choice is justified. Prison has some of the advantages of the Catholic Church. . . .

(May 27, 1918) . . . Tell Lady Ottoline I have been reading the two books on the Amazon: Tomlinson I loved; Bates bores me while I am reading him, but leaves pictures in my mind which I am glad of afterwards. Tomlinson owes much to *Heart of Darkness*.

\* Now included in *Chinese Poems* (London, George Allen & Unwin Ltd.).



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The contrast with Bates is remarkable: one sees how our generation, in comparison, is a little mad, because it has allowed itself glimpses of the truth, and the truth is spectral, insane, ghastly: the more men see of it, the less mental health they retain. The Victorians (dear souls) were sane and successful because they never came anywhere near truth. But for my part I would rather be mad with truth than sane with lies. . . .

(June 10, 1918) . . . Being here in these conditions is not as disagreeable as the time I spent as attaché at the Paris Embassy, and not in the same world of horror as the year and a half I spent at a crammer's. The young men there were almost all going into the Army or the Church, so they were at a much lower moral level than the average. . . .

(July 8, 1918) . . . I am not fretting at all, on the contrary. At first I thought a good deal about my own concerns, but not (I think) more than was reasonable; now I hardly ever think about them, as I have done all I can. I read a great deal, and think about philosophy quite fruitfully. It is odd and irrational, but the fact is my spirits depend on the military situation as much as anything: when the Allies do well I feel cheerful, when they do badly, I worry over all sorts of things that seem quite remote from the War. . . .

(July 22, 1918) . . . I have been reading about Mirabeau. His death is amusing. As he was dying he said "*Ah! si j'eusse vécu, que j'eusse donné de chagrin à ce Pitt!*" which I prefer to Pitt's words (except in Dizzy's version). They were not however quite the last words Mirabeau uttered. He went on: *Il ne reste plus qu'une chose à faire: c'est de se parfumer, de se couronner de fleurs et de s'écrouler de musique, afin d'entrer agréablement dans ce sommeil dont on ne se réveille plus. . . .*" Then, turning to a friend, who was sobbing, "*Eh bien! êtes-vous content, mon cher connaisseur en belles morts?*" At last, hearing some guns fired, "*Sont-ce déjà les funérailles d'Achille?*" After that, apparently, he held his tongue, thinking, I suppose, that any further remark would be an anticlimax. He illustrates the thesis I was maintaining to you last Wednesday, that all unusual energy is inspired by an unusual degree of vanity. There is just one other motive: love of power. Philip II of Spain and Sidney Webb of Grosvenor Road are not remarkable for vanity.

There was only one thing that made me mind being in prison, and that was connected with Colette. Exactly a year after I had fallen in love with her, she fell in love with someone else, though she did not wish it to make any difference in her relations with me. I, however, was bitterly jealous.\* I had the worst opinion of him, not wholly without reason. We had violent quarrels, and things were

Later I recognized the fact that my feeling sprang not only from jealousy, but also, as is often the case in so deeply serious a relationship as I felt ours to be, from a sense both of collaboration broken and, as happened so often and in so many ways during these years, of the sanctuary defiled.

never again quite the same between us. While I was in prison, I was tormented by jealousy the whole time, and driven wild by the sense of impotence. I did not think myself justified in feeling jealousy, which I regarded as an abominable emotion, but none the less it consumed me. When I first had occasion to feel it, it kept me awake almost the whole of every night for a fortnight, and at the end I only got sleep by getting a doctor to prescribe sleeping drafts. I recognize now that the emotion was wholly foolish, and that Colette's feeling for me was sufficiently serious to persist through any number of minor affairs. But I suspect that the philosophical attitude which I am now able to maintain in such matters is due less to philosophy than to physiological decay. The fact was, of course, that she was very young, and could not live continually in the atmosphere of high seriousness in which I lived in those days. But although I know this now, I allowed jealousy to lead me to denounce her with great violence, with the natural result that her feelings towards me were considerably chilled. We remained lovers until 1920, but we never recaptured the perfection of the first year.

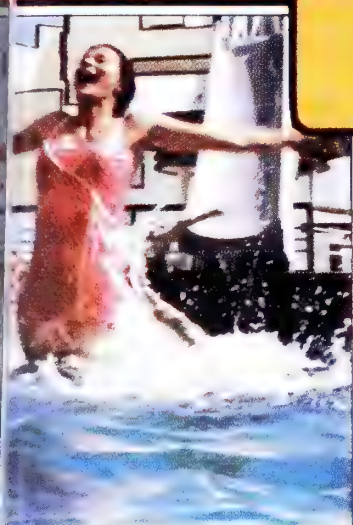
## Escape from Solitude

I came out of prison in September 1918, when it was already clear that the War was ending. During the last weeks, in common with most other people, I based my hopes upon Woodrow Wilson. The end of the War was so swift and dramatic that no one had time to adjust feelings to changed circumstances. I learned on the morning of November 11, a few hours in advance of the general public, that the Armistice was coming. I went out into the street, and told a Belgian soldier, who said: "*Tiens, c'est chic!*" I went into a tobacconist's and told the lady who served me. "I am glad of that," she said, "because now we shall be able to get rid of the interned Germans." At eleven o'clock, when the Armistice was announced, I was in Tottenham Court Road. Within two minutes everybody in all the shops and offices had come into the street. They commandeered the buses, and made them go where they liked. I saw a man and woman, complete strangers to each other, meet in the middle of the road and kiss as they passed.

Late into the night I stayed alone in the streets, watching the temper of the crowd, as I had done in the August days four years before. The crowd was frivolous still, and had learned nothing during the period of horror, except to snatch at pleasure more recklessly than before. I felt strangely soli-

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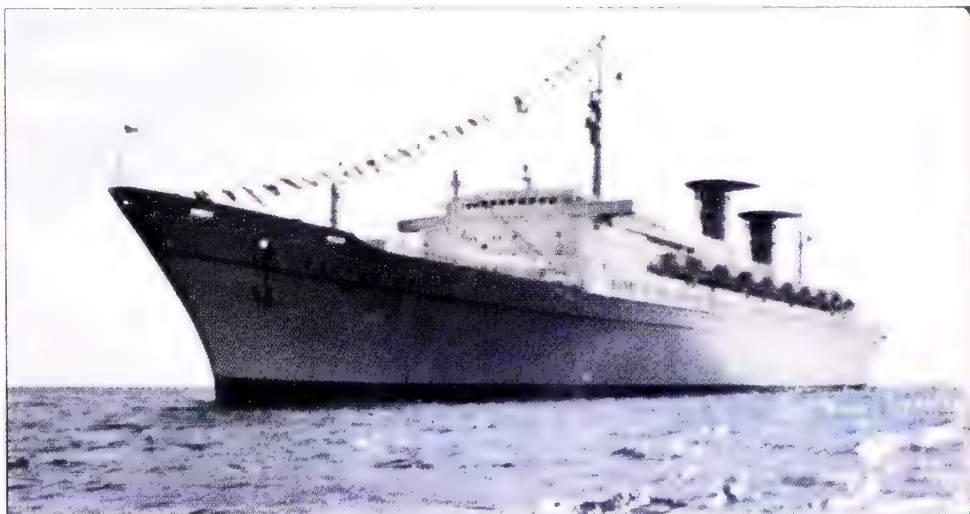
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tary amid the rejoicings, like a ghost dropped by accident from some other planet. True, I rejoiced also, but I could find nothing in common between my rejoicing and that of the crowd. Throughout my life I have longed to feel that oneness with large bodies of human beings that is experienced by the members of enthusiastic crowds. The longing has often been strong enough to lead me into self-deception. I have imagined myself in turn a Liberal, a Socialist, or a Pacifist, but I have never been any of these things, in any profound sense. Always the skeptical intellect, when I have most wished it silent, has whispered doubts to me, has cut me off from the facile enthusiasms of others, and has transported me into a desolate solitude. During the War, while I worked with Quakers, non-resisters, and Socialists, while I was willing to accept the unpopularity and the inconvenience belonging to unpopular opinions, I would tell the Quakers that I thought many wars in history had been justified, and the Socialists that I dreaded the tyranny of the State. They would look askance at me and while continuing to accept my help would feel that I was not one of them.

Underlying all occupations and all pleasures I have felt since early youth the pain of solitude. I

have escaped it most nearly in moments of love, yet even there, on reflection, I have found that the escape depended partly upon illusion.\* I have known no woman to whom the claims of intellect were as absolute as they are to me, and wherever intellect intervened, I have found that the sympathy I sought in love was apt to fail. What Spinoza calls "the intellectual love of God" has seemed to me the best thing to live by, but I have not had even the somewhat abstract God that Spinoza allowed himself to whom to attach my intellectual love. I have loved a ghost, and in loving a ghost my inmost self has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection, and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God.

The War of 1914-18 changed everything for me.

This and what follows is no longer true (1967).



I ceased to be academic and took to writing a new kind of books. I changed my whole conception of human nature. I became for the first time deeply convinced that Puritanism does not make for human happiness. Through the spectacle of death I acquired a new love for what is living. I became convinced that most human beings are possessed by a profound unhappiness venting itself in destructive rages, and that only through the diffusion of instinctive joy can a good world be brought into being. I saw that reformers and reactionaries alike in our present world have become distorted by cruelties. I grew suspicious of all purposes demanding stern discipline. Being in opposition to the whole purpose of the community, and finding all the everyday virtues used as means for the slaughter of Germans, I experienced great difficulty in not becoming a complete Antinomian. But I was saved from this by the profound compassion which I felt for the sorrows of the world. I lost old friends and made new ones. I came to know some few people whom I could deeply admire, first among whom I should place E. D. Morel. I got to know him in the first days of the War, and saw him frequently until he and I were in prison. He had single-minded devotion to the truthful presentation of facts. Having begun by exposing the iniquities of the Belgians in the Congo, he had difficulty in accepting the myth of "gallant little Belgium." Having studied minutely the diplomacy of the French and Sir Edward Grey in regard to Morocco, he could not view the Germans as the sole sinners. With untiring energy and immense ability in the face of all the obstacles of propaganda and censorship, he did what he could to enlighten the British nation as to the true purposes for which the Government was driving the young men to the shambles. More than any other opponent of the War, he was attacked by politicians and the press, and of those who had heard his name 99 per cent believed him to be in the pay of the Kaiser. At last he was sent to prison for the purely technical offense of having employed Miss Sidgwick, instead of the post, for the purpose of sending a letter and some documents to Romain Rolland. He was not, like me, in the first division in prison, and he suffered an injury to his health from which he never recovered. In spite of all this, his courage never failed. He often stayed up late at night to comfort Ramsay MacDonald, who frequently got "cold feet," but when MacDonald came to form a Government, he could not think of including anyone so tainted with pro-Germanism as Morel. Morel felt his ingratitude deeply, and shortly afterwards died of heart disease, acquired from the hardships of prison life.

There were some among the Quakers whom I admired very greatly, in spite of a very different outlook. I might take as typical of these the treasurer of the No Conscription Fellowship, Mr. Grubb. He was when I first knew him a man of seventy, very quiet, very averse to publicity, and very immovable. He took what came without any visible sign of emotion. He acted on behalf of the young men in prison with a complete absence of even the faintest trace of self-seeking. When he and a number of others were being prosecuted in a pacifist publication, my brother was in court listening to his cross-examination. My brother, though not a pacifist, was impressed by the man's character and integrity. He was sitting next Matthews, the Public Prosecutor, who was a friend of his. When the Public Prosecutor stood down at the end of his cross-examination of Mr. Grubb, my brother whispered to him: "Really, Matthews, the role of Torquemada does not suit you!" My brother's remark so angered Matthew that he would never speak to him again.

One of the most curious incidents of the War, so far as I was concerned, was a summons to the War Office to be kindly reasoned with. Several Red Tabs with the most charming manners and the most friendly attitude, besought me to acquire a sense of humor, for they held that no one with a sense of humor would give utterance to unpopular opinions. They failed, however, and afterwards I regretted that I had not replied that I held my sides with laughter every morning as I read the casualty figures.

When the War was over, I saw that all I had done had been totally useless except to myself. I had not saved a single life or shortened the War by a minute. I had not succeeded in doing anything to diminish the bitterness which caused the Treaty of Versailles. But at any rate I had not been an accomplice in the crime of all the belligerent nations, and for myself I had acquired a new philosophy and a new youth. I had got rid of the don and the Puritan. I had learned an understanding of instinctive processes which I had not possessed before, and I had acquired a certain poise from having stood so long alone. In the days of the Armistice men had high hopes of Wilson. Other men found their inspiration in Bolshevik Russia. But when I found that neither of these sources of optimism was available for me, I was nevertheless able not to despair. It is my deliberate expectation that the worst is to come,\* but I do not on that account cease to believe that men and women will ultimately learn the simple secret of instinctive joy.

\*This passage was written in 1931.

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# From Vietnam to Obscenity

John W. Aldridge

Last summer, in a pious setting on mountains, stone fences, undisturbed streams, and other reminders of lost pastoral purity, two prominent writers made statements that in fact outrageous attacks on the moral and emotional integrity of American life. The occasion was the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in Vermont, and the writers were William S. Lederer and Norman Mailer. Mailer spoke with a full charge of indignation about Vietnam, the organized crime and political corruption behind its activities there in this age of the Atomic Society. Mailer spoke like a bad priest at church about obscenity in literature, the necessary filthiness of sex in this age of cancer, foiled desire and pinched orgasm. Lederer's statements were facts and figures he gathered at considerable personal risk from firsthand observation of the Vietnam scene. Mailer's were the radical intuitions of a mind almost pathologically sensitive to the psychic currents alive in the contemporary world. Yet one could not escape the feeling that in spite of their very different approaches, the two men were speaking essentially the same phenomenon. There might be no literal connection between Vietnam and obscenity beyond the fact that both could be considered dirty words. But on a level beyond or beneath the literal one sensed the possibility of connection, and for some time afterward I was haunted by that possibility.

It therefore seemed something more than a nice coincidence when, a month or so later, Mailer published a novel\* bearing the portentous title *Why Are We In Vietnam?*. One of course a bit baffled to discover that the book was not really about Vietnam at all but about an Alaskan hunt. Yet perverse whimsy could

not have been Mailer's sole motive for using the title, although nothing else seemed to account for his decision to run two photographs of himself on the back of the jacket, one depicting a mean, sullen Max Baerish Mailer with an enormous black eye, the other showing a handsome, quite respectable face that smiled slightly in a manner almost enigmatic. Then one discovered, with some renewal of excitement, that the book was obscene—relentlessly, brilliantly, hilariously obscene, very probably the most obscene novel ever published in this country, and that, in view of Mailer's declarations at Bread Loaf, seemed far too pat for any coincidence.

There appeared to be good reason for supposing now that the book just might contain hidden depths and secrets, that if Mailer had two faces, so might the book—a verbal surface of grinning, foul-mouthed iconoclasm and a concealed interior of diabolically subtle, even murderous intent. Little by little this suspicion grew stronger and one's reading of the book warier. Then suddenly the Jekyll and Hyde effect dissolved: the two faces became one face possessing features of remarkable coherence. Now for the first time the title seemed appropriate and the obscenity imperative. For it became clear that Mailer had indeed managed to bring Vietnam and obscenity together in a marvelous synthesis, and that his book, properly read, could be seen as telling us something important not only about the obscenity of our situation in Vietnam, but far more crucially, about the possible power of obscenity to help alleviate that situation.

To appreciate the success with which the novel justifies these claims, it is first necessary to see that the action does not literally stand for the Vietnam war, but is rather a complex metaphorical statement of the moral

and emotional sickness that may be responsible for the war. The book is not, in other words, merely a charade in which elements of the war are pantomimed, or in which the bear hunters represent generals, their weapons the Air Force, and the animals the poor napped women and children of Vietnam. Certain minor parallels of this kind may be suggested, and the book may finally become an outlandish comic parable of our national tragedy, a grotesque anatomy of our psychic melancholy, a nightmare map of LBJ's route to certain disaster. But it arrives at none of these incarnations all at once, nor do they exist simultaneously on the same plane of subtlety. Mailer has in the past cautioned his readers not to understand him too quickly, and in this case the warning is imperative. One moves toward something like full comprehension of what he is saying only by slow degrees and only after excavating down through levels of significance that grow progressively larger the more carefully one studies them.

On the simplest level, the story the novel tells is familiar to the point of cliché because almost every major American author from Melville to Faulkner has written his version of it. Two Texas adolescents, D. J. Jethroe and Tex Hyde, go to Alaska, in the company of D. J.'s father and two guides, to hunt grizzly bear. At a particularly dangerous moment of kill, D. J. bests his father in courage and

---

*John W. Aldridge, Professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author most recently of "Time to Murder and Create," a critical study of the contemporary novel. His other books include "After the Lost Generation" and a novel, "The Party at Cranton." He is now preparing a definitive critical study of George Orwell.*



## BREAKTHROUGH

by Harold Bond

Fever, night. Next door  
the Pakistani

gather guns. Their high  
palatal voices

cluck and explode like  
cherry bombs. I rap

on the wall, and they  
assume a whisper.

Everyone lately  
has been whispering.

They are whispering  
of one another's

spouses. Secrets are  
going around like

endocrine. Plaster  
falls on my forehead.

For two years the rat  
has been tunneling

through the walls. I have  
prepared for him a

vast cuisine. Soon there  
will be a breakthrough.

in so doing figuratively murders him and takes possession of his manhood. The boys are then freed to act independently of adult authority. They strike out alone into the mountains and climb far above the timber line. There in a state of complete isolation and as vulnerable as men can be to the elemental perils, they are able to put aside their fears and hatreds and come into some kind of mature engagement of their condition as human beings.

The story, in short, appears to be nothing more than a modernized and even rather banal retelling of the classic American mythic tale of quest, initiation, and ultimate absolution. *Moby-Dick*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Faulkner's The Bear* loom behind it and create both its historical precedent and its archetypal pattern; the escape from the repressive hypocrisies of civilized society; the search for reality in the wilderness which,

symbolically, represents a return to the Great Mother womb of nature; the test of strength and courage; the achievement of moral rebirth in the renewal of harmonious relations between the self and the natural world. One may be intrigued to see how a writer of Mailer's radical imagination has turned to perhaps the most conventional and idealized of American literary modes for the structure of what is surely a subversive attack on the American character. But if that were all he had done, one would be justified in writing off his book as still another watery helping of instant ritual stew.

Yet just as the Puritan and frontier versions of this story had always their dark other side, a haunting intimation of violence and terror working just beneath the idyllic pastoral surfaces, so there is a demonic center to Mailer's book. The story may seem innocuous enough in its details. But the story is *told*, and it is told by D. J., and that makes a difference as powerfully sinister as Ahab's madness or the horrors that pursue Huck and Jim as they float on their raft down the tranquil Mississippi. For D. J. is also mad in his way as well as very probably a genius, and he is a magnificent perversion of the ideal of wholesome, clean-cut American boyism which we sentimentally but erroneously associate with *Huckleberry Finn*. In fact, D. J. is a perversion of both the idealized Huck and the idealized Jim. In his white incarnation he is Ranald Jethroe Jellicoe Jethroe, handsome sixteen-year-old stud from Dallas, Big D., Texas, that Eden of assassinations. He is also Disk Jockey to the world and Doctor Jekyll to his pal, Tex Hyde, who happens to be the son of a necrophiliac undertaker. But when D. J. is high on pot, his relation to the universe becomes transistorized, and he imagines himself plugged into the brain of a bedridden genius Negro. White boy and black boy talk out of his mouth at the same time, and the result is the most brilliant babble of verbal ghastliness ever heard in literature. D. J. speaks by turns with the tongue of a Hell's Angel, a Harlem hippie, a small-town Southern deputy sheriff, a drunken tent-revivalist preacher, and the filthiest-minded top sergeant in the U. S. Army. But he is a militant moralist at heart, and his obscenity functions as the terrible

swift sword of conscience through the pretensions of evil he finds obscene in American

His most outrageous eloquence directed against the pretentious father, Rutherford (Rusty) Jethroe Jellicoe Jethroe, top of a firm engaged in manufacturing plastic cigarette filters called Rappports—the filter with the porosity of purpose—which even cause cancer of the lip. D. J. despises the corruption of his world, and from the moment the hunting party arrives in Alabama recognize that he and Tex are the hunted and victimized and as desperately at bay, as the people of the Brooks Range country—both they and the animals are exploited by the sick value which has produced emotional ties of men like Rusty Jethroe.

Here, briefly, the Vietnam emerges at the level of character; the effect is one of shattering together successful *tour de force* methods employed by the hunters from Rusty's world who terrorized the animals that they have gone berserk. As the Indian Big Ollie, says, "animal no more, now crazy." They have fired upon by gigantic Magnur of near howitzer size. They have badly maimed and left, out of minds with pain, to die a little time, black murder eating hearts. Helicopters have herded together and held them paralyzed with fright so that the hunters could make an easy shot. As a result, they have been reduced to a state in which actions are no longer predictable, keeping with the laws of animalism, in which they may escape without warning or reason, and from ambush, carry on their own instinctual form of guerrilla warfare. D. J. and Tex are also fighting guerrilla-fashion, using as weapons their outrageous rhetoric and their combined defiance of adult authority to escape a similar brutalization at a human level. Toward the end of the novel it appears that they do escape. But we come to understand long before this that the obvious symbolism of the heavy weaponry, helicopter guerrilla tactics, and the terrible plight of the animals is finally important to Mailer not because it pertains to the boys or pantomimes Vietnam.

By 2:00 p.m.  
the war was over,  
for the day

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but because it dramatizes the plight of the hunters. Their sickness of soul is the issue that interests him above all else. Around it he builds his case study of the individual and national psychosis which, in its most virulent pathological extension, seems to him to have created the Vietnam war.

Rusty Jethroe stands in the book as the representative victim of this psychosis. The implication is that the forces that drive him to become a promiscuous slayer of animals are the same as those that have driven the nation into promiscuous military aggressiveness. In both cases the problem is creative energy subverted into a massive need to seek and exercise domination over others. At some point in Rusty's development his native pioneer impulses toward adventure and self-challenge, impulses which might once have found an outlet in the testing hazards of the frontier, have been blocked in him and become the poison of his psychic life. There are voids in his eyes and gleams of yellow fire, reflecting the rage burning in the wastes of his unconscious. Sometimes

it seems to D. J. that there are fifty thousand miles of marble floor down those eyes, and you have to walk over them all to get to The Man. But it is questionable whether The Man is any longer there. For Rusty has never found the freedom to measure himself, to possess his courage, to develop his trust or his capacity for love. Hence, his existence has degenerated into a series of small, vicious, power-seeking conquests of the animal and business world. He achieves temporary relief from his frustrations in his sadistic version of the hunt, in the kind of compulsive trophyism in which the mounted heads of bear and deer symbolize not shooting skill but corporation status, in the humiliation of subordinates, whose obedience to him is measured, according to D. J., by the degree of instant sincerity they can put into their "gut yes" whenever Rusty wants them to confirm the truth of one of his boasts. But all his victories are won in a contest that never engages him at the level of his deepest needs. Rusty has brought death to animals, and he may, as Hem-

ingway once confessed about himself, be forced to kill animals. He must keep from committing suicide. He has never faced the fact of death in his own mind. He therefore has never discovered his potentialities for life. He knows only the experience of dread, the great contemporary disease of defeat, and it is very possible that he will finally fall victim to one of the great contemporary diseases of those who dread. For cancer, in Mailer's view, is the revenge which the elements of the body take upon those who try to discharge their aggressive impulses, and so cleanse themselves of dread, in emotionally healthy ways.

Within the terms of Mailer's medievally unitary vision of human life, the psychological character of a nation is indistinguishable from that of an individual. A nation too weak to bark on a cancer course when it itself balked in the effort to confront new challenges and move forward into new phases of creative growth. America the most dangerous animal; its symptom is Vietnam. We bite and slaughter the Vietnamese. Rusty brutalizes and slaughters animals because our aggression is frozen in the traps of murder. We have lost the power to release ourselves through other, less destructive means. There was a time, according to Mailer, when this country existed dynamically not only on the physical frontier of its westward expansion but on the psychological frontier of a free-wheeling aliveness to the possibilities of romance, adventure, and imaginative self-discovery. For a moment in our history we were energized by the dream of the potential heroism of every man. When the West was filled, that dream turned inward and became a fixation of our fantasy life. As Mailer observes in his essay, "The Existential Hero," it was once a vital proof of man's need and selfhood to be able to "fight and kill well (if always with honor), to love well and love many, be cool, be daring, be dashing, be wild, be wily, be resourceful, be a brave gun. And the myth that each of us was born to be free, to wander, to have adventures, and to grow on the waves of the sun, the lent, the perfumed, and the unexpected, had a force which could not be tamed no matter how the national regulators . . . would brick in the modern life with hygiene upon sa-

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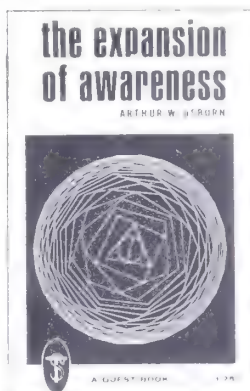
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, and Eisenhower, we retreated  
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the Cold War. America's need  
time was, said Mailer, to "take  
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mare, to face into that terrible  
f history which demanded that  
ntry and its people must be-  
more extraordinary and more  
urous, or else perish."

ake this possible we needed a  
or a President, a man who could  
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w." In John Kennedy we had for  
such a President. When he was  
inated, the fantasy was forced  
ground, and in our frustration  
age we have quite simply gone  
k. We have become involved in  
whose end may be limitless, an  
e war which can "brutalize  
s best in a nation and encourage  
horror to rise from its sewer."  
war we have needed because we  
needed action, "not brave action,  
ction; any kind of action; any  
to get the motors going. A fu-  
leath of the spirit lies close and  
upon American life, a cancerous  
ness at the center which calls  
circus."

cancerous emptiness is finally  
*Why Are We In Vietnam?* is all  
. The book thus provides its own  
r to the question raised by the  
But far more importantly, it also  
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udicrous, half-serious solution  
dilemma it describes. For if the  
age is obscenity of a particularly  
at and imaginative sort, it is ob-  
y used with a clearly radical  
intention: to help alleviate the

"By worldly standards I should have been  
well satisfied to accept life as I found it. My health has  
been sound, and as much success as is good for me has come my way. Yet from early  
years I have experienced a deep sense of dissatisfaction which has forced me to look  
below the surface of things. It has also so happened that I have been brought into  
touch with people whose experiences are unusual; some of a "psychic" nature and others  
with mystical glimpses. Also, for many years I have closely studied the records of psychical  
research and have made my own investigations and received sufficient evidence to disturb  
any complacency I might have had that the common-sense world was the only reality.  
I am constantly meeting people who, while apparently immersed in this world's activi-  
ties, are not so in reality. They are inwardly groping for some explanation of their  
existence. They are not what are called "deep thinkers", nor natural students, yet they are  
thoughtful, well educated, and are burdened with unanswered questions . . ."



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psychological pressures that have driven us to commit the atrocity of Vietnam.

There are two kinds of obscenity in the novel: scatological and fornicatory. Sometimes, in the mixed metaphors of evacuation and buggery, the two cohabit. But the scatological predominates. D.J.'s talk is primarily lingual bowel movement, and this has its quirky appropriateness. For over the years Mailer has evolved a sort of eschatology of scatology, a highly idiosyncratic metaphysics of feces. Excrement represents to him the organic form of defeat and dread. It is linked in his mind to the work of the Devil, who is engaged in unremitting warfare with God to determine the ascendancy of death or life in the universe, a contest which on the human level becomes the individual's unremitting struggle against dread. Closely related to this is the concept of apocalyptic orgasm which Mailer first explored in his famous essay, "The White Negro." The apocalyptic orgasm so passionately sought after by the hipster is not merely the ultimate sexual spasm. It may be a physical consummation devoutly to be wished for, but it is above all else a psychomystical experience whereby new circuits of energy are generated in the self, which in turn come into connec-

tion with circuits operating throughout the universe. Finally, therefore, it is a means of attaining oneness with God. But for this to become possible, the Devil in us must first be vanquished. Hence, behind every apocalyptic orgasm is an apocalyptic defecation. From one exit we ejaculate toward divinity. From the other we evacuate the Devil's work. The route to salvation is thus from anus to phallus, from organic excretion to orgasmic ecstasy. If there is in fact a Great Chain of Being, Mailer's advice would obviously be to pull it.

At the literary level scatological obscenity is a means of clearing the psychic bowels of defeat and dread. It is a way of ridding ourselves of the blocked aggressions, the spiritual constipations, which goad us to violence even as they inhibit our powers of creative self-rejuvenation. In the broad sociological terms suggested by Mailer in his Bread Loaf lecture and again in a recent *Esquire* article, the literary use of obscenity may also be a means of renewing vital contact between those portions of the population who habitually and at grave peril to themselves repress their aggressive impulses, and those to whom obscenity is part of the accepted vernacular language and thus constitutes a natural and healthy mode of release for those

impulses. Ideally, the function of obscenity would be to mediate between the superego and the id elements of American society, releasing the buried fears and hatreds of the Establishment classes to some extent like the emotional freedom of the Negro and hipster.

"We live," says Mailer, "in an American society which can rid you of nothing so much as two halves of a brain, two hemispheres of communication themselves intact but logically severed from one another. The Establishment will not begin to come its half of the distance through the national gap until its knowledge of the real social life of that society is isolated and . . . deprived of all accurate rather than liberal, descending, and overprogrammatic information. For this to happen, every real and vernacular language must first be silenced, its hearing, even if taste will be in the process as outraged as a vegetable forced to watch the flushing of its trails in a stockyard. . . ."

" . . . if the world is thus turned a shift more barbarous, it is also a click less insane. Each year, civilization gives its delineated promises being further coterminous with schizophrenia. Good taste . . . may be ultimately the jailer . . . The aim of the robust art still remains: that it be hearty, that it be savage, that it serve to feed audiences with the marrow of its honest presence. In the end robust art . . . gives . . . light and definition and blasts of fresh air to the corridors of the world, it is a firm presence in the world, and so helps to protect the world from its dissolution in compromise, lack of focus, and entropy. . . . That disease of progress, formlessness, that smog, last and most poisonous exhaust of the Devil's furnace. Yeah, and yes! Obscenity where God and Devil meet, and so another of the avatars in which the ferments and man distills."

The savage, robust art of Mailer's novel not only proposes through its obscenity a purgative treatment for some of the major illnesses of the age. It ends in an act of purgation and the achievement of precisely the kind of psychic renewal which Mailer believes should be the logical result of such an act. In a long closing passage containing some of the finest descriptive writing Mailer or anyone else has



"We're clean."

## BOOKS

one, D. J. and Tex leave behind his "mixed shit" world and climb into the snow-covered peaks of the Range mountains. There and, like Ike McCaslin in *The* sacramentally weaponless, they never an animal paradise not yet raped or brutalized by men. The animals are therefore still living in a world of telepathic communication with one another and with the electromagnetic currents of the universe, as seem to D. J. to be most heavily concentrated in the Polar regions. But D. J. and Tex are also telepathically connected with the animals. They find by sending out intense psychic images of murder they can frighten a white wolf which threatens them, and a moment later they observe the destructive effect their message has had on his courage when he actually fights off an attacking bear. The boys too achieve harmony with the elemental forces of life, and during a long night while they lie under the electric blaze of the aurora borealis, they pass through the locks of homosexually homicidal impulses toward each other. They are hung together on the edge of a conflict between sexually possessing another and killing each other. But the hour went by and the lights faded, something in the radiance of the north went into them, and owned

their fear, some communion of telepathies and new powers, and they were twins, never to be near as lovers again."

It may be an irony that on the last page of the novel D. J. reveals that he and Tex are on their way to the Army and Vietnam. But the point, one suspects, is that by now they have conquered the impulse to Vietnam in themselves. They do not need Vietnam as an outlet for their hostilities, and so it is certain that they will be as derisively antagonistic to the war as they have been to the sick pretensions of Rusty's world. For both have learned from their experience in the mountains how to live a bit closer to the centers of their moral and emotional aliveness. Both can now conduct themselves with some fidelity to a vision of their possible freedom. Both are ever so slightly nearer to a condition of sainthood, even if it be the sainthood of the social outlaw and the obscene genius madman. Yet Mailer may be saying that it is precisely to this kind of sainthood that we must look to be saved. For in these plague years of Vietnam to be outlaw is to be a champion of humanity, to be obscene is to be morally purified and to evacuate the dread and defeat of the world out of the world, so that we can recapture our courage and reopen the channels of adventure in ourselves.

## The Vice That Has No Name

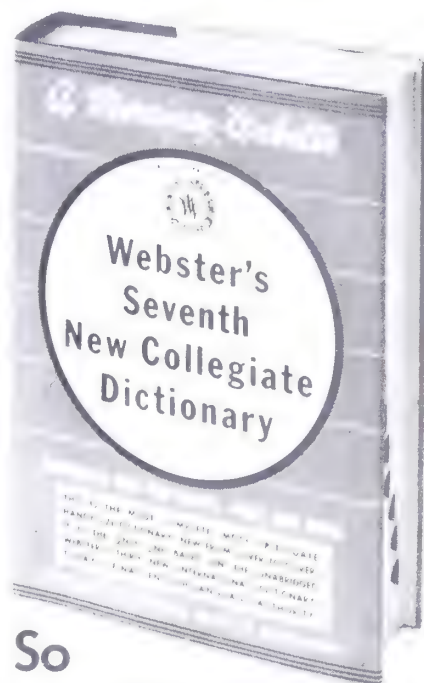
William Styron

**Light on Dark Corners, A Complete Sexual Science & Guide to Purity** Conning Advice to Maiden, Wife & Other How to Love, How to Court, How to Marry, &c. &c. by B. G. Jeffis and J. L. Nichols. To Which Has been Added *The Story of Life* by Clara S. Davis, Ph.D., President of Chicago Theological Seminary, and Emma F. A. Drake, Editor, Idaho State University *White Ribboner*. Abridged by Milton Klonsky, with Additional Counsel on Jealousy: The Curse & Cure from Dr. Foote's *Home Encyclopedia of Popular Medical, Social & Sexual Science*. Grove Press, \$5.

Of the manifold expressions of human sexuality, none has existed beneath such a pall of darkness and taboo as masturbation. Other forms of sexual behavior, both conventional and bizarre—ordinary intercourse, buggery, bestiality, Lesbian relationships, orgiastic practices—have received solemn scrutiny from the doctors and have also had their due study in literature—in works that have not been necessarily pornographic. As for masturbation, there have been a few scattered scientific treatises on the subject (Finney touched on it rather inadequately and

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the German sexologist, Stekel, tried a number of years ago to give the matter an airing in a book called *Autoerotism*). But by and large it is an area of behavior which has been left alone; certainly serious literature has avoided the topic as if no one who ever lived searched for gratification and pleasure in lonely privacy. It is rarely eluded to, even in joking terms, in literary works either classical or modern. (Philip Roth's recent short story in *Partisan Review*, "Whacking Off," a marvelously funny and uninhibited examination of the anguish of a boy's racking sessions in the bathroom, seems literally a seminal venture.) The heroes of fiction and drama from Oedipus to Don Quixote to Romeo to those of Hemingway and Dreiser down to Humbert Humbert may have burned with manly passions, suffered hideous frustration in the embrace of natural or unnatural lust, but there is no record that they ever once sought surcease from this pain, or fantasized into a semblance of reality the incarnation of their desire as most men surely do by playing with themselves. And needless to say, that women have ever sought this secret pleasure has remained throughout the ages an idea beyond the remotest supposition.

Undoubtedly, the reason that a veil of obscurity, if not prudery, has been drawn over masturbation as over no other aspect of sexual behavior lies in a universal acceptance of a belief that autoeroticism is a practice (or "vice," as it is still sometimes called) which is the property of schoolboys but which in the waning years of adolescence is abandoned once and for all, more or less manfully, as one abandons campus clothes and Omar Khayyam and other childish things. A loutish substitute for the real article, masturbation ceases the instant one finds a wife or otherwise enters into mature sexual freedom. And indeed,

only the most uncommitted and hermitic wretch, locked away in the forelorn solitude of his self-communion, would grant that masturbation is as satisfying as the genuine thing. Grown men must not freely indulge themselves in what should be simply a boyish necessity, hence the act for adults lies in the realm of the unmentionable because it implies a preposterous indignity. Yet as Masters and Johnson have shown in their recent *Human Sexual Response*, nearly all grown men and women masturbate and, if the researchers' large sampling can be judged to be reliable, they masturbate with considerable regularity even while demonstrating that amazing range of taste and impulse that the species always presents, especially in sexual matters. (The polarity occasionally verges on the comic: "One man with a once-a-month masturbatory history felt twice a week to be excessive, with mental illness quite possibly a complication of such frequency maintained for a year or more. The study subject with a masturbatory history of two or three times a day wondered whether five or six times a day wasn't excessive and might lead to 'a case of nerves.'") Truly, Masters and Johnson have probed into the subject of autoeroticism with such scrupulous scientific care that one of the conclusions they reach—that masturbation, while usually psychically inferior to sexual intercourse, may actually often provide a more exquisite satisfaction—gets to the very roots of the taboo and goes a long way toward explaining why "self-abuse" (as it is still frequently known, echoing a Protestant moan of pain and laceration) has always been considered the unspeakable sin. For in our society, with its officious approach to sex as to everything else, fornication must be, if not still purely procreative, then productive—productive at least of pleasure for another. He who masturbates is not, strictly speaking, participating in the world's work. In the sexual sphere masturbation is the ultimate in nonconformism, and if there is anything worse than a nonconformist it is a nonconformist indulging in pleasure solely for himself.

In reissuing *Light on Dark Corners*, more than three decades out of print, Grove Press has performed a valuable public service. First pub-

lished in 1894, this remarkable (accurately described by its editors as "The Kama Sutra of the Midwest") went through forty printings and a million copies in years, to become the most important sex manual of its time. Its relevance should help us understand something about our own attitudes toward "the vice that has no name." I am seeing a much-thumbed copy of the book in the library of the very high school I attended in the 'thirties. And so I suspect the doctrine on masturbation to have shaped the mind not only of the generation of Dwight D. Eisenhower but of a more recent one as well. This is a product of several hands but one of the most interesting materials ever written by a strange research team composed of Dr. Emma F. A. Masters, Editor of the Idaho WCTU, and Ozora S. Davis, President of the Chicago Theological Seminary. In a profoundly depressing chapter that displays a cutaway sketch of a plump healthy tot next to a diagram of "A Tot Wasted by Sexual Excess," which looks like nothing so much as a dried prune, the authors are affably sanguine enough to be able to minimize somewhat the extreme effects of self-abuse. "Insanity, epilepsy, convulsions, and even excessive masturbation itself," they state, "can occur except in the case of a proposed subject." But this contented mood almost instantly disappears. "Do not misunderstand us," they continue. "Any excess, even in healthy well-born individuals, will certainly produce harmful results. . . . An adolescent boy must either forswear his desire and control his passion, or abandon forever that dream of progress and achievement in the athletic and business world. The two cannot go hand in hand." In short, masturbation is both nonconformist and nonproductive. You will never make your fortune that way.

It is a tribute to the perspicacity of the authors that everywhere throughout the book—which after all is aimed at growing adolescence and young adults—they make a calm effort to banish superstition and, though staunchly opposed to the habit, to dissuade any panic or silly fears which might result from ill-founded rumors or hearsay from behind the ba-

William Styron begins this month as a regular critic of "The New Books," alternating with Irving Howe. His brilliant novel "The Confessions of Nat Turner" was introduced in "Harper's" last September. Virginia-born, Mr. Styron has been well-known as a novelist since the publication of "Lie Down in Darkness" in 1951; he is an advisory editor of "Paris Review" and lives in Connecticut.

## BOOKS

y put away firmly the notion  
e is such a thing as "a mas-  
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yet he had never abused him-  
er physically or mentally. His  
ns were the symptoms of im-  
ygiene."

is of course very comforting.  
authors are ever alert to bal-  
nsolation with warning; and  
his juncture, lest the young  
begin to regard his pimpled  
d sallow skin with uncommon  
nity, the doctors have another  
tion to rattle the self-regard.  
**are bad effects.** "The skin, di-  
and circulation are easily dis-  
and in all cases of excess there  
eral nervous letdown. Neuras-  
or a minor nervous break-  
s among the commonest of the  
of excessive self-abuse . . . It  
causes impotence in later  
and quite frequently actual  
y. Early masturbation, if car-  
excess, causes indifference to  
mal sexual relationship. This  
to the fact that after years of  
ical excitations, the organs be-  
o toughened that the substitu-  
the natural method fails to  
e the desired result."

less to say, *Light on Dark*  
s does not concern itself exclu-  
with the evils of self-abuse, al-  
the practice everywhere dom-  
the catalogue of horrors. The  
st appeared in the years of our  
al innocence, long before Nor-  
. Brown and penicillin (the  
ry tone taken throughout the  
n regard to venereal diseases  
stitution is perhaps not en-  
unwarranted, given the con-  
ary medical situation), and it

is both wondrous and touching to con-  
template the delights and seductions  
which lay just outside the rim of the  
Puritan ethic, all of them besieging  
virtuous womanhood and the manly  
conscience with their iniquitous glit-  
ter. At the same time it is instructive  
to regard the multitude of evil forces  
which threatened the foolhardy or un-  
wary young, perched blindfolded like  
the hapless couple on the very jacket  
of the book itself, at the brink of a  
yawning abyss. The unwelcome seduc-  
tions were things like "artistic" post-  
cards and art albums; "add to these  
the novel with its bald sensationalism,  
the excitingly obscene theater, and the  
disgusting familiarity of the dance  
hall and you have the best possible  
breeding ground for immorality." Jazz  
music, flappers who glory "in the  
lustful looks and vulgar comments  
which [their] appearance calls forth  
on the street," girls in "peek-a-boo  
waists," pugilism, poolrooms, "spoon-  
ing," burlesque ("now no hug-step or  
wriggling monstrosity is too vile for  
the stage of so-called burlesque and  
vaudeville"), alcohol, smoking, short  
skirts—all were to be shunned like the  
prospect of death. Between the perils  
of syphilis and the lure of the movies  
there were other, more passive wor-  
ries and concerns: the problem of  
Continence, of Self-control, of Saving  
Yourself for the Pure Woman You  
Love, of Respect for Motherhood, and  
an incessant preoccupation with Wet  
Dreams. There was always the ogre  
of Neurasthenia—the implied result  
of onanism—which got you twenty-six  
authentic symptoms, among them:

pains and aches in the back or  
over the kidneys  
melancholia  
morbid fears  
brain fag  
shrunken or relaxed sex organs  
lack of orgasm  
pollutions  
pains in the testicles  
bashfulness  
itching about the parts  
lack of ambition

Incredibly, this book during much  
of its career was considered in itself  
a shocker and was hounded by the  
minions of Anthony Comstock for the  
resemblance it bore to pornography.  
Its very candor, inane as it was, con-  
stituted a certain lewdness. While  
reading these passages from *Light on*

This book—at last—brings order out  
of the appalling confusion about  
how children are, can, and should  
be taught to read.

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reading today.

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both scope and depth.

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camps emerge from her objective ap-  
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sweep, she makes five recommenda-  
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## BOOKS

*Dark Corners* it is almost impossible not to visualize a locked and humid bedroom in, let us say, Indiana, in the year 1910, to see the sweating, blemished youth tugging at his celluloid collar, skewered on the twin blades of anxiety and lust, as he contemplates the Diagram Showing Openings Into The Womb. How far it is from that tense scene to the jaunty young sport in his penthouse pad and *Playboy* with all those boobs and butts and the lubricious endorsements from the reverend clergy ("Our men's Bible class wish to congratulate Mr. Hefner on the straightforward fashion with which he has handled the question of premarital intercourse"), and that hip advice to the lovelorn which Ozora S. Davis, Ph.D., could never have foreseen in his wildest dreams. ("Do not be too concerned if you and your girl fail at first to reach a climax together. Although desirable, it is not of paramount importance, and a little imagination and patience . . ."). At times it is reasonable to suggest that we have not come so far as we may think. Still, it is clear that we have, truly, come a long way from *Light on Dark Corners*.

matic reflections on and attitudes toward love among "the nice and good." And who and which are

"How lovely it is," says his married Kate, "to be able to fall in love with one's old friends. It's one of the pleasures of being middle-aged." An old man, seeing the desperate misery of a young first love say that love without reservations ought to be a life force compelling the world into order and beauty. But that love must be so strong and yet so entirely powerless is what breaks the heart."

The widow around whom the large household centers "knew perfectly well . . . that loving people was the most important of all things." She knew too that she was deeply contented and she sometimes suffers from fierce feral moods of confused young during which it seemed to her that her whole life was a masquerade—that she was piously acting the part of a kindly affectionate serviceable woman who was just not herself."

And finally,

Death happens, love happens: all human life is compact of accident and chance. If one loves what is frail and mortal, if one loves what holds on, like a terrier holding on, must not one's love become chaotic? There is only one absolute imperative, the imperative to love: yet can one endure to go on loving what must die, what indeed is dead? Since death and chance are the material of all there is, if love is the love of something it must be love of death and chance. . . .

And so it goes on. Looking back she remembers the story as one long, hotly summer afternoon during which one did indeed love and learn to laugh and hold one's breath with suspense. Good and nice. By the author of such different novels as *The Time of the Angels*, *A Sacred Head*, *The Flight from the Enchanter*.

Viking, \$

**The Edge**, by Page Stegner.

If a nightmare can be beautiful, it is one transferred to the printed page. It is a first novel about people living on the edge of our continent—San Sur, Santa Barbara, San Francisco.

Mrs. Jackson knows the book world, critic, editor, and New Yorker. Her "Books in Brief" has been part of that scene for two decades.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

### Fiction

**The Nice and the Good**, by Iris Murdoch.

For all that this novel says quite seriously about most varieties of love, it is one of the jolliest romps I've had in a long time—indeed a series of romps. It has a huge cast of characters (including some wonderful children and a very important dog and cat) all representing different aspects of love—some of them several at once. Nearly everything takes place at a large, seaside estate in Dorset, where one climactic episode in particular, having to do with caves and tides, matches in suspense the main story of murder, blackmail, and suicide in the Foreign Office in London, where the narrative begins. It is a very rich novel; rich in people; in important episodes; rich especially in its enigmatic

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

most of them have come from (where else)—on the economic and particularly in the case of the narrator, on the edge—or of sanity. The story opens on a rainy morning when a little boy finds himself alone in one of the cabins around a lodge in the Big Country overlooking the sea. He goes out to hunt for his father (who was on a drunken night somewhere with a waitress) whom he doesn't find. The boy is playing with a large plastic knife on the edge of a cliff, falls into the water, and is killed. The story of how it happened, from the very beginning, is told in the voice of the father as he sits in some nursing home institution going over and over in his mind the life that led up to the tragedy. It is one of the most powerful journeys of self-examination I have read, a kind of lyrical, schizophrenic dream of loneliness and moods drifting in and out of apparent chaos and confusion. The story is beautiful because Mr. Stegman's sense of compassion and an iron-artistic discipline impose an inevitable tension and form on the narrative. One rides the whirlwind but does not get lost in it. Dial, \$4.95

**Prep.** by Jeffrey Frank. This is another much-heralded first novel about a boy's loneliness as a newcomer to the city. Granted that loneliness is dreadful and that Mr. Frank has a macabre kind of genius for inventive changes he rings on to avoid it, but for me he doth insist too much. It goes on too long before it stops caring. But there are some limp sentences—"It got later and later slowly"—and some pitifully silly passages about methods of getting a silent telephone to ring and the boy's ploys to avoid seeming so alone. This is a writer to watch.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50

**Brooklyn with Love**, by Geraldine. "You can't go home again" seems at the heart of this novel. A young man, Albert, takes his suburban children to show them Long Island Avenue, the Brownsville street in Brooklyn where he grew up. Before the prelude—the start of their lives—and the postlude at the end the body of the novel is a throwback to Albert's youth; his love of the city and his love-hate relationship

with his friends, the Raiders, who bully him because he gets 100s in school, wears glasses, and has weak ankles; his despair over his parents who overprotect him for the same reasons, and over his doctor-father's poverty and rages, his mother's too-fancy manners and diction. The currency that mattered most to him was, unhappily (for me), the language and manners of baseball or its derivative, street punchball, and there are pages and pages of it. However, the characters of the young teen-agers are vivid against that background, and the day when Albert takes off his glasses and fights—and wins—is glorious. . . . The flashback ends that day.

In the postlude the children go away unimpressed but Albert, apparently as remote from his children as he was from his parents, sees in a poster on the subway home that his old arch-enemy, a Negro boy, has won a policeman's award for courtesy and he feels there is some good continuity after all. Touching, lots of it, but not unfamiliar. Book of the Month, January. Trident, \$4.95

**Where She Brushed Her Hair and Other Short Stories**, by Max Steele.

Six of the thirteen stories in this collection have appeared—over a period covering more than twenty years—in the pages of *Harper's*, and no one who remembers "Promiscuous Unbound," "Hereby Hangs a Tail," or "The White Yacht" needs to be reminded of the lunatic logic that illuminates everything this author writes. It is nearly impossible to describe it. One can say, for instance, that "Promiscuous Unbound" is the story of an affair between a six-year-old boy and a thirty-two-year-old woman but without reading it no one can believe the complete conviction that its arrant nonsense carries. The author solemnly, smilingly, turns our values upside down and makes us take another look at the human comedy. By the author of the Harper Prize novel, *Debby*, now reissued under the title *The Goblins Go Barefoot*.

Harper & Row, \$5.95

*Nonfiction*

**Not So Rich as You Think**, by George R. Stewart. Illustrated by Robert Osborn.

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## COMING IN HARPER'S

*Three articles of significance to anyone concerned with the mood of present-day America:*



**1.** Over the past two decades, **Norman Mailer** has become one of America's most important and controversial writers. Since *The Naked and the Dead* was published in 1948, Mailer's work—novels, essays, poems, and a play—has earned for him a reputation that ranges from the nation's foremost *enfant terrible* to its leading literary genius. He has enraged us, entertained us, and instructed us. In March *Harper's* will publish Norman Mailer's ***The Bust at the Pentagon***. This brilliant work takes the recent anti-war demonstration in Washington as its starting point and moves from that dramatic moment to a consideration of the moral, social, and political temper of the nation. It will be one of the most important—and no doubt controversial—pieces of writing of 1968.

**2.** Senator **Eugene McCarthy's** race against President Johnson has underlined very deep divisions caused by Vietnam among liberals, and the war itself has symbolized changing moods and values in liberal politics. Staff writer **David Halberstam** writes on the beginning of the McCarthy campaign, its frailties and its strengths.

**3.** In ***Getting Ready for Peace***, **Walter Heller**, former head of the Council of Economic Advisors, eloquently argues that the war is less of an economic burden than many people think, and that it does not justify the sharp cuts in the Poverty Program and other socially desirable federal activities which Congressional conservatives are demanding.

*Also:* **Irving Howe** on the autobiography of **W. E. B. DuBois**; **Gary Cartwright's** unexpurgated confessions of his swinging life as a sportswriter, and **Kenneth Lamott** on Los Angeles' **Big New Rich**.

bravely. For who dares his death to defend a garbage can? Thus, according to Professor art, author of *Storm, Fire, and* on the Land, may some future ian speak of the present generation Americans and our sins of waste pollution. For "Of the waters made a cesspool; of the air, a tory for poisons; and of the earth itself, a dump where rats zled in piles of refuse."

He substantiates these state with vivid chapters on sewage tory effluents, garbage, junk, smoke, agricultural refuse, smog "waste without weight" (incl the psychological) all written such cogency and understated quence that their impact comes most as a double-take. "What was again?" But the images he sums up, once grasped, are indelible and Osborn's personalized versions of demons of our affluent society a visual dimension to an already a overwhelmingly sobering document.

Houghton Mifflin

**1968 College Entrance Guide**  
Bernice W. Einstein.

Now that the anxious time of is upon us again, here are such answers to twenty-one questions bedeviling would-be college entr and their parents. In addition, manual includes a complete direc of junior colleges and specialized leges; information on scholars and loans; and other very pract and easily assimilable information colleges and college admissions. Einstein, who is College Adviser the High School of Art and Design New York City, has been a coll guidance counselor for many year

Grosset & Dunlap, \$1

**Complete Planning for College**, Sidney Sulkin.

This book, a revised version of 1962 edition, deserves its title "complete." It starts with advice that co be useful to the sophomore in h school and goes on to advice on gra ate schools and to career informati It is readable and more relaxed in style than the College Entrance Ge mentioned above, but both books p form excellently what they set to do.

Harper & Row, \$6.95  
paper, \$3.95



## Kerala. India's big surprise.

a lamentable fact that  
who travel through our  
never travel far enough.  
ays in Delhi. A side trip  
A moment or two in Bom  
d then, good-bye, India.  
at a pity. To journey so far  
so little. No saffron fields  
g in Srinagar. No danc-  
ing outside the temple in  
No boats floating down  
ges in the moonlight.  
no Kerala.

miss Kerala on a visit to  
to, perhaps, miss the best  
ll. This tiny state, at the  
most tip of our country,  
with surprises.

dition to some fine Hindu  
Kerala has Portuguese

churches, several mosques, a  
Jewish synagogue, Dutch archi-  
tecture, and Chinese fishing nets.

Kerala has beautiful beaches.  
Thickly-wooded forests (sprout-  
ing, at last count, 600 varieties of  
trees), lush inland waterways,  
and one of the most famous wild-  
life sanctuaries in the world.

Kerala has Kathakali, the pan-  
tomime dance-drama which  
depicts stories from the great  
Hindu epics. It takes years of  
training to master the intricate  
hand gestures (64 in all) and  
facial expressions (one for every  
mood) required in the great Kath-  
akali art.

Kerala also offers some lovely  
ways of getting about. You can  
take a fast-moving train to all  
the major cities. Or a charming,  
slow-moving (what's your rush)  
motor launch past dozens of

sleepy, backwater villages. You  
can rent a car, too, and drive  
through miles of magnificent rub-  
ber and tea plantations.

There are a number of first-  
class hotels for you to stay at in  
this lovely Indian oasis. All serv-  
ing fine Indian and Western cui-  
sine. All employing exceptionally  
gifted bartenders. Your travel  
agent or the Government of India  
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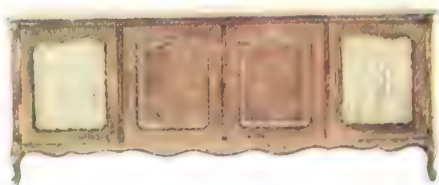
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# Music in the Round by Discus

## BAROQUE MONUMENT

*Its score calls for singing doesn't exist today, but the New York City Opera has managed to make living theater out of "Julius Caesar."*

A few operas by George Frideric Handel have been recorded. But what makes the new version of *Julius Caesar* (RCA Victor LSC 6182, \$14.95) unusual is that it is a working production sung by a cast that has been singing the opera on stage. In the fall of 1966, the New York City Opera Company came up with a *Julius Caesar* that all but drove the connoisseurs wild. Everything about the production was admired—the sets, the costumes, the stylized, ballet-like acting, the singing, the conducting, the orchestra that was used. So widespread was the admiration that RCA Victor, a company that records little if anything in this country, and which normally is interested only in box-office winners by Puccini and Verdi, moved in to book the entire cast and orchestra for the studios.

*Julius Caesar*, composed in 1724, may or may not be Handel's best work. By and large, baroque opera is an archaic form that has never occupied much space in the international repertoire of things since the death of Handel in 1759. Or even before. Baroque opera was all but dead well over a century before Handel's death. Thus the average operagoer will have to excuse such a work as *Julius Caesar* on the grounds that musicologists' say-so; and the musicologists assure us that *Caesar* is a monument in Handel's output. But *Caesar* cannot be presented as it was in Handel's day, if for no other reason than that the title role was written for a castrato, a strange breed of caponized gentleman ("cut out to be bachelors": so the old quip) with the voice of a woman and the lungs of a man.

The castrato probably carried the art of pure vocalism to heights never approached before or since. An examination of any Handel score will show vocal lines of such length and complexity as to make any contemporary singer despair. The castrati were trained to display a pure, large tone backed by apparently unlimited breath control. To this was added a technique that could make light of rapid passagework, skips, arpeggios and any kind of coloratura work. Plenty of contemporary accounts go into great detail about the way castrati sang, and it must have been hair-raising. Operas were written around them, and baroque opera is simply a succession of arias and ensembles in which the singers could let loose. Action is down to a minimum, and the plots, generally on a mythological subject, have little in the way of characterization or, even, coherence.

A composer like Handel, with his drive and virility, his imagination and melodic resource, could at least make more of the form than any of his competitors. *Julius Caesar* has all of the built-in liabilities of baroque opera, but Handel supplied aria after aria of real beauty. And the New York City Opera has approached the work as living theater. The castrato role of *Julius Caesar* has been given to a bass, some cuts and transpositions have been made, some musical material from other Handel sources introduced, and the entire structure has been reconsidered. That includes tempos. Many conductors, bowing and scraping reverently before Handel, conduct as though every section is a dirge. Not Julius Rudel, who keeps things moving smartly along. The result is real opera, not a museum piece, as those who have seen the production can attest.

Vocally the cast is impressive, although not as impressive as they sounded on stage. At the New York

State Theater one was inclined to cheer the singers on, knowing full well the almost insuperable vocal difficulties upon which they were engaged. On records the strain does show, and Beverly Sills as Cleopatra, for instance, has her off-pitch moments and hesitations that were not so apparent in the opera house. Nevertheless, hers is an impressive achievement. She ornaments the vocal line, she bravely introduces trills on various notes, and in general she gives us a good idea of what the part must have originally sounded like. Norman Treigle, in the title role, also uses his big, sonorous bass voice to fine advantage. Others in the cast are Maureen Forrester, Beverly Wolff, and Spiro Malas. The vitalizing force is Rudel, and under his spirited and knowledgeable conducting an opera is not only resurrected but an age comes to life.

### *Juicy Part for Sutherland*

The one living singer above all others who can make a reasonable stab at the fioritura of baroque opera is Joan Sutherland; and she already has recorded one Handel opera, *Alcina*. Her major interests, however, are in the bel canto operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, and in her most recent recording she is heard in a little-known Bellini opera, *Beatrice di Tenda* (London OSA 1384, 3 discs). This is a work that is little known for good reason. It goes through the motions, but most of its ideas and melodic material are a long way from being distinguished, and the opera ends up one among hundreds of commercial enterprises of its day.

Naturally it does have a juicy part for the heroine, and it is a good vehicle for Sutherland. Her performance here is characteristic. Her voice is as lovely as ever, her technique as imposing, her high notes as brilliant, and her diction and musical habits as infuriating. She *will* slide into notes; she *will*, after all these years, shape vowels like a Hottentot learning to speak Italian. Words like "*ingrato*" come out something like "*oingrato*," and so on. It is a shame, for the more she sings in this manner, the more those idiosyncrasies become rooted in her. One feels like giving her a good shake. For she does, after all, have one of the most thrilling voices of the twentieth century. But by now her



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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

singing is beginning to degenerate into sheer mannerism.

She is surrounded by a pretty good cast in this *Beatrice di Tenda*. Luciano Pavarotti, the tenor, has a sturdy voice. He sounds like a *tenore di forza*, and it is more a Verdian than a Bellinian type of sound, but at least the tessitura gives him no trouble and he goes about his singing with confidence. Josephine Veasey, the British mezzo-soprano, has a better insight into the music than Sutherland has, avoiding the sloppy kind of diction and musical attack constantly present in the work of her more famous colleague. Cornelius Ophthof, a new German baritone, appears to be a steady singer with a firmly centered voice. The conductor is Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonyngue.

### What Happens to Vladimir?

**O**f the many opera recordings of the past few months, one deserves special mention if only for the problems it raises. The performance of **Prince Igor** by Borodin (Angel SCL 3714, 3 discs) comes to us as sung by Boris Christoff and members of the National Theater Opera of Sofia, conducted by Jerzy Semkow. But it comes to us with the entire third act omitted. There seems to be a precedent for this. When the Bolshoi Opera staged *Igor* last summer in Montreal, it also was without the third act. A Bolshoi official was asked why. He mumbled something to the effect that the music of the third act was the least interesting, and that *Igor* was a long enough

opera as it was. But in the note Angel recording, written by toff, a different explanation is

As is well known, Borodin's *Prince Igor* unfinished at his death, and the opera was put together from notes and sketches by Glazunov and Rimsky-Korsakov. According to Christoff, the third act was composed almost entirely by Glazunov, and this is why it has been omitted here. The argument does not hold water, for it could also be said that Glazunov composed the overture, for no sketch of it were in existence, and Glazunov took it out from memory, having heard Borodin play it many times (that is no great feat; any good musician can do it). There seems no reason to discard the third act, which was put together under the same circumstances. And by omitting the third act the story is left hanging in air. It happens to Vladimir, the son of Igor, What is the final relationship between him and Konchak and Igor? Only the third act tells us.

The omission is all the more regrettable, for this is a really good performance of the opera. Semk is a brilliant conductor, and the singing is a considerable cut above the usually heard from Balkan and Russian singers. Christoff, who sings the roles of Galitsky and Konchak, is of course a known quantity. The other singers will be unfamiliar to Western audiences. Only one of them is doing it right bad—Julia Wiener as Yaronna (the notes tell nothing about whether she is Bulgarian or an import?). She sings in the typical hard, edgy, s



*"I can't remember. Were you the rib or me?"*

## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

characteristic of so many sopranos. Reni Penkova, in the role of Konchakovna, has a juicy alto, smoothly produced, except in the upper register. There the soprano enters. In the title role is Constantin Chekerliiski, a baritone with a gift to his voice and dignity to his interpretation. Even the tenor, Todorov, sounds good—a surprise for it is hard to think of a tenor from the Soviet bloc who has the voice to make an international cast. A good performance of *Prince Igor*, then, and what a wonderful live opera it is, “Polovtsian Dances” and all!

## AND ALSO...

**Beethoven: Symphony No. 1; Prelude to The Tempest** of Saul and David. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by André Previn. Victor LM 2961 (mono); LSC 2961 (stereo).

**Carl Nielsen: Renaissance** is under the hand of this attractive, tuneful examination of the Danish composer's music to help his cause. Nielsen, who died in 1901, was a composer in the post-romantic idiom, but one with ideas and originality.

**Richard Wagner: Die schöne Müllerin.** Fritz Wunderlich, tenor, and Herbert Giesen, piano. Deutsche Grammophon DGG 2720 (mono); 139219/20 (stereo). This was one of Wunderlich's last recordings. The brilliant German tenor died in a freak accident a year or so ago, displays his beautiful voice and singing style. He had not yet added himself to the subtleties of lieder singing and had too much of a tendency to overplay on the tone. With all that, some very moments, especially lyric ones.

**Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky: Four Suites.** New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. Mercury OL 3-118 (mono); SR 3-118 (stereo), both 3 discs. One of this music is heard much, but it should be. The four Tchaikovsky suites for orchestra are very close to the symphonies in their colorful scoring, a bit like feeling, and constant melodic pouring. No. 4, *Mozartiana*, is an arrangement of short pieces by Mozart; the other three suites are original works. Theme and Variations of No. 3 is given by the Balanchine ballet of that name.



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# Performing Arts by George R. Marek

## HERR FELSENSTEIN OF EAST BERLIN

*Why many people think that an opera house set beyond the Berlin Wall is possibly the greatest in the world.*

The opera is Verdi's *Otello*. We know what to expect. The first scene is for the chorus. A storm is raging in Cyprus, the inhabitants are frantic with fear for Otello's safety. Musically it is a great opening—but the scene is usually staged with most of the chorus lined up to look fixedly at the conductor, while a few supernumeraries stagger from the left of the stage to the right and then, by way of variety, from the right to the left. It is usually about as frightening as a high-school Christmas pantomime.

This performance proved to be different. It began with the theater lights being totally extinguished; even the lights at the musicians' desks went out. The audience sat in darkness for what seemed to be an eternity but was probably only a few seconds. At the first leap of the orchestra, a blinding flash of lightning shot through the entire house, the curtain flew up, and we saw on the stage a group of desperate men fighting the storm, each trying to save his own life or the life of the man next to him. The men were dirty, ragged, exhausted. One was pulling a victim out of the water, another was clinging to a flagpole, while still others were despairingly trying to catch sight of the sail which would mean victory. All this nightmare of strain and misery was achieved solely through the power of ensemble acting, without mechanical tricks, without wind machines or noisy thunderclaps.

That was the beginning. As the opera proceeded, we saw and heard fifty fresh ideas, all serving to clarify what Verdi and his librettist Boito had put on paper. The wild victory

chorus which followed Otello's entrance contrasted with Iago's and Roderigo's simultaneous plotting in a dark corner of the stage. Iago was played as a hail-fellow-well-met, humorous and rough, his hair tousled, his face not too clean, his soldier's uniform resembling fatigue dress. Only when he was alone or in the colloquy with Otello did he change: a fixed expression of madness came into his eyes and he moved with reptilian slipperiness.

The performance of which I speak took place in a small theater in East Berlin called *Die Komische Oper* (which means *opera comique* and not comic opera). Its director—and the reason for a lover of music or the theater to submit to the tediousness of crossing over at Checkpoint Charlie—is a sixty-six-year-old Viennese by the name of Walter Felsenstein, whose work and stringent demands for rehearsal time are both gratefully subsidized by the East German government. The house is plain enough on the outside. Once inside, the visitor is taken by surprise, for it has the charm and gaiety of an eighteenth-century court theater, borrowing a little from the Prinzregenten Theater in Munich and the Fenice in Venice, with *pulling* flying on the ceiling, white and gold and plush everywhere. It is as incongruous to East Berlin as the replica of the Parthenon in Nashville.

After seeing four different performances Felsenstein has staged (*Otello*, Offenbach's *Bluebeard*, Paisiello's *Barber of Seville*, Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*), and after having had three other minutely described to me—*Don Giovanni*, *La Traviata*, Janáček's

*The Sly Little Fox*), I come to Felsenstein to be the most remarkable stage director and the most original talent in the theater since Max Reinhardt. Felsenstein has set himself an exceptionally difficult task of rescuing opera from the charge that it is invalid as drama, that in opera theater is not the thing wherein one catches the conscience of the king, that it is zart or Verdi, Offenbach and have merely erected glorious melodies on a shaky scaffolding.

To make an opera live as the Felsenstein first studies the score. More of his ideas for staging are derived from the score than from the text. "In a great opera there is not one bar, not one phrase of music which does not serve stage expression," he says. "Conversely, any stage expression which is not contained in the score is false." Further: "Opera is merely a form of theater, one which dramatic action takes place at an emotional level for which music is the only possible . . . expression."

To appreciate what Felsenstein does, it helps to be a habitué of the famous opera houses of the world. To have witnessed how standard opera performances have lost their sense because they are cradled in lazy tradition which enables international stars who arrive at the last possible minute and leave at the first possible minute to find their own way.

Mr. Marek has been vice president and general manager of RCA Victor Records since 1957 and has written "Opera As Theater" and other books. Born in Vienna, he came to the U.S. in 1929.

## PERFORMING ARTS

the stage. I do not, of course, mean the exceptional performance that one may come across at the Metropolitan or in Vienna at La Scala. I speak of the routine, nine out of ten. Routine performances mean battles fought with wordplay that could not harm a child; comedies in which false wit and kicks-in-the-behind substitute for wit; a production of *The Marriage of Figaro* in which the wash is left out to dry in the palace of Count Almaviva; a party of the demimonde in the world of Violetta in *La Traviata* which has all the wickedness of a Salomon Army meeting; Egyptian gestures in *Aida* which the critic Alfred Felsenstein once called the double-headed heart attack; a Romeo and Juliet who obviously could not care a fig for their paths were ever to cross.

Opera silly? Of course it is, under the circumstances. Felsenstein believes that it is not, and that were we to perceive what the composer and librettist really meant to say, we would cheer or laugh in full participation. "I've seen nothing," he says. "I have seen nothing. What I do is to try to find out what the piece is all about. I try to keep myself in the opera I stage when put on the stage what I find the work itself. The difficulty lies in trying to know, really to know, an opera. That is more difficult than to write it."

These statements, incidentally, sound curiously like Toscanini, whom Felsenstein admires. Toscanini once said, "It is easy to conduct. All you do is to play the notes."

To illustrate Felsenstein's method by describing what he has done with a familiar opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann*. Most of us like the Barcarolle and Olympia's doll song, Anton's aria and the Kleinzach chorus; most of us think that the opera does not make much sense. Before writing it, Felsenstein went to Paris to find the text of the original play, written by Barbier and Carré, a *fantastique*, given at the Odéon in 1851. It was from this play that the librettors fashioned the libretto for Offenbach. In addition, Felsenstein checked all available notations by Offenbach himself, including the original sketches for the score. Offenbach died five months before the opera was premiered, though he left the score



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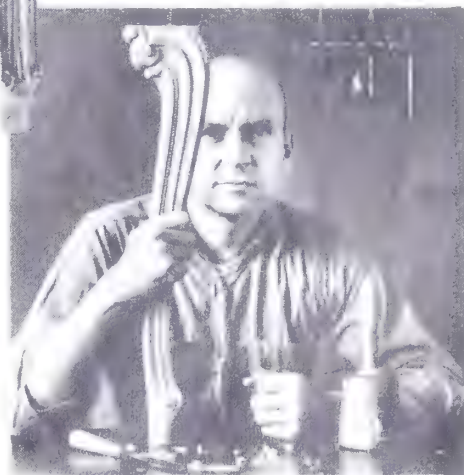
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virtually finished. His friend Ernest Guiraud completed the orchestration and added recitatives. The original *Hoffmann*, like the original *Carmen*, was an *opéra comique*, using spoken dialogue and music. Felsenstein's version eliminates the non-Offenbach recitatives and uses dialogue which he himself has translated and adapted from the play's text. (Felsenstein almost always makes his own translations of foreign-language works, since all performances are given in German.)

The central idea of the play now becomes the power of the unreal, the phantasmagorical life of the mind—or, to put it in one word, poetry. The Muse of Poetry steps before the curtain and tells us this, and then changes in front of the audience into Nicklausse, Hoffmann's friend. As the opera unfolds, it is made clear that the three women, Olympia, Antonia, and Giulietta are all creatures of the poet's imagination and are all facets of Stella's character, the actress with whom Hoffmann is in love.

The prologue is a marvel of excitement because each student in Luther's cellar is a fully realized character and not merely a member of the chorus. The interplay between Hoffmann and the students continuously shifts as the students insist that he tell them his story. Throughout, the lighting is a chiaroscuro of spots and shadows.

The Olympia act is divided into three scenes, the first in the cabinet of Spalanzani, the second, the great ballroom in which Olympia makes her debut. The actress playing Olympia (the same singing-actress plays all four parts) is so trained that you could swear she is a doll. Nothing about her is real; each precise movement of arm and foot, head and body, is without the slightest tremor of life. The face itself is expressionless. Observing her closely, I could not once see her blink. Even more remarkable are the guests. They too are unreal, their movements stylized, and though the stage is bathed in light they seem shadowy caricatures. ("The fantastic must follow a logic of its own," says Felsenstein.) The last scene returns to the laboratory, where Coppélius, having been cheated by Spalanzani, demands his share of the price of the doll. A terrific fight ensues. Olympia is carried in, and at the height of the fight Coppélius reaches over and with

a vicious gesture tears Olympia's head off; all the springs and screws suddenly spill out of her neck. The effect is one of unbelievable shock, since the audience is convinced that the creature who was brought into the laboratory was the actress they had seen and heard a moment ago.

In the Giulietta act—for another example—Felsenstein gives full play to the erotic content of the music. The Venice he puts on the stage shimmers with light and water, jewels, swords, and silks; it is all lust and lechery. The locale of the act changes several times: first we see a Venetian canal (done by motion-picture projection) and a gondola gliding onto the stage, then a palace which opens into a huge and splendid room. The final scene takes place in an almost empty room dominated by an enormous mirror in which Hoffmann can no longer see his image.

When in the postlude we return to the cellar, the atmosphere is oppressive. The students and Hoffmann seem exhausted, the air is filled with smoke. I found this *Hoffmann* one of the supreme thrills of more than forty years of operagoing.

Felsenstein is tall, thin, and handsome, and looks at the world through stern blue eyes, enlarged by rimless glasses. With his weatherbeaten face he resembles a ship's captain, but a captain who has spent a great deal of time reading in his cabin. He speaks with passion, his only topic being the theater. There is no nonsense about seeing both sides of a question with him; like so many talented men, he has a single-minded conviction. The wooden O is his only world, and he believes that what goes on within that O can uplift and educate humanity. He is in the theater virtually every night and all day; it is the only life which interests him. A car and chauffeur are at his disposal—but he uses them mostly for transporting singers. (It is not easy to get a taxi in East Berlin.)

He began life as an actor and became a director by accident. Appearing in a little provincial town, the director of Schnitzler's play, *Liebelein*, fell ill, and Felsenstein, who had a good part in the play, offered to stage it. The company took a chance and Felsenstein had his first success. He was then entrusted with Puccini's *La*

*Bohème*. "I was frightened to do it," he recalls, "lest I make a fool of myself. I wrote a detailed outline of instructions, studying the score day and night. The singers, whether pressed by all this detail or by youthful enthusiasm, decided they would do what I wanted. I was an actor, I was able to tell them and show them how they should play their parts up to then. I had sense enough to laugh at myself."

Mimicking the actors is still one of the tricks he uses to eradicate bad habits. He mimes the parts, but before doing so he discusses method and purpose. His actors, whom he recruits wherever he can get them—German, Italian, American—Felsenstein, John Moulson, is an American—know all the roles of the play in which they appear. So does the chorus. Everything is slanted to the ensemble. There are no substitutes. When the singer playing the tiny Baron Douphol in *La Traviata* got sick, Felsenstein canceled the performance.

In the nineteen seasons he has directed at the *Komische Oper*, he himself has produced only nine productions. He has been known to rehearse for as long as six months, a minimum of nine hours a day, sometimes, when things are not going well, he will tear the sparse hair he has left and rehearse twelve to fifteen hours a day. He is as hard on himself as he is on the cast. His enthusiasm, however, is such that singers do not become stale and watchfulness prevents long runs from becoming routine. The performance of *Hoffmann* I saw was the 127th, it was pristine. He gave *The Magic Flute* 202 times, continually rehearsing it while it was in the repertoire. In the end, when he was no longer satisfied with the latest cast, he canceled further performances, even though still drew full houses.

In the spring of 1967, he came to New York as president of the (International Theater Institute). He went to the Metropolitan to see *Gioconda* (a production that is hardly a fair sampling of the Metropolitan, but left in disgust after two acts, he went to see Pinter's *The Homecoming*, which he hated and *Fiddler on the Roof*, which he loved. He particularly admires Jerome Robbins. In the

## PERFORMING ARTS

8 he is going to Russia to stage, Stanislavsky Theater, *Carmen* opéra comique with the original libretto in Russian. "I got everything I wanted," he said. I asked what he wanted. "Aside from a very good clause in the contract specifying a minimum of ninety days of rehearsal hours each day."

Though Felsenstein is sure of himself, he seems as appropriately named a character in a morality play, *Felsenstein* meaning rock and *Stein*, stone—he is far from self-satisfied. "I have succeeded. Every performance better in my head than I have been able to realize it on the stage." I was, said, thrilled by the *Hoffmann* performance; he was not. "No passion," he mumbled, "no passion to—"

Of course, Felsenstein's methods have limitations. He cannot obtain nationally famous singers. The voices will not sing for him. One of them has the time or the patience to sit for months in East Berlin. In London, a remarkably intelligent singer, was invited by Felsenstein, considered the offer, and said, "Certainly I would love to work for you. But who can afford it?" More significantly, I believe that he reads insufficiently to the sheer sensuous pleasure of singing, the pure joy of sound, the sort of pleasure received from hearing Leonard Bernstein sing "Il balen" or Milanovic, one of the world's greatest singers, as the worst actresses sing "Puccini." Whether his derogation of opera for sound's sake comes from artistic conviction or necessity, the fact remains that in certain operas the balance of music to drama sometimes goes awry. On the other hand, his performance of *Traviata*, surely a Verdi opera, makes the familiar old opera come to new life. Innumerable examples, such as the creation of tension in the very first scene between the Baron and Alfredo (the Baron is rarely ever noticed in conventional productions); the daring concept of Violetta's first-act party soaked in champagne, the guests quite drunk; the cruel dramatic force of the third-act ensemble; the loneliness and simplicity of the last scene, prompted one to say that "by seeing the work in a fresh way, one hears it in a fresh way." In the opera house, that is not far from a miracle. [ ]

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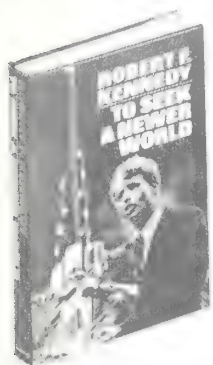
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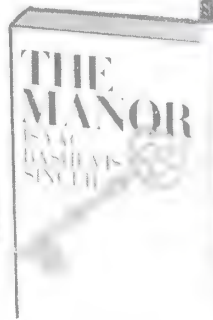


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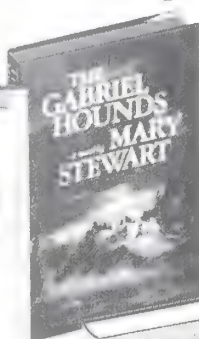
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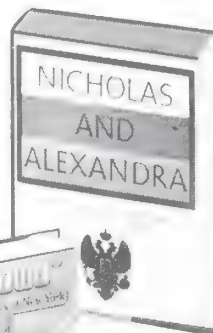
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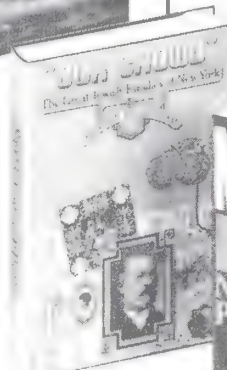
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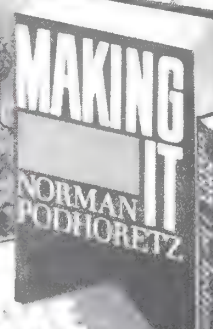
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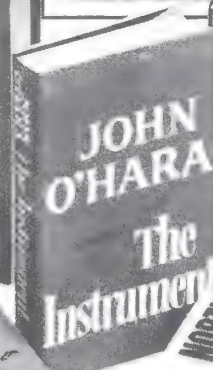
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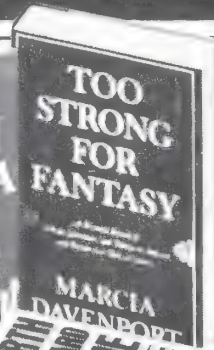
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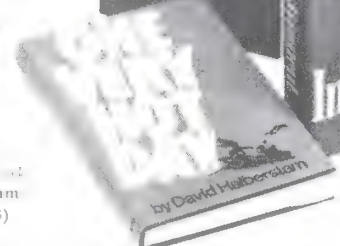
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*magazine*

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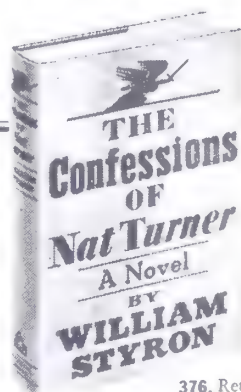
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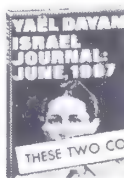
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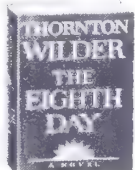
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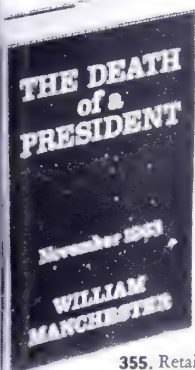
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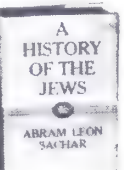
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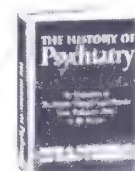
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magazine

March  
1968

SPECIAL IN THIS ISSUE

17 THE STEPS OF THE PENTAGON by Norman Mailer

48 Thursday Evening  
... the party for the liberals and after

67 Friday Afternoon  
... draft resisters at the Justice Department

77 Saturday Matinee  
... the bionac of the hippies and the March on the  
Washington

103 Saturday Night and All of Sunday  
... in the Virginia jail and an encounter with the law

VERSE

30 Siesta Anthony Ostroff

111 Sentimental Ditties for My Fifties Mary Lutyens

DEPARTMENTS

1 Letters cartoon by Bob Schochet

14 The Easy Chair—Out West They Do Some Things Better  
John Fischer cartoons by Mort Gerberg, Henry Martin

21 After Hours—The Great Service Swindle Russell Lynes  
drawing by N. M. Bodecker

32 Politics 1968—McCarthy and the Divided Left  
David Halberstam cartoon by Edward Koren

44 Coming in Harper's drawing by Roy McKie

143 Books Irving Howe cartoon by Alden Erikson

149 Books in Brief Katherine Gauss Jackson

153 Performing Arts—Capote's Killers, and Others  
Robert Kotlowitz

157 Music in the Round—Twenty Years of Electronic Music  
Discus cartoon by Robert Cronin

Cover by Lawrence Ratzkin

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- ☐ 4,500,000 shares;
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**ANSWER.** More than 10,000,000 shares a day last year. This supply and demand means you can usually find a buyer or seller in a matter of minutes, at a price close to the last sale. By providing a central market, the Exchange has helped make it possible for millions of investors to share in the growth of American business.

**QUESTION 2.** Try to name five services that member firms of the New York Stock Exchange can be glad to provide to help you invest more easily.

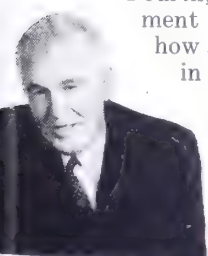
**ANSWER.** One service is helping you decide how much to invest after normal expenses and emergencies.

A second service is discussing goals—perhaps a second income from dividends, or growth in the value of your stock to help you and your family have a brighter future, or possibly a good stable return that bonds might give you.

A third service is to suggest stocks. Ask a registered representative for several possibilities and for facts about the companies—their profit records, dividend histories, new developments that might have come to light. He may be able to provide special studies on companies and industries. Ask for his own opinion, too. Then make your judgment.

Fourth, ask him to clarify any of the investment terms that might puzzle you, to explain how an order is executed, the risk inherent in any investment, and why stock prices go both ways—up and down.

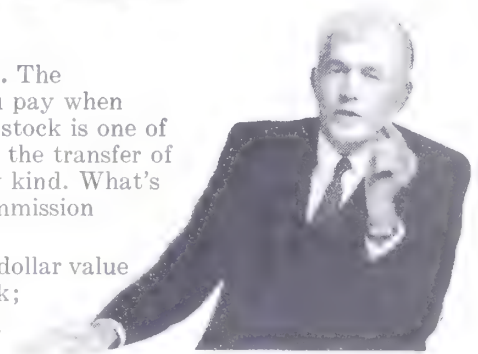
A fifth service is to supply statements showing transactions in your account, an easy record for tax purposes.



**QUESTION 3.** The commission you pay when you buy or sell stock is one of the smallest for the transfer of property of any kind. What's the average commission investors pay?

- ☐ 1% of the dollar value of the stock;
- ☐ 2%; ☐ 4%.

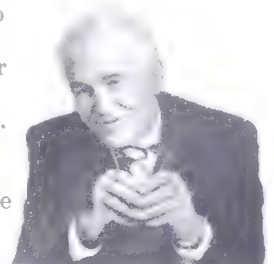
**ANSWER.** The average for all transactions on the Exchange is about 1%. For example: If you should buy 100 shares of a stock at \$20 a share for a total of \$2,000, the commission would be \$27, or less than 1.4%. Commissions range from less than 1% on larger purchases to about 6% on an investment of \$100.



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# Letters

## Odds on the Republicans

I trust that Messrs. Rowland Evans and Robert Novak ["The Road to Miami Beach," January 1968] are better qualified to analyze the Republican political situation than they are to make book.

The odds they ascribe to the Republican contenders give Nixon a 16.67 per cent chance of nomination, Reagan 9.09 per cent, Rockefeller 6.25 per cent, Percy 1.96 per cent, and Romney 1.32 per cent. Accepting their premise that these are the only contenders, I am left with the alarming conclusion that there is a 64.71 per cent likelihood, or nearly two chances out of three, that the Republicans will fail to nominate anybody in Miami.

To put it differently, I hereby offer to wager \$167 on Nixon, \$91 on Reagan, \$63 on Rockefeller, \$20 on Percy, and \$13 on Romney at their odds. Whichever of the five wins the nomination, my return should be approximately \$1,000 on my total investment of \$354. I hasten to make the offer as, at these prices, not even a political bookie can long survive.

R. QUINCY WHITE, JR.  
Chicago, Ill.

## Folktales vs. Facts

John Corry's article on the late Francis Cardinal Spellman ["Cardinal Spellman and New York Politics," December 1967] lacks news. *Reports* has worn out the Diem story. The "Baby Doll" and Mrs. Roosevelt episodes are almost folktales. Spellman's patronage of conservative politics, anti-Communism, the police, the war machine, and enormous fund drives is widely known. The structure of Chancery politics is a familiar target, and comparisons with the Los Angeles morass are commonplace. Your readers deserve a fresh and more penetrating analysis of Church politics.

Corry noticed Spellman's bookkeeping achievements without assessing his school's effect on the students' social mobility, a measure of the democratization process. To what ex-

tent has the Cardinal's educational plant offered recent Americans opportunities unavailable elsewhere? How many lower-class children entered business and professional groups with the archdiocese's help? How do these statistics compare with those of private and public competitors? . . . Corry has not assessed the Cardinal's services to his constituents.

THOMAS F. BICKMAN  
Associate in History  
U. of California  
Davis, Cal.

John Corry's unintended obituary of Cardinal Spellman seems to me a just treatment of a kindly and well-meaning man who, in his later years, could not keep step with reality. His bootless effort to torpedo the Blaine Amendment represents both a political breakdown, as Corry suggests, and a serious setback for the hesitant new solidarity of Roman Catholics with Protestants, Episcopalians, and Eastern Orthodox; in the words of a recent issue of the *Long Island Catholic*, "The campaign preceding the elections blew the ecumenical spirit sky-high in New York and left it bleeding and wounded." Even had

Spellman been successful, the terrible price to pay for the substitution of denominational schools

MAJOR H. W. GLEASON  
Carlin

## The View from the

William E. Miller readily concedes that he is politically dead, as Schaap notes ["Where Is Bill Miller?" December]. Why then is it necessary to exhume and abuse him in such bored detail?

Mr. Schaap apparently elicited an invitation to visit Mr. Miller and follow him from his home to his office to his children's swimming pool. The objectivity of the resulting article may be judged by its bareless revelation that the Miller place was razed in 1962 to make room for a parking lot. Does Mr. Schaap suggest that the birthplaces of members of Congress and national chairmen—the posts held by Mr. Miller in 1962—are customarily preserved as shrines?

PAUL M. . .  
Washington.

## To "Mrs C

Congratulations on Norman Schoretz's article "Making It: The Jewish Writing." December 1967 is a refreshing change from the typical Jewish writing with which my



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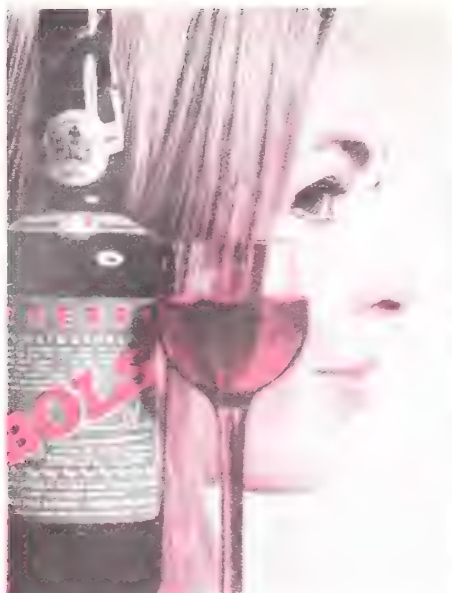
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## LETTERS

ing suddenly seems to be flooded. Having been a Jewish child in the only Jewish family in a tiny Missouri town, and later rejected by a big-city orthodox Jewish community (my father kept his store open on Yom Kippur—in 1911) I can sympathize with both the chuckles and the hurts behind many a line in it, particularly "... not to be Jewish, but not to be a Christian either."

MRS. BLANCHE ENSIGN  
Livermore, Cal.

I knew Norman Podhoretz for several years in high school. I directly preceded him as Sports Editor and then as Editor-in-Chief of our school paper, and helped select him for his first editorship. . . .

Why is neither the school nor the school paper identified by name? For the record, they are Boys High School and *The Red and Black*. We were proud, justifiably I think, of both. The paper received top rating from the Columbia Press Association. . . .

Lest readers conclude that "Mrs. K." was somewhat of a cold-hearted ogre, I hasten to point out that she was a marvelous faculty adviser and guiding light of our newspaper. She gave untiringly of her time and advice, and her journalistic opinions were sought and respected, regardless of her political and social views, which differed sharply from those of most of her students (whether from Crown Heights, Brownsville, Williamsburg, or Bedford-Stuyvesant).

Mr. Podhoretz, in my recollection, was almost always far better dressed, and more urbane and self-confident than his present sets forth. Even at that time he was far from being "a little slum child," a term which "Mrs. K." did use, I'm sorry to say, to describe some of the less fortunately endowed students. . . .

HAROLD S. SCHWARTZ  
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

### Hopes for Health Care

The article by Marion K. Sanders ("The Doctor: Meet the People," January 1968) describes a development in medical care that can be of major significance for the approximately thirty million citizens of the U. S. for whom maternal and child health care are inadequate. . . .

It is clear that we will not be able

to meet our responsibilities by educating more doctors. The medical curriculum is long; we urgently need more medical schools; they cannot be established in sufficient time to the needs. But another problem is that our existing systems for delivering medical services do not meet the needs of lower-income families. We should develop a network of clinics along the pattern described in Mrs. Sanders' article.

Our infant and maternity mortality rates are a national disgrace. Poverty, broken homes, poor maternal health, inadequate sanitation, and illegitimacy are important factors in our relatively low international position on infant and maternal mortality. The countries which surpass us—and there are now seventeen—utilize personnel who are capable of performing many of the tasks of a physician without the long span of training required for a physician. For example, we are the only major country in the world that does not utilize the nurse-midwife as the first line of defense in prenatal care and maternal services. . . .

The program which Dr. Harold Wise has established in the Morrisania section of the Bronx is an exciting development in the deployment of medical care to the clients. The results of his survey, showing that thirty-four to forty-five minutes were required for the patients to get to a hospital ambulatory care, point up one aspect of the deficiency of medical-care programs that are restricted to hospitals. It is little wonder that it is estimated that the majority of pregnant women in the low economic groups never see a physician until they go into labor. They cannot spend the long hours tailed in getting to a hospital and waiting for examination by a physician.

The program to train women from lower income groups to serve as family health workers, laboratory technicians, and medical record clerks is also impressive. We have a great resource for maternity care in the women from lower economic groups. . . . I hope that we will see many more programs like that of Dr. Wise established in our cities.

JOHN Z. BOWERS, M.D.  
President  
Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation  
New York, N.Y.

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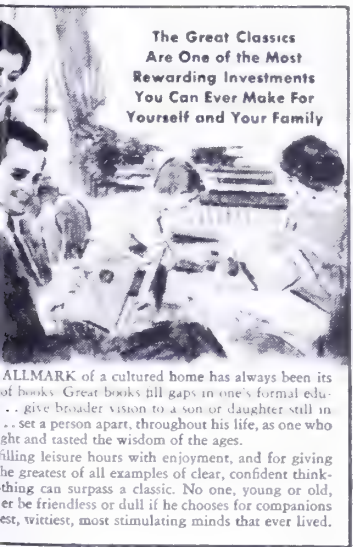
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In recent years, technological advances have warned people about approaching hurricanes.

One recent advance—a satellite named Nimbus II—photographed Beulah and took the picture

From the time she formed in the Caribbean on Sept. 8, moved west across the

Gulf of Mexico, then swung north to hit Brownsville, Texas, eleven days later.

At left are some of the pictures taken by Nimbus II of Beulah's path.

Launched in May, 1966, Nimbus II is the first complex earth-orbiting satellite to achieve long life in space. General Electric built it for NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center.

General Electric is also experimenting with electronic devices that could collect weather data at sea and transmit it via satellite... building sophisticated computers that instantly

analyze weather information... and even devising new mathematical methods to

predict violent weather and forecast its path.

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Progress is our most important product.

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## Humanist's Con

I salute Louis Kampf for *Scandal of Literary Scholarship* [December 1967]. Although the of his complaint are mixed, the complication is that literature even nothing if not value structures merely accumulate and describe ues instead of criticizing their archy in the context of the work remain indifferent where only ference is relevant, at least to humanist whose concern is man

RICHARD ZACHARY  
Bloomington,

"The Scandal of Literary Scholarship" illuminated Mr. Kampf's shortcomings as a critic much effectively than those of academy study. . . . He has made striking discovery that genuine and a steady sense of proportion rare things. We all can bewail. But what correctives does he forward? The "beautiful subversive possibilities" of popular Marx? No, that won't quite do the trick. Arnoldian English Academy would "set a standard of intelligence and significance for literature scholarship"? Such a "solution" would only beget a host of new including the embarrassment dictated by Dr. Johnson: "The end of an English Academy would probably be read by many, only that might be sure to disobey them."

The essential dogmatism of Kampf's thinking, which makes socio-economic theories and authoritative bodies irresistible to him reflected in his special filtering of experience. He argues, for example, "the end of the academic pursuit advancement in one's office." So this puerile generalization stands together unqualified, one can assume that the self-righteous Kampf has chosen to lambast him as well. To some academicians course, self-aggrandizement or advancement is the primary concern for academicians are not by definition morally superior to other mortals. most professors legitimately recognize a plurality of ends. They distinction as teachers and scholars distinction as human beings, and rewards that usually accompany attainment of those things.

Two of the illustrations which

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The art of making fine oaken casks by hand is a thing of the past. It doesn't bother Brother Timothy, our cellarmaster, a bit. We gathered enough hand-coopered casks a long time ago—so that every wine we make would have a chance to come to life slowly, patiently . . . the old world way. You'll savor the tradition in every glassful.

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A lot of people have the wrong idea about Switzerland. They think that it's all chocolates and yodeling and music boxes. That the Swiss national bird is the cuckoo. And that the Swiss national hero is Heidi.

So in other words, they think that all of Switzerland is all Swiss.

Well, there's also a French Switzerland, a German Switzerland, an Italian Switzerland, and even a Roman Switzerland. Put the four of them

together, and they make an international nation that's different from any other country in Europe. As a matter of fact, it's more like Europe itself:

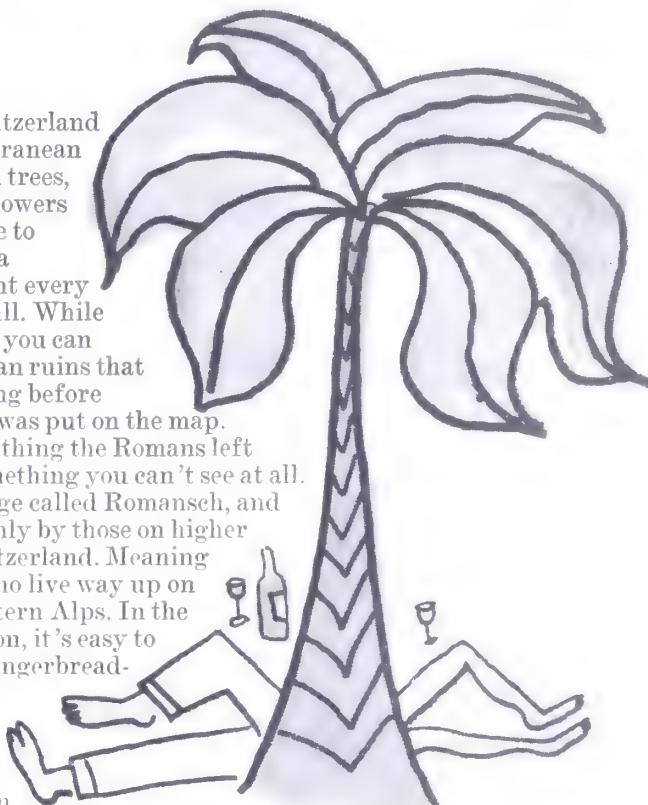
French Switzerland has the Swiss Riviera. And the Swiss Riviera has French food, French châteaux, French nightlife, and French bikinis on its beaches.

In German Switzerland, the mood's just as light, but the food's a little heavier. And there are medieval cities with guild halls and clock towers that put on a show every hour on the hour.



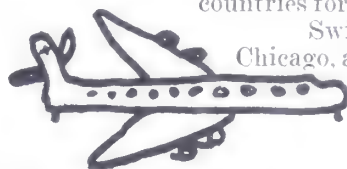
Italian Switzerland has a Mediterranean climate, palm trees, and enough flowers for the people to put together a flower pageant every spring and fall. While you're there, you can explore Roman ruins that were built long before Switzerland was put on the map.

Another thing the Romans left behind is something you can't see at all. It's a language called Romansch, and it's spoken only by those on higher levels in Switzerland. Meaning the people who live way up on the northeastern Alps. In the Roman section, it's easy to find an old gingerbread-style village clinging to one side of a mountain and a modern resort to the other.



So any one of Swissair's flights to Switzerland gives you four countries for the price of one. There are 17

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The *Portland Oregonian* adds "the Turkish riviera offers sea, sun, sand, deluxe hotels and first class restaurants." The *Boston Herald-Traveler* echoes "Turkey has everything—unmatched climate, superb historic sites, beautiful beaches, modern cities, quaint villages."

And the *Washington Star* summarizes these comments, and more from experts, saying "Turkey's antiquity is unbelievable; its modern contrasts spectacular. It needs a whole new set of appropriate, superlative adjectives."

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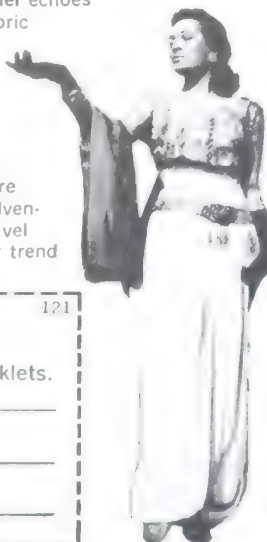
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121



## LETTERS

Kampf selects to "document" theme are particularly insidious. The first concerns the student who was returned "with the admonition that he include a survey of relevant scholarship, if he wished his work published." Mr. Kampf totally misunderstands the reasons behind such a critical survey. The mispent energy and embarrassment a scholar must seek to determine the originality of any ideas he merits publication; and to a reader, he should provide a sketch of others' points of view that his may be readily grasped in relation to the current body of knowledge on the subject. Just as an inventor goes to the Patent Office to determine what is really new about his invention, so the scholar goes to his library and periodicals to ascertain what is new about his ideas (not to mention the hope of stimulating further original thought).

The second objectionable illustration concerns the "eminent and distinguished" scholar who betrayed his own careerism when counseling a group of graduate students on the nature of academic politics (as he confessed to them). Here Mr. Kampf shows a decent sense of outrage, but hardly a decent sense of proportion, for the incident is atypical in the extreme. To generalize from such an isolated incident on the values of several thousand professors is plainly absurd.

JOHN R. TRAVIS

Graduate student in English  
U. of California, Berkeley, Calif.

## The Floating Divan

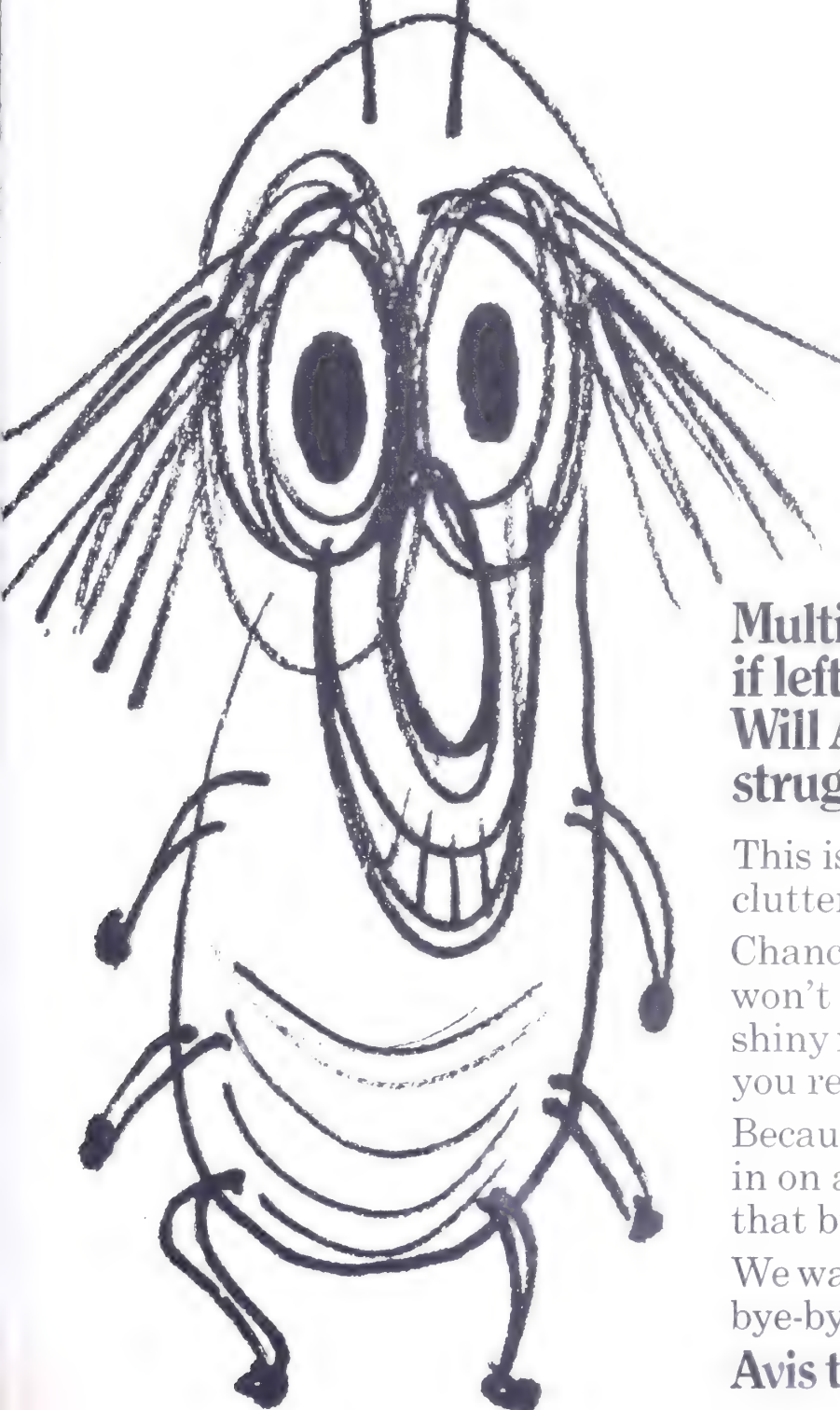
In her poem, "The Nude Siren" [December 1967] Anne Sexton writes of the exceptionally buoyant water of a certain grotto of Capri, "I like it like a divan."

Are we to understand that the divan Sexton floated upon the water that a divan would float, should one place a divan on the water? Or may we infer that the poetry editor at *Harper's* no longer cares about grammar, and poets may now do whatever they wish with the English language—even use it to make divans of themselves?

WILLIAM D. WILLIAMS  
Austerlitz, N.Y.

"L'homme agit le monde par la parole."  
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

# The Clutterbug.



**Multiplies like mad  
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Will Avis ever win the  
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This is the bug that  
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Chances are good you  
won't find him in that  
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Because we're zeroing  
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## The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

### OUT WEST THEY DO SOME THINGS BETTER: HOW THE SUPER-SKUNK CAME TO WILLITS

To begin with, let me make it clear that I am not a California-worshiper. On the contrary, I have always regarded that state, at least in its southern half, as a prime showcase for the tawdriest aspects of American culture. As defacers of the landscape, its inhabitants are second to nobody. Their surf-and-patio way of life has always struck me as a sure recipe for enervation, spiritual and mental. And the place is, of course, a notorious swarming ground for hustlers, acid-heads, swamis, retired admirals, and political messiahs of all complexions. Nevertheless, as a result of certain recent explorations along the West Coast, I am now forced to admit that this is not the whole story. For I found that some things get done out there better than you might expect—better, indeed, than anywhere else in the country.

For an Easterner (as I now am, by adoption) the thousand-mile stretch from San Francisco north to the Canadian border is particularly full of surprises. Motels, for example. Decades ago, after sampling motels in nearly every part of the country, I concluded that they are one of those things that have to be endured. Whenever I hit on one that was passably clean, with a noise level below a dull roar, and within a few miles of swallowable food, I figured I was in luck. The notion that a motel might be an actual pleasure never occurred to me until my wife and I happened—thanks to a tip from a gas-station attendant—to stop at the Hexagon House near Guerneville, California.

Because it is located next to the Armstrong Redwood State Forest,

well away from the nearest highway (Route 116) its site is both lovely and—there is no other word for it—hushed. The central building, originally designed for an art school, is ingratiating, in a rustic, old-fashioned way. In its poolside gardens, subtropical plants, from tuberous begonias to orchids, have been deployed with an almost Japanese skill. (There are two pools, one fed by a cold mountain stream, the other warmed by a solar heater.) From our room, which was spacious, clean, and inoffensively furnished, we could step through a sliding glass door into the enchantment of the redwood groves—miles of them, with no living creature in sight except an occasional chipmunk.

At dinner time we did not, as I had expected, have to set out by car in search of the nearest nontoxic diner. The Hexagon House has its own kitchen, offering food a good deal better than I usually find on Fifty-second Street, and at prices any New York restaurateur would consider subversive. The scallops St. Jacques, for instance, were \$3.85; the beef La Mande, cooked with Beanjolais, herbs, and mushrooms, \$4.25—including in both cases a first-rate soup, salad, dessert, and coffee.

Obviously this was a fluke. Or so we thought, until we stopped the next night at the Little River Inn, just south of Mendocino. It turned out to be a onetime farmhouse and stagecoach tavern, still equipped mostly with the furnishings of a century ago. It is run by the granddaughter of the man who built it, in 1853, and her husband; and they run it with pride.

Again we got a memorable dinner of fresh salmon and an abalone, both from the local waters and cooked by a chef who knew (and, what is more uncommon, cared) about the act instant to take them off the

I can hardly believe it myself: this kind of professional pride is to be characteristic of people in the service trades in that part of the country. During ten days of leisure travel, we never encountered a sloppily prepared, unappetizing meal or a slow waiter, even in the dockside eateries of the little fishing ports. The resources—notably seafood and both excellent—are handled with respect; and the help has not yet learned to treat customers with that subtle hostility which distinguishes New York restaurants.

Still more unexpected, to a restaurant from Howard Johnson land, are the West Coast motels designed with architectural imagination. The most noteworthy example probably is the Adobe, in the unlikely hamlet of Yachats, Oregon. I had never heard of Yachats; but more knowledgeable travelers—including such a formidable expert on food, wine, and culture comforts as Alfred A. Knapp—already are making it a place of pilgrimage. If it were in France, I suspect it would be a legend, sanctified by Michelin and maybe designated by Malraux as a cultural monument.

It began eighteen years ago, with Lauren A. Smith, then fifty, lost his job with a big Southern California corporation. He decided to go into business for himself; and on a headland jutting into the Pacific, west of U.S. 101, he found an

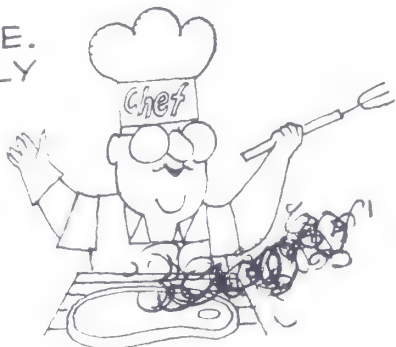
IT'S THE SUBURBS  
ME. YOU CITY  
ELLERS DON'T  
N WHAT THE  
D LIFE IS.  
ER KNEW  
DELICIOUS  
COULD  
LL, DID YOU?



(SNIFF) HMM, SMELLS  
JUST LIKE A 12 OZ.  
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IT'S THE ONLY  
TO BEAT  
SMOG.



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PROBLEMS HEAD-ON.



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OFF IN A MODERN  
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YOU ARE RIGHT NOW.



D SAYS I'M NOT  
ACK)(GASP)  
L OFF?(SNORT)



I WONDER IF ANY-  
BODY WILL EVER DO  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
COOKOUT CONTROL?



United States Steel



## THE EASY CHAIR

site for a motel. In addition to a good beach and magnificent view, it had a deposit of adobe clay. That was essential, since Mr. Smith could not afford conventional building materials. During the next year he and the members of his family made thirty-seven thousand adobe bricks with their own hands, and started laying them in accordance with Mr. Smith's own amateur but inspired plan. They kept on building, a few rooms at a time, for the next ten years.

The result is a structure that seems to grow out of the ground; low, earth-colored, swinging in an irregular U-shape around the curve of the headland. The concave landward side is windowless, but is lined with a sort of cloister which provides sheltered carports, a walkway, and storage space for firewood. The outer wall consists chiefly of great windows, oriented so that each of the thirty-five guest suites has a view of the surf, only a few steps away, as it breaks on the rocks or runs into the coves between them. To watch that sea while sitting by an open fireplace, in a room with beams hewn by hand

(i.e. Mr. Smith's hands) is an amenity one does not ordinarily associate with the motel industry.

The same might be said of the Adobe's dining room. In addition to his talents as an architect, mason, and carpenter, Mr. Smith is an accomplished chef. He worked his way through UCLA with a skillet, and now is a member of the Chefs de Cuisine Society. Although he no longer does the cooking himself, he supervises the kitchen with a discipline that Vince Lombardi might envy. He also is a student of California wines, and since he is able to buy certain estate-bottled vintages which are not available on the open market, his cellar may well be the best on the Coast. It is no wonder that his regular clientele includes a growing list of serious eaters who drive from as far away as Seattle and San Francisco for a single meal.

The drive itself is no hardship, since the road to Yachats, from both north and south, runs through some of the continent's most spectacular scenery. It follows the shoreline nearly all the way—north from San Francisco on

California No. 1 to Leggett, on U.S. 101 clear to Puget, swinging inland only for a short distance about seventy miles, through the finest remaining groves of redwood. To Eastern eyes, it is a miracle: an unspoiled route, virtually free of the billboards, Speedy-Eaters, dump yards, juke joints, bait shops, and plaster statuary emblems which deface coastal roads. Nearly all of the Atlantic Seaside. For here, again, the West manages things better. They have contrived, somehow, to keep a surprisingly large share of the shoreline, and the mountains, in it, in public ownership. As a consequence nearly everybody in the coastal states lives within fair reach of woods and water—in parks, forest reserves, public lands, and (surprisingly often) in the groves which individual owners bought with their own money, then dedicated to the public, and as a memorial to a dead relative.

Where such resources are not protected by public ownership, they are of course often destroyed by fast operators, like the real-estate speculators around Los Angeles, or the Georgia-Pacific lumber company which is busily hacking down the megal redwoods before Congress can put them into a National Park. In other cases—a few, anyhow—natural assets are being handled by private owners with remarkable imagination, and sense of decency.

Take the case of the California Southern Railroad, known locally as the Skunk. Seventy-five years ago it was started for the crassest of commercial reasons: to haul redwood logs from the mountains behind the little town of Fort Bragg. It runs for a little over forty miles, ending at a onetime lumber camp called Willits, the mouth of Fullweiser Creek. To push the line that far took twenty-one years, because the route twists through precipitous gorges and mountain passes. In all its length it does not have a single mile of straight track. It is switchback, trestle, loop, and tunnel after another; and near the high point of its climb it winds for nearly a half mile to cover an actual distance of a mile and a half.

At the first growth timber lumbered out, it seemed likely



*I don't quit it.*



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Or mountain-climbing in brooding, craggy Wales.

Or strike out in a rented car (at a weekly rate of as  
little as \$37 with unlimited mileage!) and roam the  
countryside of the Cotswolds. See countryside often  
described as being "more truly English than any other  
in England." Villages with timeworn names like Stow-  
on-the-Wold and Shipton-under-Wychwood.

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## THE EASY CHAIR

enterprise would have to be ended. But in 1925 the manager, on some wild impulse, bought a ludicrous contraption to carry passengers. It was, in effect, a streetcar Mack truck cab and engine mounted on the front—an engine so small as one old railroad man told me “you could smell it coming before you could see it.” Hence the train, applied at first to this car, and, in affectionate derision, to the entire railway.

The original Skunk is gone now, replaced in an accident four years ago. Its place has been taken by a collection of other single-car vehicles, some more modern; and in 1965 it added a real passenger train. The living, puffing antique: a 2-8-2 steam locomotive and a pair of ancient coaches, resurrected by the siding of the Erie-Lackawanna and painted fire-engine red. It is listened, naturally, The Super-

ay it first wheezed into Willits a new chapter in railroad history. To everybody's astonishment, the California Western quickly became one of the few lines in America to earn a handsome profit off its passenger traffic. Its customers—more than 100,000 of them last year—ride for the sheer fun of it; and half of them, I would judge, are youngsters who had never been on a train or seen a steam

round trip takes about seven hours with time off for lunch in Willits and costs \$4.50: the best value I've yet encountered. For the train rambles through scenery untraversed by any railroad, including a fabulous Alpine stretch of the Coast Express; and they operate on a schedule, if you can call it that, that would scandalize an orthodox railroad man. They stop for deer on the coast, slow down for squirrels, pull out of the tunnels, and deliver newspapers and milk to the ranches and camps along the coast. The conductor is glad to point out the best fishing holes and trout spots, and if you want to stop at one of them he will be glad to let you. At about the halfway point of the run, the train stops at a mini-station—“Welcome to Northspur, Population 16”—for no reason except to

let the passengers stretch their legs for a quarter of an hour. Or, if somebody gets lost, a little longer. Informality seems to be part of the Skunk's Standard Operating Procedure.

Unlike many other railroad hands, its crews are not misanthropic old grumps. They do their work with obvious pride—as well they might, since they are part of an undertaking which has transformed a moribund collection of old scrap iron into a public delight: indeed, a small national treasure.

In its cities, too, the Far West is developing some innovations from which the rest of the country could learn a lot. They may, in fact, turn out to be prototypes for a new style of urban living.

One such experiment is the Lloyd Center in Portland, Oregon. It claims to be the largest shopping center in the world, but that is the least interesting thing about it. It is the first designed, not just to yield the maximum quick profit for its developers, but to enhance the enjoyment of life for a whole community: and it succeeds brilliantly. It might be compared to the famous *gallerias* of Naples and Milan, adapted to the needs of the motor era.

Like the *gallerias*, Lloyd Center is a place where the whole family can have a wonderful time, for the evening, an afternoon, or a whole weekend. The grown-ups can shop, eat at a snack bar or a fancy restaurant, visit an art exhibit, get a picture taken, see a pet show, go to a political meeting, enter a handicraft competition, or simply sit at a mall-side café and sip coffee while they watch the crowds. The youngsters can ice-skate, play hopscotch or hide-and-seek, peek into toy stores, or nibble on practically anything from popcorn to cotton candy. (If necessary, the family also can call on a doctor, dentist, insurance agent, lawyer, or loan company.)

All of this goes on in uncrowded comfort—and with considerable gaiety—inside a structure covering fifty acres, or about the size of a small farm. It was designed with the basic idea of separating people and automobiles. Consequently the shopping area is set on a vast platform; beneath it are two stories of parking space, connected with the upper level by escalators, stairs, and elevators. On

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## After Hours by Russell Lynes

### THE GREAT SERVICE SWINDLE



I don't suppose that a crisis can be a commonplace, but it sometimes seems that what appears at one moment to be a crisis crying for a solution becomes, merely because it does not go away or get solved, a part of everyday living. Ten years ago there was a "crisis in service." The press carried headlines such as: "Ailing Autos, Shoddy Service Anger Owners, Bring Wrath in Dealers," and "Travelers, Hotel Guests Fret in Long Lines, Fume Over Foul Ups," and "Tactless Store Clerks, Bungled Repair Jobs Stir Customers' Wrath," and, wistfully, "Call to a Repairman Brings Only Headaches to Many Homeowners."

These particular headlines all came from the *Wall Street Journal* of the mid-1950s. One sees fewer of them today, not because there is any evidence that service has improved but, probably, because so much of what we once thought might be salvaged has deteriorated beyond hope. We have caved in.

Not all service is bad, to be sure; one encounters occasional delightful surprises. It is just that so much of it is bad that lack of service or offensive service seems to have become not just an accepted misfortune but an intentional policy of many businesses. It is more profitable to sell cheaply and treat the customers like cattle than it is to sell a little more expensively (and

tomers at least like people if not like persons. I blame this somewhat less on the purveyors of goods and services than on the consumer; it is the consumer who needs to be saved from himself.

If we can't make bad service better, we at least ought to have some idea of why it is not only tolerated but encouraged by our society.

My view of our society may be somewhat myopic and provincial because I live in New York, a city where service is by the very nature of the city's size likely to be impersonal and where it is frequently offhand and slovenly. It is also sometimes sullen, but by and large New Yorkers are tolerant of other New Yorkers whose nerves are frayed and who hide their fury or despair behind a façade of indifference. It isn't often, even in New York, that one runs into the sort of service that a young friend of mine recently encountered. She was taking her infant twins in arms to see their grandmother and she also had a small suitcase with her. When she got to her destination, she asked her taxi driver if he could help her out of the cab as she needed a hand with the babies and the bag. His response was: "Lady, that's your problem." Such service is considered rough even for New York; fortunately for the rest of the country, New York taxi drivers are incomparable. So far as I know they are

unique in their utilization of the as part of their economic technique. They snarl when they are not tipped, and very few people like to being snarled at.

But this sort of service is a major concern, and it has more to do with our provincial manners than with the larger problems of making daily life tolerable. The kinds of service I mean can, for convenience, be broken into a number of basic categories: as household services (not including domestic service which is a quite different problem and insoluble), transportation services (which include cars, trains, buses, and airplanes), service in retail stores and restaurants, and finally, self-service, which in some respects is the most inept and bungling of all since we do not know how to help ourselves.

I will not waste your time by rehearsing the problems of the first three categories—the problems of how to bait a plumber, an electrician, or a fellow who can tease an oil burner back to life into one's house when suddenly the basic needs of life—water, light, and heat—give out. Everyone has his own experience of the cellar flooded, or a wire bugging the sputter blue sparks, or the child had to be huddled around the stove in the kitchen to keep warm, and almost everyone knows the helpless feeling of not being able to entice anyone



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# OLYMPIC

## AIRWAYS

\*Alcun di hater per ATA [per il fatto che America è il paese che ha fatto il vaccino]



## AFTER HOURS

love nor money (if they can be reached at all) to restore a semblance of domestic health and security. There is not even the cold comfort doctors give when they prescribe "two aspirin and call me again in the morning if you don't feel better." Nobody answers the phone.

Transportation is a quite different matter. We are the most mobile nation in the world and more than any other depend, temperamentally as well as economically, on being footloose. It is curious that as a nation we put up with more annoyance, aggravation, inconvenience, and back talk from the transportation industry in all its ramifications than from any other. We permit ourselves to be outwitted by garage owners and mechanics, so-called. We allow ourselves to be bullied into submission by the indifference of the railroads, and we let the airlines keep us waiting hour after hour in a despond of misinformation or no information at all.

Last autumn a group of consumers in New York decided to find out to what extent garages and service stations were fleecing motorists. If I remember the story accurately, they decided to make a minor maladjustment to the distributor of a car, so that its engine was not firing smoothly, and then set out to see what some thirty garages in the area said needed doing. It was the kind of engine trouble that any trained mechanic could spot merely by listening for a moment and could have fixed in a few minutes with the aid of a screwdriver. In many of the garages no mechanic looked or listened at all; on hearing the symptoms recited by the driver they merely said that an engine tune-up was obviously needed. A tune-up costs in New York about \$35. Others listened and said that the distributor needed replacing, others that the work would take a day. Of the thirty only two got out their screwdrivers and fixed the trouble on the spot at a minimum charge or no charge at all. None of my friends was surprised by this story.

Why should they be? A publisher of how-to-do-it books (among them books for auto mechanics) was quoted in 1965 as saying, "At least 75 per cent of the garage mechanics in the U.S. are insufficiently trained, and the cost of having your car repaired

is reaching astronomical heights. . . . Gas-pump jockeys are learning repair as they go along—at the expense of the customer." A Gallup poll made at the request of David Ogilvy, an advertising man, also in 1965, indicated that "only 3 per cent of those interviewed considered new-car dealers 'honest and trustworthy.'" The main complaint against them, according to a *Wall Street Journal* report, was, "shoddy, slapdash service and employee discourtesy." In this land which prides itself on "know-how" the bungling, careless, untrained and dishonest mechanic has become part of our automotive folklore.

The railroads of the East Coast have evolved a system of non-service quite frankly intended to discourage the public from using their facilities. (I believe that some passenger railroads on the West Coast have solved their economic problems by the reverse process of making their service attractive and profitable.) The Eastern technique is to combine a gradually decreasing number of trains with an increasing number of mechanical failures. To this are added such ingenious frills as sealing the cars in summer, exposing them to long sun-baking in the yards, and then making sure that the air-conditioning is out of order. In winter the catches on the doors at either end of the cars are tampered with so that the doors will not stay shut, and somehow it is contrived to have no steam for the radiators. Another technique, especially on runs between major cities, is to take off a scheduled train so that another train which is scheduled for an hour later will carry twice as many passengers as usual, half of them in the aisles. This way the railroad collects twice the fares for only half the cost.

It seems evident that the railroads that I use hope to regain their economic health by abuse of their passengers. It was almost touchingly ironic that the once famous Twentieth Century Limited, pride of the New York Central, on its final run

from New York to Chicago last September was nine hours late. It was a triumph of the economics of service.

The airlines boast excellent service but their policy in fact seems to be to smile and say nothing. They have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the illusion of service which in some respects is more disheartening than the service at all. One feels that they should know better. My concern is with the mechanical aspects of travel (or air travail) or with the fact that airport facilities are inadequate to cope safely (much less expeditiously) with the number of flights in or out of them; it is, what might be called (and properly is called, for all I know) "passenger relations."

It is the conspiracy of silence that the traveler finds most dismayingly in the encounter; it is even worse than the food. We wait for hours in airports for planes to make up their minds when they are going to arrive or, distressing, depart. To be fair, airlines are reasonably willing to answer questions about the times of probable arrival of aircraft. It's the getting off the ground that is buried in silence. They tease us along—not at ten minutes scheduled, but at ten forty-five, or at ten forty-five but at midnight, or at midnight but the next morning, with luck. The plane for Bermuda or Lisbon isn't leaving, we finally learn by the grapevine, because of mechanical trouble in London, or an engine conked out in Mozambique or was it Cairo? All we know for sure is that we have been kept uninformed and crying children and harassed passengers on backless benches. The delay is annoying enough; the lack of information is unforgivable. There seems to be one code of service for airlines stewardesses and check-in personnel who are almost universally pleasant and helpful, and another for the people in the back rooms out of sight who run things . . . or, it sometimes seems, don't run things.

It can be said in favor of the airlines that more often than not they put the luggage on the right plane. I once left New York for London and the temperature was 94 degrees Fahrenheit and arrived to find it 60 degrees Fahrenheit. I had on a seersucker suit and fortunately carried a raincoat. My suitcase turned up twenty-four hours

---

*Mr. Lynes writes and lectures often on aspects of life and art in the U. S., past and present. Some of his books are "The Tastemakers," "The Domesticated Americans," and "Confessions of a Dilettante."*





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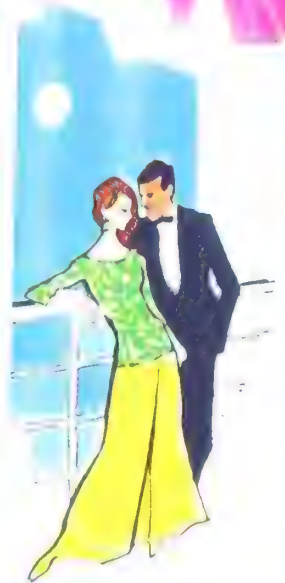
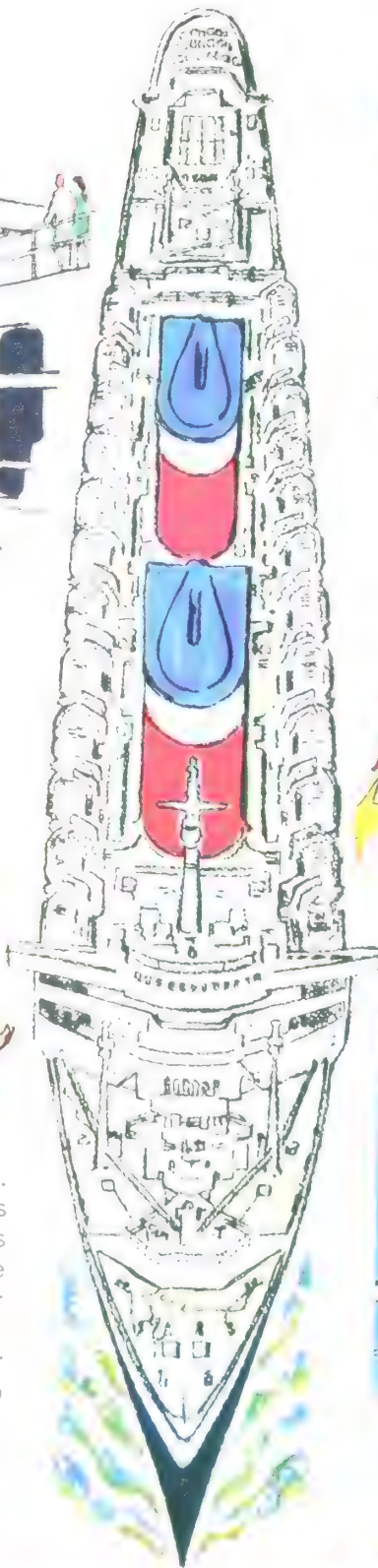
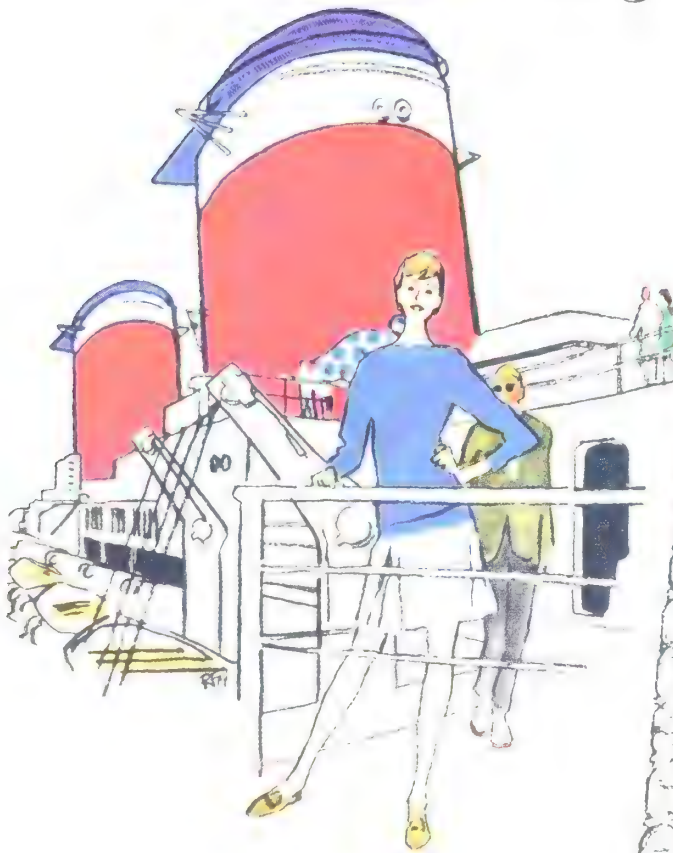
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## AFTER HOURS

On only one other occasion has happened to me, and I have acted people to whom it has never occurred!

It would seem to be petulant. I am aware that the price of civilization—we know it in the age of mechanical and electronic marvels—is a certain amount of unpredictable anxiety, discomfort, disappointment, personal insult, and that it is to have an automobile that runs out of the time, water that usually flows, and electricity that only rarely comes entirely from an area of a few square miles, than to have to rely on horses, buckets, and oil. One could go further and say that we didn't expect major miracles (because we are continuously awed of miracles by our industrial and betters), we wouldn't be surprised by minor mishaps. I am also aware that in our society there are men and women who enjoy doing things they know how to do as well and easily as they can, and that there are men who will turn out in the middle of the night to fill an oil furnace or fix a furnace in an emergency to be neighborly. I know at least a dozen such people.

There ought to be a better way to meet the decline of service than to place blame on lack of caring, venality, laziness. They are symptoms; they are not the disease.

It is easy to blame the continuing decline in service on prosperity and the increased number of persons to be served and expect to be served. Not only are there more people who want things, but there are vastly more service jobs to be performed here are persons trained to perform them. Consequently there is a raising of standards for employment and jobs requiring not only intelligence but manual skill are performed by mechanical illiterates with thumbs on each hand. A great deal of what poses as vocational training has been pointed out in this line, is "teaching people to be employable"; the training they are given does not match the skills needed in the second half of the twentieth century. A man ill-equipped to do a job is likely to find the job odious, when jobs are easy to come by as they are today (except in the ghettos) we see the rise of a class of

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## SIESTA

by Anthony Ostroff

In that light  
The garden pool  
Greens.  
The white  
Water lilies  
Sleep.

The soldier ants  
Are marching off  
With the catalpa tree  
Leaf by leaf  
In a long line  
Like sails.

drifters. The gap between the wistful owner of the produce of our industrialism and the indifferent serviceman yawns wider and wider: in despair we relegate toasters that could be fixed to backs of shelves and tin refrigerators (which, if there were somebody to tinker with them properly, would hum happily for many more years of life. Think how many thousands of electric blankets are cold for lack of someone to fix their connections.)

A vacuum of indifference has fallen between the server and the served. In our time like the present when merchandising is increasingly the province of chains of supermarkets and discount houses and when the cash registers are spewing forth their yard-long tapes, the store manager is not likely to know many of his customers who come and go, waiting on themselves, queuing up at check-out counters, and disappearing anonymously, pushing their shopping cars to the parking lot . . . carts full of brand-name merchandise, much of it misleadingly labeled and grotesquely packaged to look like more than it is. How can one expect the store manager to be worried about service for the individual when he thinks in terms of the mass? Indeed, the basic theory of the self-service market is that if the service is bad it is the customer who makes it so, since he has only himself to blame. It is display that is important to the merchandiser, the techniques

of eye-catching and quick seduction.

It seems that manufacturers are more interested in selling metaphors than goods. The automobile industry, as someone has pointed out, is running a game preserve—mustangs, falcons, cougars, barracuda, jaguars all waiting to have tigers in their tanks. Gasoline companies are selling pots of gold with their own ingenious kinds of bingo and numbers games. Cigarette companies, not content with making their products longer and more lethal, seem to be in a curious sort of real-estate business—great open spaces for tattooed men, like “Marlboro country” and waterfalls “up where it’s cool.”

Advertising has long been engaged in the manufacture of illusions, of course, in creating images of grandeur and virility and power and status as well as in inspiring fear both social (bad breath) or physical (fire). It is not that new dimensions have been added to their techniques; it is merely that the smoke screen (intentionally or not) to prevent the customer from seeing what he is not getting has become denser. And primarily what he is not getting is service. The gas is good, but the rest room is filthy; the car is powerful and often well-built but what happens at the 6,000-mile checkup? There is a two-weeks’ wait for a half-done job. The refrigerator is spacious, but the repairman is specious or is out playing golf.

I suggested earlier that the fault lies not with the manufacturer but with the consumer, and that he must be saved from himself. Let me explain.

In our consumer society possession is more important than performance: “things” are more important to us than service. The more things we can acquire, the happier we apparently are. This has something to do with status, of course, in this land of Joneses; it has a good deal to do with what peoples not so fortunate as we disparage as our materialism.

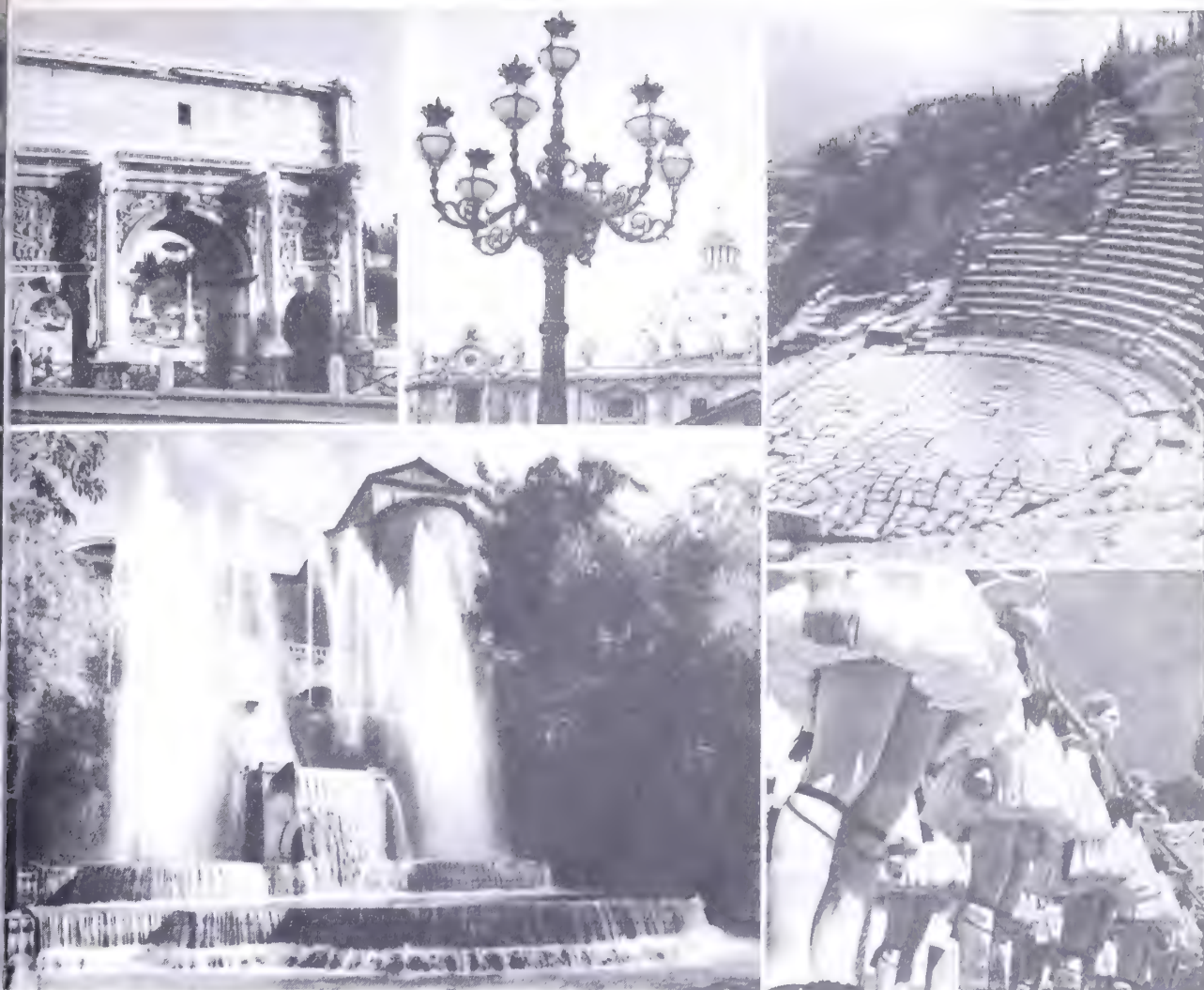
We would rather have more things even if having them means less comfort and service. How, otherwise, can one explain the discount house and the supermarket? We patronize them because, since the things in them are cheaper, we can have more of them, whether we need them or not. If we buy the same things in stores where the service is better, where the reputation of the seller is a personal mat-

ter between him and his customer where one has reasonable recollection, when something goes wrong, the price is higher. Would the economy be better if we were all to buy fewer goods, but buy them only from those who are willing and able to guarantee their worth and see that they are satisfied when they quit? Might this be a pressure on manufacturers to produce more quality?

To be sure, one man’s frills are another man’s necessity, or so it may come to think. On the other hand, we used to think of as necessities prompt mail service and two doctors a day, nursing care for the sick and the infirm, porters to carry heavy bags for women in train stations, ambulances that arrived promptly at accidents on city streets—these have become frills. . . . I should say, they have become necessities.

Service will not improve until there is a series of consumer strikes. Is there any reason why consumers should accept the weapon of the manufacturer as a legitimate one for labor used against consumers, but refuse to use it themselves to get management to give service? We might strike in minor ways such as refusing to tip taxi drivers until they give up the economic snarl. We might tip in restaurants on the basis of service rendered and not on the basis of an automatic percentage. We might buy in markets only those necessities in which there is the smallest margin of profit and buy all other items at the store where the owners have some sense of the customer’s comfort. We might refuse to vote bond issues for transportation systems that do not modernize concepts of vocational education. We might refuse to purchase the products of companies that do not guarantee their goods’ longevity and see that their guarantees are fulfilled. When we purchase a service contract for ten days, we are tacitly admitting to expect the products we buy to last apart long before they have any sense to if they are properly bought.

We might fight the failure of service with the refusal to put up with shoddiness. But we are not likely to. It is one of the sadnesses of our age (and of our system) that we have sheepishly watched the pride in American know-how deteriorate in acceptance of the illusion of service.



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## Politics 1968 by David Halberstam

### McCARTHY AND THE DIVIDED LEFT

It had been scheduled first as a lecture in Great Neck, Long Island. It was one of several on the Temple's schedule, another pleasant lecture, perhaps not even the most exciting of the new year. After all, Drew Pearson was also on the list, and Pearson is hot these days. But in between the scheduling and the event, Eugene McCarthy's appearance had taken on all the expectations of a major speech. Drew Pearson had not declared for the Presidency, thank the Lord for that, but days before Eugene McCarthy had, and now suddenly the Temple was filled, with television lights and cameras everywhere. What the audience got, of course, was not the speech but the lecture. Social Sciences 106B, the History and Development of Western Humanitarian Liberal Thought. It had a quality of Stevenson without Stevenson. Listening to McCarthy, one remembered just how sharp and tight Stevenson's speeches had been, lofty yes, but precise, pointed, quotable.

Never would McCarthy have a more receptive audience. This was the heartland of Adlai Stevenson country, liberal intelligent Jews who had settled into the suburbs during the Stevenson era and who had formed the backbone of some of the new Democratic organizations which, if they had failed to win for Stevenson, would later help elect Democrats like Eugene Nickerson, County Executive of Nassau County, to local offices. To them McCarthy is Stevenson's lineal descendant, and they applauded emotionally when their rabbi compared McCarthy to Stevenson.

It was an intelligent audience, and the questions were sharp and direct ("What would you do if you were President and the Egyptian block-

aded the Gulf of Aqaba?"), and he answered them well but diffidently, almost too diffidently. It is one thing to be diffident if you are a Senator making a lecture tour, for then you are appreciated—that Senator isn't a blowhard like the others—but if you are running for the Presidency that is another thing altogether, even if you are still drawing your lecture fee to do it. They liked him, but they wanted to like him a lot more.

Then McCarthy went back to a room in the Temple for a press conference, where he faced that great malcontented prism through which he is reflected to the American people. He had spoken perhaps 20,000 words that night, and maybe 300 would come through on a car radio between a beeper and a soap advertisement, or one answer to one question might slip through on a television set. The press sat there waiting to trap him, each reporter ready to bend McCarthy, not to his own ideology, but to his own locale. What about the dissident Democrats in neighboring Suffolk County, and the answer, well he thought the Suffolk County dissident Democrats were just fine, and then over the beepers the impression must have been that Eugene McCarthy had come to Great Neck with his chief concern being the Suffolk County dissident Democrats.) The room was crowded with slim radio reporters with their booming voices, with television reporters, and with some suspiciously young teen-agers in the immediate post-bar-mitzvah period, asking questions nonetheless. McCarthy answered patiently, sometimes the same question over again because the TV lighting wasn't right. He showed a little more fire and tartness than he had shown earlier

(Dean Acheson had torn into him the previous evening for the be- Public Broadcast Laborator now McCarthy was asked about son; he answered, "Men old en write their memoirs should n ment on contemporary issues, thinking he had finished the he was about to step down whe one, a member of that new min American journalism, the press, said, "Now can we have conference for the writing ers?"

"I thought we just had on Carthy said.

"No, you've had two conf and both were television. Now get serious?" the reporter asl

McCarthy protested again: pointed to the reporters, th asked questions and he had at them. "I thought it was a pro ference," he said.

"You've got a lot to learn," porter snapped back.

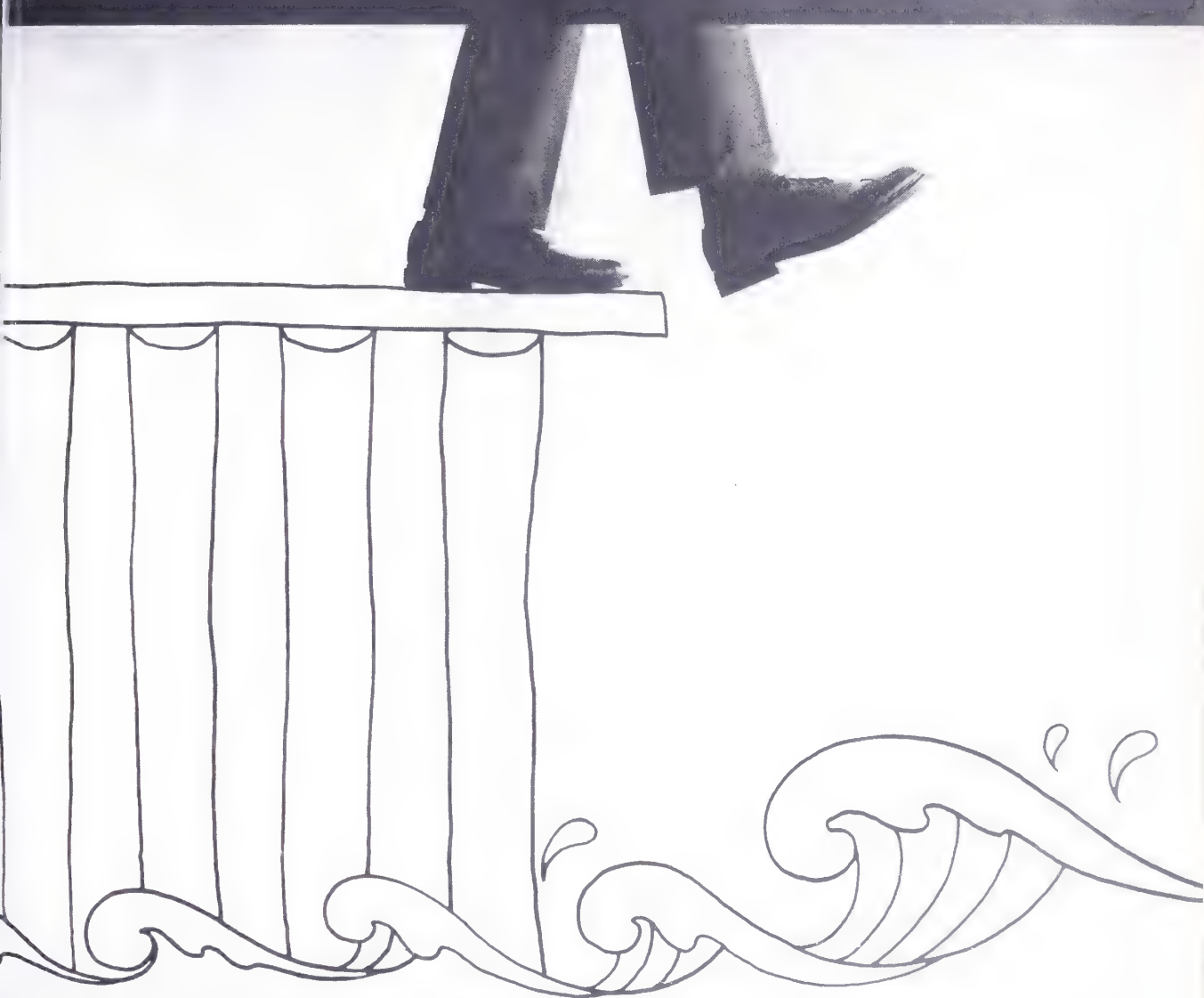
"Yes," McCarthy said, "I ha to learn."

The next night I saw a K man, an experienced profession he was surprised He had se Carthy that morning in the Pl tel having breakfast alone. know what the hell kind of a ca

*Mr. Halberstam's new novel "Very Hot Day" and his re book "The Making of a Quo are both about Vietnam. But forest in American politics go to childhood in New York, worked after graduating fro ard for newspapers in Mis and Tennessee. His previous in "Harper's" have been ab land, Martin Luther King, J braith, and Vietnam.*

Maybe you talk about taking a cruise  
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you may miss something.

The boat.



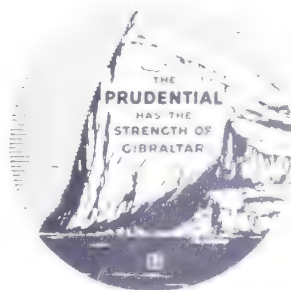
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he's running. They should be counting hours now, they should know exactly how many hours they have until each primary, and they should know where to go to spend those hours. They don't have time to waste one minute, and yet there he was in the center of New York, having breakfast alone. You can't campaign like that."

## II

**H**ow do you campaign, then? And why do you campaign? How could McCarthy, a good liberal, run against another good liberal, the sitting President of his own party, a man with a voting record very similar to his own? ("What meat is feeding this improbable Caesar, Eugene McCarthy?" asked William S. White, the noted authority on Caesars.) How could McCarthy split his own party, divide all the liberals, and make the country so vulnerable to a Republican takeover? Indeed, wrote the labor leader, Gus Tyler, the parallel to what the peace Democrats were doing might be found in the divisions in the Left in pre-Hitler Germany.

The answer is that McCarthy did not split the party. The party has been badly split for longer than it knows, its divisions deeper than it realizes; the old partners in the coalition have become strange bedfellows and are dreaming very different dreams. It had been coming for some time, and now Vietnam and the election of 1968 are bringing all this to a head.

For this was a time in an affluent but frustrated America of changing tastes and changing political priorities, all of them affecting the old liberal-labor coalition more than any other element of our politics. Old loyalties had worn thin and new alliances were being sought. John Kenneth Galbraith, for instance, was talking about a new alliance between intellectuals, scientists, and youth). The liberals were losing many of their causes, and were in severe danger of losing their troops. Already the New Left seemed to offer more on the campus than the old liberals, and indeed the liberals rather than getting credit for what they had achieved in the last thirty years from young people were being increasingly criticized by them. One had a particular memory of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., at a forum on the "Morality of Anti-

Communism," and a young man from *Ramparts*, Sol Stern, grabbing the microphone and screaming at Schlesinger: "Don't tell us about the morality of anti-Communism! Tell us about the morality of anti-Communist professors! Tell us about the morality of anti-Communist professors!"

Nothing mirrors the dilemma of the liberals more than the terrible divisions within the Americans for Democratic Action, a group which has for two decades focused the tastes and goals of American liberalism. Galbraith, the head of ADA and also the leading dissenter in the country on Vietnam, wanted to hold a special ADA board meeting in January to endorse McCarthy. (Nominally ADA would endorse a candidate after both conventions, but McCarthy was so frail in these early weeks that he needed the all-out early endorsement of ADA as quickly as possible as a sign of massive dissent within Johnson's own party.) Some of the other ADA board members, anti-war, anti-Johnson, nevertheless were uneasy about a McCarthy endorsement which might commit the ADA too early to too hopeless a candidate and turn it into a voiceless organization in the event of a Johnson-Nixon or Johnson-Reagan contest. Similarly, some labor leaders in ADA passed the word that they would walk out of the organization for good if there were a McCarthy endorsement. So the January meeting was canceled and a mid-February regular meeting was coming up with none of the factionalism really settled.

If that weren't bad enough, there was deep division even among those ready to dump Johnson and back McCarthy in the ADA. There was Joe Rauh, Jr., a traditional, old-style liberal who was pro-McCarthy but who vigorously opposed the influence of Allard Lowenstein, a young New York Reform Democrat, a unique kind of ambitious moralist-activist who had worked long and hard to organize young people against Johnson (when ever you saw a full-page ad in the *New York Times* declaring ex-Peace Corps volunteers, or Rhodes Scholars, or whatever against Johnson, it was usually the work of Lowenstein).

Lowenstein had a rare amount of credit among otherwise alienated students. He was as close to the border line between the liberals and the New

Left as anyone in the country, worked hard to bring McCarthy (or someone) into the race. But no he was in, Rauh was working hard to separate the candidate Lowenstein, trying to lessen his influence. He had successfully talked McCarthy out of announcing his candidacy at the Lowenstein-organized Conference of Concerned Democrats in Chicago. (McCarthy, of course, was closer in style and taste to Rauh and he was appalled at Chicago.) Lowenstein's fiery speech there, as Newfield, a writer on the New York Times and often with it, referred to like Rauh as "burned-out Stevenians." Rauh and Lowenstein sought to symbolize the difference in the generations with Lowenstein younger, closer to the students, more liberal, less anti-Communist. One defender of Lowenstein's noted, "not one of your beautiful people, a lot of older Democrats are uneasy about him. But he's got troops for a particular battle and damn few people do, and right now McCarthy needs all the troops he can get." the old liberals.

## III

**H**ow did they all get to his point? Much of it was Vietnam. By 1967 it had come to dominate American life, if not Vietnamese life. In 1964 it was still far away, virtually a dead issue in the campaign, since a place Barry Goldwater played to defoliate and Lyndon Johnson thought unworthy of the live American boys, particularly since it was a job Asian boys should do. That was all gone, and now Vietnam was not only a transcending issue itself, but everything else in American life seemed to depend on what happened there: the economy, the ghettos, Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. Whatever it was. By late 1967 Galbraith was opposing his own party's President, looking beyond all other issues, and when asked by a reporter if it weren't true about McCarthy being weak on some economic issues (the oil-depletion votes, for example) could think for a minute and then answer vaguely, "Well yes, I've heard that too."

Part of it was Vietnam, but in many ways the war was simply the visible part of the iceberg. The

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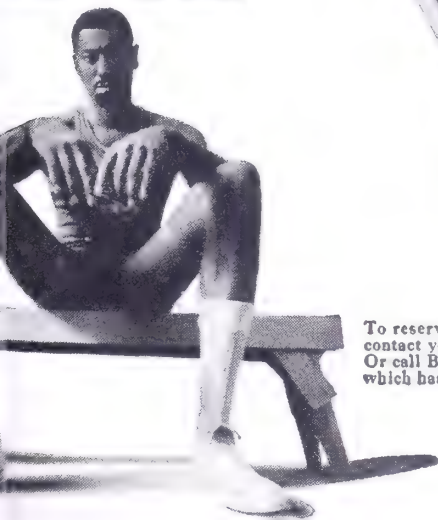
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coalition had been shaped by the Depression and it held together through the New Deal, the Fair Deal, and the Kennedy and early Johnson Administrations. It was a coalition based on real grievances and real enemies. There were old injustices in the society to be eradicated, inequities to be removed, and so they came together, an easy coalition of labor, intellectuals, Negroes, ethnic minority groups, all for one, and more or less one for all. They were the outsiders trying to get into American society. The Republican party contained white Protestant America, business-oriented, small town-based, and its supporters watched with a good deal of alarm the power of the newcomers and the threat they posed to the status quo.

Now it is very different. Many of the battles have been fought and won. Old liberals spoke with pride on how hard they fought and are still fighting to pass civil-rights legislation, and the younger generation was bored—in their eyes the legislation has been meaningless. "Johnson," McCarthy noted, "is going out with a list of achievements, all those bills he's passed, all these things he's done. What he doesn't realize is that the people he's trying to convince don't care; he hasn't answered the questions that bother them. It's become a moral question, a question of values. He hasn't got their answers."

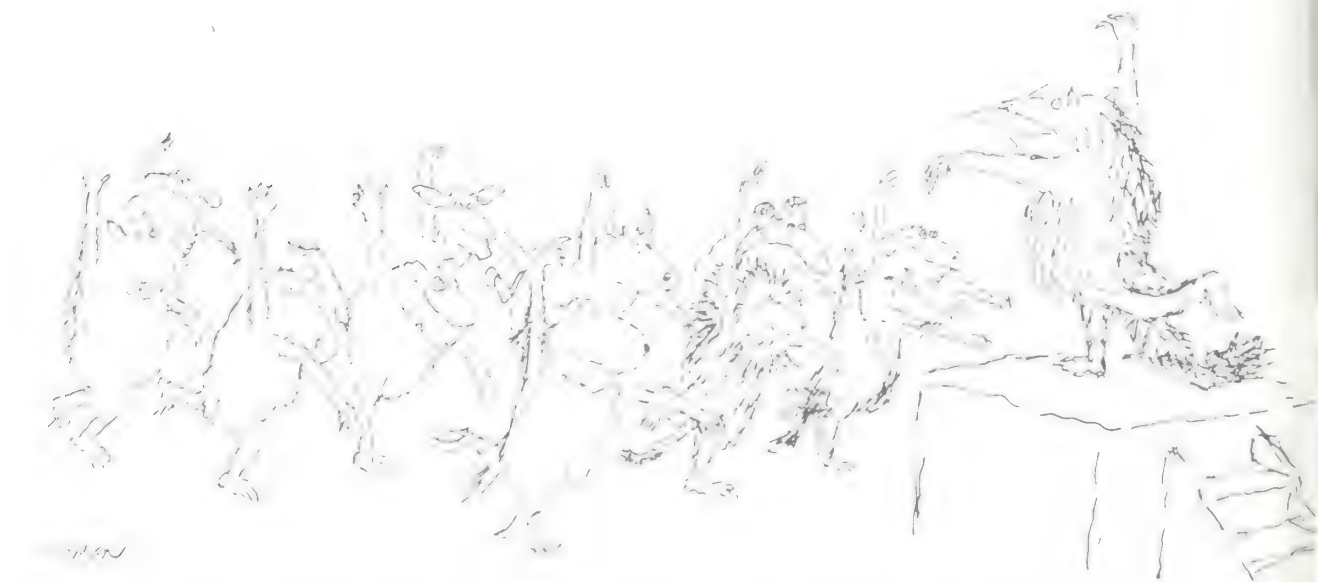
The new generation, part of an af-

fluent new society with jobs after college assured, was not interested in the Depression and strikes and Philip Murray, and how the Communists were kicked out of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor party. It was more interested in what might be called the moral thrust of America. (It is significant that McCarthy, who has four children—two of them of college age—is struck by the degree of alienation of the college generation. Friends feel that one of the very real reasons he went into the race was the prodding of his daughter Mary, a student at Radcliffe, who kept asking him if he were going to be remembered in history as a man who supported Lyndon Johnson in 1968.) The young see not so much what has been done as what has *not* been done; they do not doubt that as a material system capitalism works much better than Communism, but they wonder openly about the use of that affluence. More important as far as the old coalition goes, they see labor as a conservative influence. Labor has gained its share of the pie, and indeed on the crucial issues—better housing and better jobs for Negroes—they view labor as a reactionary force looking upon the upward movement of the Negro much the way small-town Republicans used to regard the upward movement of labor.

Labor leaders are equally critical of the liberal intellectuals. "The thing you have to remember about them is

that they've all *made it*, they upper-middle-class or better, they never had it so good, and so because they're doing that well, they everyone is right up there too," a labor leader told me. "The old coalition was put together in the Depression over economics—the great thing in those days was to make the money work and the guts of the coalition was full employment. Now it's still working on a lot of those problems, but the intellectuals are not with them; they were never interested in economics and economics. They've moved to other issues, from economics to culture and aesthetics and morality. From domestic legislation to foreign affairs. We have deserted them—they've deserted us."

The change in viewpoint from concrete issues to vague aesthetics coincided with another revolution in American politics which was intensifying the split: the radical change in communications. Television was leaving its imprint. It was not so much how a man had worked for the party, how he had voted on Taft-Hartley, or how he came over the tube, just his looks, but what the viewer sensed was his view of America. Increasingly, the old voting record counted out. Indeed, straight loyalty to identify a man as too partisan, a new breed should be handsome, the right words (no real problem since even Vietnamese province names were sounding like Hubert Humphrey).



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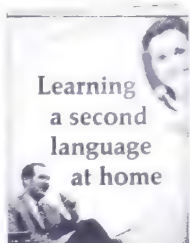
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liberals), and very important, since so much of our liberal taste-making is done in the East, reflect an urbane sophistication, a certain doubt and fatalism.

And then there was Lyndon Johnson, a politician of the old style. He would come to them and say, Look what I've done for you, and they would answer, Don't you even understand, it doesn't matter, it's who you are and where you're going. Mennen Williams and Paul Douglas were out, and Nelson Rockefeller, George Romney, and Chuck Percy were in. Romney and Percy were milestones in American political life. We had gone from trusting the sons of very wealthy families in our politics—they are so rich they can't be bought—to trusting the self-made products of big business if they looked all right, young, modern, and not tarnished with politics. We would trust a businessman as long as he did not look like a businessman.

There was also the tragedy of Hubert Humphrey. The liberals had once loved Humphrey, but now it was all ending badly, and they felt he had left them. (Feelings ran so high that recently a meeting was arranged between a group of ADA leaders and Humphrey in Washington. Before Humphrey arrived, Schlesinger took everyone aside, and said, *Look, I know we feel strongly, but he's a good man, and he is the Vice President and our old friend, and we've got to be polite, and show restraint.* Everyone agreed. Then Humphrey arrived and began by saying that he had just talked with Malik of Indonesia, and Malik had said that it was the U. S. intervention in Vietnam that had saved the Indonesian domino. Schlesinger interrupted violently: "Oh, bull—*Hubert!*")

Humphrey was a wounded hero, but more than that, he was never really their breed. When they had loved him it had been for his excesses, which were liberal excesses; he was over-selling a bit perhaps, but that was the Midwestern style. But now that the two had strayed from each other the liberals were getting his excesses back in the teeth, they were discovering that he was a square, that he lacked that fatal element of self-doubt. They turned on their television sets and heard him extolling the President: "... I think I know who are

men of peace and the man of peace that I see in this country—but peace may I say with justice and peace with freedom—is President Lyndon Johnson. . . ." It was the final victory of Johnson that he had made Humphrey sound like Richard Nixon.

#### IV

There was, of course, the ideal hero: Robert Kennedy. He was able to dissent without too much dissent, to walk the narrowest of paths, speeches by Richard Goodwin and Adam Walinsky, babies named after Maxwell Taylor; to show the intellectuals the proper amount of self-doubt, and yet idealistic enough for the young (not by chance is his new book entitled *To Seek a Newer World*). But Kennedys are not given to lost causes, and while Robert was seriously interested in the race, perhaps regretting that he had not made a stab at it earlier, he was torn between the conflicting suggestions of his advisers. The eggheads were telling him that his chances of going all the way were as good now as they ever would be, the odds certainly being as good or better than those faced by his brother eight years ago, and that if he failed to *try* for it in 1968 he might lose the delicate balance with the young by 1972. The pros were telling him to wait, that the country was more hawkish than he thought, that he would destroy the party and more important himself if he tried this year. Kennedy was more seriously interested in the race than many people realized; circumstances were pushing him toward it every day, and yet every day that passed was a day lost. It was his winter for Hamlet.

And where did Eugene McCarthy fit into this new politics? It was one of the ironies of McCarthy that he could discourse analytically (indeed, professorially as a former teacher at the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul) about the new politics, the difficulty of portraying moral issues, and those qualities which the new candidate should have, and then dispassionately but accurately note that he has yet to fill the bill. He is tall, seemingly handsome, and yet more bland than handsome. His face is a little untouched by political wars, a little gray ("The sunlamp," one politician friend said, "get him to the sunlight"). Although

he is remembered for the sparkling Stevenson, his orator was often far from brilliant, and in small groups he is urbane and articulate, he sometimes throw away his best lines.

Knowing the race he is making odds against him, and the price may be exacted from him, yet not doubt his inner toughness and conviction. Yet there is the sense of the politician, that he values privacy and is appalled by the necessary political acts of selling, virtually selling that privacy to the public, that he is in politics above it. There is a feeling about that while his voting record in his wit is more that of a conservative dwelling on man's imperfections.

Yet he may not be all that is being a man for this season. Letting a man as the alienation between President and the liberal wing of the party had increased, a group of Democrats had started looking for a candidate to oppose Johnson. McCarthy was on the list, but at first glance he seemed an unlikely one. He was less associated with the war on Vietnam than many of the liberal leagues, and there were other possibilities: General James Gavin, given hints that he just might run, and just might be a Democrat. There were Senators George McGovern, Frank Church, and possibly Robert Kennedy. But McCarthy decided he had a better chance as a Republican, McGovern and Church had difficult races for reelection in 1970, and Kennedy was symbolically in a far more difficult position. The choice narrowed to McCarthy, who was not up for reelection in 1970. "What we liked about him," the peace solicitors said, "was that he was never either messianic or about it. He felt the race should be made but he never felt only he should do it—it was not so much *who* was opposing Johnson on this issue, it was the importance of making a stand."

His decision to run caused an extraordinary amount of social and psychological analysis in Washington. Much of it curiously enough from people who feel that the war is destroying American society. In respect what is curious is that McCarthy should have been so much enmeshed in why McCarthy was making

## POLITICS 1968

in reality it should have only McCarthy? "There is a time when an honorable man has to raise the flag," he told the writer; or translated, and it is a position which bothers Robert Kennedy a great deal, if you play it right. It is a very great and very serious crisis, then what have you done when you survive politics? The first week of January 1960, in Kempton, the liberal columnist publishes occasional love notes to McCarthy. He was writing: "As of now I regard McCarthy as a candidate for President of the United States. An obvious reason is that McCarthy has the guts to go. A less obvious but more significant reason was not at all surprised that McCarthy and I'm not the least bit surprised at Kennedy wouldn't."

McCarthy has always had ambitions to go beyond the Senate. In 1960, he told friends, in one of those moments which are more serious than one really intends, that he was a better candidate than Humphrey and John Kennedy "because I'm more liberal than Humphrey and more Catholic than Kennedy." He favored the Kennedy candidacy because of the political scars I have from supporting Humphrey in 1960," he says today), looking at Kennedy as many of the disciples did at that time, shining of an intellectual light on McCarthy, a serious intellectual, Catholic and a not entirely honest man, tended to look down on Kennedy's religion as being less than Catholic. This angered the Kennedys, and Robert Kennedy in particular felt that he was largely motivated by that he wanted to be the Vice President to gain either the Vice Presidency or the Presidency. Thus McCarthy's most famous national address, the Stevenson nominating speech, "Do not turn your back . . .") was led by many as a moment of honesty, but by the Kennedys as a cynical speech, part of a grand plan to use the faltering McCarthy campaign as a blind to halt Johnson and set up Johnson at the end of the road.

On this day, McCarthy remembers the error of Johnson to Kennedy, but some of his doubts: "I told Johnson I was for Johnson for prime minister, which is a pretty good indi-



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eration of my feelings and my reservations. I was sure he could get as much out of a given situation as any man could, but I had doubts about whether he could project the country into a certain direction. That's why I said prime minister—the prime minister operates within the pattern of his party, subject to his cabinet, and the path the party sets, and thus tries to get the most out of that path. It's not as personalized as the presidency. I was wrong about Kennedy though—he did have an institutionalized sense of the Presidency, whereas with Johnson you have this terribly personalized Presidency—"they're all my helicopters." (A reference to that day when a young airman said, "This is your helicopter, sir," as the President was about to board the wrong helicopter and the President explained to the airman the error of his ways, "They're all my helicopters, son.") This of course is vintage McCarthy, the fascination with politics at a certain intellectual level. When he talks politics it is not the names of counties and delegates and chairmen he speaks of, it is the abstractions, the differences in Kennedy and Johnson and the British and American systems.

## V

He has often been described as a lazy Senator. He denies this charge, and claims that he works hard on the committee work which interests him, though he admits boredom with roll calls: "You know, the stuff the press judges you on, the laundry list." Those who know him feel it is more boredom than laziness, a distaste for the maneuvering of the Senate, the elbow rubbing, and flesh pressing. He has been increasingly concerned with the role of the Senate, particularly its relation to the executive branch at a time when America is a superpower. In Congress he has a record of solid liberalism. His behavior during the reign of the other McCarthy was particularly admirable. (He was in a strong position to take McCarthy on, having impeccable credentials as a Catholic and anti-Communist.) He sometimes votes with the special interests on issues like drug prices and oil depletion, which in the earlier days in the Senate probably helped him to get desirable committee assignments. "Gene," one Senate friend says, "is

sometimes a little soft on matters."

One of his votes on the oil de in 1964 has been attributed to Carthy's desire to be Vice Pr In those days when Johnson was ing up the sweet smell of the Presidency (sweet smell at the anyway) and disqualifying nedys, McNamaras, and Ru the office, McCarthy was ver able and very eligible; the Pr after all could dump Kennedy and end up with a liberal Catholic Carthy rose to the bait and J delighted in playing Humphr McCarthy off against each There was a certain quality level humiliation to it, and McCarthy, realizing what was pening, sent a telegram with thus sparing himself, as Thomas Dodd did not, being in the last minute of the man show.

McCarthy claims that his o sent began when the number o in Vietnam went over 200,000 came almost a captive country. T private dissent grew; what p larly bothered him was the use of the Tonkin Gulf resolution justify the war, what James has described as escalation by That was bad enough, but Nicholas Katzenbach testified the Foreign Relations Cor that the President did not ev the Tonkin resolution. Mc angrily walked out of the ro told a reporter, "This is the testimony I've ever heard. The limit to what he says the Pr can do. There is only one thing take it to the country."

## VI

Politically, the country beg New Hampshire. Sometimes there too.

In early December McCarthy to New Hampshire, that mo chievious political state, inten fulfill another lecture comm look over the scenery, and th his enthusiastic backers, no, y too many mountains, too muc too many hawks, and too few crats, and I will not run i primary. Since he had previou nounced he would challenge the dent, the national press went a

first night he spoke to a hall of concerned people in Manhattan, somewhat the same audience later in Great Neck, except Protestant. They shared the concerns, they came hoping to get away out of Vietnam or if not a clarion call that there should be a way out, expecting to hear something damned and McNamara (it was the season to praise the general). But they got the same benign history of liberalism—they clapped politely once, at

it was over, one of the reporters was dismayed by the speech he offered him so little, turned to Eller, McCarthy's administrative assistant, and said, "Jesus, that sounded like a lecture." "It is. That's exactly what it is. Now why you guys keep coming," Eller answered. So there the poor reporters covering the campaign for the Presidency of the United States, and Gene McCarthy at the same old lecture tour. The conversation was symptomatic of some of the problems occurring in the McCarthy race. Since he had been lounched for the Presidency, gestures were expected; if gestures were not forthcoming, the press would believe he was not running, or not running

The problem had begun in Chicago when McCarthy went before a firing squad of the Concerned Democrats and tried not to set them on fire, indeed to cool them off. They were enthusiastic for him, but not for him, and this disappointed not only the Democrats, but the press as well. McCarthy did not believe the press's idea of a campaign, not on this particular issue, but he had his own view, which was that the issue was emotional and that all the questions had to be asked and all the answers given, and that the lack of attention to his campaign was demanded by his critics. "Organizations would repeat 'is not that important to the kind of campaign I plan because the issues are more important than the person. The people are the thing, and they know how to deal about it.'"

In many ways the press was right than McCarthy. He was, after all, taking on a very accom-

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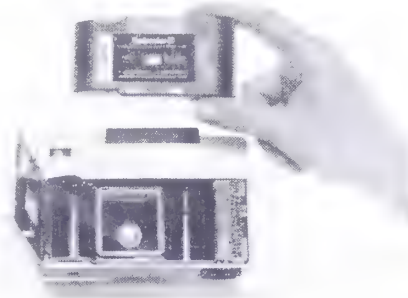
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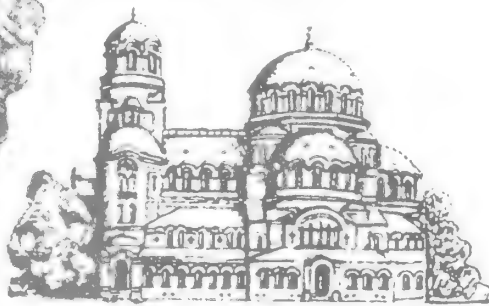
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plished President of the United States, and one does not do this surely. He had to convince people he was a real contender, and this was only the issue there, but this was there too. There was McCarthy running in his own good time, nouncing his candidacy before he had a campaign manager, paying no attention to political detail. "God, a very religious guy," a friend said, "and this kind of detail bores me. Sometimes I think he leaves it to the Lord to take care of, not realizing that the Lord may be just as busy as he is."

This was all coming to a head in New Hampshire. That night, when the reporters drove all over the state looking for hidden motels, McCarthy and his aides met with his local New Hampshire people who were desperately pleading with him to come to the state. Their primary in March is one of the cruelest of American sports; capricious voters, who will reward a Kefauver for visiting them and shaking every one of their heads, punish Rockefeller and Goldwater for doing the same thing, and reward Lodge for having the good sense to ignore them. At this point, McCarthy, who in addition to all his other problems had the state organization aligned against him, had no intention of entering the primary. Some advisers were pushing very hard on him to make the race, warning that if he did not enter New Hampshire, he would damage himself seriously in subsequent states, and would be regarded as a halfhearted candidate. Other friends were telling him that his people in New Hampshire were the very best and most professional and that there was danger if he did not enter here the legitimate Democratic might be pushed out of his camp by the more mischievous New Left, resulting in a modified version of the Wallace candidacy of 1948. New Hampshire in 1968 for McCarthy, his friends were telling him, came down to this: you are damned if you enter and damned if you don't, but you are damned a little more if you don't.

## VII

That night his New Hampshire people begged him to come in. Just twenty-one days, they said. McCarthy expressed his doubts. All right, fol-

## POLITICS 1968

ys then, just fourteen days. It felt like that, feeling he wasn't in, discouraged.

night, very late, one of McCarrdes was having the last drink with reporters and was saying, it looked like the Senator would not enter. In fact, coming up and just made it harder, for it raised expectations with these and the trouble was these people too damn nice. "They're the people in politics," he was saying, "I don't ask me why. I don't know much about New Hampshire, but it's nicer than other people. When I tell them what's bothering you, except that you're telling the truth to them. They're not like our people from other states, you know. I talk to one group and the next it's the phone ringing and it's another group in the same state to complain about the first. These people are in it because they're like hell, and you'd like to tell them and say, yes, because it's so nice we'll come in and do anything you want."

ent on from there with the reporters and the aides, who were bound together at this moment as pros; they shared their fatigue and loneliness in Boston, and their love of the game. Reporters were needling the McCarthy people about the lack of story material, and the aides were needling back, talking about Bobby Kennedy, implying that the reporters were Bobby because there were so many handouts, so much easy news, Bobby played their game better than McCarthy.

They got you into the paper though," the reporter said, and they nodded. The reporters had pressured for a release there had been one, about housing. The release bore no relation at all to the speech itself, but had worked, and later McCarthy would be attacked by Washington columnists for not talking about housing problems in New Hampshire, a state not famous for its interest in the subject. "We've got a better one for tomorrow," one of the aides said. "One of the television networks wants to ride McCarthy to Durham and tape his comments on the New Hampshire primary." "Fine," a reporter said, "he'll tell them how much it reminds him of Minnesota."

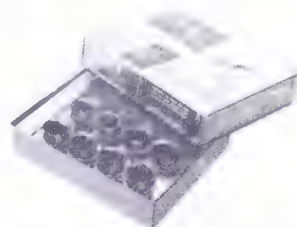
At the next day went flat too. At



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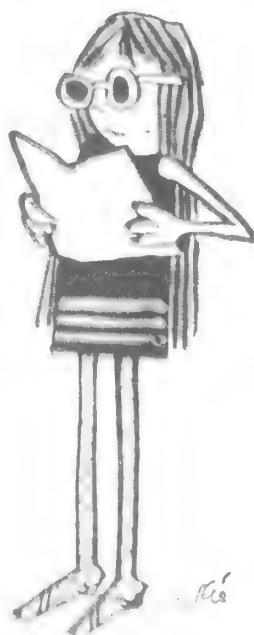
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a symposium at the University of New Hampshire, there was confrontation with a Black Power cate which proved no confrontation at all, the Negro spouting Black Power and evil white racism as McCarthy saying nothing. Then McCarthy left New Hampshire leaving followers disappointed and enraged and he drew very bad on his whole performance. Village Voice, Newfield, who had come him into the race, was with "McCarthy's speeches are dull, and without either poetry or beauty is lazy and vain..." The metro dailies were more cautious in appraisals, but they implied the thing. Some of the Kennedy people were suggesting that it be over before it ever began.

Thus, backed into a corner, he announced he would enter New Hampshire. Typically the announcement came when a reporter stumbled on McCarthy and James Dickey, the two having lunch together at Dartmouth College.

Four days later McCarthy came to New York to address a group of the Coalition for a Democratic Alternative, an organization of Republican Democrats. It was a homecoming of a tense one. These were angry student Democrats who had wanted to run but who were uneasy and appointed by his candidacy so far that first it appeared they had good reason to be uneasy; the prepared text of speech was terrible. It was one of those bad prefab speeches, one away from a Rotary Club luncheon.

Then he cast the text aside and spoke extemporaneously, and all of a sudden he was very good. The speech came alive, and his audience stood and cheered. He was witty and scathingly castigating the Administration in terms which seemed to set a path for his campaign: The Administration was following a Republican policy in Vietnam, a Republican policy even a Republican President had rejected. He needled Robert Kennedy for his silence on the campaign, saying about politicians who have shown "a disposition to wait for a latter salvation... four years from now and brought down the house with a remark. He was a different man at the end, for the first time, they liked him more than they did at the beginning.

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# Harper's

magazine

Norman Mailer

## THE STEPS OF THE PENTAGON

The following book-length report by Norman Mailer—  
an account of the author's experiences during the Washington peace  
demonstration last October—is, to our knowledge,  
the longest piece of original writing carried in a single issue  
of "Harper's" in the Magazine's 118 years.

We believe that Mr. Mailer's account of himself and some of  
his fellow Americans in a peculiarly representative moment of crisis  
carries hints and reverberations that will make  
themselves felt in American life and politics for many years.

Beginning with the publication of his first novel,  
"The Naked and the Dead," in 1948, Norman Mailer has been  
a figure of great literary and intellectual influence as well as  
of great public controversy. He has written five novels,  
several books of essays and stories, a volume of poems, and a play.  
His eyewitness reports of such events as the Democratic and  
Republican National Conventions are classics of the genre.

"The Steps of the Pentagon," with the addition of an epilogue,  
will be brought out later this year in a hardcover book  
of the New American Library.



## PART I: Thursday Evening

### 1. Pen Pals

From the outset, let us bring you news of your protagonist. The following is from *Time* magazine, October 27, 1967:

#### A SHAKY START

Washington's scruffy Ambassador Theater, normally a pad for psychedelic frolics, was the scene of an unscheduled scatological solo last week in support of the peace demonstrations. Its anti-star was author Norman Mailer, who proved even less prepared to explain *Why Are We in Vietnam?* than his current novel bearing that title.

Slurping liquor from a coffee mug, Mailer faced an audience of 600, most of them students, who had kicked in \$1,900 for a bail fund against Saturday's capers. "I don't want to grandstand unduly," he said, grandly but barely standing.

It was one of his few coherent sentences. Mumbling and spewing obscenities as he staggered about the stage—which he had commandeered by threatening to beat up the previous M.C.—Mailer described in detail his search for a usable privy on the premises. Excretion, in fact, was his preoccupation of the night. "I'm here because I'm like L.B.J.," was one of Mailer's milder observations. "He's as full of crap as I am." When hecklers mustered the temerity to shout "Publicity hound!" at him, Mailer managed to pronounce flawlessly his all-purpose noun, verb and expletive: "you."

Dwight Macdonald, the bearded literary critic, was aghast at the barroom bathos, but failed to argue Mailer off the platform. Macdonald eventually squeezed in the valorous observation that Ho Chi Minh was really no better than Dean Rusk. After more obscenities, Mailer introduced Poet Robert Lowell, who got annoyed at requests to speak louder, "I'll bellow, but it won't do any good," he said, and proceeded to read from *Lord Weary's Castle*.

By the time the action shifted to the Pentagon, Mailer was perky enough to get himself arrested by two Marshals. "I transgressed a police line," he explained with some pride on the way to the lockup, where the toilet facilities are scarce indeed and the coffee mugs low-octane.

Now we may leave *Time* in order to find out what happened.

### 2. In the Den

One day—somewhat early in September, the year of the first March on the Pentagon, 1967, the phone rang one morning and Norman Mailer, operating on his own principle of war game and random play, picked it up. That was not characteristic of Mailer. Like most people whose nerves are sufficiently sensitive to keep them well-covered with flesh, he detested the

telephone. Taken in excess, it drove some people equivalent of static into the privacies of the home, so he kept himself amply defended. He had an answering service, a secretary, and occasional members of his family to pick up the receiver for him—he discouraged his own participation on the phone—sometimes he would not even speak to old friends. Touched by intimations of remorse, he would call them back. He had the idea—it was undeniably oversimplified if you spent too much time on the phone in the evening, you destroyed some kind of creativity for the dawn. (It was taken for granted that nothing respectable would come out of the day if the morning began on the phone, and indeed for periods when he was writing he looked on transactions via telephone as Arabs look upon pigs.)

Still, Mailer had a complex mind of sorts. Later in life, a later generation which was to burn holes in the brain on Speed, he had given his own head the texture of a fine Swiss cheese. Years ago he had made all of his erosions in his intellectual firmament by consuming modestly promiscuous amounts of whiskey, marijuana, Seconal, and Benzedrine. It had given him the illusion he was a genius, as indeed an entire generation of children would so come to see themselves a decade later out on celestial journeys of LSD.

Now, however, that he had again an actively working brain only partially hampered by old bouts of drugs (which revealed their ravages in occasional gaps like the absolutely necessary word for an occasion failing utterly to arrive on time, or a critical crossroad of memory being forever obliterated so that for the safety of his life he could not remember whether some old beloved had helped him or betrayed him on a specific occasion—no small hole *that*, for a novelist!) yes, Mailer was bitter about drugs. He still took a toke of marijuana from time to time, or Auld Lang Syne, or in recognition of the probability that good sex had to be awfully good before it was better than on pot, yes, still!—Mailer was not in disapproval of any drug, he was virtually conservative about it, having demanded of his eighteen-year-old daughter, a freshman now at Barnard, that she not take marijuana, and never LSD, until she had completed her education, a mean promise to extract her from these apocalyptic times.

Such were the sort of contradictions one could discover. A corollary of his detestation of the telephone was his necessity to pick it up once in a while. Mailer had the most developed sense of image; if he had been a figure of deficiency, for people had been regarding him by his public image since he was twenty-five years old. He had in fact learned to live in the sarcophagus of his image—at night, in sleep, he might dart out, and paint improvements on the sarcophagus. During the day, while he was here, less, newspapermen and other assorted bravos of

and the literary world would carve ugly pictures in the living tomb of his legend. Of necessity, Mailer's remaining funds of sensitivity went into the war of supporting his image and work. Sometimes he thought his relation to this was not unlike some poor fellow who strains his testicles to bring in emoluments for his wife never favored with carnal knowledge of her. In the event, Mailer worked for the image, and it was this work to answer the phone occasionally. He hated the portrait of himself which would be painted if no one could ever reach him. So, on the one hand, thereby sharpening his instinct as a gamester, he took spot plunges: Once in a while he would pick up his own phone.

On this morning in September, 1967, he lost his bet. Let us leave it to history whether he lost his bet or actually won it. But for our record, it had best be noted that his immediate reaction was one of woe. He did not wish to speak to the man on the other end. That man was an author named Mitchell Goodman. Mitch Goodman, as everyone called him, was a good fellow, and Mailer had only good things to say about him; indeed Mailer had even given a blurb to Goodman's war novel, a brooding poetic work about World War II which had taken something like eight years to write and had been a book deserving of a Pulitzer Prize. (Although Mailer, with Swiss cheese for brains, could not at the instant recollect the title.) Goodman was not necessarily here nor there. The reason Goodman did not wish to speak to Goodman was that he felt that (1) Goodman had a better character than Mailer and (2) was going to ask something which Mailer could not be easy to refuse but would be expensive to refuse. Besides, Goodman was the sort of clear conscience which insists upon being forever lugubrious. As if the powers of the universe, concerned that they might balance not disappear altogether, had decreed that men of good conscience must usually be solemn, and if they were cheerful, all men might grow into men of bad conscience and then the ball game would most likely be over.

In fact Mailer had known Goodman for twenty years. They had been, if he recollected properly, already in the same year at Harvard (Mailer was Harvard in 1943—his 25th Reunion was coming up), they were from Brooklyn, both married young. They had met in Paris in 1947, Goodman then a tall powerful young man with some dark-haired young man with a profound sense of defeated gloom. (He looked the way J. D. Salinger would have looked if J. D. Salinger had been tough and beefed-up enough to play football, and unimpaired *Catcher in the Rye*.) He was married to a young and most attractive dark-haired English girl with a characteristic space between her two front teeth. Everyone called her Dinny. Everyone in Paris called her Dinny. She was pure as a bird, delicate yet firm of conscience. Since one did not see them again for years except at parties now and then, it took years to realize that the Denise Levertov of whom everyone spoke of as an exceptional and splendid poet was the

same Dinny. Bless her, she was still cheerful. Bless Mitch—he was still gloomy. They had been married for twenty years. Of how many could that be said? Not of Mr. Mailer.

In fact, the last time Mailer had heard of Mitch Goodman was when the latter had led a small group of protesters out of the auditorium of Philharmonic Hall where Hubert Humphrey was about to address the assorted literati and book reviewers of the American writing world at the National Book Award festivities in March, 1967. Mailer had not attended. He had been boycotting the affair for several years—not that it mattered to anyone, but Mailer thought it was the least he could do, since none of his books had ever been considered for an award, let alone given one. But he remembered being glad he had not attended, for if he had, would he have been ready to walk out with Mitch Goodman or not? The war in Vietnam was probably to be protested on every occasion, and any attempt to twist Hubert Humphrey's nose was, in all favorable winds, a venture to applaud, but the exodus from the National Book Award's assembly, as one might have predicted, was small, pilgrim small, by reports not unfarcical: Jules Feiffer walked out with the demonstrators, then sneaked back to go to a party for Humphrey. Feiffer's comet had not been in ascendance since.

If one was going to take part in a literary demonstration, it had better work, since novelists like movie stars like to keep their politics in their pocket rather than wear them as ashes on the brow; if it is hard for people in the literary world to applaud any act braver or more self-sacrificing than their own, it is impossible for them to forgive any gallant move which is by consensus unsuccessful. The measure of the failure on this occasion had been that Bernard Malamud, who won the award in fiction for his novel, *The Fixer*, did not boycott the Vice President, but on the contrary had given his prepared speech in its proper place. Since Malamud was also opposed to the war in Vietnam, Goodman's action presumably had failed to light an outstanding fire in the sympathizers.

Here, therefore, was Mailer now on the phone with an old friend and lugubrious conscience whose instinct for the winning move was not—on the face—spectacular. Mailer hated to put in time with losers. Like many another man of varied affairs considered worthy by some, worthless by others, there had been all too many years when he had the reputation of being a loser; it had cost him much. While he could hardly, at this stage of his career, look back on a succession of well-timed and generally established triumphs, his consolation in those hours when he was most uncharitable to himself is that taken at his very worst he was at least still worthy of being a character in a novel by Balzac, win one day, lose the next, and do it with boom! and baroque in the style. If he had lost many painful engagements, he had also won a few, and the damnable habit of consorting with losers was that they passed their subtle problems on.



Quickly, the conversation, therefore, took a harsh turn. Before it had been going two minutes, Mailer was scolding Goodman; that was predictable enough, given the request. Goodman had just finished telling Mailer that there was going to be a March on Washington in about a month, and Mailer had hardly finished saying he doubted if he would attend since he had no desire to stand in a large meadow and listen to other men make speeches (still furious was Mailer at SANE for an occasion two years ago when they had wanted \$50 in contribution from him for a protest in Washington, but did not think enough—or were too dismayed—of the text of a speech he had given in Berkeley about the war in Vietnam to invite him to speak), so, no he did not think he would go to Washington, when Goodman interrupted by saying, "This is going to be different, Norman. Did you read the circular from the Mobilization Committee?"

"I get many circulars, and they're all badly written," Mailer said in a cranky voice.

"Well, this one is a departure," said Mitch Goodman. "Some of us are going to try to invade the corridors of the Pentagon during office hours and close down some of their operation."

Mailer received such news with no particular pleasure. It sounded vaguely and uneasily like a free-for-all with students, state troopers, and Hell's Angels flying in and out of the reports—exactly the sort of operation they seemed to have every other weekend out on the Coast. He felt one little bubble of fear tilt somewhere about the solar plexus.

"Yes, this sounds more interesting," he growled.

"Well, I think it will be," said Goodman. "Anyway, Norman, what I'm calling you about is something else: our group called Resist. On Friday, the day before the Pentagon, we're going to have a demonstration at the Department of Justice to honor students who are turning in their draft cards."

This is about where Mailer began to scold Goodman. He went on for a breath or two on the redundancy of these projects. When was everyone going to cut out the nonsense and get to work, do their own real work? One's own literary work was the only answer to the war in Vietnam. As he was talking, Mailer began to realize that he had not done any real writing in months—he had been making movies—but then it didn't matter, he had done as much in the way of protest about this war as anyone, his speech at Berkeley in 1965 had attacked Johnson at a time when lots of the mob now so much against the war were still singing Hello, Lyndon. Mailer, filled with such righteous recollections, was therefore scolding Goodman at near to full pedal, when the organ came to a sudden stop. The thought that he was beginning to sound like a righteous old toot came just as suddenly into his head. Mailer had never had a particular age

he carried different ages within him like different models of his experience: parts of him were eighty-one years old, fifty-seven, forty-eight, thirty-six, nineteen, et cetera, et cetera—he now went back abruptly from fifty-seven to thirty-six. "All right,

Mitch," he said, "I don't know what I'm arguing. I'm sure you'll need all your strength to melt the real hard heads." Mitch Goodman chuckled at the other end. It was the first hint between them of somewhat more idealistic days in F

"Mitch, I'll be there," said Mailer, "but I can't attend I'm happy about it."

A week later some girl called to ask if he would write a form letter to go out under his signature supporting these students. Mailer answered in effect that he was hanging in on this affair by his fingernails and would not try to break them by sending one.

A week after that another girl called to ask if he would speak on Thursday night in Washington at the Ambassador Theater with Robert Lowell and Dwight Macdonald and Paul Goodman, not Mitch Goodman. This time, Paul Goodman. Mailer asked who was running the meeting. Ed de Grazia was doing it. Mailer knew the name—the thought of seeing Ed de Grazia offered a small but definite pleasure. He accepted. There would now be three days in his week, Thursday to speak, Friday at the Department of Justice, and Saturday—it came upon him that something actually was going to be attempted at the Pentagon, and he—if he knew himself—would do it no matter how, part of such a party. It was going to prove a wasteful weekend, he decided with some gloom—he could have spent it more profitably on his new movie. He had made a film about cops and crooks (actually about detectives and suspects) which came to more than six possible hours of film and would have to be cut down to three hours and a half. Some of the rushes were surprising to their promise; he looked forward to cutting them. He had directed it and acted in it. In fact he had played a chief of detectives, Lt. Francis Xavier O'Connell and had been not unbelievable in places. Well, well to Francis X. Pope, cheers to you, dear Iago: Mailer wished as the Washington weekend approached that the Washington weekend were more

### 3. Terminals

Thursday afternoon, Dwight Macdonald was on the same plane from New York to Washington, and Mailer and he did not see each other. This could, of course, be made symbolic of the happenings were to follow at the Ambassador by night, but the probability is that an airplane, serving as some sort of dentist's chair without a drill, does not encourage one's powers of recognition. (In any case they were to meet later at a party, Macdonald, Robert Lowell, Paul Goodman, and Mailer.) Ed de Grazia, who was to be M.C. at the Ambassador until disposed of, was kind enough to meet the novelist at the airport and take him to the Hay-Adams. (People, of course, had been willing to put the guest up. Washington with a spare bedroom and loyal to the cause were nonexistent, after all, but a man who has six children of his own does not necessarily wish to spend his

talking to another man's children on the  
) En route, de Grazia explained a little of  
er in the town. It was not in focus, he mur-

azia was a slim elegant Sicilian with a subtle  
e in his manner, terribly hesitant, almost a  
, but he was a Sicilian and somehow inspired  
dence that he knew where the next bit of in-  
n might reside. Besides, he bore a pleasant  
nce to the way Frank Sinatra looked ten  
o.

ing lawyer for the Mobilization's Legal De-  
mmittee, and an old friend from times so  
s the trial in Boston of *Naked Lunch*, where  
nd he had met, de Grazia as counsel for the  
len Ginsberg and Mailer as witnesses to its  
merits, de Grazia expected to be busy on  
y. No one had any idea of how many arrests  
made, nor of how much violence there would  
er on the side of the police, nor the demon-

a bright late afternoon in Washington, much  
ay of Indian summer in September on Cape  
air was good; after New York, surprisingly  
at the car was a convertible, the top was down,  
the shade of taller buildings, waiting for a  
October cold was in the breeze. Bright and  
nd a hint of cold to bring a whiff of the sinis-  
in the wind. So came idle thoughts: How in-  
if in two days one was going to be dead!

difficulty, de Grazia was explaining, was that  
as no center to the March. Unlike the move  
hington in 1963 for Civil Rights, there was  
central supervisory or coordinating commit-  
which all organizations would defer, or with  
hey would even promise to maintain commu-  
a. Something like fifty thousand people were  
o arrive and nearly all of them would be un-  
d or disaffiliated. Nor was the government re-  
quite what they were going to do. At the  
t of their august power, a vacuum was cer-  
esent in the center of Mailer and de Grazia's  
listening to de Grazia talk of the negotiations  
he route of march from the Lincoln Memorial  
Pentagon, Mailer learned that first there would  
eting at Lincoln Memorial similar to the as-  
in 1963 when Martin Luther King had said,  
a dream," and many had whispered that some-  
would be President.

, for this morning meeting four years later at  
Memorial no one anticipated too much  
, but afterward tens of thousands of virtually  
ess people were going to walk over Memorial  
to Virginia and from there advance to the  
on over a road which had still not been  
d, no agreement on the route of march having  
n negotiated between the government and the  
otesters. There were three roads, de Grazia  
ed, and the government wished the marchers  
he narrowest of the three. That was one source  
ble. Another—he hesitated. Was what? Well,

in discussing police arrangements, which is to say,  
dispositions of city police, U. S. Marshals, and Na-  
tional Guard, the government representative had in-  
dicated there would be other units as well. When  
queried, the official had given one of those delicate  
technological replies: He was, he said, not volunteer-  
ing to indicate what the specific unit might be. "That  
sounds like paratroopers," said de Grazia. As it  
turned out, he was right. "Hey, hey," said Mailer,  
"aren't they just a little bit worried." But *they* were  
not alone. The sound of paratroopers still had its  
magic ring. "I want to go out to see it on Saturday,"  
said de Grazia, "but I guess I'll have to stay at the  
Defense Center." "Oh, that's where you belong," said  
the Participant, "somebody's got to be there to get  
us out."

It was now after six, after the rush hour, but  
in Washington it still seemed like late afternoon  
and endlessly peaceful. As the afternoon goes on,  
Washington seems more and more a tender Southern  
city. The light psychic rust of its iron will, the sense  
of suffocation (conceivably one chokes to death in  
Washington more slowly than anywhere else—for  
some, it takes thirty years) the faded scene of its  
inhibition, its severity, and its concealed corruption  
(like entering a drawing room plumped with rich  
middle-aged ladies) all this seemed absent in the  
golden hovering of such leisurely twilight. Mailer  
sighed; like most New Yorkers, he usually felt small  
in Washington. The capital invariably seemed able to  
take the measure of men like him.

But as Mailer had come to recognize over the years,  
the modest everyday fellow of his daily round was  
servant to a wild man in himself: the gent did not  
appear so very often, sometimes so rarely as once a  
month, sometimes not even twice a year, and he some-  
times came when Mailer was frightened and furious  
at the fear, sometimes he came just to get a breath  
of air. He was indispensable, however, and Mailer was  
even fond of him for the wild man was witty in his  
own wild way and absolutely fearless—once at the  
edge of paralysis he had been ready to engage Sonny  
Liston. He would have been admirable, except that  
he was an absolute egomaniac, a Beast—no recogni-  
tion existed of the existence of anything beyond the  
range of his reach. And when he appeared, it was  
often with great speed; he gave little warning. Cer-  
tainly he gave no warning as the Historian checked  
in at the Hay-Adams, changed his clothes and pre-  
pared to give a few thoughtful remarks a little later  
that night at the Ambassador Theater on the essential  
insanity of our venture in Vietnam, such remarks  
designed presumably to encourage happy participa-  
tion for Saturday's move to invest the Pentagon.

#### 4. The Liberal Party

**T**here was a party first, however, given by an at-  
tractive liberal couple. Mailer's heart, never buoyant  
at best, and in fact once with justice called "sodden"



by a critic, now collected into a leaden little ball and sank, not to his feet but his stomach. He was aware for the first time this day of a healthy desire for a drink, for the party gave every promise of being dreadful. Mailer was a snob of the worst sort. New York had not spoiled him, because it had not chosen to, but New York had certainly wrecked his tolerance for any party but a very good one. Like most snobs he professed to believe in the aristocracy of achieved quality—"Just give me a hovel with a few young artists, bright-eyed and bold"—in fact, a party lacked flavor for him unless someone very rich or social was present. An evening without a wicked lady in the room was like an opera company without a large voice. Of course there were no wicked ladies when he entered this room. Some reasonably attractive wives to be certain, and a couple of young girls, too young for him, they were still in the late stages of some sort of extraordinary progressive school, and were innocent, decent-spirited, merry, red-cheeked, idealistic, and utterly lobotomized away from the sense of sin. Mailer would not have known what to do with such young ladies—he had spent the first forty-four years of his life in an intimate dialogue, a veritable dialectic with the swoops, spooks, starts, the masks and snarls, the calm lucid abilities of sin, sin was his favorite fellow, his tonic, his jailer, his horse, his sword, say he was not inclined to flirt for an hour with one bright seventeen-year-old or another when they conceived of lust as no more than the gymnasium of love. Mailer had a diatribe against LSD, hippies, and the generation of love, but he was keeping it to himself. (The young girls, incidentally, had been brought by de Grazia. Not for nothing did de Grazia bear a resemblance to Smaata.)

But we are back with the wives, and the room has not yet been described. It was the sort of room one can see at many a faculty party in places like Berkeley, the University of Chicago, Columbia—the ground of common being is that the faculty man is a liberal. Conservative professors tend to have a private income, so their homes show the flowering of their taste, the articulation of their hobbies, collections adhere to their cabinets and odd statements of whim stand up in the nooks; but liberal instructors, liberal assistant professors, and liberal associate professors are usually poor and programmatic, so secretly they despise the arts of home adornment. Their houses look one like the other, for the wives to a man gave up, after all, herculean careers as doctors, analysts, sociologists, anthropologists, labor relations experts—great servants of the Social Program were lost when the women got married and relinquished all for hubber and kids. So the furnishings are functional, the prevailing hues of wall and carpet and cloth are institutional brown and library gray, the paintings and sculpture are stylized abstract, hopeless imitation I. Rice Pereira, Leonard Baskin, Ben Shahn, but bet your twenty-five dollars to win an assured ten dollars that the artist on the wall is a friend of the host, has the right political ideas, and will talk about

his literature so well, you might think you were addressed by Maxim Gorky.

Such were the sour and near to unprintable of the semi-distinguished and semi-notorious as he entered the room. His deepest detestation often reserved for the nicest of liberal academics if their lives were his own life but a step down. Like the scent of the void which eddies in the plastic container, so was he always depressed by such homes by their hint of oversecurity. If the public was now managing to convert the concrete to a plastic mass, ready to be attached to any relative gung ho, the author was ready to cast all of the blame for such success into the undernourished lap, the overpsychologized loins, of the liberal democratic intelligentsia. They were of course opposed to the present programs and movements of the Republic, certainly as such movements began primitive, nay, volcanic origins in the displacement of Asian foreign policy they detested the trend. For political difference seemed to the Ruminant more than a quarrel among engineers. Liberal academics had no root of a real argument with technology itself, no, in all likelihood, they were the natural agents of that future air-conditioned vault where the last of human life would still exist. Their only quarrel with the Great Society was that they thought it temporarily deranged, since the Great Society seemed to be serving as instrument to the Golden wing of the Republican party, a course of action very irrational to these liberal technologists that were faced with bitter choice: either surrender the idea of politics as a rational technique, or desert their well-entrenched hard-earned positions of advantage on real power in the Democratic party, a room to suffer merely because of an irrational development in the design of the Great Society's supermachine. Well, the liberal technologists were not without character or principle. If their living rooms had little to keep them apart from the look of waiting room doctors with a modern practice, it was exact because the private lives of the technologists and ideologues were attached to no gold standard of psyche. Greed, guilt, compassion, and trust—the true powers of decoration at the interior—were the cornerstones of their family furnishings. Not as money was matter of fact, a concept, no more the liberal academic, and needed no further blessing of gold to be considered real, for nothing is more to the intellectual than a concept! so position or position in society was, to the liberal technologist, also a concept, desirable, but always to be relinquished for a better concept. They were servants of that future social machine in which all irrational human emotion would be resolved, all residual conflict of interest negotiated, then adjudicated, and all nature's resonances calibrated into frequencies which could phase in or out as you please. So they were servants of the moon. Their living rooms looked like offices precisely because they were ready to move to the moon to build Utopia cities there—Utopia being, one may

, the only appropriate name for pilot models via in Non-Terrestrial Ecologically Sub-De-Non-Charged Staging Areas, that's to say nets where the food must be flown in, but the for good civil rights and all-out social engi-are 100 per cent zap!

invariably the case with sociological rumina-ae individual guests at this party disproved eral thesis, at least in part. The hostess was for example, almost tiny, but vivid, bright-ggestive of a fiery temper and a childlike glee. o pain Mailer later to refuse her cooking (she pared a buffet to be eaten before the move to ter) but he was drinking with some devotion , and mixing seemed fair neither to the food bourbon. It was of course directly unfair to ess: Mailer, priding himself on his good man-ecisely because the legend of his bad manners prevalent, hated to cause pain to a hostess, but learned from years of speaking in public that rtainer's first duty was to deliver himself to ge with the maximum of energy, high focus, t—a good heavy dinner on half a pint of bour-s likely to produce torpor, undue search for the nal phrase, and dry-mouthed maunderings little spit. So he apologized to the lady, dared k of rejection in her eye which was almost ed on a tear—she was indeed surprisingly ador-d childlike to be found in such a liberal aca-coven—and tried to cover the general sense of y marshaling what he assumed was his most look, next assuring her that he would take a neck on the meal.

omise?"  
 xt time I'm in Washington," he lied like a path. The arbiter of nicety in him had observed orror over many a similar occasion that he was tely without character for any social situation ch a pause could become the mood's abyss, and lways filled the moment with the most extrav-amalgams of possibility. Particularly he did t the home of liberal academics. They were e to the world of manners, they had built their f heaven on the binary system and the com-1 and 0, Yes and No—they had little to do there-ith the spectrum of grace in acceptance and ; if you did not do what they wished, you had denied them. Now Mailer was often brusque f, famous for that, but the architecture of his ality bore resemblance to some provincial ral which warring orders of the Church might esigned separately over several centuries, the alar cathedral falling into the hands of one ect, then his enemy. (Mailer had not been mar-ur times for nothing.) If he was on many an on brusque, he was also to himself at least so ensitive to nuances of manner he sometimes ted when in no modest mood that Proust had ell mate the day they were born in different (Bag is of course used here to specify milieu t the exceptional character of the mothers,

Mme. Proust and Mrs. I. B. Mailer.) At any rate, boldness, attacks of shyness, rude assertion, and circumlocutions tortured as arthritic fingers working at lace, all took their turn with him, and these shuttlings of mood became most pronounced in their resemblance to the banging and shunting of freight cars when he was with liberal academics. Since he—you are in on the secret—disapproved of them far more than he could afford to reveal (their enmity could be venomous) he therefore exerted himself to push up a synthetic exaggerated sweetness of manner which curdled before their instinctive and well-founded distrust of him; his conversations with liberal ideologues always consisted almost entirely of overcorrec-tions of the previous error.

"I know a friend of yours," says the ideologue. A nervous voice from the novelist for answer. "Yes? Who?" Now the name is given: It is X.

Mailer: I don't know X.

The ideologue proceeds to specify a conversation which M held with X. M recalls. "Oh, yes!" he says; "of course! X!" Burbles of conversation about the merits of X, and his great ebullience. Actually X is close to flat seltzer.

There had been just this sort of dialogue with a stranger at the beginning of the party. So Mailer gave up quickly any thought of circulating. Rather, he huddled first with Dwight Macdonald, but Macdonald was the operative definition of the gregarious and could talk with equal facility and equal lack of personal observation to an Eskimo, a collector from the New York Department of Sanitation, or a U. N. diplomat—therefore was chatting happily with the world fifteen minutes after his entrance. Hence Mailer and Robert Lowell got into what was by all appearances a deep conversation at the dinner table sometime before food was laid out, Mailer thus doubly wounding the hostess with his later refusal.

We find, therefore, Lowell and Mailer ostensibly locked in converse. In fact, out of the thousand separate enclaves of their very separate personalities, they sensed quickly that they now shared one enclave to the hilt: their secret detestation of liberal academic parties to accompany worthy causes. Yes, their snobbery was on this mountainous face close to identical—each had a delight in exactly the other kind of party, a posh evil social affair, they even supported a similar vein of vanity (Lowell with considerably more justice) that if they were doomed to be revolutionaries, rebels, dissenters, anarchists, protesters, and general champions of one Left cause or another, they were also, in private, *grands conservateurs*, and if the truth be told, poor damn émigré princes. They were willing if necessary (probably) to die for the cause—one could hope the cause might finally at the end have an unexpected hint of wit, a touch of the Lord's last grace—but wit or no, grace or grace fail-ing, it was bitter rue to have to root up one's occupa-tions of the day, the week, and the weekend and trot down to Washington for idiot mass manifesta-tions which could only drench one in the most in-



eradicable kind of mucked-up publicity and have for compensation nothing at this party which might be representative of some of the Devil's better creations. So Robert Lowell and Norman Mailer feigned deep conversation. They turned their heads to one another at the empty table, ignoring the potentially acolytic drinkers at either elbow, they projected their elbows out in fact like flying buttresses or old Republicans, they exuded waves of Interruption Repellent from the posture of their back, and concentrated on their conversation, for indeed they were the only two men of remotely similar status in the room. (Explanations about the position of Paul Goodman will follow later.)

Lowell, whose personal attractiveness was immense (since his features were at once virile and patrician and his characteristic manner turned up facets of the grim, the gallant, the tender, and the solicitous as if he were the nicest Boston banker one had ever hoped to meet) was not concerned too much about the evening at the theater. "I'm just going to read some poems," he said. "I suppose you're going to speak, Norman."

"Well, I will."

"Yes, you're awfully good at that."

"Not really."

Harrumphs, modifications, protestations and denials of the virtue of the ability to speak.

"I'm no good at all at public speaking," said Lowell in the kindest voice. He had indisputably won the first round. Mailer the younger, presumptive, and self-elected prince was left to his great surprise—for he had been exercised this way many times before—with the unmistakable feeling that there was some faint strain of the second-rate in this ability to speak on your feet.

Then they moved on to talk of what concerned them more. It was the subject first introduced to Mailer by Mitch Goodman. Tomorrow, a group of draft resisters, led by William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Chaplain at Yale, were going to march from their meeting place at a church basement to the Department of Justice, and there a considerable number of draft cards would be deposited in a bag by individual students representing themselves, or their groups at different colleges, at which point Coffin and a selected few would walk into the Department of Justice, turn the cards over to the Attorney General, and await his reply.

"I don't think there'll be much trouble at this, do you?" asked Lowell.

"No, I think it'll be dull, and there'll be a lot of speeches."

"Oh, no," said Lowell with genuine pain. "Coffin's not that kind of fool."

"It's hard to keep people from making speeches."

"Well, you know what they want us to do?" Lowell explained. He had been asked to accompany a draft resister up to the bag in which the draft cards were being dropped. "It seems," said Lowell, with a glint of the oldest Yankee light winging off like a mad

laser from his eye, "that they want us to be buddies."

It was agreed this was unsuitable. No, Lowell gestured, it would be better if they each just made a few remarks. "I mean," said Lowell, beginning to stammer a little, "we could just get up and support their action and support it, just to establish I suppose, that we're there and behind them a forth."

Mailer nodded. He felt no ease for any of his suggestions. He did not even know if he truly supported the turning in of draft cards. It seemed to him at times that the students who disliked the military most should perhaps be the first to volunteer for the Army in order that their ideas have currency in the Army as well. Without them, the armed forces would more easily become Glamour State for the more affluent regions of the proletariat if indeed the proletariat was not halfway to Storm Troop Junction already. The military could make an elite corps out of them when the troops were homogenized. On the other hand, no soldier could go into combat with the idea that he would not fire a gun. If nothing else, it was unfair to friends in his outfit; besides it seemed almost suicidal. No, the irony of the logic demanded that if you disapproved of the war, you had to shoot Vietcong, then your draft card was for burning. But Mailer arrived at this conclusion somewhat used up as we have learned from the number of decisions he had had to make at various crossroads en route and so felt no enthusiasm whatsoever for the preliminary demonstration at the Department of Justice tomorrow in which he would take part. To the contrary, he wondered if he would burn or surrender his own draft card if he was young enough to own one, and he did not really know the answer. How then could he advise others to do the action, or even associate his name? Still, he was going to be there.

He started to talk of these doubts with Lowell, but he could hear the sound of his own voice, and he defended him. It seemed weak, plaintive, as if his words were—no less incriminating word—phony, he did not quite know why. So he shut up.

A silence.

"You know, Norman," said Lowell in his softest voice, "Elizabeth and I really think you're the best journalist in America."

Mailer knew Lowell thought this—Lowell had sent him a postcard once to state the enthusiasm. But the novelist had been shrewd enough to know that Lowell sent many postcards to many people, and it did not matter that Lowell was by overwhelming consensus judged to be the best, most talented, most distinguished poet in America—it was necessary to keep the defense lines in good working order. A good word on a card could keep many a generous recalcitrant in the ranks.

Therefore, this practice annoyed Mailer. The card he'd ever received from Lowell was on a card of poems, *Deaths for the Ladies (and other disas-*

been called, and many people had thought the joke which, whatever its endless demerits, it told. Not to the novice poet at least. When Lowell admitted that he liked the book, Mailer next waited for the word in print to canonize his thin tome; but it never came. If Lowell were to begin to list living American poets in critical print, two or three starving worthies could with fairness hold their own before the escaped novelist would take his turn. Still, Mailer was irked. He felt he had been part of a literary game. When the second time came a few years later telling him he was the best journalist in America, he did not answer. Elizabeth Hardwick, Lowell's wife, had just published a review of *An American Dream* in *Partisan Review* in which she had done its best to disembowel the novel. Lowell's card might have arrived with the best of intentions, but its timing suggested to Mailer an exercise in neutralism—neutralize the maximum of the future risks. Mailer was not critically equipped for the task, but there was always the distant hope that some bright and not unauthoritative critic might be irked at Lowell's enduring hegemony might be along with a long lance and presume to tell America that posterity might judge Allen Ginsberg a greater poet.

It was all doubtless desperately unfair to Lowell, but on the basis of two kind cards, he was now judged by Mailer to possess an undue unchristian talent for literary logrolling. But then Mailer was prickly. Let it be said it was not because he had been beaten a little often by book reviewers, since the fruit of specific criticism is general suspicion.

Lowell now made the mistake of repeating the remark. "Yes, Norman, I really think you are the best journalist in America."

The pen may be mightier than the sword, yet at the best, each belongs to extravagant men. "Well," said Mailer, using Lowell's nickname for the time, "there are days when I think of myself as the best writer in America."

The effect was equal to walloping a roundhouse into the heart of an English boxer who has hitherto right up on his toes. Consternation, not annihilation, now ruled the waves. Perhaps Lowell had meant when he wondered who was guilty of dragging war on the minuet. "Oh, Norman, oh, certainly," he said, "I didn't mean to imply, heavens no, that I have such respect for good journalism."

"Well, I don't know that I do," said Mailer. "It's harder to write"—the next said with great and graciousness—"a good poem."

Yes, of course."

Winkles. Headmastersmanship.

Winkles. Fellow headmastersmanship.

They were both now somewhat spoiled for each other. Mailer got up abruptly to get a drink. He was old enough to know that Lowell, like many an aristocrat before him, respected abrupt departures.

The pain of unexpected rejection is the last thing left to an aristocrat (unless they should

happen to be not aristocrats, but secret monarchs—then watch for your head!).

Next, Mailer ran into Paul Goodman at the bar—a short sentence which contains two errors and a misrepresentation. The assumption is that Goodman was drinking alcohol but he was not; by report, Goodman never took a drink. The bar, so-called, was a table with a white tablecloth, set up near the archway between the dining room where Lowell and Mailer had been talking and the living room where most of the party was being enacted—to the tune of ten couples perhaps—so the bar did not qualify as a bar, just a poor table with a cloth to support Mailer's irritated eye. Finally he did not run into Goodman. Goodman and Mailer had no particular love for one another—they tended to slide about each other at a party. In fact, they hardly knew each other.

Their lack of cordiality had begun on the occasion of a piece written by Goodman for *Dissent* which had discussed Washington in the early days of the Kennedy Administration. Goodman had found much to displease him then, and kept referring to the "wargasms" of the Kennedy Administration, which wargasms he attached with no excessive intellectual jugglery to the existential and Reichian notions of the orgasm which Mailer had promulgated in his piece *The White Negro*. (Goodman was a sexologue—that is, an ideologue about sex—Mailer was then also a sexologue; no war so rich without quarter as the war between two sexologues.) Goodman, at any rate, had scored off Mailer almost at will, something to the general effect that the false prophet of the orgasm was naturally attached to the false hero of Washington who went in for wargasms. Writing for a conservative socialist quarterly which is to say a scholarly Socialist quarterly like *Dissent*, it was hard to miss. The magnetic field of *Dissent*—hostile to Kennedy at the time—bent every wild shot to the target. So Mailer wrote a letter in reply. It was short, sought to be urbane, and was delivered exactly to the jugular, for it began by asserting that he could not judge the merits of Goodman's intellectual points since the other had made a cardinal point of emphasizing Mailer's own incapacity to reason and Goodman was doubtless correct, but Mailer did nonetheless feel competent to comment on the literary experience of encountering Goodman's style and that was not unrelated to the journeys one undertook in the company of a laundry bag . . . Great ferment in scholarly Socialist quarters! A small delegation of the Editors assured Mailer they would print his letter if he insisted, but the hope was that he would not. Mailer had always thought it was senseless to undertake an attack unless you made certain it was printed, for otherwise you were left with a determined enemy who was an unmarked man, and therefore able to repay you at leisure and by the lift of an eyebrow. Mailer acceded however. He was fond of the Editors of *Dissent*, and so remained an Editor himself, although his private mixture of Marxism, conservatism, nihilism, and large parts of existentialism could



no longer produce any polemical gravies for the digestive apparatus of scholarly Socialist minds; nonetheless Mailer had never been asked to leave the Board, and would not have resigned on his own since that would have suggested a public attack on the ideas of people with whom he had no intellectual accord but of whom he was personally fond.

Nonetheless, from that day, Mailer and Goodman slid around one another at parties and waved languid hands in greeting. It was just as well. Their ideas interconnected in places, were polar at others; each seemed to have the instinct a discussion would use up intellectual ordnance best reserved for external enemies and articles. Besides, they had each doubtless read very little of the other.

Mailer, of course, was not without respect for Goodman. He thought Goodman had had an enormous influence in the colleges and much of it had been, from his own point of view, very much to the good. Paul Goodman had been the first to talk of the absurd and empty nature of work and education in America, and a generation of college students had formed around the core of his militancy. But, oh, the style! It set Mailer's teeth on edge to read it; he was inclined to think that the body of students who followed Goodman must probably have something de-animalized about them to put up with the style or at least such was Mailer's bigoted view. His fundamental animus to Goodman was still, unhappily, on sex. Goodman's ideas tended to declare in rough that heterosexuality, homosexuality, and onanism were equal, valid forms of activity, best denuded of guilt. Mailer, with his neo-Victorianism, thought that if there was anything worse than homosexuality and masturbation, it was putting the two together. The super-hygiene of all this mental prophylaxis offended him profoundly. Super-hygiene impregnated the air with medicated Vaseline—there was nothing dirty in the damn stuff; and sex to Mailer's idea of it was better off dirty, damned, even slavish! than clean, dutiful, and without guilt. For guilt was the existential edge of sex. Without guilt, sex was meaningless. One advanced into sex against one's sense of guilt, and each time guilt was successfully defied, one had learned a little more about the contractual relation of one's own existence to the unheard thunders of the deep—each time guilt herded one back with its authority, some primitive awe—hence some creative clue to the rage of the deep was left to brood about. Onanism and homosexuality were not, to Mailer, light vices—to him it sometimes seemed that much of life and most of society were designed precisely to drive men deep into onanism and homosexuality; one defied such a fate by sweeping up the psychic profit which derived from the existential assertion of yourself which was a way of saying that nobody was born a man; you earned manhood provided you were good enough, bold enough.

This most conservative and warlike credo could hardly have meaning to a scientific humanist like Goodman for whom all obstacles to the good life de-

rived from guilt which was invariably irracional the burden of the past. Goodman therefore said mildly to Mailer, who answered in as mild a tone, and that was all they had to say. Lowell, following expressed his condolences to Goodman on the death of his son, and Mailer after depressing the hostess by his refusal to eat, went on to tell Macdonald.

That was most brief. They were old friends, had a somewhat comic relation, for Macdonald at least as Mailer saw it—was forever disapproving the younger author until the moment they came together at one or another party or meeting. But Macdonald would discover he was glad to see Mailer. In fact, Macdonald could hardly help himself. Of the younger American writers, Mailer was the one who had probably been influenced most by Macdonald, not so much from the contents of Macdonald's ideas which were always going in and out of his head with Mailer's, but rather by the style of Macdonald's attack. Macdonald was forever referring the writer to his sense of personal standards which demanded craft, care, devotion, lack of humbug and simple *a fortiori* honesty of sentiment. All that was a little too simple for Mailer's temper. Nonetheless Macdonald had given him an essential clue to his style was: look to the feel of the phenomenon. If it felt bad, it *is* bad. Mailer could have learned this as well from Hemingway, as many another novelist had. He had begun as a young ideologue—his mind had been militant with positions fixed in concrete. Macdonald's method had worked like Zen for him—at the least it had helped to get his guns loose. Macdonald had given the hint that the clue to discourse was not in the substance of one's idea, but in the style. It was learned from the style of one's attack. (Vladimir was one reason Mailer's style changed for every occasion.) So, the younger author was unquenchably fond of Macdonald, and it showed. Not a minute would go by before he would be poking Macdonald's marble belly with a finger.

But for now, they were ill at ease. Macdonald was in the process of reviewing Mailer's new novel *Are We In Vietnam?* for *The New Yorker*, and there was an empty space in the presence of the novel. Mailer was certain Macdonald did not like the novel, and was going to do a negative review. Macdonald had seemed professionally unfriendly these past few weeks. The novelist would have liked to assure his critic that the review could not possibly affect their good feeling for one another, but he did not care for such a remark would break a rule, since it would encourage Macdonald to talk about what was in the review, or at worst trick him into an unwilling revealing reply. Besides, Mailer did not trust him to speak calmly about the matter. Although Macdonald would not admit it, he was in secret carrying on a passionate love affair with *The New York Times* Disraeli on his knees before Victoria. But the novelist did not share Macdonald's infatuation at all—*The New Yorker* had not printed a line in review

residential Papers, *An American Dream*, or *als and Christians*, and that, Mailer had long ided, was an indication of some of the worst to be said about the magazine. He had once correspondence with Lillian Ross, who asked y he did not do a piece for *The New Yorker*. se they would not let me use the word 'shit'," written back. Miss Ross suggested that all was his if only he understood where liberty . True liberty, Mailer had responded, con- of his right to say shit in *The New Yorker*. So as old rage behind the arm's-length bantering Dwight's review of Norman's book, and Mailer left the conversation. Macdonald was begin- o like him again, and that was dangerous. ald was so full of the very beans and marrow old-time Wasp integrity, that he would cer- bend over much too far backward if for a t while reviewing the book he might have the t that he was sufficiently fond of Norman to ably be giving him too-gentle treatment. thought the novelist, "let him keep thinking approves of me until the review has been 1."

ng his acquaintances at the party, this now Grazia. As has been indicated, they were old s of the most superficial sort, which is to say ey hardly knew each other, and yet always e old friends when they met. Perhaps it was e than the ability of each man to inspire an odd n of intimacy. At any rate, they never wasted n needless conversation, since they were each ver about the other to be penned in position by sion.

would you like to be the first speaker of the g?" de Grazia asked.

ere'll be nothing interesting to follow me."

Grazia's eyes showed pleasure. "Then I thought rting with Macdonald."

right is conceivably the world's worst speaker."

s true. Macdonald's authority left him at the ce to the aura of the podium. In that light he alated awkwardly, squinted at his text, laughed own jokes, looked like a giant stork, whinnied, d, and was often inaudible. When he spoke ore, he was sometimes better, often worse.

ell," said de Grazia, "I can't start with Lowell."

, no, no, you must save him."

at leaves Goodman."

y nodded wisely. "Yes, let's get rid of Goodman said Mailer. But then the thought of that cap- audience tuned to their first awareness of the g by the pious drone of Goodman's voice in- every showman's instinct for the opening. is going to be M.C.?" Mailer asked.

less you want to, I thought I might be."

e never been an M.C.," said Mailer, "but maybe ld be. I could warm the audience up before an drops them." De Grazia looked uneasily at 's bourbon. "For Christ's sakes, Ed," said

"Well, all right," said de Grazia.

Mailer was already composing his introductory remarks, percolating along on thoughts of the subtle annoyance his role as Master of Ceremonies would cause the other speakers.

## 5. Toward a Theater of Ideas

**T**he guests were beginning to leave the party for the Ambassador, which was two blocks away. Mailer did not know this yet, but the audience there had been waiting almost an hour. They were being entertained by an electronic folk-rock guitar group, so presumably the young were more or less happy, and the middle-aged feeling dim. Mailer was feeling the high sense of clarity which accompanies the light show of the aurora borealis when it is projected upon the inner universe of the chest, the lungs, and the heart. He was happy. On leaving, he had appropriated a coffee mug and filled it with bourbon. The fresh air illumined the bourbon, gave it a cerebra- tive edge; words entered his brain with the agreeable authority of fresh-minted coins. Like all good pro- fessionals, he was stimulated by the chance to try a new if related line of work. Just as professional football players love sex because it is so close to foot- ball, so he was fond of speaking in public because it was thus near to writing. An extravagant analogy? Consider that a good half of writing consists of being sufficiently sensitive to the moment to reach for the next promise within the moment which is usually hidden in some word or phrase just a shift to the side of one's conscious intent. (Consciousness, that blunt tool, bucks in the general direction of the truth; instinct plucks the feather. Cheers!) Where public speaking is an exercise from prepared texts to demonstrate how successfully a low order of con- sciousness can beat upon the back of a collective flesh, public speaking being, therefore, a sullen expression of human possibility metaphorically equal to a bug- ger on his victim, speaking-in-public (as Mailer liked to describe any speech which was more or less improvised, impromptu, or dangerously written) was an activity like writing; one had to trick or seize or submit to the grace of each moment, which, except for those unexpected and sometimes well-deserved moments when consciousness and grace came to- gether (and one felt on the consequence, heroic) were usually occasions of some mystery. The pleasure of speaking in public was the sensitivity it offered: with every phrase one was better or worse, close or less close to the existential promise of truth, "it feels true," which hovers on good occasions like a presence between speaker and audience. Sometimes one was better, and worse, at the same moment; so strategic choices on the continuation of the attack would soon have to be decided, a moment to know the blood of the gambler in oneself.

Intimations of this approaching experience, obvi- ously one of Mailer's preferred pleasures in life, at



least when he did it well, were now connected to the professional sense of intrigue at the new task: tonight he would be both speaker and Master of Ceremonies. The two would conflict, but interestingly. Already he was looking in his mind for kind even celebrative remarks about Paul Goodman which would not violate every reservation he had about Goodman's dank glory. But he had it. It would be possible with no violation of truth to begin by saying that the first speaker looked very much like Nelson Algren, because in fact the first speaker was Paul Goodman, and both Nelson Algren and Paul Goodman looked like old cons. Ladies and Gentlemen, without further ado let me introduce one of young America's favorite old cons, Paul Goodman! (It would not be necessary to add that where Nelson Algren looked like the sort of skinny old con who was in on every make in the joint, and would sign away Grandma's farm to stay in the game, Goodman looked like the sort of old con who had first gotten into trouble in the YMCA, and hadn't spoken to anyone since.)

All this while, Mailer had in clutch *Why Are We In Vietnam?* He had neglected to bring his own copy to Washington and so had borrowed the book from his hostess on the promise he would inscribe it. (Later he was actually to lose it—working apparently on the principle that if you cannot make a hostess happy, the next best charity is to be so evil that the hostess may dine out on tales of your misconduct.) But the copy of the book is now noted because Mailer holding it in one hand and the mug of whiskey in the other, was obliged to notice on entering the Ambassador Theater that he had an overwhelming urge to micturate. The impulse to pass urine, being for some reason more difficult to restrain when both hands are occupied, there was no thought in the Master of Ceremonies' mind about the alternatives—he would have to find The Room before he went on

That was not so immediately simple as one would have thought. The twenty guests from the party, looking a fair piece subdued under the fluorescent lights (like everything else in technology-land the fluorescence, being reductive, revealed nothing but negative truth) had therefore the uneasy look of people who have arrived an hour late at the theater. No matter that the theater was by every evidence a sample of technological obsolescence, a neighborhood movie house now prematurely sleazy, for neighborhood movie houses (built on the dream of the owner that some day Garbo or Harlow or Lombard would give a look in) aged immediately they were not used for movies anymore. No matter: the guests had the uneasiness of very late arrivals. Apologetic, they were in haste for the speakers to begin.

Mailer did not know this. He was off already in search of The Room, which, it developed was up on the balcony floor. Imbued with the importance of his first gig as Master of Ceremonies, he felt such incandescence of purpose that he could not quite con-

ceive it necessary to notify de Grazia he was gone for a minute. Incandescence is the *satori* Romantic spirit which spirit would insist—this essence of the Romantic—on accelerating time greater the power of any subjective state, the total is a Romantic's assumption that everyone stands exactly what he is about to do, therefore a moment for telling them.

Flush with his incandescence, happy in anticipations of liberty which this Götterdämmerung of a urination was soon to provide, Mailer did not know, but he had already and unwitting to himself metamorphosed into the Beast. Wait and

He was met on the stairs by a young man from *Time* magazine, a stringer, presumably, for the young man lacked that I-am-damned look in the tie and rep tie of those whose work for *Time* had become a life addiction. The young man had a somewhat ill-dressed look, a map showed on his skin an old adolescent acne, and he gave off the unfurtive presence of a fraternity member on probation for the wrong thing, some grievous misdeed of vomit, some hanky-panky with frat-house tie

But the Beast was in a great good mood. He was soon to speak; that was food for all. So the young man greeted the *Time* man with the geniality of a surrogate Hemingway unbending for the Lucien (Loo-sights was the pun) made some genial comment or two about finding Herr John, said cheerfully in answer to why he was in Washington he had come to protest the war in Vietnam, and taking a sip of bourbon from the mug he kept to his lips, all fires idling right, stepped off into the darkness of the top balcony floor, went through a door into a pitch-black men's room, and was alone with his thoughts. No chance to find the light switch for he had no matches, he did not smoke. It was therefore a matter of locating what's what with the probing of his fingers. He found something finally which seemed appropriate, and pleased with the precision of these generally unused senses in his feet, took aim between the legs a point twelve inches ahead, and heard in the darkness the sound of his water striking the floor. So damn mistake had been made, an assault from the side doubtless instead of the front, the bowl was relocated now, and Master of Ceremonies broke deep of the great reveries of this utterly non-Spartan release—at last!--and thoroughly enjoyed the next forty-five seconds, being left on the afterthought not a note depressed by the condition of the premises. No, he was off on the Romantic's great millennial dream, which is: seize defeat, convert it to triumph. Of course, pissing on the floor was bad; very bad. The attendant would probably gossip to the police that the *Time* man did not sniff it out first) and The *Time* man formed in turn would report it to The Press. They were sure to write about the scandalous condition in which this meeting had left the toilets. And if that for the moment was not enough, the management, bitter with their lost dream of Garbo and Harlow and Lombard, were now so pocked and stingy, t

the lights. (Out of such stuff is a novelist's

he could convert this deficiency to an asset. ap to gain is very American. He would con- aight out to all aloud that he was the one t the floor in the men's room, he alone! While lience was recovering from the existential of encountering an orator who confessed to crime, he would be able—their attention now —to bring them up to a contemplation of problems, of indeed, the deepest problems, the illing alternatives, and would from there seek g them back to a restorative view of man. Man be a fool who peed in the wrong pot, man was erupulous servant of the self-damaging admis- an was therefore a philosopher who possessed gic stone; he could turn loss to philosophical and so illumine the deeps, find the poles, and ally learn to cultivate his most special fool's : *satori*, incandescence, hard gemlike flame of n burning in the furnaces of metabolism!

s composed, illumined by these first stages of onian transcendence, Mailer left the men's descended the stairs, entered the back of the ra, all opening remarks held close file in his ke troops ranked in order before the parade, en suddenly, most suddenly saw, with a can- swoop of albatross wings, that de Grazia was stage, was acting as M.C., was—no calling k—launched into the conclusion of a gentle ering stumbling—small orator, de Grazia—in- tion of Paul Goodman. All lost! The magnifi- ening remarks about the forces gathered here emble on Saturday before the Pentagon, this e occasion, let us hold it in our mind and focusuddle of passed water on the floor above and we assembled here can as Leftists and proud ers contain within our minds the grandeur two—all lost!—no chance to do more than pick er—later! after de Grazia and Goodman had d dead-assing the crowd. Traitor de Grazia! n de Grazia!

Mailer picked his way between people sitting stone floor (orchestra seats had been removed movie house was a dance hall now with a stage) de a considerable stir in the orchestra. Mailer een entering theaters for years, mounting —now that he had put on weight, it would ly have been fair to say that he came to the m like a poor man's version of Orson Welles, minor hint of the same contemplative presence, er and rise of expectation followed him. He not resist its appeal. As he passed de Grazia, wled, threw a look from Lower Shakespearia, a, Brute," and proceeded to slap the back of d against de Grazia's solar plexus. It was not y blow, but then de Grazia was not a heavy he wilted some hint of an inch. And the audi- inched off a howl, squeaked on their squeal. It ot certain to them what had taken place. ure the scene two minutes later from the

orchestra floor! Paul Goodman, now up at the micro- phone with no podium or rostrum is reading the following lines:

... these days my contempt  
for the misrulers of my country  
is icy and my indignation raucous.

It is impossible to tell what he is reading. Off at the wing of the stage where the others are collected —stout Macdonald, noble Lowell, beleaguered de Grazia, and Mailer, Prince of Bourbon, the acoustics are atrocious. One cannot hear a word the speaker is saying. Nor are there enough seats. If de Grazia and Macdonald are sitting in folding chairs, Mailer is squatting on his haunches, or kneeling on one knee like a player about to go back into the ball game. Lowell has the expression on his face of a dues payer who is just about keeping up with the interest on some enormous debt. As he sits on the floor with his long arms clasped mournfully about his long Yankee legs, "I am here," says his expression, "but I do not have to pretend I like what I see." The hollows in his cheeks give a hint of the hanging judge. Lowell is of good weight, not too heavy, not too light, but the Hollows speak of the great Puritan gloom in which the country was founded—man was simply not good enough for God.

At this moment, it is hard not to agree with Lowell. The cavern of the theater seems to resonate behind the glare of the footlights, but this is no resonance of a fine bass voice—it is rather electronics on the march. The public-address system hisses, then rings in a random chorus of electronic music, sounds of cerebral digestion from some horror machine of Outer Space (where all that electricity doubtless comes from, child!) then a hum like the squeak in the hinges of the gates of Hell—we are in the penumbra of psychedelic netherworlds, ghost-odys-seys from the dead brain cells of adolescent trysts with LSD, some ultrapurplish spotlight from the balcony (not ultraviolet—ultrapurple, deepest purple one could conceive) there out in the dark like some neon eye of the night, the media is the message, and the message is purple, speaks of the monarchies of Heaven, madnesses of God, and clam-vaults of people on a stone floor. Mailer's senses are now tuned to absolute pitch or sheer error; he marks a ballot for absolute pitch—he is certain there is a profound pall in the audience. Yes, they sit there, stricken, inert, in terror of what Saturday will bring, and so are unable to rise to a word the speaker is offering them. It will take dynamite to bring life. The shroud of burned-out psychedelic dreams is in this audience, Cancer Gulch with open maw—and Mailer thinks of the vigor and the light (from marijuana?) in the eyes of those American soldiers in Vietnam who have been picked by the newsreel cameras to say their piece, and the happy healthy never unintelligent faces of all those professional football players he studies so assiduously on television come Sunday (he has neglected to put his bets in this week) and



wonders how they would poll out on sentiment for the war.

HAWKS 95 DOVES 6  
NFL Footballers Approve Vietnam War

Doubtless. All the healthy Marines, state troopers, professional athletes, movie stars, rednecks, sensuous life-loving Mafia, cops, mill workers, city officials, nice healthy-looking easy-grafting politicians full of the light (from marijuana?) in their eye of a life they enjoy—yes, they would be for the war in Vietnam. Arrayed against them as hard-core troops: an elite! the Freud-ridden embers of Marxism, good old American anxiety strata—the urban middle class with their proliferated monumental adenoidal resentments, their secret slavish love for the oncoming hegemony of the computer and the suburb, yes, they and their children, by the sheer ironies, the sheer ineptitude, the *kinks* of history, were now being compressed into more and more militant stands, their resistance to the war some hopeless mélange, somehow firmed, of Pacifism and closet Communism. And their children—on a freak-out from the suburbs to a love-in on the Pentagon wall.

It was the children in whom Mailer had some hope, a gloomy hope. These mad middle-class children with their lobotomies from sin, their nihilistic embezzlement of all middle-class moral funds, their innocence, their lust for apocalypse, their unbelievable indifference to waste: twenty generations of buried hopes perhaps engraved in their chromosomes, and now conceivably burning like faggots in the secret inquisitional fires of LSD. It was a Devil's drug—designed by the Devil to consume the love of the best, and leave them liver-wasted, weeds of the big city. If there had been a player piano, Mailer might have put in a quarter to hear "In the Heart of the City Which Has No Heart."

Yes, these were the troops: middle-class cancer-pushers and drug-gutted flower children. And Paul Goodman to lead them. Was he now reading this?

Once American faces  
were beautiful to me  
but now they look cruel  
and as if they had narrow thoughts.

Not much poetry, but well-put prose. And yet there was always Goodman's damnable tolerance for all the varieties of sex. Did he know nothing of evil or entropy? Sex was the superhighway to your own soul's entropy if it was used without a constant happening of the facts. And orgies? What did Goodman know of orgies, real ones, not lib-lab college orgies to carry out the higher program of the Great Society, but real ones with murder in the air, and witches on the shoulder. The collected Tory in Mailer came roaring to the surface like a cocked bat in a royal coach.

"When Goodman finishes, I'm going to take over as M.C.," he whispered to de Grazia. (The reverie we have just attended took no more in fact than a second.

Mailer's melancholy assessment of the forces mounting in America took place between twosecutive lines of Goodman's poem—not because he celebrated that instantly, but because he had his reverie many a time before—he had to do no more than sense the audience, whisper Cancer Gulped himself and the reverie went by with a mental click. (Click! reviewed again.) In truth, Mailer was not in a state. He had been prepared to open the evening with apocalyptic salvos to announce the real gravity of the situation, and the intensely peculiar American aspect of it—which is that the urban and suburban middle class were to be offered on Saturday an opportunity for glory—what other nation could boast such option for its middle class? Instead—lost in benignity and good humor of his planned opening remarks now subjugated to the electronic hazy and squabbling and *hum* of the P.A., the main necessity to *wait* was on this hiatus transformed into a violent concentration of purpose, all intention reversed. He glared at de Grazia. "How could I do this?" he whispered to his ear.

De Grazia looked somewhat confused at the insularity. Meetings to de Grazia were obviously a series of meetings, assemblages of people who coughed up large admissions or kicked in for the pitch; at some meetings were less boring than others. De Grazia was much too wise and guilty-spirited to brood on apocalypse. "I couldn't find you," he whispered back.

"You didn't trust me long enough to wait a minute?"

"We were over an hour late," de Grazia whispered again. "We had to begin."

Mailer was all for having the conversation then on stage: to hell with reciprocal rights and the incline of the ear to the speaker. The Beast was to grapple with the world. "Did you think I would show up?" he asked de Grazia.

"Well, I was wondering."

In what sort of mumbo jumbo of promise and betrayal did de Grazia live? How could de Grazia suppose he would not show up? He had spent his life showing up at the most boring and onerous parties. He gave a blast of his eyes to de Grazia. But de Grazia gave a look at Mailer, as if to say, "You're creating disturbance."

Now Goodman was done.

Mailer walked to the stage. He did not have any idea any longer of what he would say, his mind empty, but in a fine calm, taking for these five minutes a total rest. While there was no danger Mailer ever becoming a demagogue since if the idea he offered could appeal to a mob, the second compensation would be sure to enrage them, he nonetheless have made a fair country orator, for he loved to speak, he loved in fact to holler, and like to hear a crowd holler back. (Of how many New York intellectuals may that be said?)

"I'm here as your original M.C., temporarily placed owing to a contretemps," which was

purposefully as *contretemps*—"in the men's he said into the microphone for opening, but little high-strung beast of a device pushed into by the electric presence of a real Beast, let equal which shook the welds in the old foundation the Ambassador. Mailer immediately decided had enough of public-address systems, electrical fields of phase, impedance, and spooks in the y. A hex on collaborating with Cancer Gulch. Heed the microphone away, squared off before silence. "Can you hear me?" he bellowed.

"Can you hear me in the balcony?"

"Let's do away with electronics," he called out. A ripple of laughter came back. A very small pattern of applause. (Not too many on his side for electro- the public-address system, or so his orator's ordered the vote.)

"I missed the beginning of this occasion, or have been here to introduce Paul Goodman, which we're all sorry, right?"

He heard titters. Small reaction.

"What are you, dead-heads?" he bellowed at the audience. "Or are you all"—here he put on his false accent—"in the nature of becoming dead?" Small laughs. A whistle or two. "No," he replied to the whistles, "I invoke these dead as part of the gravity of the occasion. The middle class plus one hippie surrealistic symbolic absence of insane March on the Pentagon, bless us all," ending of a big applause which offended Mailer came on "bless" and that was too cheap a way to win votes, "bless us all—shit!" he shouted, "I'm not to say the middle class plus revolution, is equal to a big collective dead ass." Some yells of approval, which shocked curious rather stricken silence. He broken the shank of his oratorical charge. Now he had to sweep the audience together again. As he felt like a surgeon delivering a difficult operation—nothing to do but plunge to the elbows

"To resume our exposition," a good warm titter, a ripple of laughter, not unsympathetic to his humor had been unwitting, but what was the point of an orator without some bonus? "To resume our orderly marshaling of concepts"—a conscious attempt at humor which worked less well; he was beginning to recognize for the first time that bellowing at a mike demanded a more forthright style—now *engage* in confession." More Irish accent. He missed Brendan Behan for what he had learned of him. "A public speaker may offer you two opportunities. Instruction or confession." Laughter. "Well, you're all college heads, so my instruction be as pearls before—I dare not say it." Laughs. A voice from the balcony: "Come on, Norman, nothing!"

"Where's a black man in the house?" asked Mailer. He rode up and down the stage pretending to peer at the audience. But in fact they were illumined just

well enough to emphasize one sad discovery—if black faces there were, they were certainly not in plenty. "Well ah'll just have to be the *impromptu* black power for tonight. Woo-eeeeeee! Woo-eeeeeee! HMMMMMM," he grunted with some partial success, showing hints of Cassius Clay. "Get your white butts moving."

"The confession. The confession!" screamed some adolescents from up front.

He came to a stop, shifted his voice. Now he spoke in a relaxed tone. "The confession, yeah!" Well, at least the audience was awake. He felt as if he had driven away some sepulchral phantoms of a variety which inhabited the profound middle-class schist. Now to charge the center of vested spookery.

"Say," he called out into the semi-darkness with the ultraviolet light coming off the psychedelic lamp on the rail of the balcony, and the spotlights blaring against his eyes, "say," all happiness again, "I think of Saturday, and that March and do you know, fellow carriers of the holy unendurable grail, for the first time in my life I don't know whether I have the piss or the shit scared out of me most." It was an interesting concept, thought Mailer, for there was a difference between the two kinds of fear—pursue the thought, he would, in quieter times—"we are up, face this, all of you, against an existential situation—we do not know how it is going to turn out, and what is even more inspiring of dread is that the government doesn't know either."

Beginning of a real hand, a couple of rebel yells. "We're going to try to stick it up the government's ass," he shouted, "right into the sphincter of the Pentagon." Wild yells and chills of silence from different reaches of the crowd. Yeah, he was cooking now. "Will reporters please get every word accurately," he called out dryly to warm the chill.

But humor may have been too late. *The New Yorker* did not have strictures against the use of *sh\*t* for nothing; nor did Dwight Macdonald love *The New Yorker* for nothing, he also had strictures against *sh\*t*'s metaphorical associations. Mailer looked to his right to see Macdonald approaching, a book in his hands, arms at his side, a sorrowing look of concern in his face. "Norman," said Macdonald quietly, "I can't possibly follow you after all this. Please introduce me, and get it over with."

Mailer was near to stricken. On the one hand interrupted on a flight; on the other, he had fulfilled no duty whatsoever as M.C. He threw a look at Macdonald which said: Give me this. I'll owe you one.

But de Grazia was there as well. "Norman, let me be M.C. now," he said.

They were being monstrous unfair, thought Mailer. They didn't understand what he had been doing, how good he had been, what he would do next. Fatal to walk off now—the verdict would claim he was unbalanced. Still, he could not hold the stage by force. That was unthinkable worse.

For the virtuous, however, deliverance (like buttercups) pops up everywhere. Mailer now took the microphone and turned to the audience. He was care-



ful to speak in a relaxed voice. "We are having a disagreement about the value of the proceedings. Some think de Grazia should resume his post as Master of Ceremonies. I would like to keep the position. It is an existential moment. We do not know how it will turn out. So let us vote on it." Happy laughter from the audience at these comic effects. Actually Mailer did not believe it was an existential situation any longer. He reckoned the vote would be well in his favor. "Will those," he asked, "who are in favor of Mr. de Grazia succeeding me as Master of Ceremonies please say aye."

A good sound number said aye.

Now for the ovation. "Will those opposed to this, please say no." The no's to Mailer's lack of pleasure were no greater in volume. "It seems the ayes and no's are about equal," said Mailer. (He was thinking to himself that he had posed the issue all wrong—the ayes should have been reserved for those who would keep him in office.) "Under the circumstances," he announced, "I will hold the chair." Laughter at this easy cheek. He stepped into the middle of such laughter. "You have all just learned an invaluable political lesson." He waved the microphone he was holding. "In the absence of a definitive vote, the man who holds the power, keeps it."

"Hey, de Grazia," someone yelled from the audience, "why do you let him have it?"

Mailer extended the microphone to de Grazia who smiled sweetly into it. "Because if I don't," he said in a gentle voice, "he'll beat the shit out of me." The dread word had been used again.

"Please, Norman," said Macdonald, retreating.

So Mailer gave his introduction to Macdonald. It was less than he would have attempted if the flight had not been grounded, but it was certainly respectable. Under the military circumstances, it was a decent cleanup operation. For about a minute he proceeded to introduce Macdonald as a man with whom one might seldom agree, but could never disrespect because he always told the truth as he saw the truth, a man therefore of the most incorruptible integrity. "Pray heaven, I am right," said Mailer to himself, and walked past Macdonald who was on his way to the mike. Both men nodded coolly to each other.

In the wing, visible to the audience, Paul Goodman sat on a chair clearly avoiding any contaminatory encounter with *The Existentialist*. De Grazia gave his "It's tough all over" smile. Lowell sat in a mournful hunch on the floor, his eyes peering over his glasses to scrutinize the metaphysical substance of his boot, now hide? now machine? now, where the joining and to what? foot to boot, boot to earth—cease all speculations as to what was in Lowell's head. "The one mind a novelist cannot enter is the mind of a novelist superior to himself," said once to Mailer by Jean Malacouais. So, by corollary, the one mind a minor poet may not enter . . .

Lowell looked most unhappy. Mailer, minor poet, had often observed that Lowell had the most disconcerting mixture of strength and weakness in his

presence, a blending so dramatic in its vision of conflict that one had to assume he would be tionally attractive to women. He had so untouchable, all insane in its force; one felt ately there were any number of causes for which man would be ready to die, and for some fight, with an axe in his hand and a Cromwell in his eye. It was even possible that physically, very strong—one couldn't tell at all—he might, ile, he might have the sort of farm me strength which could manhandle the rear differential off a car and into the back of a But physical strength or no, his nerves were apparently delicate. Obviously spoiled by ever years, he seemed nonetheless to need the s These nerves—the nerves of a consummate poet—not tuned to any battering. The squalls of the now riding up a storm on the erratic piping of Macdonald's voice, seemed to tear along back like a gale. He detested tumult—obviously therefore saw everything which was hopeless rife situation: the dank middle-class depths of audience, the strident squalor of the mike, the surdity of talent gathered to raise money—for dear God? who could finally know what this might convey, or worse, purvey, and worst of all be associated now with Mailer's butcher-boy Lowell's eyes looked up from the shoe, and one withering glance by the novelist, saying, saying, "Every single bad thing I have ever heard about you is not exaggerated."

Mailer, looking back, thought bitter words he would not say: "You, Lowell, beloved poet of man, do you know of the dirt and the dark deliveries necessary? What do you know of dignity achieved, and dignity lost through innocence, and dignity lost by sacrifice for a cause one cannot see? What do you know about getting fat again, and will, and turning into a clown of an arriviste when you would rather be an eagle or a condor? The rarest of all, some natural aristocrat from the damned democratic states? No, the only substance you and I, is that species of perception which shows that if we are not very loyal to our inner and most exigent inner light, then some day we will burn. How dare you condemn me! You know the diseases which inhabit that audience in this acid, psychedelic house. How dare you scorn the existence of I employ?"

And Lowell with a look of the greatest sorrow if all this mess were finally too shapeless for the Protestant smith of his own brain, which would indeed burst if it could not forge his experience the iron edge of the very best words and the unsinkable relation of words, fell backward, he striking the floor with no last instant hesitation cushion the blow, but like a baby, downright savagely to himself, as if from the height of which he had taken a pumpkin and dropped it splat on the floor. "There, much regarded, much-protected you have finally taken a blow," Lowell might

to himself, for he proceeded to lie there, resting  
y, while Macdonald went on reading from "The  
Man's Burden," Lowell seeming as content as  
had just tested the back of his cranium against  
seman's club. What a royal head they had all to

## Transfer of Power

evening went on. It was in fact far from climax.  
I resting in the wing on the floor of the stage.  
I recuperating from the crack he had given his  
was a dreamy figure of peace in the corner of  
oscenium, a reclining shepherd contemplating  
ite, although a Washington newspaper was to  
mn him on Saturday in company with Mailer  
slobbish behavior" at this unseemly lounging.  
w Macdonald finished. What with the delays,  
nmanageable public-address system, and the  
y waters of the audience at his commencement,  
ailer had obviously done him no good. Macdon-  
ad been somewhat less impressive than ever. A  
people had shown audible boredom with him.  
line Communists perhaps. Dwight was by now  
f the oldest anti-Communists in America.)

Take up the White Man's burden—  
Ye dare not stoop to less—  
Nor call too loud on Freedom  
To cloak your weariness;  
By all ye cry or whisper,  
By all ye leave or do,  
The silent, sullen peoples  
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Macdonald from Kipling's poem, and the wit was  
e selection, never the presentation.

was done. He walked back to the wings with an  
f no great satisfaction in himself, at most the  
e of an obligation accomplished. Lowell's turn  
arrived. Mailer stood up to introduce him.

the novelist gave a fulsome welcome to the poet.  
id not speak of his poetry (with which he was  
onspicuously familiar) nor of his prose, which  
ought excellent—Mailer told instead of why he  
respect for Lowell as a man. A couple of years  
the poet had refused an invitation from Presi-  
Johnson to attend a garden party for artists and  
lectuals, and it had attracted much attention at  
ime for it was one of the first dramatic acts of  
est against the war in Vietnam, and Lowell was  
only invited artist of first rank who had refused.

Bellow, for example, had attended the garden  
y. Lowell's refusal could not have been easy, the  
list suggested, because artists were attracted to  
al afternoons of such elevated kind since that  
of experience was often stimulating to new per-  
on and new work. So, an honorific occasion in  
panoply was not easy for the mature artist to  
ew. Capital! Lowell had therefore bypassed the  
direct sort of literary capital. Ergo, Mailer re-

spected him—he could not be certain he would have  
done the same himself, although, of course, he assured  
the audience he would not probably have ever had the  
opportunity to refuse. (Hints of merriment in the  
crowd at the thought of Mailer on the White House  
lawn.)

If the presentation had been formal up to here, it  
had also been somewhat graceless. On the conse-  
quence, our audience's amusement tipped the slum-  
bering Beast. Mailer now cranked up a vaudeville  
clown for finale to Lowell's introduction. "Ladies and  
gentlemen, if novelists come from the middle class,  
poets tend to derive from the bottom and the top. We  
all know good poets at the bot'—ladies and gentlemen,  
here is a poet from the top, Mr. Robert Lowell." A  
large vigorous hand of applause, genuine enthusiasm  
for Lowell, some standing ovation.

But Mailer was depressed. He had betrayed him-  
self again. The end of the introduction belonged in a  
burlesque house—he worked his own worst veins, like  
a man on the edge of bankruptcy trying to collect  
hopeless debts. He was fatally vulgar! Lowell passing  
him on the stage had recovered sufficiently to cast  
him a nullifying look. At this moment, they were ob-  
viously far from friends.

Lowell's shoulders had a slump, his modest stomach  
was pushed forward a hint, his chin was dropped to  
his chest as he stood at the microphone, pondering  
for a moment. One did not achieve the languid grand-  
deurs of that slouch in one generation—the grandsons  
of the first sons had best go through the best troughs  
in the best eating clubs at Harvard before anyone in  
the family could try for such elegant note. It was now  
apparent to Mailer that Lowell would move by in-  
stinct, ability, and certainly by choice, in the direc-  
tion most opposite from himself.

"Well," said Lowell softly to the audience, his voice  
dry and gentle as any New England executioner  
might ever hope to be, "this has been a zany evening."  
Laughter came back, perhaps a little too much. It was  
as if Lowell wished to reprove Mailer, not humiliate  
him. So he shifted, and talked a bit uneasily for per-  
haps a minute about very little. Perhaps it was too  
little. Some of the audience, encouraged by earlier  
examples, now whistled. "We can't hear you," they  
shouted, "speak louder."

Lowell was annoyed, "I'll bellow," he said, "but it  
won't do any good." His firmness, his distaste for the  
occasion, communicated some subtle but impressive  
sense of his superiority. Audiences are moved by  
many cues but the most satisfactory to them is prob-  
ably the voice of their abdomen. There are speakers  
who give a sense of security to the abdomen, and they  
always elicit the warmest kind of applause. Mailer  
was not this sort of speaker; Lowell was. The hand of  
applause which followed this remark was fortifying.  
Lowell now proceeded to read some poetry.

He was not a splendid reader, merely decent to his  
own lines, and he read from that slouch, that per-  
sonification of ivy climbing a column, he was even  
diffident, he looked a trifle helpless under the lights.



Still, he made no effort to win the audience, seduce them, dominate them, bully them, amuse them, no, they were there for him, to please *him*, a sounding board for the plucked string of his poetic line, and so he endeared himself to them. They adored him—for his talent, his modesty, his superiority, his melancholy, his petulance, his weakness, his painful, almost stammering shyness, his noble strength—there was the string behind other strings.

O to break loose, like the chinook  
salmon jumping and falling back,  
nosing up to the impossible  
stone and bone-crushing waterfall—  
raw-jawed, weak-fleshed there, stopped by ten  
steps of the roaring ladder, and then  
to clear the top on the last try,  
alive enough to spawn and die.

Mailer discovered he was jealous. Not of the talent. Lowell's talent was very large, but then Mailer was a bulldog about the value of his own talent. No, Mailer was jealous because he had worked for this audience, and Lowell without effort seemed to have stolen them: Mailer did not know if he was contemptuous of Lowell for playing *grand maître*, or admiring of his ability to do it. Mailer knew his own version of *grand maître* did not compare. Of course no one would be there to accept his version either. The pain of bad reviews was not in the sting, but in the subsequent pressure which, like water on a joint, collected over the decade. People who had not read your books in fifteen years were certain they were missing nothing of merit. A buried sorrow, not very attractive, (for bile was in it and the bitterness of unrequited literary injustice) released itself from some ducts of the heart, and Mailer felt hot anger at how Lowell was loved and he was not, a pure and surprising recognition of how much emotion, how much simple and childlike bitter sorrowing emotion had been concealed from himself for years under the manhole cover of his contempt for bad reviews.

Pity the planet, all joy gone  
from this sweet volcanic cone;  
peace to our children when they fall  
in small war on the heels of small  
war—until the end of time  
to police the earth, a ghost  
orbiting forever lost  
in our monotonous sublime.

They gave Lowell a good standing ovation, much heartiness in it, much obvious pleasure that they were there on a night in Washington when Robert Lowell had read from his work—it was as nice as that—and then Lowell walked back to the wings, and Mailer walked forward. Lowell did not seem particularly triumphant. He looked still modest, still depressed, as

if he had been applauded too much for too little so the reservoir of guilt was still untapped.

Nonetheless, to Mailer it was now *mano a mano*. Once, on a vastly larger scale of applause, per people had reacted to Manolete not unlike the they reacted to Lowell, so stirred by the deeps of row in the man, that the smallest move produced largest emotion. If there was any value to the parison then Mailer was kin to the young Domingo taking raucous chances, spitting in the eye of the an excess of variety in his passes. But probably there was no parallel at all. He may have felt like a mat in the flush of full competition, going out to do work after the other torero has had a triumph for fact he was probably less close in essence to the bullfighter than the bull. We must not forge Beast. He had been sipping the last of the bou out of the mug. He had been delayed, piqued, tw from his purpose, and without anything to ea close to ten hours. He was on the hunt. For wha hardly knew. It is possible the hunt existed long fore the victim was ever conceived.

"Now, you may wonder who I am," he said to audience, or bellowed to them, for again he was using the mike, "and you may wonder why I'm ing in a Southern accent which is phony and fa the Southern accent as it sounded to him in his th was actually not too bad at this moment—"and reason is that I want to make a presentation to He did not have a notion of what he would say but it never occurred to him something would come. His impatience, his sorrow, his jealousy gone, he just wanted to live on the edge of rhetorical sword he would soon try to run through the heart of the audience. "We are gathered here shades of Lincoln in hippieland—"to make a mo on Saturday to invest the Pentagon and halt and ovi down its workings, and this will be at once a sym lie act and a real act,"—he was roaring—"for real hda may possibly get hurt, and soldiers will be the to hold us back, and some of us may be arrested"—w wondered the wise voice at the rear of this roa voice, could one ever leave Washington now with going to jail?—"some blood conceivably will be If I were the man in the government responsible for controlling this March, I would not know what to Sonorously—"I would not wish to arrest too ma on hurt anyone for fear the repercussions in the vld would be too large for my bureaucrat's heart to an

it's so full of shit." Roars and chills from the di ence again. He was off into obscenity. It ga a heartiness like the blood of beef tea to his ass inations. There was no villainy in obscenity for him, —paradoxically, characteristically—his love for A erica: He had first come to love America when he se ed in the U. S. Army, not the America of course o flag, the patriotic, and unendurable fix of the vision programs and the newspapers, no, long bo he was ever aware of the institutional oleo of the suffocating American ideas he had come to love editorial writers were fond of calling the democ

ple with its faith in the common man. He found principle and that man in the Army, but what of the editorial writers ever mentioned was that noble common man was obscene as an old goat, is obscenity was what saved him. The sanity of common democratic man was in his humor, his r was in his obscenity. And his philosophy as a reductive philosophy which looked to restore hard edge of proportion to the overblown values angling each small military existence—viz: forced to salute an overconscientious officer your back stiffened into an exaggerated posture. "Lieutenant is chickenshit," would be the plaverdict, and a blow had somehow been struck for cracy and the sanity of good temper. Mailer heard a private end an argument about the s of a general by saying, "his spit don't smell be cream either," only the private was not speak spit. Mailer thought enough of the line to put o *The Naked and the Dead*, along with a good other such lines the characters in his mind is memory of the Army had begun to offer him. common discovery of America was probably that icans were the first people on earth to live for humor; nothing was so important to Americans mor. In Brooklyn, he had taken this for granted, arvard he had thought it was a by-product of at Harvard, but in the Army he discovered that umor was probably in the veins and the roots of cal history of every state and county in Amer- the truth of the way it really felt over the years ed on a river of obscenity from small-town story to story teller there down below the bankers and ooks and the educators and the legislators—so er never felt more like an American than when as naturally obscene—all the gifts of the Amer- language came out in the happy play of ob- ty upon concept, which enabled one to go back ncept again. What was magnificent about the .shit is that it enabled you to use the word noble: inny Southern cracker with a beatific smile on ace saying in the dawn in a Filipino rice paddy, a, I just managed to take me a noble shit." Yeah. was Mailer's America. If he was going to love thing in the country, he would love that. So after s of keeping obscene language off to one corner s work, as if to prove after *The Naked and the* t that he had many an arrow in his literary er, he had come back to obscenity again in the year—he had kicked goodbye in his novel *Why We In Vietnam?* to the old literary corset of good , letting his sense of language play on ob- ty as freely as it wished, so discovering that ything he knew about the American language h its incommensurable resources) went flying d out of the line of his prose with the happiest ing of wings—it was the first time his style ed at once very American to him and very lit- y in the best way, at least as he saw the best way. the reception of the book had been disappointing. because many of the reviews were bad (he had

learned, despite all sudden discoveries of sorrow, to live with that as one lived with smog) no, what was disappointing was the crankiness across the country. Where fusty conservative old critics had once defended the obscenity in *The Naked and the Dead*, they, or their sons, now condemned it in the new book, and that *was* disappointing.

At any rate he had come to the point where he liked to use a little obscenity in his public speaking. Once people got over the shock, they were sometimes able to discover that the humor it provided was not less powerful than the damage of the pain. Of course he did not do it often and he tried not to do it unless he was in good voice—Mailer was under no illusion that public speaking was equal to candid conversation; an obscenity uttered in a voice too weak for its freight was obscene, since obscenity probably resides in the quick conversion of excitement to nausea—which is why Lyndon Johnson's speeches are called obscene by some: The excitement of listening to the American President alters abruptly into the nausea of wandering down the blind alleys of his voice.

This has been a considerable defense of the point, but then the point was at the center of his argument and it could be put thus: The American corporation executive, who was after all the foremost representative of Man in the world today, was perfectly capable of burning unseen women and children in the Vietnamese jungles, yet felt a large displeasure and fairly final disapproval at the generous use of obscenity in literature and in public.

The apology may now be well taken, but what in fact did Mailer say on the stage of the Ambassador before the evening was out? Well, not so very much, just about enough to be the stuff of which footnotes are made, for he did his best to imitate a most high and executive voice.

"You hear me talkin' now, and it's in a Southern accent, and fake. But for cause. I have a presentation to give you. I had an experience as I came to the theater to speak to all of you, which is that before appearing on this stage I went upstairs to the men's room as a prelude to beginning this oratory so beneficial to all,"—laughs and catcalls—"and it was dark so—ahem—I missed the bowl—all men will know what I mean. Forgiveness might reign. But tomorrow, they will blame that puddle of water on Communists which is the way we do things here in Amurrica, anyone of you pinko poos want to object, lemme tell ya, the reason nobody was in the men's room, and it so dark, is that if there been a light they'd had to put a CIA man in there and the hippies would grope him silly, see here, you know who I am, why it just came to me, who-who, hee-hee, why ah'm so phony, I'm as full of shit as Lyndon Johnson. Why, man, I'm nothing but his little old alter ego. That's what you got right here for you, Lyndon Johnson's little old *dwarf* alter ego. How you like him? How you like him?" (Shades of Cassius Clay again.)

And in the privacy of his brain, quiet in the glare of all that sound and spotlight, Mailer thought quiet-



ly, "My God, that is probably exactly what you are at this moment, Lyndon Johnson with all his sores, sorrows, and vanity squeezed down to five foot eight," and Mailer felt for the instant possessed, as if he had seized some of the President's secret soul, or the President seized some of his—the bourbon was as luminous as moonshine to the spores of insanity in the flesh of his brain, a smoke of menace swished in the air, and something felt real, almost as if he had caught Lyndon Johnson by the toe and now indeed, bugger the rhyme, should never let him go.

"Publicity hound" shouted someone from the upper balcony.

"Fuck you," cried Mailer back with absolute delight, all the force of the Texas presidency in his being. Or was it Lucifer's fire? But let us use asterisks for these obscenities to emphasize how happily he used the words, they went off like fireworks in his orator's heart, and asterisks look like rocket-bursts and the orbs from Roman candles \*\*\*. F\*ck you he said to the heckler but with such gusto the vowel was doubled. F\*-ck you! was more like it. So, doubtless, had the President disposed of all opposition in private session. Well, Mailer was here to bring the presidency to the public.

"This yere dwarf alter ego has been telling you about his imbroglia with the p\*ssarooney up on the top floor, and will all the reporters please note that I did not talk about defecation commonly known as sheeee-it!"—full imitation of LBJ was attempted there—"but to the contrary, speak of you-rye-nation! I p\*ssed on the floor, Hoo-ee! Hoo-ee! How's that for black power full of white p\*ss? You just know all those reporters are going to say it was sh\*t tomorrow. F\*ck them. F\*ck all of them. Reporters, will you stand up and be counted?"

A wail of delight from the students in the audience. What would the reporters do? Would they stand?

One lone figure arose.

"Where are *you* from?" asked Mailer.

"Washington *Free Press*." A roar of delight from the crowd. It was obviously some student or hippie paper.

"Ah want the Washington *Post*," said Mailer in his best Texas tones, "and the *Star*. Ah know there's a *Time* magazine man here for one, and twenty more like him no doubt." But no one stood. So Mailer went into a diatribe. "Yeah, people," he said, "watch the reporting which follows. Yeah, these reporters will kiss Lyndon Johnson's \*ss and Dean Rusk's \*ss and Man Mountain McNamara's \*ss, they will rush to kiss it, but will they stand up in public? No! Because they are the silent assassins of the Republic. They alone have done more to destroy this nation than any force in it." They will certainly destroy me in the morning, he was thinking. But it was for this moment worth it, as if two very different rivers, one external, one subjective, had come together, the frus-

trated bile, piss, pus and poison he had felt at progressive contamination of all American life in abscess of Vietnam, all of that, all heaped in light coals of brimstone on The Press' collective ear, resented one river, and the other, was the frustrated actor in Mailer—ever since seeing *All the King's Men* years ago he had wanted to come on in public as Southern demagogue.

The speech went on, and a few fine things possible were said next to a few equally obscene words, then Mailer thought in passing of reading a passage from *Why Are We In Vietnam?* but the passage full of plays of repetition on the most famous for letter word of them all, and Mailer thought that conceivably redundant now and so he ended modes with a final, "See you on Saturday!"

The applause was fair. Not weak, but empty large demonstration. No standing ovation for certain. He felt cool, and in a quiet, pleasant, slightly depressed mood. Since there was not much conversation between Macdonald, Lowell, and himself, turned after a moment, left the stage, and wall along the floor where the audience had sat. A few people gathered about him, thanked him, shook hands. He was quiet and reserved now, with generally muted attempts to be cordial. He had noticed this shift in mood before, even after readings lectures which had been less eventful. There was mutual embarrassment between speaker and audience once the speaker had left the stage and walked through the crowd. It was due no doubt to the intimacy—that most special intimacy—which can lie between a speaker and the people he has addressed, yes they had been so intimate then, that the encounter now, afterward, was like the eye-to-the-side maneuvers of client and whore once the act is over and dressing is done.

Mailer went on from there to a party of more liberal academics, and drank a good bit more and joked with Macdonald about the superiority of the introduction he had given to Lowell over the introduction Dwight had received.

"Next time don't interrupt me," he teased Macdonald, "and I'll give you a better introduction."

"Goodness, I couldn't hear a word you said," said Macdonald, "you just sounded awful. Do you know Norman, the acoustics were terrible on the wing. I don't think any of us heard anything anyone else said."

Some time in the early morning, or not so early, Mailer got to bed at the Hay-Adams and fell asleep, dream no doubt of fancy parties in Georgetown when the Federal period in architecture was young. Of course if this were a novel, Mailer would spend the rest of the night with a lady. But it is history, and so the novelist is for once blissfully removed from any description of the hump-your-backs of sex. Rather he can leave such matters to the happy or unhappy imagination of the reader.

## PART II: Friday Afternoon

### The Historian

rite an intimate history of an event which focus on a central figure who is not central event, is to inspire immediate questions about competence of the historian. Or, indeed, his noble motive. The figure he has selected may be alien to him rather than critical to the history. Synical remarks obviously suggest themselves in choice of our particular protagonist. It could be said that for this historian, there is no other choice. While that might not be necessarily inaccurate, nonetheless a presentation of his good motives must be offered now.

March on the Pentagon was an ambiguous event whose essential value or absurdity may not be shed for ten or twenty years, or indeed ever. To place the real principals, the founders or destroyers of the March, men like David Dellinger, or Albert Rubin, in the center of our portrait could prove misleading. They were serious men, devoted to hard work; their position in these affairs, pre-eminently because it was central, can resolve nothing of ambiguity. For that, an eyewitness who is a participant but not a vested partisan is required, further must be not only involved, but ambiguous in his proportions, a comic hero, which is to say, one who happily resolve the emphasis of the category of the finally comic, a ludicrous figure with mock-heroic associations; or is he not unheroic, and there-embodied somewhat tragically in the comic? Or both at once, and all at once? These questions, which probably are not much more answerable than the very ambiguities of the event, at least help to capture the precise feel of the ambiguity of the event and its monumental disproportions. Mailer is aware of monumental disproportions and so serves comically as the bridge—many will say the *pons asinorum*—into the crazy house, the crazy mansion, of historic moment when a mass of the citizenry—much more than a mob—marched on a bastion which symbolized the military might of the Republic, choosing not to capture it, but to wound it *symbolically*—the forces defending that bastion reacted as if the symbolic wound could prove as mortal as any other alternative rent. In the midst of a technological enclose to its apogee, a medieval, nay, a primitive mode of warfare was reinvigorated, and the nations of the world stood in grave observation. Either the city was entrenching itself more deeply into the absurd, or the absurd was delivering evidence that it was possessed of some of the nutritive mysteries of the morrow which would yet feed the armies of the morrow. So if the event took place in one of the crazy houses, or indeed *the* crazy house of History, it is clear that any ambiguous comic hero of such a history should be not only off very much to the side of

the history, but that he should be an egotist of the most startling misproportions, outrageously and often unhappily self-assertive, yet in command of a detachment classic in severity (for he was a novelist and so in need of studying every last lineament of the fine, the noble, the frantic, and the foolish in others and in himself). Such egotism being two-headed, thrusting itself forward the better to study itself, finds itself therefore at home in a house of mirrors, since it has habits, even the talent to regard itself. Once history inhabits a crazy house, egotism may be the last tool left to history.

Let us then make our comic hero the narrative vehicle for the March on the Pentagon. Let us follow further. He is awakening Friday morning in his room at the Hay-Adams after his night on the stage of the Ambassador and the party thereafter. One may wonder if the Adams in the name of his hotel bore any relation to Henry; we need not be concerned with Hay, who was a memorable and accomplished gentleman from the nineteenth century (then Secretary of State to McKinley and Roosevelt) other than to say that the hotel looked like its name, and was indeed the staunchest advocate of that happy if heavy style in Washington architecture which spoke of a time when men and events were solid, comprehensible, often obedient to a code of values, and resolutely nonelectronic. Mailer awakening with a thunderous electronic headache began his morning reverie with a conclusion that the Georgian period in architecture was not resolutely suited to himself.

### 2. The Citizen

All right, let us look into his mind. It has been burned out by the gout of bourbon he has taken into himself the night before (in fact, one of the reasons he detests napalm is that he assumes its effect on the countryside is comparable to the ravages of booze on the better foliage of his brain) however, one can make too much of a hangover, these are comic profits which should perhaps be reinvested—his headache is in truth not thunderous so much as definite and ineradicable until late afternoon, when whiskey wastes half-cleared, he will feel legitimized to take another drink. In the meantime, he must stir his stupefied message center into sufficient activity to give him a mind to meet the minds he would encounter this day, for this day, Friday, was—you will remember—the occasion on which he would lend the dubious substance of his name to those young men brave enough, idealistic enough, (and doubtless vegetarian enough!) to give their draft cards back to the government on the steps of the Department of Justice. Mailer detested the thought of getting through the oncoming hours. Under the best of circumstances the



nature of these heroics was too dry, too dignified, too obviously severed from bravura to make the novelist happy (not for nothing had an eminent critic once said that Mailer was as fond of his style as an Italian tenor is fond of his vocal chords) no, he liked good character when it issued into action which was visually tumultuous rather than inspiring awe in the legal mind. To the extent any revolution was legalistic Mailer detested it, cursed those logics of commitment which carried him into such formal lines of protest.

Of course, the alternatives did not appeal to him on this morning either. His head delicate, he could not help remembering that these affairs were not always so dignified; there had been occasional small riots between pro- and anti-war demonstrators, and the past week had had its associated excitements in Oakland, Chicago, at the University of Wisconsin, Reed College, Brooklyn College, on Boston Common where four thousand demonstrators had massed at a draft-card burning. ("67 men," *Time* was later to report, "ignited their cards with a candlestick once owned by William Ellery Channing.") In some of these places there had been violence with the police, broken heads, the use of Mace by the Oakland police, a particularly nasty chemical spray which blinded people for a few hours. (Indeed its name was appropriate for Batman.) Mailer's eyesight was not good—the thought of Mace in his hard-used eyes inspired a small horror. He did not expect the demonstrations to reach such proportions today, but on Saturday . . . well, he simply did not wish to get Mace in his eyes. As for broken heads—he had been struck once with a policeman's billy and it had opened a cut worth thirteen stitches: Mailer still remembered how disagreeable the subsequent hours in prison had been with his head bleeding, and his brain in the stupefactions of a near-to-overpowering headache. It was not inspirational to add the memory of that headache to his present one. Still, Mailer could hardly conceive of trouble in Washington on the steps of the Department of Justice—the police would doubtless be superior to their fine colleagues in Brooklyn, Oakland, and Wisconsin.

Revolutionaries-for-a-weekend should never get hangovers. Mailer detected that he was secretly comforted by the thought there would probably be no violence today; even worse, he was comforted by the conclusion that the best police in Washington would be at the Department of Justice to maintain order. His exertion of the night before had been perfect for delivering him of some weeks of concentrated rage, perhaps even violence, at a variety of frustrations, he felt cleaned of the kind of hatred which leaves one leaden or tense, and his voice—which he did not dare to use yet, not even in an attempt to clear his throat—was clearly extinguished down to a whisper by last night's vocal exertions without a mike. Even his chest, chronic captive of a mysterious iron vise upon his lungs (which is why he had given up smoking), was relaxed this morning. Yelling on stage seemed literally to have loosened the screw of

the vise. To his surprise, Mailer realized he was gentle—in fact, this morning, he felt like a Quaker, which was no way for a revolutionist to feel, unless he was—mark this conjunction—go along with Pacifists and draft-card burners.

The trouble with being gentle is that one has no defense against shame. Mailer was beginning to wonder what he had said last night—he could tell himself he was altogether happy about the confidential specifications concerning the men's uniforms if the memory of that was balmed by the recollection of presenting himself as Lyndon Johnson's alter ego, well, the general memory of the evening (like a deep bruise which might yet prove languid and not unpleasant in the intimations of its aftermath, or, to the contrary, directly nauseating) was a little too delicate to probe. Mailer left the meeting alone. He was a suggestion uneasy about the papers.

They, however, could have been significantly different. Reading the *Washington Post* downstairs, at breakfast, Mailer decided he had gotten away with it, and so enjoyed his food and ate with large appetite, an ability he almost always possessed no matter how much he had drunk the night before. The best reason perhaps why he never considered it possible to become an alcoholic.

In the dining room were friends and acquaintances, a political writer, Jack Newfield, who wrote a column for *The Village Voice*, and Jacob Brackman, a young writer for *The New Yorker*. There were friends and wives and relatives about—a festive air was in the air, almost as if the hotel were headquarters for a small convention of gentlemen, professionals, editors, let us say, of numismatics and rare books—something to offer small aggregations of security to one's years.

The program for the day was presented in a folder which Mailer had brought with him to Washington. In a typical anxiety at his essential lack of organization to the protean forms of these protests he had put a folder of mailings, leaflets, programs, reports, and associated letters for money in his attaché case. Each morning he whipped through the folder saying what seemed appropriate for the occasion. This morning a protest against the 10 per cent increase in income tax had gotten into this—Mailer had to put it in each morning. Since he had taken the oath not to pay the 10 per cent increase in the event it was passed (for the increase had been announced as a surtax to meet the costs of the war in Vietnam) he anticipated with no particular joy that the Department of Internal Revenue would examine his returns in a few years ahead with no ordinary tolerance. He had fully expected his financial tidbits to be frayed. Stating this supposition with his own variety of gallows humor had been the most direct plea in a letter he had written to James Baldwin, Erich Jay Friedman, Philip Roth, Joseph Heller, Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee, Jack Richardson, Robert Lowell, Truman Capote, Nelson Algren, James J.

dal, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, Lillian  
ance Bourjaily, Mary McCarthy, and Jules  
asking them to join this protest.

ally, he had hated the thought of signing the  
he had piped up every variety of the extraor-  
sound argument that his work was the real  
to Vietnam, and these mass demonstrations,  
ows, and bloody income-tax protests just took  
and money away from the real thing—getting  
k out. But for such an argument to succeed,  
necessary to have work which absorbed all  
fort, and a sense of happy status with oneself.  
had had neither for the last year or two.  
ork had been good—there were some who  
t *Why Are We In Vietnam?* was the best  
had ever written—but no project had seemed  
him enough, and he had been suffering more  
ore in the past few years from the private  
ion that he was getting a little soft, a hint  
, perhaps an almost invisible rim of corrup-  
as growing around the edges. His career, his  
his idea of himself—were they stale? So he  
real alternative—he was not sufficiently virtu-  
eschew the income-tax protest, and had signed,  
his surprise had been repaid immediately by  
rupt departure of a measurable quantity of  
congestion, a noticeable lowering of his  
al flatulence, and a reduction in his New York  
that ferocious inflammation which New York  
l always to encourage: envy, greed, clastro-  
, excitement, bourbon, broads, action, ego,  
cruelty, and too rich food in expensive hate-  
staurants. Yes, signing the protest had been  
or him. (He hoped he remembered in future  
when the penalty might have to be paid.) But  
going through his attaché case, he could grin  
mirror, for if he had only known in September  
hortly, so shortly, he was going to be an in-  
axnik, he could have told Mitch Goodman where  
ve his RESISTANCE. (Or was it called RE-  
—even with the pamphlets Mailer could not get  
ames right, there were so many and they  
ed so rapidly.) “Yes, Mitch,” he could have  
“I think your RESISTANCE is first rate!  
rate! but I’m putting my energy these days  
he income-tax drive. You have your going-to-  
ag—now I have mine.” Of course, on the other  
if he had only joined RESIST? RESIST-  
E? with a little good grace he could have told  
x protest people. . . .

s was vast humor perhaps to no one else, but in  
iddle of his hangover, Mailer was still remotely  
ted by the mock dialogue of all this: yessir,  
we’s gonna get in all the jail bags before  
done.

over the tag-ends of breakfast, he read once  
right over the following literature:

WE ARE PLANNING AN ACT OF DIRECT  
EATIVE RESISTANCE TO THE WAR AND  
E DRAFT IN WASHINGTON ON FRIDAY,

OCTOBER 20. The locale of our action will be the  
Department of Justice. We will gather at the First  
United Congregational Church of Christ, 10th and G  
Streets, N.W., Washington (near Pennsylvania  
Avenue), at 1 p.m. We will appear at the Justice  
Department together with 30 or 40 young men  
brought by us to Washington to represent the 24  
Resistance groups from all over the country. There  
we will present to the Attorney General the draft  
cards turned in locally by these groups on October 16.  
(Those of us who want to include their own draft  
cards will be able to do so.) We will, in a clear,  
simple ceremony make concrete our affirmation of  
support for these young men who are the spear-  
head of direct resistance to the war and all of its  
machinery.

The draft law commands that we shall not aid,  
abet, or counsel men to refuse the draft. But as a  
group of the clergy have recently said, when young  
men refuse to allow their conscience to be violated  
by an unjust law and a criminal war, then it is  
necessary for their elders—their teachers, ministers,  
friends—to make clear their commitment, in con-  
science, *to aid, abet, and counsel* them against con-  
scription. Most of us have already done this privately.  
Now publicly we will demonstrate, side by side with  
these young men, our determination to continue to  
do so.

Mitchell Goodman, Henry Braun,  
Denise Levertov, Noam Chomsky,  
William Sloane Coffin, Dwight  
Macdonald

Note: Among the hundreds already committed to  
this action are Robert Lowell, Norman Mailer, Ashley  
Montagu, Arthur Waskow, and professors from most  
of the major colleges and universities in the East.

### 3. The Church

**T**he pamphlet had contained a misstatement. The  
place for the gathering had been changed to the  
Church of the Reformation, 212 E. Capitol Street,  
thus removing the opening scene from the traffic  
of G Street to the lawn of a house of worship in a  
residential neighborhood. It was a warm sunny day,  
and having walked initially from the Hay-Adams to  
the First United Congregational Church of Christ  
(had the churches given their mode of nomenclature  
to the banks of America, or was the reverse true?)  
and then walked a greater distance to the second  
church, he had thereby baked his hangover which  
left his brain like a fresh loaf, the feeling empty  
but preferable to the uncrusted wound of the head-  
ache. A meeting of sorts was in progress on the lawn  
as he came up, in fact it was almost over, but it  
continued just long enough to make a small mark  
on Mailer. The thirty or forty young men there in  
Washington to represent the twenty-four Resistance  
groups in the country were sitting in a group on the  
lawn talking among themselves. Their leader (whose  
name he subsequently learned was Dickie Harris)  
turned out to be a Negro with goatee and horn-



rimmed glasses, not very tall, slim, wearing dungarees and a shirt open at the neck. He had a smile which spoke of a wry sly humor, and his voice was easy and remarkably relaxed. He was at the end of an orientation on what they were planning later in the evening at a meeting in another church. "This is all good what we're going to do this afternoon," said Harris, "in fact it's sort of nice,"—he laughed easily—"but tonight we ought to sit down and see how many ideas there are on how to continue this, so it isn't just a one-shot action, I mean like how many times can you keep turning in the same old draft card?" This brought laughter from many of them, as if their draft cards had been burned months ago, reburned in effigy months later, and numerous signed statements to attest the fact had abounded as a form of hard moral currency ever since.

They were a pleasant group. They had a self-reliant humor which was sufficiently subtle and private to suggest it had been forged in other campaigns in other places. Harris, the Negro, had the dash, the panache as an English journalist had once called it, of the old cadres in SNCC who used to drive all day from one Deep South town to another, rallying, organizing, slipping messages back and forth across the state, packing a piece or two, then to come in later at night, dusty, tired, yet not without something tasty, choice, in what they wore, a long thin feather in the hat, shade of a Virginia cavalier, or an old pair of boots with turned-up toes. They had flair. Harris had this, too, as well as most of the other student leaders on the grass—their clothes must have cost less on an average than \$20 a man, most of them were in shirts and dungarees, but they had managed to work up a style. Some had good belts; others had odd shirts or capes; one or two seemed to have buckskin vests; a college senior with an old jazzeboo plaid jacket was wearing a straw boater.

A cool sat over their assembly, an easiness, a sense of superiority—they seemed clearly indifferent to the numerous onlookers, now forming a modest mob in front of the church of sympathizers, journalists, witnesses, police, detectives, FBI men presumably—the student leaders did not care if they were overheard, photographed, mapped, clocked, or even admired; they were there and a sense of communion was natural to them, taken most naturally for granted as a psychic by-product of their job. Half of them in fact looked as if they had been hitchhiking for three or four days and not sleeping much—their expression seemed to say—was a nice trip if you knew how to make it, how to make it, that is, on no sleep.

Just about the time Mailer had decided he was romanticizing these young men in tribute for his English vest and suit, his avoirdupois, his hangover, his endless blendings of virtue and corruption. Harris did something which nailed down the case. A few loaves of bread, a jar of peanut butter, and a couple of quarts of milk were being passed around. No one took very much—numerous subtle manifestations were present of a collective philosophy, which

for many of them might even have included a certain abstemiousness about food—at any rate, the manifestations seemed more than enough for the group. The neat remains came back eventually to Harris'. Since he had just finished asking if everything was clear about the action at the Department of Justice in the afternoon and the meeting to discuss further action at night, he now stared out at the list of onlookers, picked up the bread, and said, "Are you like some food? It's . . . uh . . ." he pretended to look at it, "it's . . . uh . . . white bread." The sliced half-collapsed in its wax wrapper was the common bodiment now of a dozen little ideas, of corporate land which took the taste and crust out of bread, wrapped the remains in wax paper, and was, a further extension of this same process, the same mentality which was out in Asia escalating, defoliating, contaminating; yeah; and the white bread was also totalitarian, the fun of situation comedy shows, the commercials, the humor they had shared as accents when pop art was being birthed; the white bread was the infiltrated enemy who had a grip on them everywhere, forced them to collaborate if they could by imbibing the bread (and substance) of that enemy with his food processing, enriched flours, vitamin supplements, added nutrients; finally, and this was probably why Harris chuckled when he said it, the bread was white bread, not black bread—a word to remind them all that he was one of the very few Negroes here. Who knew what it might have cost him in wonder about his own allegiances not to be out there somewhere now agitating for Black Power. Here he was instead with White bread—White methods, even White illegalities. It was exorbitant, Mailer decided glumly, to watch such a pretentiousness with a hangover.

Now they all began to leave the lawn and go around the side of the church into the basement meeting hall with folding chairs, where people were assembling. Half the people in the room congregated up front, talking to each other in the open space in front of the chairs, which would later serve as the working stage.

He saw Mitch Goodman and went up to say hello about to make some sheepish reference to their conversation on the phone, but Goodman simply smiled pleasantly, obviously with many a matter on his mind at this moment. After a word or two, Mailer walked off and took a seat. He was possibly more offended than relieved that he had not been asked to speak later. One would have expected that with his general innocence of the subject, his reluctance to join the cause, the hoarse weak whisper of his usual up voice, and the wrung-out echo of his blasted brain that nothing should have pleased him better. As well ask an old actor if he does not wish to play a role! Mailer's hangover was definitely not improved by the suspicion he had been slighted.

Nor was this suspicion improved by the sight of Dwight Macdonald and Robert Lowell standing in the open area at the front of the room not ten feet away

where he was now sitting. Busy in conversation with friends, they gave no recognition that they had seen him at all, thereby establishing the most painful sense of indeterminacy in Mailer; he did not know whether it would be worse to believe they had not recognized him, or that he was merely efficiently paranoid to assume such a decision. What aggravated this small matter was the generally cool manner he was receiving, since no one of the two hundred or more people sitting and standing about had come up to introduce themselves and mention they liked his work or wished to say hello, an occurrence normally so common and so conventionally leading to a score of the most established American writers that they feel unmanned when it fails to occur.

But most of social life has built-in automatic cut-outs to avoid relational rupture and shearing—Lowell and Macdonald were inclined to work him rather than criticize him. In the next minute, Dwight met him and gave a chilly nod, and came over to where Mailer was sitting. Yes, the fact was there, and little security could be grounded on it: Macdonald would not hide his fondness for Mailer. "Well, Norman," he reprovingly, "did you see the newspapers?" "They weren't so bad, I thought."

But Macdonald was in his grand manner. "Not so good for you. Why they practically made you a fool,"—this last said with full rolling combers—"but my God, what they did to me!" Mailer remembered—in one of the accounts there had been a short cutting reference to Macdonald, and he laughed. Macdonald was enjoying himself as well. "Yes, it's very funny," he cried out in his big ringing voice where his public voice was thin and small, his argumentative voice was sometimes strong, cracked, and ringing—rather agreeable) "for *you*, my God, you stand up there and carry on like some absolute hybrid between William Burroughs and Brendan Behan, and don't even let Lowell and me talk and act like you're the white H. Rap Brown! Then the newspapers beat poor Lowell and me to death." He was enjoying this hugely. "Seriously, Norman," he said, "I really had too much to drink at that party afterward."

"I did too," Mailer confessed.

Yes, but you didn't have to listen to Paul Goodman carry on about *you* and *your* performance over breakfast. What did you *do* to the man? He had absolutely *nothing* good to say about you. *Seriously*, Norman, that's an awful lot to have to listen to over breakfast. Why Paul Goodman is *merciless*. He *doesn't drink*! He's a frightening fellow!" said Macdonald beaming, and now poking a finger on Mailer's chest, "and he told us, in fact, he *reminded* us, how *very* bad you had been. It was the *last* thing I wanted to hear about. Really! What did you ever mean by saying you were Lyndon Johnson's dwarf alter ego. What does *that* mean?"

Ever since Macdonald had shared the editorship of *Encounter* with Stephen Spender, he had prided

himself on adopting the "I am dumb" school of English interrogation. Pushed far enough he was capable of asking, "What do you mean by naturalism?"—a dull manifestation of British wickedness, Mailer had always thought, and put the blame on Spender for giving Macdonald bad habits: Spender, in the summer of 1960, had been capable of asking questions like, "Tell me, what is the significance of Kennedy being Catholic?"

After the conversation with Macdonald, he had a short word with Lowell.

"Hung over?" Lowell has asked, after a pause.

"Pretty bad."

Lowell gave a commiserative nod. Then next he asked casually, studying Mailer, "See the papers?"

"Yes."

"Not so nice."

"I guess not. They'll be worse," said Mailer.

Lowell made a face. He had an expression in his eyes which only a fellow writer could comprehend—it said, "We are lambs—helpless before them." It was true. One could not communicate the horror to anyone who did not write well. The papers distorted one's actions, and that was painful enough, but they wrenched and garbled and twisted and broke one's words and sentences until a good author always sounded like an incoherent overcharged idiot in newsprint—there was even a corollary: the more one might have to say in a sentence, the worse one would probably sound. Henry James would have come off in a modern interview like a hippie who had taken a correspondence course in forensics. It really did not matter what was said—dependably one was always elliptic, incomprehensible, asinine. So a great wall of total miscomprehension was built over the years between a writer and the audience reached by a newspaper—which meant eventually most of America. So a particular sadness slipped sooner or later into every good writer—they were kept further removed from uneducated readers by the general horrors of journalistic mistranscription than by the difficulty of their work. Ergo, they suffered. Because every time they did something which got into the papers, the motive for their action was distorted and their words were tortured; since they made their living by trying to put words together well, this was as painful to them as the sight of an ugly photograph of herself on the front page must be to a beauty.

Over the years, one came to live with a recognition that the average reporter could not get a sentence straight if it were phrased more subtly than his own mind could make phrases. Nuances were forever being munched like peanuts. After a while one gave up, one did one's little turn for whatever project was up, a cause, a new book, an action, and suffered the publicity which at best was hopeless, at worst gave promise of burying you alive. Some of this was in Lowell's eye—it was obvious the appearance or misappearance of public remarks by him in a newspaper was close to physical torment for the poet. And Lowell must have assumed Mailer understood, for



he now nodded jocularly at the awesome damage done every time one's name came up on a daily page.

There was a way, of course, to deal with the papers. If the ears of the reporters were geared to capture accurately the mediocre remarks of mediocre men, then one had to look for simple salient statements, so poetically bare, but so irreducible, that they would stick in the reporter's mind like a thorn. It was the only way to talk to a reporter. If one could not learn how to do it, then the only recourse was flight from any situation where a journalist might be present. But brilliance, with a reporter, was to be shunned. Salience, not brilliance, Mailer told himself—he was parenthetically to have an opportunity to test his new method in the next few days.

An impromptu meeting was now opened by Mitch Goodman, who made a few hesitant decent solemn remarks of greeting, and then passed the hand microphone (which was attached to a floor wire which was in turn attached to a portable speaker held up by a volunteer) over to a well-knit man about thirty-five who had removed his jacket and was wearing an Oxford shirt with the sleeves neatly rolled up. He had on a pair of light-brown tortoiseshell glasses, and they sat with comfortable presence above a short nose and hard, strong, well-dimpled chin. His voice had a tough reedy almost barking quality, dry with humor. People had begun to ask him questions even before the microphone had been successfully passed to him; with the well-balanced grin of a man who is as confident with an audience as an executive of regular habit is with the morning shower, he said in his barking, dry voice, "You'll be able to hear me better just as soon as Mitch Goodman gets his foot off the microphone wire." Goodman, looking down, smiled in natural confusion that the wire was in fact trapped under his shoe, the transfer was successfully made, and the man went on to speak. "The police officer in charge of the detachment assigned to us by the District of Columbia said to me, 'Your group looks like it can regulate itself,' and I assured him"—very dry now—"that as a matter of fact, we *could*." Polite happy laughter from this convening of pacifists, professors, and students of principle. He went on to discuss the route of the march, and the order of events which would take place at the Department of Justice, his manner hard, quick, deft, and assured, his remarks purposeful, even salient—yes, he would be the kind of man who would know how to talk to reporters. He had a voice which sounded close to the savvy self-educated tones of a labor-union organizer, but there was the irreducible substance of Ivy League in it as well, the barking quality, not unlike a coxswain—except the speaker was too large for that—the coach of a crew perhaps. Mailer was not unimpressed. "Who is that?" he asked Macdonald, who looked back with some surprise. "Why, Bill Coffin," Macdonald said with a hiss since it was not natural for him to speak in whispers.

William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Chaplain at Yale. Mailer had some recollection that Coffin had been arrested

in the South on one civil-rights affair or another perhaps in Selma. The man was not unimpressive at all; Mailer felt a dim increase of cheer: our Yale Chaplain looked like a winner.

The meeting broke up in good humor, Coffin informing them that anyone who was not physically well and wished a ride for the mile and a half to the Department of Justice would find a bus outside. Much badinage followed about who was too old and who was not.

They set out. It was an uneventful walk. They strolled along in a column of two, extended for hundreds of feet—by now there were several hundred of them, and the police flanked them in the street. There were not a great many police, but none seemed necessary at all, for the route took them along quiet residential streets, part of the way through a middle-class Negro neighborhood, the occasional pedestrian staring at them in some bewilderment. Occasional one of the marchers would hold up his fingers in the V for Victory sign which Churchill had made famous for the Allies in World War II. Now it was coming back—sign of a new resistance movement.

But Mailer could feel no sense of belonging to any of these people. They were much too nice and much too principled for him. There seemed as many professors and middle-aged faculty present as students, maybe more, and there was an air of Ivy League intimacy to the quiet conversations on the walk—it could not really be called a March. Despite the occasional adjurations of the police to move it up or keep in twos, there was a successful informality about the progression. The sun was out, and there was made for quiet good spirits, and a gentle sense of gravity. On the several occasions when Mailer had found himself with pacifists there had been invariably just this mixture of gravity, gentleness of mood and quiet good humor. That was all very well if you were a Christian and liked to be reminded of the same, no doubt, of childhood Sundays in church, but Mailer had recognized long ago that he was sufficiently Devil-ridden to need a little action from time to time, and the promise of these pacifistic moods seemed to him that they would go on forever. They were certainly the last mood to encounter with a hangover. The sight of Robert Lowell chatting with old friends farther up the line did not lift his depression. It was remembering that Lowell had been a conscientious objector in World War II, and had served time in jail. Perhaps he was now reminiscing with old pacifist friends. But Mailer thought not—it was more a damn Ivy League convocation that Lowell seemed to be having; he looked for the moment like one Harvard dean talking to another, that same genteel confidential gracious hunch of the shoulder toward each other. No dean at Harvard had ever talked to *him* that way, Mailer now decided bitterly. But this was exactly the price of hangovers, he concluded, they reduced you to the meanest side of yourself where the old wounds had not exactly healed. That was self-evident, but counsel to the wise drinker.

ight suggest that the hours for curing a hangover are best spent in the company of ignoble men rather than these fine academic embodiments of everything principled and austere in the American character. But he was dropped out of these ruminations into a conversation begun with him by a young English instructor with eyeglasses and a beard who wanted to query Mailer about some of the literary mechanisms in his work. This sort of literary operation, never agreeable to the novelist at best (since he had a primitive regard by now for the power of symbols and suspected a discussion of their nature was next to defacing them) certainly was unsuitable under the circumstances: celebrations, such as these, would use even the few restored tissues of his brain to all the overstimulation of new adrenalin for new intellectual matters—Mailer resolved the impossibility by muttering, "Excuse me," and jogged abruptly up the line. Finally, he found a friendly face. It was Gordon Rogoff, an old friend from Actors Studio, now teaching at the Yale Drama School; they talked idly about theatrical matters for a while. Rogoff hardly qualified as an ignoble man, but he was at least witty, pleasant, intelligent, and with a firm edge to his critical opinions. So the last of this March had for Mailer the sort of dialogue one might pursue at lunch or dinner in a Manhattan restaurant.

Which reminded him that his stomach was empty. That was probably to the good—he would be forced to lose a pound today, but his hunger did not help the tranquil process of the cure.

## Justice

Well, they were now at the steps—one of the set of steps in any case. It all seemed a hint undramatic. When he had first heard of the action from Mitch Goodman, pictures had crossed his mind of charged disagreeable encounters with FBI men in the corridors of the Department of Justice; now instead there was not a government man in sight if one did not count the number of FBI and CIA agents doubtless circulating among the press as photographers, news-mag men, TV cameramen, and newspapermen, there to mug and map every subversive face in sight. The nearest representative of any potential violence face was a stand of five American Nazis wearing swastikas for arm bands, and kept by the police off one side of the proceedings. All through the afternoon the Nazis kept chanting slogans. "We want dead cops," was the clearest.

Here was the disposition of bodies: on a corner of the steps of the Department of Justice were gathered about fifteen men, most of whom were going to speak for a minute or two. Facing them, just below the steps, was a phalanx of mass-media representatives, and they were going through a preliminary boxing out and jockeying in for position between newsreel, still, and television cameras. To the sides of them, and behind them, was a group of four or

five hundred people who for the most part cheered politely although with distinct well-bred fervor at remarks they particularly liked.

Coffin gave the main address. He began by speaking of the procedure to be followed. After a few short speeches, those students representing themselves or organizations of students who might wish to turn in their draft cards, would come forward one by one and deposit their cards in a bag. Then, any individuals in the audience, student, faculty, all onlookers who thought to hand in their draft cards as well could join. At that point, Mitch Goodman, Coffin, Dr. Spock, and seven other demonstrators would "disappear for a while and enter the Department of Justice Building. Once inside," said Coffin, "we will proceed to the Office of the Attorney General and there hand over the cards and notify him of our intention which is that we hereby publicly counsel these young men to continue in their refusal to serve in the Armed Forces as long as the war in Vietnam continues, and we pledge ourselves to aid and abet them in all the ways we can." There were cheers. "At that point," Coffin went on, "depending on how we are received, we shall either leave and rejoin you here to report our conversation, or if there are difficulties, we may be delayed." It was impossible to tell if he was hinting they might be arrested. "If we do not reappear quickly, I would ask you all to wait and divert yourselves with speeches"—small titter—"or song." More amusement. "If it takes too long, and we are not able to send word out, I would then suggest you disperse and those interested can come together tonight at the meeting already signified, for a full account."

Then he gave his prepared speech. It was reasonable in length, the points clearly made, his indignation kept nicely in leash but nonetheless vibrant. His sentences had a nonpoetic bony statement of meaning which made them exactly suitable for newspaper quotation.

"... in our view it is not wild-eyed idealism but clear-eyed revulsion that brings us here. For as one of our number put it: 'If what the United States is doing in Vietnam is right, what is there left to be called wrong?'

"Many of us are veterans, and all of us have the highest sympathy for our boys in Vietnam. They know what a dirty, bloody war it is. But they have been told that the ends justify the means, and that the cleansing water of victory will wash clean their hands of all the blood and dirt. No wonder they hate us who say 'There must be no cleansing water.' But what they must strive to understand, hard as it is, is that there can be no cleansing water if military victory spells moral defeat.

"We have the highest sympathy also for those who back the war because their sons or lovers or husbands are fighting or have died in Vietnam. But they too must understand a very basic thing—that sacrifice in and of itself confers no sanctity. Even if half a million of our boys were to die in Vietnam that would not make the cause one whit more sacred. Yet



we realize how hard that knowledge is to appropriate when one's husband is numbered among the sacrificed."

Had he, Mailer was ready to wonder, come from a long line of New England ministers whose pride resided partly in their ability to extract practical methods from working in the world? It was a Protestant discipline of which our Participant knew little, and it had made in his opinion for a great deal of waste in the world, since America's corporations were in Mailer's opinion more guilty than the Communists of polluting the air, fields, and streams, debasing the value of manufactured products, transmuting faith into science, technology, and medicine, while all embarked on scandalous foreign adventures with their eminently practical methods—yes, all that might have come by panning the homely practical silt out of the tumultuous rivers of Christian experience in the world. What was fascinating to Mailer is that the Yale Chaplain had one of those faces you expected to see on the cover of *Time* or *Fortune*, there as the candidate for Young Executive of the Year, he had that same flint of the eye, single-mindedness in purpose, courage to bear responsibility, that same hard humor about the details in the program under consideration, that same suggestion of an absolute lack of humor once the line which enclosed his true Wasp temper had been breached. He was one full example of the masculine principle at work in the cloth.

"As the law now stands, for a man to qualify as a conscientious objector he must believe in God. Could anything be more ethically absurd? Have humanists no conscience? Why—and as a Christian I say this with contrition—some of the most outstanding humanists I know would think they were slipping from their high ideals were they to take steps towards conversion. As a Christian I am convinced it is a gross misfortune not to believe in God, but it is not automatically an ethical default.

"Then despite numerous appeals by numerous religious bodies, Congress last spring chose to provide alternative service only for the absolute pacifist. This too is absurd, for the rights of a man whose conscience forbids him to participate in a particular war are as deserving of respect as the rights of a man whose conscience forbids him to participate in any war at all."

This drew the largest applause of his speech. Just as in the 'thirties when the success of every Communist meeting was absolutely dependent upon the victory talk being given by a man with a fine Irish brogue—"Down with the doorty Capitalist system say I!"—so the conscientious objection of the non-religious would be advanced consummately in the hands of a minister. Indeed, who else?

"The law of the land is clear. Section 12 of the National Selective Service Act declares that anyone 'who knowingly counsels, aids, or abets another to refuse or evade registration or service in the Armed Forces . . . shall be liable to imprisonment for not

more than five years or a fine of ten thousand dollars or both.'

"We hereby publicly counsel these young men to continue in their refusal to serve in the Armed Forces as long as the war in Vietnam continues, and pledge ourselves to aid and abet them in all the ways we can. This means that if they are now arrested failing to comply with a law that violates their consciences, we too must be arrested, for in the sight of that law we are now as guilty as they."

There were a few more speeches, all short. Mr. Goodman made one, Dr. Spock made one, and then three or four other people whose names Mailer did not recognize and to whose speeches he had not listened. It was turning cold, the sun had gone behind a cloud, and his hangover had settled in for the night. It would not leave now until the proceedings were over, and he could go somewhere to get a drink. He had no idea if they would call upon him in a little while to speak, although he judged not. Probably Mitch Goodman had passed word that Mailer was attending, but with no especial good grace.

In the middle of these speakers, Robert Lowell called up. He had been leaning against a wall in his habitual slumped over position, deep in reverie at the side of the steps—and of course had been photographed as a figure of dejection—the call for him to say a few words caught him partly by surprise. He now held the portable hand microphone with a delicate lack of intimacy as if it were some valuable, huge, and rare tropical spider which he was obliged to examine but did not have to enjoy. "I was asked earlier today," he began in his fine stammering voice which gave the impression that life rushed at him like a series of hurdles and some he succeeded in jumping and some he did not, "I was asked earlier this afternoon by a reporter why I was not turning in my draft card," Lowell said with the beginning of a pilgrim's passion, "and I did not tell him it was a stupid question, although I was tempted to do so. I thought he should have known that I am now too old to have a draft card, but that it makes no difference. When some of us pledge ourselves to counsel and aid and abet any young men who wish to turn in their cards, why then you may be certain we are aware of the possible consequences and do not try to hide behind the technicality of whether we literally have a draft card or not. So I'm now saying to the gentleman of the press that unlike the authorities who are running this country, we are not searching for tricks, we try to think of ourselves as serious men. If the press, that is, can comprehend such an effort and we will protest this war by every means available to our conscience, and therefore not try to avoid whatever may arise in the way of retribution."

It was said softly, on a current of intense indignation and Lowell had never looked more dignified nor more admirable. Each word seemed to come on a separate journey from the poet's mind to his voice, along a winding route or through an exorbitant gate. Each word cost him much—Lowell's fine grace was

the value words had for him, he seemed to emit error at the possibility of squandering them or using them abused, and political speeches had never seemed more difficult for him, and on the consequence, the necessary for statement.

Mailer applauded when Lowell was done. And he liked him enormously for his speech, and indeed he liked him truly. Beneath all snobbery, affections of weariness, literary logrollermanship, professionalism, and whatever other fatal snobbed baggage of the literary world was by now so nilly in the poet's system, worked down intimately close to all his best and most careful traditions and standards, all flaws considered, Lowell was still a fine, good, and honorable man, and Norman Mailer was happy to be linked in a cause with

but now much began to happen to Mailer on the aftermath of this speech. For shortly afterward students began to file up the steps to deposit their solitary or collective draft cards in the bag, and this session soon became a ceremony. Each man came and gave his name, and the state or area or college represented, and then proceeded to name the number of draft cards he had been entrusted to turn in. Numbers were larger than one might have expected. There were almost two hundred from New York, there were many more than two hundred from Boston, and a good number from Yale. As these numbers were announced, the crowd being, when all is said, good Americans, gave murmurs of pleasure, an ironic distance from the cry they had given as children to the acrobats of the circus, but not entirely unrelated, for there was something of the fly-trapeze in these maneuvers now; by handing in draft cards, these young men were committing themselves either to prison, emigration, frustration, or, at best, years where everything must be unknown, and that spoke of a readiness to take moral leaps which the acrobat must know when he flies off into the air—one has to have faith in one's ability to react in a grace en route, one has ultimately, it may be argued, to believe in some kind of grace.

On the *a fortiori* evidence, then, they were young men with souls of interesting dimension, and their actions did nothing to disprove this. None of them seemed alike; they had a surprising individuality in their appearance. Some were scholarly and slight, dressed conservatively, and looked like clerks; others were in dungarees, and possessed, like Dickie Harris, a Negro on the grass, that private élan reminiscent of the old cavaliers of SNCC; a few were sports and seemed to have eight hobbies, custom cars, pot, draft cards, skiing, guitar, surfboard, chicks, and scuba—many of these, but Mailer had been expecting none. One tall student from the West, California not even, even looked like one's image of the President of the Young Republicans at Stanford, he was handsome enough in conventional measure to have been chosen number 1 Deke in Delta Kappa house. After he dropped his card in the bag, he gave a little talk to

the effect that many of these students had been scared when first they burned their cards, months ago—they had said goodbye to their girls and family and waited for the clang of the jail gate. But the jail gate never came. "Now we think the government might be afraid to go near us. That gets around. A lot of kids who were afraid to join us last year won't be afraid this year. So every bit helps. If we get arrested, we make our point, and people won't forget it—our point being that with good careers ahead of us, we still hate this war so much that we go to jail—if they show they're reluctant to arrest us, then others are in more of a hurry to join us." He was almost too good to be true. The suspicion came up for a moment that the CIA had doubtless not stopped their recruiting in colleges, and would certainly be happy to infiltrate here, an unpleasant thought, but then (1) Mailer came from New York where unpleasant thoughts were common, and (2) the writer in him was intrigued at the thought of a short novel about a young American leading a double life in college as a secret policeman. What a good novel that could make! About once a week Mailer bypassed wistfully around the excitements of the new book which had just come into his head. He would leave it to his detractors to decide that the ones he did not write were better than the ones he did.

Another student came by, then another. One of them, slight, with a sharp face, wearing a sport shirt and dark glasses, had the appearance of a Hollywood hustler, but that was misleading; he wore the dark glasses because his eyes were still weak from the Mace squirted in them by police at Oakland. The student had a Berkeley style which Mailer did not like altogether: it was cocky, knowledgeable, and quick to mock the generations over thirty. Predictably, this was about the first item on which the kid began to scold the multitude. "You want to come along with us," he told the Over-Thirties, "that's okay, that's your thing, but we've got our thing, and we're going to do it alone whether you come with us or not." Mailer always wanted to give a kick into the seat of all reflection when he was told he had his thing—one did not look forward to a revolution which would substitute "thing" for all the better words.

Still, the boy from Berkeley proved to have a fair wit. He had begun to tell about Mace. To correct the hint of self-pity in his voice (which had an adenoidal complacency reminiscent of any number of old-line Party speakers who were never so unbearable as when bona fide martyrs) he made the little point that while the suffering was great, the reporting, for once, had also been great. "You see," he said, "the reporters were on our side." He looked down boldly now on the fifty or more assorted media men in front of him, and said, "They didn't want to be particularly, but the cops were so dumb they couldn't tell the reporters from the demonstrators, so the reporters got the Mace in their eyes too. For once, instead of putting down our big threat to the Ameri-



can flag, the cops were the villains, that is: the cops were the villains as soon as the reporters could see well enough to go back and write their story, which took a couple of hours, I can assure you. That Mace is rough on the eyes."

On they came, twenty-four to thirty of them, one by one, making for the most part short dry single sentences for statement, as for example, "I am ready to turn in my draft card, but can't because I burned it in Kansas City several months ago so am here submitting an affidavit with my name and address so the government can find me."

In a little more than a half-hour, the students were done. Now began the faculty. They too came up one by one, but now there was no particular sense offered of an internal organization. Unlike the students, they had not debated these matters in open forum for months, organized, proselytized, or been overcome by argument, no, most of them had served as advisers to the students, had counseled them, and been picked up, many of them, and brought along by the rush of this moral stream much as a small piece of river bank might separate from the shore and go down the line of the flood. It must have been painful for these academics. They were older, certainly less suited for jail, aware more precisely of how and where their careers would be diverted or impeded, they had families many of them, they were liberal academics, technologists, they were being forced to abdicate from the machines they had chosen for their life. Their decision to turn in draft cards must have come for many in the middle of the night; for others it must have come even last night, or as they stood here debating with themselves. Many of them seemed to

stand thereolutely near the steps for long periods, then move up at last. Rogoff, standing next to Mailer, hugging his thin chest in the October air, now cold, finally took out his card and, with a grin at Mailer, said, "I guess I'm going to turn this in. But you know the ridiculous part of it is that I'm 4-F." So they came up one by one, not in solidarity, but as individuals, each breaking the shield or the fence or the mold or the home or even the construct of his own security. And as they did this, a deep gloom began to work on Mailer, because a deep modesty was on its way to him, he could feel himself becoming more and more of a modest man as he stood there in the cold with his hangover, and he hated this because modesty was an old family relative, he had been born to a modest family, had been a modest boy, a modest young man, and he hated that, he loved the pride and the arrogance and the confidence and the egocentricity he had acquired over the years, that was his force and his luxury and the iron in his greed, the richest sugar of his pleasure, the strength of his competitive force, he had lived long enough to know that the intimation one was being steeped in a new psychical condition (like this oncoming modest grace) was never to be disregarded, permanent new states could come into one on just so light a breeze. He stood in the cold watching the faculty men come up, yes, always one

by one, and felt his hangover which had come in part out of his imperfectly swallowed contempt for the night before, and in part out of his fear, yes, he saw it, fear of the consequences of this week in Washington, for he had known from the beginning it could disrupt his life for a season or more and in some way the danger was there it could change him forever. He was forty-four years old, and it had taken him most of those forty-four years to begin to be able to enjoy his pleasures where he found them rather than worry about those pleasures which eluded him—it was obviously no time to embark on ventures which could eventually give one more than a few years in jail. Yet, there was no escape. And some final cherished rare innocence of childhood preserved intact in him was brought finally to the surface and there expired, so he lost at that instant the last secret delight he retained in life as a game where finally you never got hurt if you played the game well enough. For years he had envisioned himself in some final cataclysm, as an underground leader in the city, or a guerrilla with a gun in the hills, and had scorned the organizational aspects of revolution, the speeches, mimeograph machines, the hard forging of new parties and programs, the dull maneuvering to keep power, the intolerable obedience required before the overall intellectual necessities of each objective period, and had scorned it, yes, he spit at it, and perhaps had been right, certainly he had been right, such revolutions were the womb of a cradle of technology-land, no, the only revolutionary truth was a gun in the hills, and that would not do for him, he would be too old by then, and too incompetent, yes, too incompetent said the new modesty, and a showboat, too lacking in essential judgment—besides, he was too well-known! He would pay for the pleasures of his notoriety in the impossibility of disguise. No gun in the hills, no taste for organization, no, he was a figurehead, and therefore he was expendable, said the new modesty—not a future leader, but a future victim: *there* would be his real value. He could go to jail for protest, and spend some years if it came to it, possibly his life, for if the war went on, and America put its hot martial tongue across the Chinese border, well, jail was the probable perspective, detention camps, dissociation centers, liquidation alleys, that would be his portion, and it would come about the time he had learned how to live.

The depth of this gloom and this modesty came down on Mailer, and he watched the delegation take the bag into the Department of Justice with 994 cards contained inside, and listened to the speeches while they waited, and was eventually called up himself to make a speech, and made a modest one in a voice muted by the stentorian demonstrations of the night before that he was happy for the mike since otherwise he might have communicated in a whisper. He said a little of what he had thought while watching the others: that he had recognized on this afternoon that the time had come when Americans, many Americans, would have to face the possibility of going

or their ideas, and this was a prospect with no because prisons were unattractive places where of the best in oneself was slowly extinguished, could be there was no choice. The war in Vietnam was an obscene war, the worst war the nation ever been in, and so its logic might compel sacrifice from those who were not so accustomed. And, if hardly more than a sense of old habit and old age, he scolded the press for their lies, and their representation, for their guilt in creating a mythology over the last twenty years in the average American which made wars like Vietnam possible; he stepped down and the applause was pleasant. After a period, Coffin came out from the Department of Justice with his delegation. He made a short announcement. The draft cards had not been accepted. A game of bureaucratic evasion had been played. In fact, the Attorney General had not even been there, instead his assistant. "The assistant simply refused to take our cards," said Coffin. "Consider this. Here was an officer of the law facing clear evi-

dence of an alleged crime, and refusing to accept that evidence. He was derelict in his duty." There was a contained anger in Coffin, much like lawyer's anger, as if some subtle game had been played in which a combination had been based on a gambit, but the government had refused the gambit, so now the combination was halted.

Further reports were given by Dr. Spock, and one or two other members of the delegation. Then the meeting dispersed. Macdonald, Lowell, and Mailer going off for well-earned drinks at the nearest bar, ended up having dinner together. For all his newly inherited modesty, Mailer had nonetheless a merry meal. Liquor, it seemed, was still given special dispensation by the new regime of discipline, asceticism, moderation, and self-sacrifice. Yet before dinner was over, the three men had agreed they would go out together tomorrow on the March to the Pentagon, and that they would probably—all consideration given—seek to get arrested. Mailer's hangover was now about gone. The evening went its agreeable way.

## PART III: Saturday Matinee

### The Next Step

Next morning, Macdonald and Lowell met Mailer in the dining room of the Hay-Adams for breakfast. There was a crowd about now. In the lobby, a mood of well-dressed people come together for collective celebration—a homecoming game or civic memorial or class reunion. Everybody was saying hello to people they had not seen in years, and everybody looked good. The thousand days of John Kennedy had done much to change the style of America; there perhaps more than to the sartorial sense of liberals and left-wing intellectuals now gathering for breakfast—some drabness had quit them since the 1960s, some sense of power had touched them with the concomitants of power—a hint of elegance. The city was awake. On the way to the hotel last night, somewhat after midnight, Mailer thought the streets of downtown Washington held a hint of Times Square in the early morning hours, that same offering of fevers unabated, echo of voices a block away which promised violence—if not for tonight, then for another. The whores were out; not a common sight in Washington. The Capitol was usually about as lively at 10 A.M. as the center of Cincinnati late at night, now there were motorcycles gunning up and down the avenues with their whine of constant climax looped into the new whine of higher climax—one waits for them to explode, they never do, they go gunning all the night. The air was violent, yet full of amusement; out of focus. Mailer had no idea whether this atmosphere was actually now typical of Washington on Friday night (as lately of more than one other

quiet American city) or whether this mood came in with the weekend migrants from New York; or if indeed some of the Under-Thirties in Washington were warming up to repel the invasion. There was a hint of hurricane calm, then wind-bursts, gut-roars from the hogs. If the Novelist had never heard of Hell's Angels or motorcycle gangs, he would still have predicted, no, rather *invented* motorcycle orgies, because the orgy and technology seemed to come together in the sound of 1200 cc's on two wheels, that exacerbation of flesh, torsion of lust, rhythm in the pistons, stink of gasoline, yeah, oil as the last excrement of putrefactions buried a million years in Mother Earth, yes indeed, that funky redolence of gasoline was not derived from nothing, no, doubtless it was the stench of the river Styx (a punning metaphor appropriate to John Updike no doubt) but Mailer, weak in Greek, had nonetheless some passing cloudy unresolved image now of man as Charon on that river of gasoline Styx wandering between earth and the holy mills of the machine. Like most cloudy metaphors, this served to get him home—there is nothing like the search for a clear figure of speech to induce gyroscopic intensity sufficient for the compass to work.

Actually, Mailer had not been that drunk. Speak of the river Styx, the whiskey earlier that evening had worked like balm for the collective ego of Macdonald, Lowell, and Mailer. In the late afternoon they had all been naturally weary when speeches were done, but not unsatisfied with themselves. "It was a good day, wasn't it, Norman," Lowell kept asking. In the best of gentle moods, his nerves seemed out of



their rack, and his wit had plays of light, his literary allusions, always near to private, were now full of glee. In one sprawling bar-restaurant where they went at random to drink, a plump young waitress with a strong perfume, who looked nonetheless a goddess of a bucket for a one-night stand, caught Mailer the novelist's eye—he flirted with the sense of gravity Buddhists reserve for the cow. "Good God, Norman, what do you see in her?" Macdonald had to know. Mailer, conceivably, could have told him, but they talked instead of cheap perfume—why it was offensive to some, aphrodisiac to others.

Lowell remarked, "I like cheap perfume, Norman, don't you?" But he said this last as if he was talking about some grotto in Italy he had blundered into all by himself. It was a difficult remark to make without some faint strain of dry-as-sachet faggotry, but Lowell brought it off. The mixture of integrity (Cromwellian axe of light in the eye!) in company with his characteristic gentleness, enabled him to make just about any remark without slithering. It was as if he had arrived at the recognition, nothing lost, that cheap perfume might be one of the hundred odd scents of mystery in the poet's apothecary—let us not, however, forget the smell of gasoline which Mailer in his turn had pondered. Gasoline and cheap perfume—half the smell in American adventure.

But in fact what must have been contributing to his good mood was the knowledge that Norman Mailer seemed to like him. Robert Lowell gave off at times the unwilling haunted saintliness of a man who was repaying the moral debts of ten generations of ancestors. So his guilt must have been a tyrant of a chemical in his blood always ready to obliterate the best of his moods. Just as danger is a Turk to a coward and the snub a disembowelment to the social climber, so Lowell was vulnerable to not being liked by anyone remotely a peer. In the poet's loneliness—the homely assumption is that all talent is lonely to the degree it is exalted—Lowell was at the mercy of anyone he considered of value, for only they might judge his guilt, and so relieve the intolerable dread which accompanies this excessive assumption of the old moral debts of the ancestors. Who knows what they might be? We may only be certain that the moral debt of the Puritan is no mean affair: agglutinations of incest, abominations upon God, kissing the *sub cauda* of the midnight cat. Lowell's brain at its most painful must have been equal to an overdose of Halcyon on LSD.

There had been, however, a happy conversation somewhat earlier and it had made a difference in Lowell's good mood. As they were coming down the steps from the Department of Justice in the now late cold October afternoon, Lowell had said, "I was most impressed with your speech, Norman."

"Well, glad you liked it, Cal," Mailer said, "for I think your speech produced it."

"My speech did?"

"I was affected by what you said. It took me out of one mood and put me in another."

"What sort of mood, Norman?"

"Well, maybe I was able to stop brooding over myself. I don't know, Cal, your speech really had a most amazing impact on me." Mailer drawled the last few words to drain any excessive sentimental infection, but Lowell seemed hardly to mind.

"Well, Norman, I'm delighted," he said, taking Mailer's arm for a moment as if, God and knightd willing, Mailer had finally become a Harvard d and could be addressed by the appropriate limb. "I'm delighted because I liked *your* speech so much."

These repetitions would have been ludicrous if not for the simplicity of feeling they obviously arose in so complex a man as Lowell. Through the drift of the evening at dinner, he kept coming back to the same conversation, kept repeating his pleasure in Mailer's speech in order to hear Mailer doggedly reaffirm his more than equal pleasure in Lowell's good words. Mailer was particularly graceless at the ceremonious repetitions by which presumably New England mandarins (like old Chinese) ring the stately gong of a new friendship forming.

In fact the dinner was what delivered Lowell's decision to remain for the March on the Pentagon. The whole, he had come down for the event at the Department of Justice, he had in fact a dinner party at his home in New York on Saturday night, and did not wish to miss it. That was obvious. For whatever reason, Lowell had evidently been looking forward for days to Saturday evening.

"I wonder if I could get the plane back by six tomorrow," he kept asking aloud. "If we're arrested, I don't suppose there's much chance of that at all."

Mailer had not forgotten the party to which he was, in his turn, invited. Repeat: It had even been a promise of being wicked, tasty, and rich. "I think we get arrested early," he said, "we can probably be released among the first."

"By six?"

"No, Cal," said Mailer, the honest soul, "if you get arrested, you had better plan on not making dinner before nine."

"Well, should we get arrested? What do you think of the merits?"

They talked about it for a while. It was Mailer's firm conclusion that this was probably the way they could best serve the occasion. "If the three of us are arrested," he said, "the papers can't claim that hippies and hoodlums were the only ones guilty."

No conclusion was reached that night. Over breakfast they were ready to take it up again. It was evident that none had thought about it too much; all obvious there was nothing particularly to think about. Over the years they had all been bored by speeches, polemics, and political programmings which invariably detailed the sound-as-brickwork logic of the next step in some hard new Left program. Existentially, it hardly mattered whether the logic came from a Communist, Trotskyist, Splinter Marxist union organizer, or plain Social Democrat. While the ideals of such speakers were sometimes as separate as a flush in one hand is from a full house in the other, there was dependably a false but uxorious co-

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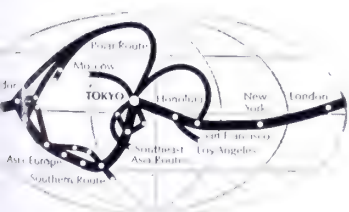
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ice in the adenoidal whine of the speaker as he ted gears in his larynx the better to drive the ain efficacy of the program into the ears of his ence. Thus, at their worst, had Communist speak- used these gears of the larynx to defend the cow-Berlin pact in 1939. So had Trotskyists ked in and out of the knots of the thesis of the enerated worker's state—a thesis which seemed absurd to Mailer in 1967 than to Sidney Hook in 7, but the Trotskyists had been as full of the un- likable logic of the next step as the Communists, ey had succeeded in smashing the bones of their movement into the hundred final slivers of Amer- Marxism, minuscule radical sects complete each i their own special martyred genius of a Marx- ogist. There had been the enlightened polemics of cultivated socialism of the Committee for Cul- d Freedom which had been brought by the sound- rickwork-logic-of-the-next-step in good socialist -Communism to so incisive an infestation by the a that it now called up pictures of the cockroaches slum sink; not all the wines of the Waldorf could h out a drop of that! Yes, and the labor move- it, and the confidence once held by Communists Trotskyists, Splinterites, and Reutherites, that labor union would prove the strong back to jack country up from the Depression to that luminous ne where Peace and Justice, Equality and Free- a would reign. The labor movement lifted the ntry and carried it to a field of plenty, but it was otball field where professionals played, and Amer- watched on Sunday full of Peace before the rain- y of the color set, feeling Justice when their side a, knowing Equality since everyone presumably an unimpeded view of his own set, and Freedom ubundance for a man could always turn his set off, e, the labor unions now sat closer to the Mafia than Marx.

Vell, Macdonald, Lowell, and Mailer knew all this, y did not have to talk or argue, they had learned at politics they had, each in his own separate y, and so they did not need to discuss the sound-as- ckwork-logic-of-the-next-step. The March tomor- v would more or less work or not work. If it didn't, Left would always find a new step—the Left never t itself unemployed (that much must be said for e conservative dictum that a man who wants to, always find work). If the March did more or less eed, one knew it would be as a result of episodes e had never anticipated, and the results might lead u in directions altogether unforeseen. And indeed w could one measure success or failure in a ven- e so odd and unprecedented as this? One did not rch on the Pentagon and look to get arrested as a k in a master scheme to take over the bastions of e Republic, step by step, no, that sort of sound-as- ckwork-logic was left to the FBI. Rather, one rched on the Pentagon because . . . because . . . d here the reasons became so many and so curious d so vague, so political and so primitive, that there s no need, or perhaps no possibility to talk about yet, one could only ruminate over the morning cof-

fee. What possibly they shared now between them at the morning table of the Hay-Adams was the un- spoken happy confidence that politics had again be- come mysterious, had begun to partake of Mystery; that gave life to a thought the gods were back in human affairs. Civilization extracts its thousand fees from the best nights of man, but none so cruel as the replacement of the good fairy by the expert, the demon by the rational crisis, and the witch by the neurotic female. Well, a generation of the American young had come along different from five previous generations of the middle class. The new generation believed in technology more than any before it, but the generation also believed in LSD, in witches, in tribal knowledge, in orgy, and revolution. It had no respect whatsoever for the unassailable logic of the next step: belief was reserved for the revelatory mys- tery of the happening where you did not know what was going to happen next; that was what was good about it. Their radicalism was in their hate for the authority—the authority was the manifest of evil to this generation. It was the authority who had covered the land with those suburbs where they stifled as children while watching the adventures of the West in the movies, while looking at the guardians of dull genial celebrity on television; they had had their minds jabbed and poked and twitched and probed and finally galvanized into surrealistic modes of response by commercials cutting into dramatic narratives, and parents flipping from network to network—they were forced willy-nilly to build their idea of the space- time continuum (and therefore their nervous sys- tem) on the jumps and cracks and leaps and breaks which every phenomenon from the media seemed to contain within it.

The authority had operated on their brain with commercials, and washed their brain with packaged education, packaged politics. The authority had presented itself as honorable, and it was corrupt, corrupt as payola on television, and scandals concern- ing the safety of automobiles, and scandals concern- ing the leasing of aviation contracts—the real scan- dals as everyone was beginning to sense were more intimate and could be found in all the products in all the suburban homes which did not work so well as they should have worked, and broke down too soon for mysterious reasons. The shoddiness was buried in the package, buried somewhere in the undiscover- able root of all those modern factories with their sanitized aisles and automated machines; perhaps one place the shoddiness was buried was in the hangovers of a working class finally alienated from any remote interest or attention in the process of the work itself. Work was shoddy everywhere. Even in the Warren Commission.

Finally, this new generation of the Left hated the authority because the authority lied. It lied through the teeth of corporation executives and Cabinet offi- cials and police enforcement officers and newspaper editors and advertising agencies, and in its mass magazines, where the subtlest apologies for the dis- asters of the authority (and the neatest deforma-



tions of the news) were grafted in the best possible style into the ever-open mind of the walking American lobotomy: the corporation office worker and his high-school son.

The New Left was drawing its political aesthetic from Cuba. The revolutionary idea which the followers of Castro had induced from their experience in the hills was that you created the revolution first and learned from it, learned of what your revolution might consist and where it might go out of the intimate truth of the way it presented itself to your experience. Just as the truth of his material was revealed to a good writer by the cutting edge of his style (he could thus hope his style was in each case the most appropriate tool for the material of the experience) so a revolutionary began to uncover the nature of his true situation by trying to ride the beast of his revolution. The idea behind these ideas was then obviously that the future of the revolution existed in the nerves and cells of the people who created it and lived with it rather than in the sanctity of the original idea.

Castro's Cuba was of course a mystery to Mailer. He had heard much in its favor, much he could hardly enjoy. That was not necessarily to the point. Revolutions could fail as well by Castro's thesis as by the most inflexible Comintern program; what seemed significant here, was the idea of a revolution which preceded ideology; and the New Left had obviously adopted the idea for this March.

The aesthetic of the New Left now therefore began with the notion that the authority could not comprehend nor contain nor finally manage to control any political action whose end was unknown. They could attack it, beat it, jail it, misrepresent it, and finally abuse it, but they could not feel a sense of victory because they could not understand a movement which inspired thousands and hundreds of thousands to march without a coordinated plan. The bureaucrats of the Old Left had not been alone in their adoration of the solid-as-brickwork-logic-of-the-next-step; no, the bureaucrats of the American Center now liked it as much, and were as aghast at any political activity which ignored it.

These Leviathan ruminations and meditations on the nature of the March coming up, and the reasons for their participation without much discussion now completed, ch-ch-ch-click! in the touch of the tea cup on Mailer's lip, let us move on to the event concerning us—that first major battle of a war which may go on for twenty years; let us even consider there is one interesting chance (one chance of a thousand) that in fifty years the day may loom in our history large as the ghosts of the Union dead.

## 2. The Armies of the Dead

Now who would be certain the shades of those Union dead were not ready to come on Lowell and Mailer as they strode through the grass up the long flat breast of hill at the base of Washington Monu-

ment and looked down the length of the reflecting pool to Lincoln Memorial perhaps one-half mile away, "then to step off like green Union Army recruits on the first Bull Run, sped by photographers . . ." as what Lowell was to write about events a bit later that day, but although they said hardly a word later, Lowell and Mailer were thinking of the Civil War. It was hard not to.

Walking over together from the hotel this Saturday morning Lowell had again invoked the repetitions of the night before. "Your speech yesterday was awfully good, Norman."

"Yes, Cal, but I thought yours was simply fine." "Did you really?"

So covering old historic ground, they enjoyed a stroll past the White House, the old State Department—now looking not unlike the largest man never not quite built at Newport—on to the approach of the Ellipse. Macdonald was following later, they were to meet him at the Washington Monument's end of the reflecting pool in an hour, but for now they were impatient to set out early.

The flat breast of the hill at the foot of the monument had that agreeable curve one finds on an athletic field graded for drainage. Here, the curve was more pronounced, but the effect was similar: the groups and couples walking down from Washington Monument toward the round pool and the long reflecting pool which led to Lincoln Memorial, were revealed in degrees—one saw their hats bobbing on the horizon of the ridge before you saw their faces; perhaps this contributed to a high sense of focus; the eye studied the act of walking as if one were looking at the gallop of a troop of horses; some of the same pleasure was there: the people seemed to be prancing. It was similar to the way men and women are caught in the films of very good directors; the eye watching the film knows it has not been properly employed before. These people were animated; the act of stepping along seemed to loosen little springs in their joints, the action was rollicking, something was grave. Perhaps this etching of focus had to do with no more than the physical fact that Mailer, approaching somewhat lower on the swell of the hill, was therefore watching with his eyes on a line with those rollicking feet. That could not however be all of it. A thin high breath of pleasure, like a child's anticipation of the first rocket to be fired on Fourth of July, hung over the sweet grass of the hill on Washington Monument. They were prancing past this hill, they were striding to battle. Going to battle! He realized that he had not taken in precisely this thin high sensuous breath of pleasure in close to twenty-four years, not since the first time he had gone into combat, and found to his surprise that the walk toward the fire fight was one of the more agreeable—if stricken—moments of his life. Later, in the skirmish itself it was less agreeable—he had perspired so profusely he had hardly been able to see through his sweat—much later months later, combat was disagreeable; it managed to consist of large doses of fatigue, the intestinal agitations of the tropics, endless promenade

gh mud, and general apathy toward whether  
ved or not. But the first breath had left a feather  
s memory; it was in the wind now; he realized  
an odd, yes a *zany* part of him had been expect-  
uently and confidently for years, that before he  
lone, he would lead an army. (The lives of Leon  
sky and Ernest Hemingway had done nothing to  
l this expectation.) No, the sweetness of war  
back. Probably there were very few good wars,  
d wars being free of excessive exhaustion, rad-  
bowels, miserable food, and computerized  
ods) but if you were in as good shape for war  
r football, there was very little which was better  
ne senses. They would be executing Ernest Hem-  
ay in effigy every ten years for having insisted  
this recognition, they would even be execut-  
in Utope City on the moon, but Mailer now sent  
a novelist's blessing (which is to say, well-in-  
ed but stingy) because Hemingway after all had  
he key on the table. *If it made you feel good, it  
good.* That, and Saint Thomas Aquinas' "Trust  
authority of your senses," were enough to enable  
n to become a good working amateur philoso-  
an indispensable vocation for the ambitious  
list since otherwise he is naught but an embil-  
entertainer, a storyteller, a John O'Hara!  
n January 31, same birthday as Mailer.)  
ese playful ruminations of high brass on the  
ing of battle came out of the intoxication of the  
the place, the event, the troops who were splen-  
dressed (description later) and the music. As  
ell and Mailer reached the ridge and took a turn  
e right to come down from Washington Monu-  
toward the length of the long reflecting pool  
h led between two long groves of trees near the  
s to the steps of Lincoln Memorial, out from that  
tion came the clear bitter-sweet excitement of a  
ary trumpet resounding in the near distance,  
eal which seemed to go all the way back through  
laxy of bugles to the cries of the Civil War and  
irst trumpet note to blow the attack. The ghosts  
d battles were wheeling like clouds over Wash-  
on today.  
e trumpet sounded again. It was calling the  
ps. "Come here," it called from the steps of Lin-  
Memorial over the two furlongs of the long  
cting pool, out to the swell of the hill at the base  
Washington Monument, "come here, come here.  
e here. The rally is on!" And from the north and  
east, from the direction of the White House and  
Smithsonian and the Capitol, from Union Station  
the Department of Justice the troops were com-  
n, the volunteers were answering the call. They  
e walking up in all sizes, a citizens' army not  
ed yet by height, an army of both sexes in num-  
almost equal, and of all ages, although most were  
g. Some were well-dressed, some were poor.  
y were conventional in appearance, as many were  
The hippies were there in great number, peram-  
ting down the hill, many dressed like the legions  
gt. Pepper's Band, some were gotten up like Arab  
ks, or in Park Avenue doormen's greatcoats,

others like Rogers and Clark of the West, Wyatt  
Earp, Kit Carson, Daniel Boone in buckskin, some  
had grown moustaches to look like *Have Gun, Will  
Travel*—Paladin's surrogate was here!—and wild In-  
dians with feathers, a hippie gotten up like Batman,  
another like Claude Rains in *The Invisible Man*—his  
face wrapped in a turban of bandages and he wore a  
black satin top hat. A host of these troops wore capes,  
beat-up khaki capes, slept on, used as blankets,  
towels, improvised duffel bags; or fine capes, orange  
linings, or luminous rose linings, the edges ragged,  
near a tatter, the threads ready to feather, but a  
musketeer's hat on their head. One hippie may have  
been dressed like Charlie Chaplin; Buster Keaton  
and W. C. Fields could have come to the ball; there  
were Martians and Moon-men and a knight unhorsed  
who stalked about in the weight of real armor. There  
were to be seen a hundred soldiers in Confederate  
gray, and maybe there were two or three hundred  
hippies in officer's coats of Union dark-blue. They had  
picked up their costumes where they could, in sur-  
plus stores, and Blow-your-mind shops, Digger free  
emporiums, and psychedelic caches of Hindu junk.  
There were soldiers in Foreign Legion uniforms, and  
tropical bush jackets, San Quentin and Chino, Cali-  
fornia striped shirt and pants, British copies of  
Eisenhower jackets, hippies dressed like Turkish  
shepherds and Roman senators, gurus, and samurai  
in dirty smocks. They were close to being assembled  
from all the intersections between history and the  
comic books, between legend and television, the Bibli-  
cal archetypes and the movies. The sight of these  
troops, this army with a thousand costumes, fulfilled  
to the hilt our General's oldest idea of war which is  
that every man should dress as he pleases if he is  
going into battle, for that is his right, and variety  
never hurts the zest of the hardest workers in every  
battalion (here today by thousands in plaid hunting  
jackets, corduroys or dungarees, ready for assault!).  
If the sight of such masquerade lost its usual un-  
happy connotation of masked ladies and starving  
children outside the ball, it was not only because of  
the shabbiness of the costumes (up close half of them  
must have been used by hippies for everyday wear)  
but also because the aesthetic at last was in the poli-  
tics—the dress ball was going into battle. Still, there  
were nightmares beneath the gaiety of these middle-  
class runaways, these Crusaders, going out to attack  
the hard core of technology land with less training  
than armies were once offered by a medieval assembly  
ground. The nightmare was in the echo of those trips  
which had fractured their sense of past and present.  
If nature was a veil whose tissue had been ripped by  
static, screams of jet motors, the highway grid of the  
suburbs, smog, defoliation, pollution of streams,  
over-fertilization of earth, anti-fertilization of wom-  
en, and the radiation of two decades of near blind  
atom busting, then perhaps the history of the past  
was another tissue, spiritual, no doubt, without phys-  
ical embodiment, unless its embodiment was in the  
cuneiform hieroglyphics of the chromosome (so much  
like primitive writing!) but that tissue of past his-



tory, whether traceable in the flesh, or merely palpable in the collective underworld of the dream, was nonetheless being bombed by the use of LSD as outrageously as the atoll of Eniwetok, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and the scorched foliage of Vietnam. The history of the past was being exploded right into the present: perhaps there were now lacunae in the firmament of the past, holes where once had been the psychic reality of an era which was gone. Mailer was haunted by the nightmare that the evils of the present not only exploited the present, but consumed the past, and gave every promise of demolishing whole territories of the future. The same villains who, promiscuously, wantonly, heedlessly, had gorged on LSD and consumed God knows what essential marrows of history, wearing indeed the history of all eras on their back as trophies of this gluttony, were now going forth (conscience-struck?) to make war on those other villains, corporation-land villains, who were destroying the promise of the present in their self-righteousness and greed and secret lust (often unknown to themselves) for some sexo-technological variety of neo-fascism. (This particular history, we hope, may yet pass by the point.) Mailer's allegiance finally was with the villains who were hippies. They would never have looked to blow their minds and destroy some part of the past if the authority had not brainwashed the mood of the present until it smelled like deodorant. (To cover the odor of burning flesh in Vietnam? So he continued to enjoy the play of costumes, but his pleasure was now edged with a hint of the sinister. Not inappropriate for battle. He and Lowell were still in the best of moods. The morning was so splendid—it spoke of a vitality in nature which no number of bombings in space nor inner-space might ever subdue; the rustle of costumes warming up for the war spoke of future redemptions as quickly as they reminded of hog-swillings from the past, and the thin air! wine of Civil War apples in the October air! edge of excitement and awe—how would this day end? No one could know. Incredible spectacle now gathering—tens of thousands traveling hundreds of miles to attend a symbolic battle. In the capital of technology land beat a primitive drum. New drum of the Left! And the Left had been until this year the secret unwitting accomplice of every increase in the power of the technicians, bureaucrats, and labor leaders who ran the governmental military-industrial complex of super-technology land.

### 3. In the Rhetoric

Lowell and Mailer walked along the edge of the reflecting pool toward the Lincoln Memorial passing sometimes on the grass, often along the path, being recognized frequently—warm smiles, timid questions, or conversations which went on thirty seconds too long. Yaws. Small abysses. If it had been the hippies who made the first impression on the eye, there were now visible legions of protesters with banners and

signs, men wearing blue garrison caps which carried the legend, Veterans Against the War in Vietnam. What was curious about these veterans is how they had faces which could have sat as easily beneath an American Legion or VFW cap.

On the grass some people were picnicking, others were assembling. Large white streamers of paper cloth, ten or twenty feet long were being fitted to grass to their carrying sticks. A respectable horde of respectable professionals, lawyers, accountants, in hats wearing eyeglasses, were evident. Real Democrats some of them, members of SANE, Women Strike for Peace—looking about, there were signs enough: American Friends Service Committee, CORE, W. E. B. Du Bois Clubs, Inter-University Christian Movement, Catholic Peace Fellowship, Jewish Peace Fellowship, Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Students for a Democratic Society, SNCC, National Lawyers' Guild, The Resistance, National Conference for a New Politics—Mailer walked not too happily past such signs. In the idyllic garden of his revolution these sects, groups and clubs and committees were like rusted cans. He had the impression from previous days now so much as fifteen years ago, for he had not been near a sect in years; as quickly would he breed cockroaches!—that the best to be said was that they were probably like vitamins, injurious to a healthy diet, each, smelling like the storeroom of a pharmaceutical company's warehouse, doubtless productive of cash over the long haul, but essential perhaps, perhaps a Left forever suffering from malnutrition. Mailer knew this attitude had nothing to do with reality if names like SANE or Women Strike for Peace sounded like brand names which could have been used as happily to sell aspirin, he could hardly think of the same of SNCC or SDS or one or two of the others. Now and again, remarkable young men sprang out of these alphabet soups. No, it was more that the realist begrudged the dimming of what was remarkable in the best of these young men because some part of their nervous system would have to attach vision to lust and dreams of power, glory, justice, sacrifice, future purchases on heaven to these deadening terms. As soon call political parties by the number on their telephone. Mailer thought the new parties the Left ought to have names like motorcycle gang and block athletic clubs had on their jackets: Green Street Jumpers, and Green Dolphins, Orange Squirrels, Gasoline Ghosts, Paragon A.C., Purple Rain, Silver Dragons, Bughouse Beasts—he had known immediately that neither Stokely Carmichael nor I. F. Power were insignificant phenomena on the day he heard the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party taken the name of the Black Panther Party. Mailer while a dilettante in Left-wing politics, was nonetheless free with his surgery; left to him, he would cut out all middle-class protest movements like SANE and Women Strike for Peace because they derived not genealogically he was certain, but spiritually from the worst aspects of the American Communist

, that old dull calculation that the apathetic middle-class of America could be reached by middle-class social organizations with middle-class leaders and tact. Everyman names like Women, Students, Artists, Professionals, Mothers, Veterans, Grandchildren, yea why not Babes? Yes, had reasoned the communists, large bloc names could bring large even increases in recruitment among the middle class. Vulgar gross increases were the result. It is wrong to call a factory hand a worker—that is good in a sense of reality—he is married to his machine more than to anything else, the name helps to remind him. But for a middle-class married woman to think of herself politically as a Mother, or worse, a Grandmother, could only indulge a sense of self-pity. Mediocrity flock to any movement which will indulge in self-pity and their self-righteousness, for without a Movement, the mediocrity is on the slide into personal melancholia. Most such political movements are based as piping systems for the brain, and flushing water for the heart, bringing in subsistence rations of moral and do-it-yourself compassion, all very well for special plumbing to keep mass man alive, but the participant wasn't so certain that there weren't too many people alive already, certainly in America, that a trough of Paradise. The horror of mediocrities was that the left-wing movement was that cadres of the best people used too much breath trying to illumine the glint of the ideal in material mediocre hearts. Ruminant was by now convinced that technology was the real capitalist bastion, and the mediocre middle-class middle-aged masses of the Left were—have visited this station already—the first real champions of technology land: they could not conceive of a revolution without hospitals, lawyers, mass meetings, and leaflets to pass out at the polls. Mailer and Lowell continued to walk around the reflecting pool, then back to the speaker's stand which was in front of the steps of Lincoln Memorial and took a promenade back on the other side to the circular pool near the Washington Monument, and—after wait, delay, and confusion about place—back up Macdonald and stroll back again down the crowded banks and path, each of them stopping to greet or chat with any one of a dozen different people each hundred yards, and at last reaching the line of police behind the speaker's stand, there to be recognized by one of the young men with a sash and armband who was serving as a Monitor, and so admitted to the roped-in area on the lower steps of the Memorial which contained perhaps a thousand people, groups, committees, press, gangs of media, thousands of entertainment, notables, and honored non-communicative Black Power groups looking somehow older in skin than they had looked in the old coffee-cream days of liberal integration. Having reached this sinecure which surrounded the new solid center of the speaker's stand with the baker's dozen of microphones, they stood and chatted with the crowd—the word was undeniable—"notables," flunkies, press, monitors, cameramen, and expeditors of the

March, and felt, at least so Mailer felt, the slow sweet filling of long-unused reservoirs, and intimations of all the armies of the past which had gathered on a field like this believing their cause to be grand and just and heroic, and therefore amazingly sweet—the long promenade sweeping the circle of the long reflecting pool and the gathering thousands on its banks had seemed to capture that sense of long-gone armies, that fine strain of love which hovers like some last lavender in the dying echo of a superbly played string, there was a love of evening in the warm morning air, a violet of late shadows, a ghost of Gettysburg and the knowledge that a sense of danger had finally come to the American Left, not to the brave students who had gone South years ago to hunt for Negro rights, but to the damnable mediocre middle of the Left, and that stirred a tenderness which lifted like a thin smoke of battle, tinted rose-color in legend, to honor the light in the blood welling from the fallen brave. Yes, the presence of those endless newspaper reports of thousands of paratroops and M.P.'s and police and U. S. Marshals waiting for them at the Pentagon—that novel sense of mass collective danger—had fifty or a hundred thousand civilians ever assembled before in America for a purpose remotely like this: a symbolic battle which might have real broken heads?—had brought the roll of old thunders, old loves, and old patriotic drums to the sterile heart of the American Left.

"Yes, we have to get arrested today," Mailer thought, "no alternative for it." If technology land had built Global Village, well, shank it up, technology land, let Global Village hear today that America's best poet? and best novelist?? and best critic???? had been arrested in protest of Uncle Sam's Whorehouse War. And if Paul Goodman had been here, Mailer supposed he could have been ranked as America's best inspiration to the young????? But Goodman had worked all week in the most honorable causes, first for draft resisters in New York, then in Washington to give a worthy, humorless, incontrovertible, and not uncourageous speech before the National Security Industrial Association which had four hundred members of the military-industrial complex. Goodman having analyzed, vivisected, and scolded the assembled corporate magnates ("you are . . . the most dangerous body of men at the present in the world")—a spring-cleaning operation of the soul so to tell them off—had fairly had enough of *the cause* after the Ambassador, and was obliged to go back to New York. (Mailer, not knowing about Goodman's speech to the military-industrial complex, had—we may suppose—given a secret sneer, "Those guys who don't drink miss all the fun!")

Waiting for the literal March to the Pentagon to begin, there were no drinks being served. Only speeches. Perhaps it was the shadow caused by Paul Goodman's absence—the full sentence from which we quoted above had gone: "You are the military industrial of the United States, the most dangerous body of men at the present in the world, for you not only



implement our disastrous policies but are an overwhelming lobby for them, and you expand and rigidify the wrong use of brains, resources, and labor, so that change becomes difficult." Only Goodman could say "at the present in the world," "implement," "disastrous policies," "overwhelming lobby," "expand and rigidify"—everything he said was right, so naturally it had to be said in a style which read like LBJ's exercises in Upper Rhetoric. (The Rhetoric, Mailer now decided, being located three inches below and back of Erogenous Zone Clitoric. Or was The Rhetoric where they put the lock in the belly button?)

Thoughts like these ran like Huns and Vandals through Mailer's mind whenever he had to listen to speeches. The run of the rhetoric now booming through the loudspeakers was not quite down there grabbing for the marbles with the worst of Goodman's dishmop prose, but was nonetheless inspirational of that mood which he had come to name The Great Left Pall. Of course, Mailer had an instinct for missing good speeches—at the civil-rights March in Washington in 1963 he had gone for a stroll just a little while before Martin Luther King began, "I have a dream," so Mailer—trusting no one else in these matters, certainly not the columnists and the commentators—would never know whether the Reverend King had given a great speech that day, or revealed an inch of his hambone. It was agreeable to have one's own impression on such matters. Today, for instance, neither Mailer nor Lowell had known that the featured speaker Clive Jenkins of the British Labor party had been attacked by a member of the American Nazi party who had managed to knock over the podium and the twelve or more mikes, before the Nazi was in turn wrestled to the ground by William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Yale Chaplain—the hero of Friday's occasion at the Department of Justice (and doubtless once Captain of the Yale wrestling team). No, Mailer and Lowell had been at the other end of the reflecting pool looking for Macdonald. So one could give a record of the speeches but they were not heard, nor even listened to. Dr. Spock gave for example a perfectly decent speech, simply and saliently worded. He and his wife were a most attractive young elderly couple, his wife in fact not elderly—she was often introduced as Janey Spock, they looked like the sort of wealthy Republicans who might have waited in the lobby of the Roosevelt for the Dewey victory party on Election Night in 1948, but Mailer had an animus against Spock. Three of Mailer's four wives had used Spock's book on infant and baby care as their Bible. Mailer had put his nose in the book once in a while, and outside of Spock's occasional faith in medicine, the book did not seem unsound. In fact, it even seemed possessed of common sense. Nonetheless, Mailer did not like Spock too much. A marriage is never so ready to show where it is weak as when a baby is ill, and Spock was therefore associated in Mailer's mind more with squalling wives than babies. Dr. Spock's speech, as the historian subsequently read it quoted in part in the newspapers, said:

We are convinced that this war which Lyndon Johnson is waging is disastrous to our country in every way, and that we, the protesters, are the only ones who may help to save our country if we can persuade enough of our fellow citizens to think and vote the way we do.

That was nice and about par for the speeches. Mailer said almost nothing one had not heard before. The sentiments were incontestable, and the speaker went out over the loudspeakers and dropped his voice into echoes on the reflecting pool and in the trees. Occasionally a whistle or a rattle of applause would come back like a crisp fluttering of leaves (or a puff of rifle fire) from one or another area in that vast audience. There were not, however, any large demonstrations in answer to the speakers. Mailer stepped off to one side and behind them could hardly hear the word, but he suspected the acoustics were poor. The crowd by the reflecting pool, for the applause and cheering were like the bored sounds a baseball crowd makes when their side gets a walk and it no longer matters very much because the team is far ahead. So everyone here now far ahead on Rhetoric. Three inches navel? or three inches back of the zone clitoris? Mailer began to count the house. It seemed to him that if the Washington March in 1963 had brought in a quarter of a million people, then there would be half as many here today, if the crowd four years ago had been one hundred thousand, then fifty thousand sand now had showed. Mailer's computations were rudimentary. The crowd today filled about as much space as the crowd on that other day, but were dispersed a degree more loosely. It was one of the inconveniences, one of the sewed-up pockets of modern history that no one was capable of counting the crowd. Each newspaper and government bureau and left-wing organizing committee released its own count which made the most sense from their own point of view; so the mob today would be numbered everywhere from 25,000 to 225,000. The novel thought that if his estimate of a crowd half the size of the 1963 attendance was correct, then a huge number had turned out. In '63 everything had been so well organized, everybody had been for the March, everybody from SNCC to *Life* magazine. A U. S. Senator had given a party in the evening for leaders of the March. Today one came with the invitation to the paratroopers in the eye.

On went the speeches. Mailer had no particular idea of their order or what they said. Lincoln Lydenburg of CORE spoke and Dagmar Wilson of Women Strike for Peace, Nguyen Van Luy, a Vietnamese-American citizen, and Coffin, who introduced a group of Californians who had carried a peace torch to the rally, walking twenty-four miles a day. John Wilcox of SNCC told the crowd that "white people are beginning to find out what it's like to have grievances and not be able to influence the government." "I wonder which young white Wasp girls have been the innocents to give him such impression." "V come to the club," said Wilson. Then he accu-

on, McNamara, and Rusk of being the "biggest criminals in the country." "We must resist," Wilson shouted, "we must resist, resist, and resist." Later he bellowed, "no—we won't go," and the crowd picked it up. As a good speaker and so was Ella Collins, sister of Malcolm X.

"Do you want peace?" she asked the crowd. "No," they roared back. "Well, let's go get it."

The comedy of the New Left, its Achilles' heel, as far as tar, was now being displayed. Ella Collins talked to Whites as if one could conceive of a place where they might all parade down the same street, but most of the Blacks in this roped-off section moved into the future, into that Black Twenty-Century when Black Power had succeeded in making the white man invisible at will for the time; so these Blacks moved among the eager inviting smiles of young New Leftists or the dead silence of the older ones with an exquisite sense in which left the Whites next to invisible, faded-out. It had been (until the recognition of continued black disdain) a happier day on this occasion than back on these same steps in August 1964. On that day all Negroes and Whites had been talking to each other. A well-controlled but slightly irrational propensity to laugh too much had hung over every dialogue between Negro liberals and Whites, there had been discomfort in the air, a bleak sense of oppression back of all good humor as if the clouds of a bright summer day were racing unseen ships over the horizon to get to evening before the sun; discipline had lain like a net over the audience in the meadow and around the pool. Everyone celebrated the day as happy—it had at best ended in not being morose—it was like a grand twentieth wedding anniversary in which fifty years of family feuds were swept under those grave formal covers whose real content is depression. Nobody understood in those days the dark somewhat coherent warnings of Jimmy Baldwin being true to his own, yet trying to warn his old white friends. Now there was no room for the sore beneath the skin. A new sore, Vietnam, had pushed the old sore into the light. What a sore! The best of the Whites faded in horror from what was now seen, for the day they had visited on the Blacks was either inimitably worse than they had ever conceived, or the Blacks had made a Faustian pact with Mephisto, the Devil was now here to collect.

Not for little humor had Negroes developed that humorless crack in their personality which invited each other into laughter, playing on one side the mad practical black man who could be anything, wise chauffeur, drunken butler, young money-Pullman porter, Negro college graduate selling insurance—the other half was sheer psychopath. As in the ice-cube, pocket oiled for the switchblade. Still you, Whitey, burn baby, all tuned to a cool. As the Blacks moved through the New Left with a

physical indifference to the bodies about them, as if ten Blacks could handle any hundred of these flaccid Whites, and they signaled to each other across the aisles, and talked in quick idioms and out, an English not comprehensible to any ear which knew nothing of the separate meanings of the same word at separate pitch (Maoists not for nothing these Blacks!) their hair carefully brushed out in every direction like African guerrillas or huge radar stations on some lonely isle, they seemed to communicate with one another in ten dozen modes, with fingers like deaf and dumb, with feet, with their stance, by the flick of their long wrists, with the radar of their hair, the smoke of their will, the glide of their passage, by a laugh, a nod, a disembodied gesture, through mediums, seeming to speak through silent mediums among them who never gave hint to a sign. In the apathy which had begun to lie over the crowd as the speeches went on and on, (and the huge army gathered by music, now was ground down by words, and the hollow absurd imprecatory thunder of the loudspeakers with their reductive echo—you must FIGHT . . . *fight* . . . *fight* . . . *fite* . . . *ite* . . . , in the soul-killing repetition of political jargon which reminded people that the day was well past one o'clock and they still had not started) the Blacks in the roped-in area about the speaker's stand were the only sign of active conspiracy, they were up to some collective expression of disdain, something to symbolize their detestation of the White Left—yes, Mailer was to brood on it much of the next day when he learned without great surprise that almost all of the Negroes had left to make their own demonstration in another part of Washington, their announcement to the press underlining their reluctance to use their bodies in a White war. That was comprehensible enough. If the Negroes were at the Pentagon and did not preempt the front rank, they would lose face as fighters; if they were too numerous on the line, they would be beaten half to death. That was the ostensible reason they did not go, but Mailer wondered if he saw a better.

Dellinger was finishing his speech. "We said we would disrupt the Pentagon, and I believe it is already being disrupted. . . . We will go to the Pentagon and we will face the troops. We will turn it into a teach-in for the troops." Dellinger was a man of middle height and middle build, sturdy in appearance, solid, half-bald, professional, genial, with a redeeming smile of shy diffidence—a hint less of the Quaker's moral substance, and he could easily have been taken for Class Agent of his fellow graduates at Yale—he had the hard-working, modestly gregarious, and absolutely devoted sense of how mission and detail interlock which is so necessary to good Class Agents, that rare vintage mixture of New England incorruptibility and good fellowship. Of course, Mailer hardly knew him. They had met once or twice at rallies and done no more than smile good greetings to one another. Years ago in 1959 when Dellinger was already an editor on *Liberation*, (then an anar-



chist-pacifist magazine, of worthy but not very readable articles in more or less vegetarian prose) Mailer had submitted a piece, after some solicitation, on the contrast between real obscenity in advertising, and alleged obscenity in four-letter words. The piece was no irreplaceable work of prose, and in fact was eventually inserted quietly into his book, *Advertisements for Myself*, but it created difficulty for the editorial board at *Liberation*, since there was a four-letter word he had used to make his point, the palpable four-letter word which signifies a woman's most definitive organ: these editorial anarchists were decorous; they were ready to overthrow society and replace it with a communion of pacifistic men free of all laws, but they were not ready to print cunt. Dellinger had been caught in the middle—he had wanted to publish an article by Norman Mailer, and had no objection to the language, but was finally unable to convince the rest of the board. So the piece had been returned. But Dellinger, caught in a ludicrous editorial posture, had nonetheless handled himself with dignity, so Mailer always liked him after that. Since then, eight years of literary apocalypse had gone on in editorial offices. Today a left-wing editor who would not print \* \* \* \* or \* \* \* \* was in danger of being beaten to death at Berkeley with stones on which was painted: Fuck!

This facet of the Left might offer much amusement to any heart so cynical as our Participant, but there had been a moment of exceptional consequence for radical activities in just that period. The late Reverend A. J. Muste, the austere impeccable dean of American Anarchists, (a man so pure in motive that in comparison to him, Norman Thomas was as Sadie Thompson) had come to the deep and much-searched conclusion of his soul that he, personally, would no longer eschew participation in radical activities which contained Communists. Since this decision came at a time when the Communists were themselves breaking up under the knock-down examinations of Hungary's revolt, the Polish and Czechoslovak riots and/or uprisings by Communist students and workers, plus the denigration of Stalin by Khrushchev—the American Communist was finally down! he was down! poor American Communist who had taken the most lethal mauling in the history of political club fighters. Consider a countdown of the punches: famine in the Ukraine; Moscow trials; Hitler-Stalin pact; slave-labor camps; Cold War; political burial of the Progressive party; the hounding of the Hollywood Ten; the infiltration of the Party ranks by the FBI; the loss of all bridgeheads in the labor unions; great tensions between Russia and China—those poor Communists had been beaten near to death (it was their secret cure for cancer) but had never been knocked down until the new hierophant said the old dead idol was there to be dismantled. So the monolithic ideology of Stalin went down, and with him went a stable of stouthearted, brain-deadened, punch-drunk pugs. The American Communist party, already galled volubly by the South Act, now divided,

broke up, segmented into pieces of shell like Trotskyist sects—the American Left was finally free of unendurable overweight punch-drunk pug mother-in-law, and Muste had an instinct to end old hopeless left-wing war, extend a Christian anarchist's hand to the fallen, and go out to do battle together—but not apart. Let the future, not the past, determine the shape of revolutionary ideas. In an historic moment, and the all-but-dead Left perished, the New Left was to a degree born of Muste's decision, and a generation of college students along who were finally indifferent to the block polemics of the past, and the real nature of the SDS. It was the real injustice in America which attracted their attention—poverty, civil rights, an end to warship—their attention was toward an American Revolution; of what it might consist, was another matter—one's idea of a better existence would be found or not found in the context of the revolution. To the New Left, commissars, like FBI men, were taken on the lineaments of pop art—they were villains—to be drawn in poster paint. And indeed, he speculates at the breakdown in the cognitive power of the FBI analyst as he tried to comprehend the workings of the couriers in SNCC and the fringe of the SDS.

At any rate, Dellinger was Muste's man, he worked for him, under him, with him. When Muste died, Dellinger had been his natural successor. Muste, he had never joined a political party. So he was a natural coordinator of all such Mobilizations as this March on the Pentagon.

That was finally beginning. After hours of listening, after the military exuberance of listening to a rallying trumpet had faded into hours of speculation and the blanked-out unavoidable apathy of the New Left Pall, (troops up for battle, troops down) now at last, two hours after the yeast of happy beginning had been punched in (it was time again)—the order to form into ranks was passed around the roped enclosure, and Lowell, Macdonald and Mailer were requested to get up in the front row, where the notables were to lead the March. Newsreel, still, and television cameras were clicking and rounding and snapping and zooming before the first rank was even formed.

#### 4. A Half-mile to Virginia

It had been a particularly onerous wait for the critic, the poet, and the novelist. They had to wait to people, met people, chatted with other notable people. Sidney Lens and Monsignor Rice of Pittsburgh to whom Lowell had confessed with an enigmatic smile that he was now a "lapsed Catholic," a remark which brought no rush of sympathy from the priest, (only a thoughtful nonapproving grunt) they had been about in the sun, watched the Black contingent break off on an Oriental scramble of secret streets

d around chocolate bars in lieu of lunch, Mailer ing a bite (he had the uncharacteristic conviction he must not eat or drink until the March was over or he would spoil the now undeniable clarity and anticipation of his nerves) and had finally con- d each other with wry twists of the eyebrow at interminable tedium of the speeches. No use to meself that the people who spoke had worked to prepare this March, and so were entitled to reward. Bugger all reward. Half the troops d desert if the speeches went on. (And in fact the troops did—no telling how many more would set out if the invitation to move to the Penta- had followed the noontime exhilaration of the c.) Mailer, of course, had been preparing an ex- ore speech for the odd chance they might call im; he would have liked to address fifty or one red thousand people: the beginning of a twenty- war is here today in our March, he might have rising to the occasion—but the call never came, h did little to improve his impatience.

ell, finally they were now set to go. The March to begin on a road which separated the upper lower levels of steps at Lincoln Memorial, and uted in about two hundred feet onto the Ar- on Memorial Bridge, a span some half-mile long h was to lead to a traffic circle on the Virginia —how better to know one has crossed the border a one state to another than by encountering a ic circle? Then they would strike out to the agon. Mailer, of course, knew little of this yet— was certainly too nearsighted to see that far d, and much too vain to wear his eyeglasses be- hundreds of Leicas and Nikons and Exactas in ands of hundreds of professional photographers. rather he stood in the making of the front line otobles (which was having as much trouble be- formed as the makings in a cigarette put together n amateur cowboy). Notables kept being crowded the second rank by notables less notable than selves, so they made great efforts to get back e front rank which promptly buckled. Then up- ts and arrivistes tried to infiltrate the flanks of front line, which naturally created a tangle. east sixty people were trying to get into a front which was not wide enough for forty. It was not ke the squeeze at a football game—whoever cheers t and sits down last has no seat. Next the order passed—still impossible to move out—to link arms. ler's arm was promptly taken by Sid Lens, an radical leader from the Fellowship of Reconcilia- , who had the red meaty face and cunning look a man who has been in many a trade-union angue, war, stampede, and squeeze-out over the rs, and has lasted, sir, has lasted like one of those gh-skinned balloons with a lead bottom which al- rs spring up when you strike them. If a Com- tee from the Feature Formers Guild of Heaven been given instructions to design a face which s halfway in appearance between Sidney Lens and bert Lowell, they might have come up with Nor-

man Mailer; stationed between Lens and Lowell he felt the separate halves of his nature well-repre- sented, which gave little pleasure, for no American citizen likes to link arms at once with the two ends of his practical working-day good American schizo- phrenia. So Mailer managed in the general wrestling, buckling, and staggering of the line to work around to the other side of Lowell, and leave to Lens the cartel of being stationed between Lowell and Mac- donald—which is probably what Lens had wanted from the beginning, and was why, old pirate of union negotiations, he has chosen to begin in the first place with Mailer. (Modern politics may be built on the art of attaining specific small ends by requesting others.)

At any rate, despite all strainings and waverings, the ranks began to form behind the first rank, and a hollow square of young Mobilization monitors formed up in front of the leading rank of notables. It is worth the difficulty to attempt to describe this hollow square in more detail, for without it there might have been no March, rather a crush, working up to a stampede, not inconceivably, a disaster. The moni- tors put together a line of sweepers, more than fifty across the width of the bridge, and perhaps one hun- dred feet ahead of the notables. Behind the sweepers, arms locked with the man ahead and the man behind, came two other lines of monitors back in files toward the front rank of notables and indeed continuing on down beyond them, so keeping the first ten or twenty ranks from being inundated on the flanks by the ranks pushing up from behind, and thus incidentally form- ing two more sides of the advancing hollow square. They walked therefore at each edge of the road leav- ing outside their ranks just a few feet of sidewalk between the asphalt and the bridge railing (this space to be promptly filled by anonymous marchers who squeezed up forward). The fourth line of monitors forming the last face of the hollow square, walked about ten yards in advance of these notables, who had been once the forwardmost line, but were now no more than the third line, to Mailer's disappointment: he had been pleased to be in the front rank, in fact had fought doggedly to keep position there, anticip- ating at the end of the March a confrontation face to face with the eyes of soldiers guarding an entrance to the Pentagon, and thought if his head was to be busted this day, let it be before the eyes of Amer- ica's TV viewers tonight. Still a bust on the head is a bust on the head—who knew which unwritten chapters of which books not yet even brought to consciousness might be jolted half across his brain. "Hello Australia—we're doing this period piece on old Vienna."

On the other hand, back in the third row, the danger from behind was no longer to be disregarded. After fifteen minutes of pushing, eddying, compress- ing and decompressing from ranks, the March at last started up in a circus-full of performers. An ABC or CBS open convertible with a built-on camera plat- form was riding in privileged position five yards in



front of them with TV executives, cameramen, and technicians hanging on, leaning out, off on their own crisis run as they crawled along in front. Two monitors kept working like cheerleaders through portable loudspeakers to dress the front rank, which kept billowing and shearing under the pulses of inertia and momentum from the ranks behind, and a troop of helicopters, maybe as many as eight or ten, went into action overhead, while ten to twenty cameramen, movie and still, walking backward, wheeling, swinging from flank to flank, danced in the hollow square, cutting in and out of the fourth line of monitors which was free as reserve to rush wherever the hollow square was thin and threatened.

Picture then this mass, bored for hours by speeches, now elated at the beginning of the March, now made irritable by delay, now compressed, all old latent pips of claustrophobia popping out of the crush, and picture them as they stepped out onto the bridge, monitors in the lead, hollow square behind, next the line of notables with tens, then hundreds of lines squeezing up behind, helicopters overhead, police gunning motorcycles, cameras spinning their gears like the winging of horseflies, TV car bursting seams with hysterically overworked technicians, sun beating overhead—this huge avalanche of people rumbled forward thirty feet and came to a stop in disorder, the lines behind breaking and warping and melding into themselves to make a crowd not a parade, and some jam-up at the front, just what no one knew, now they were moving again. Forty more feet. They stopped. At this rate it would take six hours to reach the Pentagon. And a murmur came up from behind of huge discontent, not huge yet, huge in the potential of its discontent. "Let's get going," people in the front lines were calling out.

The monitors reformed the hollow square, maneuvering interlopers to the side with a maximum of politeness for the circumstances. Now again, the procession inched forward. The problem was at last apparent—it was to keep everybody from engorging the entrance to the bridge before the first ranks of the March were actually upon it.

During this delay, the notables came to be familiar with one monitor, a young pale Negro with a small portable battery-pack loudspeaker who kept dressing the line with sharp little commands, "Move up here, please; move back there now, will you now! Come on! Let's get it going. Follow me, keep my pace. No, stop! Stop right there!" The notables were getting raw recruit training: Dr. Spock and Janey Spock, Lens, Lowell, Mailer, Macdonald, Dellinger, Jerry Rubin—if the Negroes had left the March en masse, the exception here left behind was obviously embodying any desire for total representation of his people. A pale dirty cream in color, nobody could ever say he had lost his black—Mailer wasn't there to speak for the other notables, but *he* hadn't been ordered about so continuously since his first day in the Army. In fact, it was like old times on the Left when you took any Negro into the club that you could get. The

white monitors for the Mobilization looked in the main to be college students, not unathletic, clean, where possible for their ability to handle the March with a minimum of force. (Such at least was the function for the March—later some were to be arrested at the Pentagon, some to be arrested.) But the Negro was no heroic paradigm of a noble African; rather he had a screeching birdlike voice which to the marrow of all good nerve, and the sort of sniveling pimp's face which Midwestern bellboys develop by the habit of taking an extra dollar from the hotel whore. "Dress up that line, there, dress up, what's the matter with all of you? Come on, operate with me. Help me keep this thing moving right," he drilled through the loudspeaker like an angry hospital nurse dealing with some well-whipped orphans. But, in fact, they were not moving at that moment, just milling and filing. He had gone too far.

"Look here," said Lowell to the monitor in a nonsense voice, "we're perfectly willing to cooperate with you, but there's no need to yell and get off on it. Be sensible."

This emptied the pale Negro's balloon. He was sensible for the rest of the March. Mailer was admiring again the banker *manqué* in Lowell; the mean banker had been lost to Boston when Lowell put his hand to the poem.

Once again they began to move, once again cameras whirled, the television convertible crawled ahead, the helicopters hung above, motors chopping, motorcycles gargled in low gear, the hollow square stepped out on the bridge, and the line of notables and the first ranks behind. For a hundred yards they moved in a slow uneven step, arms locked, advancing for ten paces, halting for five seconds, moving again, the shock and release of the stop, then the start, filing in waves down the thick close-packed ranks. From above, from the helicopters, it must have looked like the pulsations in the progression of a caterpillar.

Then came a long halt. It went on for ten minutes. They were now a third of the way across the bridge with tens, no, hundreds of ranks massed solidly behind them all the way back to the entrance of the bridge. There, a fearful congestion like a crowd trying to push out of a stadium exit and not succeeding, rather pressing in on people ahead, produced an urgency at the rear which began to make itself felt in front; underneath the tension of secretly wondering what they would do when they reached the Pentagon was now added the frustration of being unable to move! Full of excitement, not without fear, the crowd jammed upon the bridge was in danger of turning unruly. "Why don't we move? Why don't we just run ahead?" said a boy behind Mailer. He literally pushed against the line of notables, thus jamming into a professor named Donald Kalish, one of the leaders of the Mobilization. "I came here to get to the Pentagon," said the boy, "not to wait in line like this."

Something was wrong, Mailer decided. It was no sense to send provocateurs to start violence within the ranks on the bridge—the entire Mobilization

be lost, or spoiled, before it reached the Pentagon. "Let's get going," shouted the boy, "let's go. I want to be held up. I want to get to those soldiers at the Pentagon."

As his voice had no real ring, Mailer decided, dialogue was wrong. And to the mix of adrenaline circulation, came another, one he did not like to arriving, for it left him tense if he could not use. He was getting ready for a fight. He would of course not throw the first punch, not ever! that would risk what he would need for his reputation. To throw the punch which started the rumble which kicked the March on the Pentagon! And every cameraman in town to pick up the action. No, Mailer was already getting prepared for the kid to swing, and so he was partly studying him. The kid was probably no fighter—his nose was too long and pointed for that; he had never caught anything on the nose, that was obvious, but still he had some kind of snap in him, was confident of possessing something. Possibly he had a good left hook, probably good enough to knock a man if he caught him by surprise; then he could drive a kick into the ear—that might be his edge. Mailer was full of adrenaline now—how fortunate his hangover was modest, or his brain would have left smoking like an electric hot plate.

"They're not going to hold me here," said the kid, swinging ugly, again shoving into Kalish.

"Now, son, take it easy," said Kalish.

"What are they all, yellow?" screamed the kid. "Let's get going. That's what we're here for."

"Hey, let's not lose our cool," said Mailer in his imitation of Marlon Brando's voice in *The Wild One*. "It was a fair imitation and often came to his larynx with the riptide of adrenaline. But that was not the reason to lock this kid up today."

"I want to move," said the boy.

"Why don't you join the monitors," said Kalish. "It was a simple suggestion. The boy could hardly refuse. He left his spot and sauntered up ahead; soon he was in the line of sweepers. But the nascent generation was much annoyed, as if somehow he had been derelict in not holding the agent provocateur where he belonged, back at his own rank."

"It was the only thing to do," said Kalish. "The monitors will be able to handle him better than we can." Mailer felt a too generous portion of middle-class civility in the communality Kalish had just granted him. But now the order came for them all to sit down. It helped. Sitting down, no one could push. The sense of a mounting oppression from the rear began to ease. But there was still much impatience.

An older monitor with a microphone attached to his portable loudspeaker came up to Mailer. "Will you talk to them?" he asked. "I think you might be able to quiet them."

"Give me a minute to think of something." At the look of doubt in the monitor's face, Mailer added, "They're quiet now. Save me for when I'm really needed." He was telling the truth. It seemed to him that once he spoke, his ability to quiet a crowd would

be considerably less the second time. Yet what could he say? It would have to be basic.

"Distrust those who are impatient with you. A riot only aids the Pentagon and the power of LBJ. We are engaged in a war which may go on for twenty years. Nothing less is involved than whether America becomes a great nation or a totalitarian tyranny. For now, be patient—the delay is nothing against twenty years." Yea, good speech. A part of him must now hope the crowd would grow a hint unruly again, so that he might pacify them with his oratory. (Still, he didn't like his speech—it was too moderate.) "I'm ready now," he said to the monitor.

"Thank you." But they were on the move again. It was never, however, to become a routine parade. The majority of demonstrators, if one counted the women, had never marched in ranks; there were no leaders sufficiently well-known to command order easily; indeed it was impossible to keep physical contact with a majority of the demonstrators while they were on the bridge, for the bridge was too crowded to pass back and forth. Communication depended on the portable loudspeakers; order on the good will and wit of the speaker employing them. In the center of that March across the bridge, buried in the middle of that half-mile, the crush of marchers must have surged back and forth like a wash of waves caught by the change of tides in a channel; there was the promise of chaos everywhere, but order was saved from disorder as the mob, good-humored, then evil, then good-humored again, inched its way across the bridge, waiting in place, sitting down, marching again, singing songs. "We Shall Overcome"—blue bruise of misery among the voices, genuine sorrow for happier days on the Left Plantation with the old Civil Rights Negroes, not these new Deep Purple Blacks, still—shouting their slogans, "Hell, no, we won't go," "LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?"—it is possible any other group so large, so leaderless, so infused with anxiety for the unknown situation ahead, and so packed upon the bridge would have erupted, but finally it was a pacifist crowd; that was the obvious gamble on which the move across the bridge had been chosen; if not for the underlying composition of these gentle troops, there would have been no way to assemble on Washington's side of the Potomac. The rally would have had to be at the Pentagon itself—which indeed was where many would argue later it should most certainly have been in the first place. In any event, up at the front of this March, in the first line, back of that hollow square of monitors, Mailer and Lowell walked in this barrage of cameras, helicopters, TV cars, monitors, loudspeakers, and wavering buckling twisting line of notables, arms linked, (line twisting so much that at times the movement was in file, one arm locked ahead, one behind, then the line would undulate about and the other arm would be ahead) speeding up a few steps, slowing down while a great happiness came back into the day as if finally one stood under some mythical arch in the great vault



of history, helicopters buzzing about, chop-chop, and the sense of America divided on this day now liberated some undiscovered patriotism in Mailer so that he felt a sharp searing love for his country in this moment and on this day, crossing some divide in his own mind wider than the Potomac, a love so lacerated he felt as if a marriage were being torn and children lost—never does one love so much as then, obviously, then—and an odor of wood smoke, from where you knew not, was also in the air, a smoke of dignity and some calm heroism, not unlike the sense of freedom which also comes when a marriage is burst—Mailer knew for the first time why men in the front line of a battle are almost always ready to die: there is a promise of some swift transit—one's soul feels clean; as we have gathered, he was not used much more than any other American politician, litterateur, or racketeer to the sentiment that his soul was not unclean, but here, walking with Lowell and Macdonald, he felt as if he stepped through some crossing in the reaches of space between this moment, the French Revolution, and the Civil War, as if the ghosts of the Union Dead accompanied them now to the Bastille, he was not drunk at all, merely illumined by hunger, the sense of danger to the front, sense of danger to the rear—he was in fact in love with himself for having less fear than he had thought he might have—he knew suddenly then he had less fear now than when he was a young man; in some part of himself at least, he had grown; if less innocent, less timid—the cold flame of a perfectly contained exaltation warmed old asthmas of gravel in the heart, and the sense that they were going to face the symbol, the embodiment, no, call it the true and high church of the military-industrial complex, the Pentagon, blind five-sided eye of a subtle oppression which had come to America out of the very air of the century (this evil Twentieth Century with its curse on the species, its oppressive Faustian lusts, its technological excrement all over the conduits of nature, its entrapment, of the innocence of the best—for which young American soldiers hot out of high school and in love with a hot rod and his Marine buddies in his platoon in Vietnam could begin to know the devil of the oppression which would steal his soul before he knew he had one) yes, Mailer felt a confirmation of the contests of his own life on this March to the eye of the oppressor, greedily stingy dumb valve of the worst of the Wasp heart, chalice and anus of corporation land, smug, enclosed, morally blind Pentagon, destroying the future of its own nation with each day it augmented in strength, and the novelist induced on the consequence some dim unawakened knowledge of the mysteries of America buried in the libertine, to die, ent, what a mysterious country it was. The older he became, the more interesting he found her. Awful deadening programmatic inhuman dowager of a nation, corporation, and press—tender mysterious bitch whom no one would ever know, not even her future unfeeling Communist doctors if she died of the disease of her dowager, deadly pompous

dowager who had trapped the sweet bitch. (Perhaps this near excess of patriotism in poetic dose came from locking arms with Lowell; it was not Mailer's fortune to cross from the Capital to Virginia every day in the company of a grand poet!) He was in fact, by now even virtually in love with the helicopters, not because the metaphors of his mind were swollen large enough to embrace even them! no, he loved the helicopters because they were the nearest manifestation of the enemy, and he now loved the enemy for the thundering justification they gave to his legitimate—so he would term it—sentimental pride in himself on this proud day, yes, the helicopters, ugliest flying bird of them all, dragon in the shape of an insect, new vanity of combat, unutterable conceit, holy hunting pleasure, spills and thrills of combat on a quick hump and jump from the downtown Vietnam country club, symbol of tyranny for the city man, for only high officials and generals and police officers flitted into cities on helicopters, so small in size—Mailer, General Mailer, now had a vision of another battle, the next big battle, and the helicopters, press, television and assorted military helicopters hovering overhead with CIA-FBI and others of the alphabet in helicopters—and into the swarm of the choppers would come a Rebel Choir in black, or in Kustom-Kar Red, leave it to the talent of the West Coast to prepare the wild helicopter which would be loaded with guns to shoot pellets of paint at the enemy helicopters, smearing and daubing, dripping them, dropping cans of paint from overhead to smash on the blades of the chopper like aerial combat in World War I, and Fourth of July rockets to fire past their plexiglass canopies. That was the way, Mailer told himself, that was the way. The media would scream at the violence of those messengers who attacked innocent helicopters with paint and America—if it still had a humor—would laugh. Yes, the military thrust of the new war was to turn the guns and poison gas of the media and turn the guns on the authority. Until then—insufferable arrogance of these helicopters swinging and hovering and wheeling overhead, as if to remind everyone of their sufferance, their possession, and the secret of who owned the air—corporation land.

They had one more long wait at the end of the bridge, not twenty yards from the exit, and sat down near to safety (from the dangers of a stampede but not safe yet for they were still on the bridge). At last they moved on, continued along a road for a while, passed under a culvert. On the railing of the culvert, fifteen feet above, stood a handsome young Negro carrying a placard, "NO VIETNAMESE EVER CALLED ME A NIGGER," and the marchers cheered as they passed beneath, and Mailer was pressed—not so easy to stand on the edge of a parade while they marched beneath—confident must be such a stance against the evil eye. Was a mad general buried in every Negro? How fantastic they were at their best—how dim at their worst.

Now the March was leaving the road, was crossing

fields marked off for their route, and the de-to lock arms became more and more difficult untain for the demonstrators in the lead were a rush to be first to the Pentagon, now visible in stance—thin tinge of lead to the silver of the . Marchers coming up from behind began to forward around the sides of the hollow square had narrowed to a rectangle going through divert, but then widened into a fan as they spread s the field. Some marchers being fatigued, others tient, the ranks deteriorated at last, and every-strolled over the grass at his own rate for the quarter-mile. They were now passing fences with barbed wire—cause to wonder if they were open to hold the masses soon to go under arrest—was Mailer's idea. (Invariably his sound percep-were as quickly replaced by wild estimates; he d have divined that the government was not g to pen people in full view of others who were nor give fields of such photographs to European s with any faint reminders implicit of when last ans had been seen behind barbed wire.) Looking ose pens, Mailer's steps passed from grass to rete. They were in the North Parking Area of 'entagon. The March was ended. They had come eir goal.

## The Witches and The Fugs

ce the parking lot was huge as five football s, and just about empty, for they were the first als, the terminus of the March was without na. Nor was the Pentagon even altogether visible i the parking lot. Perhaps for that reason, a lection returned to Mailer of that instant (alive i open nerve) when they had seen it first, walk-through the field, just after the March had left road on the Virginia side of the Potomac; there, ing a rise, it appeared, huge in the near distance, attractive. Somehow, Mailer had been anticipat-it would look more impressive than its pictures, as always expecting corporation land to surprise with a bit of wit, an unexpected turn of archi-ural grace—it never did. The Pentagon rose like nomaly of the sea from the soft Virginia fields, y were crossing a park) its pale yellow walls iniscent of some plastic plug coming out of the made in flesh by an unmentionable operation. re, it sat, geometrical aura complete, isolated n anything in nature surrounding it. Eras ago corporation land begun by putting billboards on old post roads?—now they worked to clean them just as the populace had finally succeeded in det-ting comfortable amounts of libido on highway s, gasoline exhaust, and oil-stained Jersey mac-n—now corporation land, here named Govern-t, took over state preserves, straightened crooked row roads, put up government buildings, removed elcome signs till the young Pop eye of Art wept unwelcome signs—where are our old friends?—

and corporation land would succeed, if it hadn't yet, in making nature look like an outdoor hospital, and the streets of U. S. cities, grace of Urban Renewal, would be difficult to distinguish when drunk from pyramids of packaged foods in the aisles of a super-market.

For years he had been writing about the nature of totalitarianism, its need to render populations apathetic, its instrument—the destruction of mood. Mood was forever being sliced, cut, stamped, ground, excised, or obliterated; mood was a scent which rose from the acts and calms of nature, and totalitar-ianism was a deodorant to nature. Yes, and by the logic of this metaphor, the Pentagon looked like the five-sided tip on the spout of a spray can to be used under the arm, yes, the Pentagon was spraying the deodorant of its presence all over the fields of Vir-ginia.

The North Parking Lot was physically separated from the Pentagon by a wide four-lane highway. Corporate wisdom had been at work—they might have been rattling about in the vast and empty parking lot of a modern stadium when no game is being played. Being among the first hundred to arrive, they found themselves in a state of confusion. No enemy was visible, nor much organization. In the reaches of the parking lot where they had entered was some sort of crane, with what appeared to be a speaker's plat-form on the end of its arm, and that was apparently being gotten ready for more speeches. Lowell, Mac-donald, and Mailer discussed whether to remain there. They were hardly in the mood for further ad-dresses, but on the other hand, combat was getting nearer—one could tell by the slow contractions of the gut. It was not that they would lose their courage, so much as that it would begin to seep away; so the idea of listening to speeches was not intolerable. There would be at least company.

But a pleasant young woman accompanied by her child had come up to greet Lowell, and she now men-tioned that the hippies were going to have a play at the other end of the parking lot and music seemed by far the better preparation for all battle, and music was indeed coming from that direction. So they set out, a modest group in the paved empty desert of the North Parking Area, and strolled toward the sounds of the band which were somehow medieval in sound, leaving behind the panorama of marchers slowly flowing in. On the way, they agreed again that they would be arrested early. That seemed the best way to satisfy present demands and still get back to New York in time for their dinners, parties, week-end parts. The desire to get back early is not dis-honorable in Lowell and Macdonald; they had stayed on today, and indeed probably had come this far be-cause Mailer had helped to urge them, but Mailer! with his apocalyptic visions at Lincoln Memorial and again on the March, his readiness to throw himself, breast against breast, in any charge on the foe, why now in such a rush? Did he not respect his visions?

Well the party that night looked to be the best



coming up in some time; he simply hated to miss it. Besides, he had no position here; it was not his March on the Pentagon in conception or execution; he was hardly required to remain for days or even hours on the scene. His function was to be arrested—his name was expendable for the cause. He did not like the idea of milling about for hours while the fine line of earlier perception (and Vision!) got mucked in the general confusion. Besides, he was a novelist, and there is no procurer, gambler, adventurer, or romantic lover more greedy for experience in great gouts—a part of the novelist wished to take the cumulative rising memories of the last three days and bring them whole, intact, in sum, as they stood now, to cast, nay,—shades of Henry James—to *fling* on the gaming tables of life resumed in New York, and there amass a doubling and tripling again. He was in fact afraid that within the yawning mute concrete of the parking lot, this day which had begun with such exultation would dissipate into leaderless armies wandering about, acting like clowns and fools before the face of the authority; or worse, raw massacres, something more than bones broken: actual disasters—that was also in the air. He did not know if he was secretly afraid too much would happen or too little, but one thing he knew he hated—that would be to wait, and wait again, and nerve up to the point of being arrested, and get diverted and wait again while the light of the vision went out of the day and out of his head until hungry and cold they would all shamble off shamefacedly to New York on a late plane, too late for everything all around. One could not do that to this day. Great days demanded as much respect as great nights—Victorian, no Edwardian, were Mailer's more courtly sentiments.

And in his defense, one decent motive. He had the conviction that his early arrest might excite others to further effort: the early battles of a war wheel on the hinge of their first legends—perhaps his imagination, in lockstep to many a montage in many an old movie, saw the word going out from mouth to ear to mouth to ear, linking the troops—in fact cold assessment would say that was not an inaccurate expectation. Details later.

Yes, Mailer had an egotism of curious disproportions. With the possible exception of John F. Kennedy, there had not been a President of the United States nor even a candidate since the second world war whom Mailer secretly considered more suitable than himself, and yet on the first day of a war which he thought might go on for twenty years, his real desire was to be back in New York for a party. Such men are either monumental fools or excruciatingly practical since it may be wise to go to every party you can if the war is to continue for two decades. Of course, the likelihood is that the government—old corporation land—knew very well how wise it was to forge an agreement in negotiation to stage (dump) the marchers on arrival in the North Area's parking—coming off the March and into the face of a line of troops at the Pentagon, Mailer along with a good

many others would not have been diverted the thoughts of New York whereas the parking area was so large and so empty that any army would have felt small in its expanse.

Well, let us move on to hear the music. It was being played by The Fugs, or rather—to be scrupulously phenomenological—Mailer heard the music first, then noticed the musicians and their costumes, then recognized two of them as Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg and knew it was The Fugs. Great joy! They were much better than the last time he had heard them in a grind-it-out theater on Macdougall Street. Now they were dressed in orange and yellow and wore colored capes and looked at once like Hindu gypsies, French musketeers, and Southern cavalry captains and the girls watching them, indeed sharing the form with them were wearing love beads and leather bells—sandals, blossoms, and little steel-rimmed spectacles abounded, and the music, no rather the joy had begun, almost Shakespearean in its sinister announcement of great pleasures to come. Now the Participant recognized that this was the beginning of the exorcism of the Pentagon, yes the papers had made much of the permit requested by a hippie leader named Abbie Hoffman to encircle the Pentagon with twelve hundred men in order to form a ring of exorcism sufficiently powerful to raise the Pentagon three hundred feet. In the air the Pentagon was then, went the presumption, turn orange and vibrant until all evil emissions had fled this levitation. At that point the war in Vietnam would end.

The General Services Administrator who ruled on the permit consented to let an attempt be made to raise the building ten feet, but he could not go so far as to allow the encirclement. Of course, exorcism without encirclement was like culinary art without a fire—no one could properly expect a meal. Nonetheless the exorcism would proceed, and The Fugs were to serve as a theatrical medium and would play their music on the rear bed of the truck they had driven in here at the end of the parking lot nearest to the Pentagon some hundreds of yards from the speaker stand where the rally was to take place.

Now, while an Indian triangle was repeatedly struck, and a cymbal was clanged, a mimeographed paper was passed around to the marchers watching. It had a legend which went something like this:

October 21, 1967, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., Planet Earth

We Freeman, of all colors of the spectrum, in the name of God, Ra, Jehovah, Anubis, Osiris, The Quetzalcoatl, Thoth, Ptah, Allah, Krishna, Chakchimeke, Chukwu, Olisa-Bulu-Uwa, Imales, Orishas, Odudua, Kali, Shiva Shakti, Great Spirit, Dionysus, Yaweh, Thor, Bacchus, Isis, Jesus Christ, Maitreya, Buddha, Rama do exorcise and cast out the Evil which has walled and captured the pentacle of peace and perverted its use to the need of the total machine and its child the hydrogen bomb and has suffered the people of the planet earth, the American people and creatures of the mountains, woods, streams,

ans grievous mental and physical torture and the instant torment of the imminent threat of utter destruction.

We are demanding that the pentacle of power once again be used to serve the interests of GOD manifest in the world as man. We are embarking on a motion picture which is millennial in scope. Let this day, October 21, 1967, mark the beginning of suprapolitics.

By the act of reading this paper you are engaged in the Holy Ritual of Exorcism. To further participate in your thought on the casting out of evil through the grace of GOD which is all (ours). A billion stars in a billion galaxies of space and time is the form of our power, and limitless is your name.

Now while the Indian triangle and the cymbal rolled, while a trumpet offered a mournful subterranean wail, full of sobs, and mahogany shadows of sorrow, and all sour groans from Hell's dungeon, the finger bells tinkled and drums beat, so did a human voice speak something approximate to this: In the name of the amulets of touching, seeing, feeling, hearing and loving, we call upon the powers of the cosmos to protect our ceremonies in the name of Zeus, in the name of Anubis, god of the dead, in the name of all those killed because they do not command, in the name of the lives of the soldiers in Vietnam who were killed because of a bad karma, in the name of sea-born Aphrodite, in the name of Anna Mater, in the name of Dionysius, Zagreus, Isis, Yahweh, the unnamable, the quintessence final of the Zoroastrian fire, in the name of Hermes, in the name of the Beak of Sok, in the name of Scarab, in the name, in the name, in the name of the Tyrone Power Pound Cake Society in the Sky, in the name of Ra, Osiris, Horus, Nepta, Isis, in the name of the flowing living universe, in the name of the mouth of the river, we call upon the spirit . . . to raise the Pentagon from its destiny and preserve it."

Now spoke another voice. "In the name, and all names, it is you."

Now the voice intoned a new chant, leaving the echo of the harsh invocation of all giants and thunder in the beat of cymbals, triangles, drums, leather, the sour anguish of a trumpet reaching for evil carried through the tents of a medieval carnival.

Then all the musicians suddenly cried out: "Out, demons, out—back to darkness, ye servants of Satan, out, demons, out! Out, demons, out!"

Voices from the back cried: "Out! . . . Out! . . . Out! . . . Out!" mournful as the wind of a cave. Now the music went up louder and louder, and voices chanting, "Out, demons, out! Out, demons, out! Out, demons, out!"

He detested community sing—an old violation of his childhood had been the bouncing ball on the movie screen; he had wanted to watch a movie, not sing—but the invocation delivered some message to his throat. "Out, demons, out," he whispered, "out, demons, out." And his foot—simple American foot—tapped, of course, tapping. "Out, demons, out." Were any of the experts in the Pentagon now shuddering, glory of partial unringed exorcism—even vibrat-

ing? Vibrating experts? "Out, demons, out! Out, demons, out!" He could hear Ed Sanders' voice, Ed of the red-gold head and red-gold beard, editor and publisher of a poetry magazine called *Fuck You*, renaissance conductor, composer, instrumentalist and vocalist of The Fugs, old protégé of Allen Ginsberg, what mighty protégés was Allen amassing. Sanders spoke: "For the first time in the history of the Pentagon there will be a grope-in within one hundred feet of this place, within two hundred feet. Seminal culmination in the spirit of peace and brotherhood, a real grope for peace. All of you who want to protect this rite of love may form a circle of protection around the lovers."

"Circle of protection," intoned another voice.

"These are the magic eyes of victory," Sanders went on. "Victory, victory for peace. Money made the Pentagon—melt it. Money made the Pentagon, melt it for love."

Now came other voices, "Burn the money, burn the money, burn it, burn it."

Sanders: "In the name of the generative power of Priapus, in the name of the totality, we call upon the demons of the Pentagon to rid themselves of the cancerous tumors of the war generals, all the secretaries and soldiers who don't know what they're doing, all the intrigue bureaucracy and hatred, all the spewing, coupled with prostate cancer in the death-bed. Every Pentagon general lying alone at night with a tortured psyche and an image of death in his brain, every general, every general lying alone, every general lying alone."

Wild cries followed, chants: "Out, demons, out! Out, demons, out! Out! out! Out! Out, demons, out."

Sanders: "In the name of the most sacred of sacred names Xabrax Phresxner."

He was accompanied now by chants of, "Hari, hari, hari, rama, rama, rama, rama, Krishna, hari Krishna, hari, hari, rama, Krishna."

"Out demons, out."

They all chanted: "End the fire and war, and war, end the plague of death. End the fire and war, and war, end the plague of death." In the background was the sound of a long sustained Ommmm.

On which acidic journeys had the hippies met the witches and the devils and the cutting edge of all primitive awe, the savage's sense of explosion—the fuse of blasphemy, the cap of taboo now struck, the answering roar of the Gods—for what was explosion but connections made at the rate of 10 to the 10th exponent of the average rate of a dialogue and its habitual answer—had all the TNT and nuclear transcendencies of TNT exploded some devil's caldron from the past—was the past being consumed by the present? by nuclear blasts, and blasts into the collective living brain by way of all exploding acids, opiums, whiskeys, speeds, and dopes?—the past was palpable to him, a tissue living in the tangible mansions of death, and death was disappearing, death was wasting of some incurable ill. When death disappeared, there would be no life.



Morbid thoughts for the edge of battle, thoughts out alone without wings of whiskey to bring them back, but Mailer had made his lonely odyssey into the land of the witches, it had taken him through three divorces and four wives to decide that some female phenomena could be explained by no hypothesis less thoroughgoing than the absolute existence of witches. A lonely journey, taken without help from his old drugs, no, rather a distillate of his most difficult experience, and he had arrived at it in great secrecy, for quondam Marxist, non-active editor of a Socialist magazine, where and how could he explain or justify a striking force of witches—difficult enough to force a Socialist eye to focus on what was existential. Now, here, after several years of the blandest reports from the religious explorers of LSD, vague Tibetan lama goody-goodness auras of religiosity being the only publicly announced or even rumored fruit from all trips back from the buried Atlantis of LSD, now suddenly an entire generation of acid-heads seemed to have said goodbye to easy visions of heaven, no, now the witches were here, and rites of exorcism, and black terrors of the night—hippies being murdered. Yes, the hippies had gone from Tibet to Christ to the Middle Ages, now they were Revolutionary Alchemists. Well, thought Mailer, that was all right, he was a Left Conservative himself. "Out, demons, out! Out, demons, out!"

"You know I like this," he said to Lowell.

Lowell shook his head. He looked not untroubled. "It was all right for awhile," he said, "but it's so damn repetitious."

And Macdonald had a harsh glee in his pale eye as if he were half furious but half diverted by the meaninglessness of the repetitions. Macdonald hated meaninglessness even more than the war in Vietnam; on the other hand, he lived for a new critical stimulation: Here it might be.

But to Lowell it was probably not meaninglessness. No, probably Lowell reacted against everything which was hypnotic in that music. Even if much of his poetry could be seen as formal incantations, half-way houses on the road to hypnosis and the oceans of contemplation beyond,

O to break loose, like the chinook  
salmon jumping and falling back,  
noing up the impossible  
stone and bone-crushing waterfall—

yes, even if Lowell's remarkable sense of rhythm drew one deep into the poems, nonetheless hypnotic they resolutely were not, for the language was particular, with a wicked sense of names, details and places.

... Remember playing  
Marian Anderson, Mozart's *Shepherd King*,  
*il re pastore*? Hammerheaded shark,  
the rainbow salmon of the world—your hand  
a rose... And at the Mittersill, you topped  
the ski-run...

Lowell's poetry gave one the sense of living in a well, the echoes were deep, and sound was finally lost

in moss on stone; down there the light had the luster of velvet, and the ripples were imperceptible. But to lay on one's back in this well, looking up at the sky and stars were determinedly there at night, had no points of reference; nothing in the poems ever permitted you to turn on your face and try to look down into the depths of the well, it was enough you were in the well—now, look up! The world dazzled with its detail.

Lowell, drawn to hypnosis, would resist it, resist particularly these abstract clackety sounds of wooden gears in a noisemaker, "Hari, hari, hari, harama, rama, Krishna, hari, rama, Krishna," and the whoop of wild Indians in "out, demons, out!" Nothing was more dangerous to the poet than hypnosis for the style of one's entrance to that plain of sleep where all ideas coalesced into one, was critical—entranced by any indiscriminate route, "Om, Om, Om," and who knows what finely articulated bones of future prosody might be melted in these undifferentiated pots—no, Lowell's good poetry was a reconnaissance into the deep, and for that, pirate's patrols were the best—one went down with the idea one would come back with more, but one did not immerse oneself where open guru Ginsberg arms crying, "Baa, baa, slay the sheep or enrich it, Great Deep," no, one tiptoed and made a raid and ideally got out good. Besides, The Fugs and Hindu bells and exorcisms via Lowell were all indeed Allen Ginsberg's patch; poets respected each other's squatter's rights like Grenadiers before the unrolled carpet of the King.

But of course Lowell's final distaste was for the attraction itself of these sounds (which were incidentally lifting Mailer into the happiest sense of comradeship—without a drink in him, he was nonetheless cheering up again at the thought of combat and deciding it would be delightful to whack a barricade in the company of Ed Sanders with the red gold beard who had brought grope-freak talk to the Village and always seemed to Mailer a little over-liberated, but now suitable, yes, the novelist was working up all steam in the "Out, demons, out.")

But now these meanderings were interrupted by a sight to the rear of them and a battle cry, except there was not really a cry at all, just the unheated sense of a cry in the silent rush, the intent silence of a group of near a few hundred men, some wearing motorcycle helmets or fencing jackets or football shoulder pads, who were walking very rapidly, in fact almost at an odd run, in a long wedge perhaps two hundred feet long, forty or fifty wide at the base, and at the front, at the point, in the vanguard two or three carried standards, two or three blue and gold flags of the N.L.F., yes the American branch of the Vietcong was rushing across the parking lot for the first assault on the unseen Pentagon at a point no fifty yards from where The Fugs were playing.

On came the rush, the men carrying the standards running at an odd angle, as if the weight of the flag and pole brought their bodies and arms out too far ahead of their legs, so that they gave the impression

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oucho Marx, of having torsos too large and impeded over for their limbs, (or perhaps this came from the protection and stuffing they and behind them were men carrying other rds and posters, a sea of slogans, (which could be used for weapons—sticks and shards of masonite) nearly all the men at that odd in-ward from the vertical as if keening at the and Mailer knew where he had seen this before, posture of men running in a charge, yes it had in the photographs by Matthew Brady of Union's on the attack across a field, and on they came rolled up in some collective wave of purpose, individual bodies seeming so much larger than limbs, because their bodies were part of a mass, he became aware of their feet as something fragile and separated from them. The at-ime on, the wedge ran forward, this was a bona t-ack, a prepared attack, yes, and it jammed rd into some narrow exit out of the parking me neck of road and fence and embankment nall pines, and the body of troops in this attack. n the lead, charged by, went out of sight, and ar of the wedge galloping behind, rushed into of bodies on the embankment, heaved to, d them forward, heaved, succeeded, pushed and ground finally to a straining equilibrium, a halt.

a few minutes, nothing happened. It was im-ple to see what was going on at the head of the n, and The Fugs continued to play, "Out, as, out!" From all over the parking lot, people now streaming toward them to see what the c had developed, many more people had arrived they were listening to the music, and a man knew Lowell or Macdonald came up to Mailer aid with a smile, "They're looking for you to at the other end."

t the other end was hundreds of yards away, way from this unresolved action at their elbow. " said the man with a grin, "they said, 'Will eal Norman Mailer stand up?'" It was a refer- to two photographs he had used on the jacket of *Are We In Vietnam?*

ll get over in a while," said Mailer. It was mildly uing to one specialized portion of the brain to preparing these variations on an extempore h he still had not made. In fact, he had about ed he really did not wish to speak. It seemed a estion absurd in the face of the action now ing, exactly the sort of thing to expect of a lit- r man. But his vanity was tempted. In a day of any speeches, they ought to hear one piece of thodoxy.

ill, he did not want to leave. That sense of thin nd exaltation burning in the lungs, that intima- of living at high altitude had come back. "Let's to see what's going on with that attack," he rested.

ey now left The Fugs and walked to the rear of column jammed at that unseen exit. The men

above were obviously packed too tightly for any late arrival to work himself up high enough to compre- hend what was happening. It seemed foolish somehow to stand at the rear and ask questions, and they walked a few feet away and debated whether to go to the far end of the parking lot and hear speeches. The day was hovering again on anticlimax.

Abruptly—no warning—the men at the base of the stairs, the very troops who had carried the N.L.F. flags, were running toward the rear in a panic. Mailer had then that superimposition of vision which makes descriptions of combat so contradictory when one compares eyewitness reports—he did not literally see any uniformed soldiers or marshals chasing this civilian army down the embankment, there was nothing but demonstrators flying down toward them now, panic on their faces, but Mailer's imagination so clearly conceived M.P.'s chasing them with bayonets that for an instant he did literally see fixed bayonets and knew in some other part of himself he didn't, like two transparent images almost superimposed. Then he saw nothing but the look of terror on the faces coming toward him and he turned to run in order not to be run down by them, conceiving for one instant M.P.'s squirting Mace in everybody's eyes. Then panic was on him too. He didn't want Mace. He sprinted a few steps, looked over his shoulder, stepped in a drainage trough where the parking lot concrete was hollowed, almost fell with a nasty wrench of his back and abruptly stopped running, sheepishly, recognizing that some large fund of fear he had not even felt for a minute these three days had nonetheless lived in him like an abscess quick to burst now at the first mean threat. He was furious, furious at himself for running and this shame was not balmed by the quick sight he had over one shoulder of Dwight Macdonald standing calm and still, while tens of people scrambled around him in panic. Macdonald had the quiet look on his face of a man who had lived his life, and had learned what he learned, and was not going to run from anyone.

They reassembled. It was confusing. Nobody knew why the men on the stairs had suddenly begun to flee. An attack had been mounted, had been stopped, and a retreat had gone off in their faces, partly swept them up in the terror, and now had dissipated itself. His worst perspectives were being fulfilled. The one sequence he did not wish to follow on this late after-noon was in full prospect now—they would wander unattached to any troop or effort, always on the fringe, always ignorant of the next move, always confused. Then it would be dark. He had a picture again of three notables, silly to themselves, walking about with a candle, looking to be copped.

"Listen," Mailer said, "let's get arrested now." Stating the desire created it, and put a ligature across the rent in his nerve.

"Look, Norman," said Lowell, "if we're going to, shall we get away from here? I don't see any good that's accomplished if we're all picked up right next to a Vietcong flag."



This was not to be contested. Mailer had never understood how demonstrating with an N.L.F. flag was going to spark a mass movement to end the war. He could not argue with Lowell. The remark was sensible, and yet he felt uneasy, as if one should never be too sensible in war. Still—it was difficult enough for people to take him seriously without standing next to *that* flag!

So they moved on, looking for a line to cross, or a border, or a fence at the extremity of the parking lot, and came upon one in no time at all. To their left, perhaps fifty yards from where the attack had jammed, was a grassy field with United States M.P.'s stationed in it. To their front was a low rope, not a foot off the ground. Protestors from the parking lot were standing behind this rope, two or three deep. Lowell, Mailer, and Macdonald worked into position until they had nothing in front of them but the rope, and the M.P.'s.

## 6. A Confrontation by the River

**I**t was not much of a situation to study. The M.P.'s stood in two widely spaced ranks. The first rank was ten yards behind the rope, and each M.P. in that row was close to twenty feet from the next man. The second rank, similarly spaced, was ten yards behind the first rank and perhaps thirty yards behind them a cluster appeared, every fifty yards or so, of two or three U. S. Marshals in white helmets and dark blue suits. They were out there waiting. Two moods confronted one another, two separate senses of a private silence. It was not unlike being a boy about to jump from one garage roof to an adjoining garage roof. The one thing not to do was wait. Mailer looked at Macdonald and Lowell. "Let's go," he said. Not looking again at them, not pausing to gather or dissipate resolve, he made a point of stepping neatly and decisively over the low rope. Then he headed across the grass to the nearest M.P. he saw.

It was as if the air had changed, or light had altered; he felt immediately much more alive—yes, bathed in air—and yet disembodied from himself, as if indeed he were watching himself in a film where this action was taking place. He could feel the eyes of the people behind the rope watching him, could feel the intensity of their existence as spectators. And as he walked forward, he and the M.P. looked at one another with the naked stricken lucidity which comes when absolute strangers are for the moment absolutely locked together.

The M.P. lifted his club to his chest as if to bar all passage. To Mailer's great surprise—he had secretly expected the enemy to be calm and strong, why should they not? they had every power, all the guns to his great surprise, the M.P. was trembling. He was a young Negro, part white, who looked to have come from some small town where perhaps there were not many other Negroes; he had at any rate no Harlem smoke, no devil swish, no black, no black

power for him, just a simple boy in an Army uniform with a look of horror in his eye, "Why, why, why have to happen to me?" was the message of the terrified marbles in his face.

"Go back," he said hoarsely to Mailer.

"If you don't arrest me, I'm going to the Pentagon."

"No. Go back."

The thought of a return—"since they won't arrest me, what can I do?"—over these same ten yards was not at all suitable.

As the M.P. spoke, the raised club quivered. Mailer did not know if it quivered from the desire of the M.P. to strike him, or secret military wonder was he possessed of a moral force which implanted terror in the arms of young soldiers? Some unfamiliar, ancient, now gyroscopic, now a sluggish whirlpool, evolving from that quiver of the club, and the M.P. seemed to turn slowly away from his position, fronting the rope, and the Novelist turned with each still facing the other until the axis of their shoulders was now perpendicular to the rope. Still they kept turning in this psychic field, not knowing, the club quivering, and then Mailer was looking at the M.P., he was free of him, and he wheeled around and kept going in a half-run to the next line of M.P.'s, and then on the push of a sudden instinct, spun suddenly around the nearest M.P. in the second rank, much as if he were a back cutting around the nearest man in the secondary to break free—that was according to his precise thought—and had a passing percept of how simple it was to get past these M.P.'s. Mailer looked petrified. Stricken faces as he went by. Mailer did not know what to do. It was his dark pin-striped suit, his vest, the maroon and blue regimental tie, the part in his hair, the barrel chest, the early part of his life—he must have looked like a banker himself, a banker gone ape! And then he saw the Pentagon to his right across the field, not a hundred yards away, and to his left, the Marshals, and he ran on toward them, and came up, and they glared at him and shouted, "Go back."

He had a quick impression of hard-faced men with gray eyes burning some transparent fuel for the moment and said, "I won't go back. If you don't arrest me, I'm going on to the Pentagon," and knew he was right, it, some absolute certainty had come to him, and then two of them leaped on him at once in the cold clamorous murderous fury of all cops at the existential moment of making their bust—all cops who secretly expect to be struck at that instant for their sins—and a surprising force came to his voice, and he roared, taking his own distant pleasure in new achievement and authority. "Take your hands off me, can't you? I'm not resisting arrest," and one then let go of him, and the other stopped trying to pry his arm in a lock, and contented himself with a hard hand on his armpit, and they set off walking across the field at a rabid intent quick rate, walking parallel to the wall of the Pentagon, fully visible on his right at all times, and he was arrested, he had succeeded in that,

a club on his head, the mountain air in his thin and fierce as smoke, yes, the livid air of on this livid side promised a few events of

more interest than the routine wait to be free, yes he was more than a visitor, he was in the land of the enemy now, he would get to see their face.

## PART IV: Saturday Night and All of Sunday

### At 80 Beyond the Law

f the oldest devices of the novelist—some call it a vice—is to bring his narrative (after an excursion) to a pitch of excitement where no matter how cultivated is reduced to a point where he can pant no faster than to ask, “and then what happens?” At which point the consummate cruel lover, introduces a delay, aware that delay at this point helps to create an addiction of his audience.

of course, was Victorian practice. Modern novels, accustomed to superhighways, put aside the first annoyance and turn to the next set. So a modern novelist must apologize, apologize profusely, for daring to leave his narrative must in fact absolve himself of the charge of using a device, he must plead necessity.

Novelist now pleads necessity. He will take an unnecessary delay in the proceedings—because in a hurry—to introduce a further element to our story which will accompany us intermittently to the end. It must now be admitted—the reader does not expect a forthright shock—that the Participant is not only a witness and actor in these proceedings, but was being photographed as well! Mailer, what he considered an inexcusable weak moment, agreed to the request of a young English filmmaker, Dick Fontaine, to have a documentary film made of him for British television. Once before he had made such a documentary filmed and the experience had been finally not pleasant because it seemed to him that sitting in a chair and celebrating for the camera. Mailer, when all was said, was no Arnold, no Bertrand Russell (perhaps not even an old man) no, with all granted, Mailer as an actor always had something of the usurper in him—something in his voice revealed that he was less than he pretended. Watching himself on camera for this earlier documentary, he was identified with himself as a subject. For a warrior, a political general, ex-political candidate, embattled enfant terrible of the literary world, wise father of six children, radical intellectual, existential philosopher, hard-working author, champion of obnoxious husband of four battling sweet wives, amiable drinker, and much exaggerated street fighter, glib giver, hostess insulter—he had on screen in his first documentary a fatal taint, a last remnant of the one personality he found absolutely stable—the nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn. The softness in his adenoids gave it away—he had the

softness of a man early accustomed to mother-love. So Mailer stayed away from further documentaries of himself. Talented cinematographers like the Maysles brothers approached him—he had no interest. Fontaine, who had been introduced with the best of credentials by a young English lady in whose personality the novelist took delight, succeeded through sheer bull British perseverance in extracting a promise that Fontaine and his crew could be present at a few of the novelist's more active projects. No speeches.

Therefore, witness the first fulfillment of this promise. It was on the initial night of shooting Mailer's second film (which was most tentatively entitled *Bust 80*—and was later to be called *Beyond the Law*) a study of detectives and suspects in a police precinct. Mailer had theories on how to make films. He liked to take people who were able to talk themselves in and out of trouble, and cast them in situations which he tried to make sufficiently intense so that they would not be too aware of the camera. Whether they had ever acted before, did not often concern him. It was his theory—not too novel an hypothesis—that many people who had never acted, and could never begin to act on stage without training, still had several extraordinary characterizations they could bring to a film provided they spoke their own words and had no script to remember. It can be seen this is a lively theory which leaves much to the director and takes much away from him; Mailer boosted the ante on the first night of shooting by having three camera crews and several interrogations going on in several rooms at once—the cries or shouts of one interrogation affected the quiet dialogue of another. The intensity of this process, cameras, actors, and scenes working simultaneously on the same floor (which is about the way matters proceed in a police station) conceivably worked a magic on the actors—Mailer's opinion of the film as it began to come together in the early rushes is that it was not impossible he had divined and/or blundered onto the making of the best American movie about police he had ever seen. It was certainly the first film which had ever bypassed altogether the formal morality of Hollywood crime and punishment. His film brought forth instead the incredible—which is to say existential—life buried in all passing relations between cops and criminals: his police were the most interesting police he had come across in films, his suspects were as vivid as the best faces one sees on a strange street.

But the first night's shooting was chaos, and prom-



ised disaster. The Director had picked some of his most bullheaded friends to play cops; some of his most complicated buddies to play crooks: action abounded everywhere; confusion kept up with it: cameras, sound men, and still photographers often collided, the tail of one film crew being run into by the lens of another. To this disorder was added a fourth camera, the BBC crew working for Fontaine—more than once that night the Director came close to barring the fourth crew for inevitably they were an active part of the confusion. Yet, at a given moment when an exciting scene was still full of action, the first camera ran out of film. "Get another camera," Mailer bawled into the corridor. But the second camera was being loaded; so was the third. "Well, who's that over there," roared the Director, "who's that over there whose camera is going now?"

"Oh, that's the BBC."

Technological crews generate little élan until their working process has delivered the first joke. "Oh, that's the BBC," carried the night, and left Mailer with an impression of a cameraman who loaded so fast he seemed never to run out of film. The next time he saw that cameraman was in the dressing room of a small television studio in New York. Mailer, soon to be interviewed on the approaching March on the Pentagon, was having television cosmetics applied to his face, and looked into the mirror to see the lens of the camera on him. Now he did order the cameraman and his sound man out. "Do you think I've reached the age of forty-four in order to have movies taken of myself while I'm being made up?"

The next time he saw them was in Washington. As Mailer came off the stage of the Ambassador Theater, Fontaine and the cameraman, Leitemann, were beaming. "We got wonderful stuff of you tonight," said Fontaine. They were there the next day at the Department of Justice, and Mailer had the opportunity to watch Leitemann work. There were long periods when nothing was occurring which he thought appropriate to photograph, but he never put his camera down, yet it must have weighed twenty pounds. All during that long afternoon, Leitemann kept it cradled in his arms, ready to photograph the first trace of opportunity. The next day, out on the March, walking backward over Arlington Memorial Bridge in the center of the hollow square, Leitemann was photographing the line of notable. Whenever he saw Mailer, he would smile. This seemed part of his photographic technique: He always smiled encouragingly at his subject. After a while, one was glad to see him, even while he endeavored to The Fugitive. Mailer had felt Leitemann's camera on him; as Lowell, Macdonald, and Mailer had approached the rope they were going to cross in order to be arrested. Leitemann and Fontaine had been with them.

But now, perambulating around the Pentagon in the first ten seconds of his arrest, with the U. S. Marshal's hand still full of tremors on his arm, what pleasant shock to see Leitemann suddenly dart in front of them, give his great smile of encouragement

to Mailer—it had the spark of something most now—and with his eye to the optical finder, stating the progress of the Marshal and himself: five feet in front, Leitemann walking backward at the same great rate they were walking forward; that he performed a small athletic prodigy since the path was uneven, they walked up small slopes, down them, crossed a concrete path, stepped over it, were on the walks again, climbed up a ramp without breaking pace, and all the while, five feet ahead, five feet ahead, unaware of what was behind him, Leitemann walking backward at a very fast rate, stopping occasionally and recovering with his heavy camera on his shoulder nonetheless seemed never to go of the grip of his lens on his subject, all the while mustering a beatific encouraging grin, as if he were saying, "Go man, you are making it for a while now, down."

Mailer's arm was being held in the trembling hands of a U. S. Marshal—this trembling a characteristic physical reaction of the police whenever they laid hands on an arrest, or at least so Mailer would have thought after noticing police in such a precise state for the fourth of the four times he had in his life been arrested—yes they had trembled almost uncontrollably. Whether his was due to a sudden onrush—quote from a letter to Fliess—of "unruly latent homosexuality," or whether from a terror before God that he judged other men sufficiently to make arrests, or whether simply they were cowards, or if to the contrary they trembled from the effort it cost them to keep from assaulting the prisoner, whatever! Mailer could not quite decide—he had sometimes even wondered if it had to do with the incongruities of his person, whether it was possible he offended deeply in the police, no matter, the fact, inconceivable, was that policemen quivered uncontrollably when they laid hands on him. This observation taken and confirmed in the first few steps he made in company with the Marshal after his successful arrest, it had been to his great surprise and pleasure, for there was a certain loneliness in these first few steps—that he had looked up to see Leitemann.

And now a reporter darted up on the flank of the procession to ask a question of Mailer with his friendly, intimate, solicitous attention reporter, to inject into the dramatic work of getting a quote; or, well enough the subject feels sufficiently important to believe his immortal initials are being carved into the buttock of history. "Why were you arrested, Mailer?"

The subject was not absolutely calm. To his excitement was added the tense quivering grip of the Marshal—the sense of breathing mountain air, hardly abated; his lungs seemed to take in oxygen with a thin edge, his throat burned. But his voice, his surprise, was calmer than himself—for once he came out about the way he wanted it to, quietly even. "I was arrested for transgressing a police order." ("Of course, he was misquoted," said Mailer's lawyer later. "He wouldn't use a word like transgress."

anticipate the solemnity men bring to these  
s.) "I am guilty," Mailer went on. "It was  
an act of protest to the war in Vietnam."  
"You hurt in any way?" asked the reporter.  
"The arrest was correct."

felt as if he were being confirmed. (After  
years of radical opinions, he was finally under  
for a real cause.) Mailer always supposed he  
t important and unimportant in about as many  
s a man could feel; now he felt important in a  
ay. He felt his own age, forty-four, felt it as  
ere finally one age, not seven, felt as if he were  
embodiment of bone, muscle, flesh, and vested  
ice, rather than the will, heart, mind, and  
ent to be a man, as if he had arrived, as if this  
ne arrest had been his Rubicon. He was se-  
altogether pleased with himself at how well he  
naged his bust—no cracks on the head, no silly  
—he was damned if he was going to spoil it with  
r-intense speech now, no, just the dry salient  
ent. (Of course, he did not know that one of  
st two reports to go out would have him say-  
I am guilty, I transgressed a police line," so  
ome of the follow-up stories would have him  
ed by accident. But for that matter, he had  
naccurate himself—it was a *Military Police*  
e had crossed.)

were walking along now on a path roughly  
d to a side of the Pentagon he learned later  
e River Entrance, and to his left he could see  
which he assumed was the Potomac—in fact,  
a basin of the Potomac called Boundary Chan-  
nd pleasure craft were anchored at a marina  
it.

grip of the Marshal's hand had lightened. Per-  
was the attention paid to him by the reporters,  
e Marshal's features had gone through a small  
morphosis. As his rage and agitation subsided,  
ce converted back into an intelligent, clean-  
ed American face, not let us say unlike the  
nt modest appearance of Mr. Fran Tarkenton,  
rback for the New York Giants. Mailer and  
arshal began to descend from their peak of  
ain air. About now, a man in plain clothes  
Leitermann. "You can't come with us," said  
m. So Leitermann signed off with a short wave  
smile and Mailer now alone again in his mind,  
d a ramp over a dual highway below and came  
n asphalt reception area of the Pentagon, see-  
jects now with the kind of filtered vision which  
imes comes to a man on drugs in the bleak hour  
he is coming down—a glimpse is had of every-  
ings in their negative aspect, the truth of the  
(even the beloved is then an object) stripped  
love, sentiment, or libido. They were coming  
reception area adjacent to the wall; paved in  
asphalt, the air itself in these shadows looked  
and the soldiers and Marshals standing about  
cold professional studied indifference Mailer  
ot seen in twenty-three years, not since he had  
to Leyte as a replacement, and had been appar-

ently invisible to the eyes of the veterans, cavalrymen  
from Texas overseas thirty months and more. The  
soldiers here had such a look. Even the indifference  
of the faces one sees in a New York subway have  
more reaction, as if the air along this sheltered wall  
of the Pentagon had been injected with Novocain.  
A pall covered the tension.

## 2. The Marshal and the Nazi

**T**hey put him in the rear seat of a Volkswagen  
camper and he welcomed the opportunity to relax.  
Soon they would drive him, he guessed, to some  
nearby place where he would be arraigned, fined, and  
released. He kept searching the distance for sight of  
Lowell and Macdonald whom he assumed would be  
following any minute. The thought that they might  
not have been picked up was depressing, for he could  
only guess at the depths of Lowell's dejection if he  
had botched his arrest, and now, with each twenty  
seconds, he became more gloomily certain that Lowell  
and Macdonald had been turned back, had failed to  
get arrested, and blamed himself now for the rush  
with which he had set out—he should have warned  
them the arrest might not be automatic, that one  
might have to steal it—he felt somehow incompetent  
at not having properly prepared them.

Now a new man entered the Volkswagen. Mailer  
took him at first for a Marshal or an official, since he  
was wearing a dark suit and a white motorcycle hel-  
met, and had a clean-cut stubborn face with short  
features. But he was carrying something which  
looked like a rolled-up movie screen over five feet  
long, and he smiled in the friendliest fashion, sat  
down next to Mailer, and took off his helmet. Mailer  
thought he was about to be interrogated and he  
looked forward to that with this friendly man, no  
less! (Of course the prisoner often looks forward to  
his interrogation!) but then another man carrying  
a clipboard came up to them, and leaning through  
the wide double door of the camper, asked questions  
of them both. When Mailer gave his name, the man  
with the clipboard acted as if he had never heard of  
him, or at least pretended never to have heard of  
him, the second possibility seeming possible since  
word traveled quickly from reporters.

"How do you spell it?"

"M.A.I.L.E.R."

"Why were you arrested, Mr. Miller?"

"For transgressing a police line as a protest  
against the war in Vietnam."

The Clipboard then asked a question of the man  
sitting next to him. "And why were *you* arrested?"

"As an act of solidarity with oppressed forces  
fighting for liberty against this country in South-  
east Asia."

The Clipboard nodded drily, as if to say, "Yeah,  
we're all crazy here." Then he asked, pointing to the  
object which looked like a rolled-up movie screen.  
"You want that with you?"



"Yessir," said the man next to Mailer. "I'd like to take it along."

The Clipboard gave a short nod, and walked off. Mailer would never see him again. If the History has therefore spent a pointless exchange with him, it is to emphasize that the first few minutes of an arrest such as this, are without particular precedent, and so Mailer, like a visitor from Mars, or an adolescent entering polite society, had no idea of what might be important next and what might not. This condition of innocence was not, however, particularly disagreeable since it forced him to watch everything with the attention, let us say, of a man like William Buckley spending his first hour in a Harlem bar—no, come! things are far safer for Mailer at the Pentagon.

He chatted with his fellow prisoner, Teague. Walter Teague was the name, who had been in the vanguard of the charge Mailer had seen from the parking lot. But before any confused impressions were to be sorted, they were interrupted by the insertion of the next prisoner put into the Volkswagen, a young man with straight blond hair and a Nazi armband on his sleeve. He was installed in the rear, with a table between, but Mailer was not happy, for his eyes and the Nazi's bounced off each other like two heads colliding—the novelist discovered he was now in a hurry for them to get this stage of the booking completed. He was also privately indignant at the U. S. Army (like a private citizen, let us say, who writes a letter to his small-town newspaper) at the incredible stupidity of putting a Nazi in the same Volkswagen camper with Pentagon demonstrators—there were two or three other cars available, at least!—next came the suspicion that this was not an accident, but a provocation in the making. If the Nazi started trouble, and there was a fight, the newspaper accounts would doubtless state that Norman Mailer had gotten into an altercation five minutes after his arrest. (Of course, they would not say with whom.) This is all doubtless most paranoid of Mailer, but then he had had nearly twenty years of misreporting about himself, and the seed of paranoia is the arrival of the conviction that the truth about oneself is never told. (Mailer might have done better to pity the American populace—receiving misinformation in systematic form tends to create mass schizophrenia: poor America—Eddie and Debbie are True Love.)

Now they were moved out of the camper and over to an Army truck. There was Teague, and the Novelist, and another arrestee—a tall Hungarian who quickly told Mailer how much he liked his books and in much the same breath that he was a Freedom Fighter—there was also a new U. S. Marshal, and the Nazi. The prisoners climbed one by one over the high tailgate, Mailer finding it a touch awkward for he did not wish to dirty his dark blue pinstripe suit, and then they stood in the rear of the truck, a still familiar 2½ ton 6-by of a sort which the novelist hadn't been in for twenty-one years, not since his Army discharge.

Standing in the truck, a few feet apart from each other, all prisoners regarding one another, the Nazi

fixed on Mailer. Their eyes locked like magnets, going into line, and for perhaps twenty seconds they stared at each other. Mailer looked into a pair of low eyes so compressed with hate that back of his own eyes he could feel the echo of such hatred coming. The Nazi was taller than Mailer, well-knit with neatly formed features and a shock of blond hair, would have been handsome but for the ferocity of his yellow eyes which were sunk deep in their sockets. Those eyes made him look like an eagle.

Yet Mailer had first advantage in this eye-staring contest. Because he had been prepared for it. He had been getting into such confrontations for years and rarely lost them, even though he sometimes thought they were costing him eyesight. Still, some deep instinct had made him ready an instant before the Nazi. Every bit of intensity he possessed—with the tremors of the March and the Marshal's arrest—was pent in him—glared forth into the other's eyes. Mailer was nonetheless aghast at what he saw. The American Nazis were all fanatics, yes, poor mad tormenters, fanatics, their psyches twisted like burning lead, the fire of their hatreds, yes, indeed! but this conviction stood in his eyes as if his soul had been focused to a single point of light. Mailer could feel violence behind violence rocking through his head, the two of them were ever alone in an alley, and they might kill the other in a fight—it was not that he was holding an electric wire in the hand. And the thought of it was that he was not even feeling violent himself—whatever violence he possessed had gone to his head—by that route had he projected himself on the Nazi.

After the first five seconds of the shock had passed, he realized he might be able to win—the Nazi must have taken too many easy contests, and had been complacent in the first moment, yes it was like children throwing themselves on each other: one knew of one finger a little better able to be worked, a firmer grip could make the difference—now he could feel a hint of force ebbing in the other's eyes, and he wondered at his own necessity to win. He did not hate the Nazi nearly so much as he was curious about him, yet the thought of losing had been intolerable. He had been *obliged* not to lose, as if the duty of life at this particular moment must have been to look into that Nazi's eye, and say with his own, "I claim you have a philosophical system which comprehends all—you know nothing! My eyes encompass yours. My philosophy contains yours. You have the wrong man!" And the Nazi looked away, and was hysterical with fury on the instant.

"You Jew bastard," he shouted. "Dirty Jew with kinky hair."

They didn't speak that way. It was too corny. He could only answer, "You filthy Kraut."

"Dirty Jew."

"Kraut pig."

A part of his mind could actually be amused at the choice—he didn't even hate Germans anymore. Indeed Germans fascinated him now. Why, they loved his books more than Americans did. Yet here he

nothing better to return than "Kraut pig." not a Kraut," said the Nazi, "I'm a Nor- And then as if the pride of his birth had him into communication with an infidel, thus privilege, the Nazi added quickly, "Jew bastard cocked his fists. "Come here, you coward," to Mailer, "I'll kill you."

With the first punch, baby," said Mailer, "you'll were both absolutely right. They had a peer of the other. Mailer was certainly not brave to advance on the Nazi—it would be like an avalanche on himself. But he also knew the Nazi jumped him, one blond youth was only to get massacred. In retrospect, it would not be uncomic—two philosophical monomaniacs, same flaw—they could not help it, they were punchers.

Coward! Red bastard!"  
Kick yourself, Nazi baby."

Now a tall U. S. Marshal who had the body and look of a very good rangy defensive end in professional football—that same hard high-muscled coiled spring of wrath, same livid conviction everything opposing the team must be sod, turf, grass, uniforms, helmets, bodies, bite the football if it will help—now leaped truck and jumped between them. "Shut up," "or I'll wreck both of you." He had a long face somewhere in the physiognomical land Steve McQueen and Robert Mitchum, but he never have made Hollywood, for his skin was with the big boiling craters of a red lunar and his eyes in Cinemascope would have blazed once off their seat for such gray-green flame. They have issued from a blowtorch. Under his marshal's helmet, he was one impressive piece of red wrath.

Coming to the Marshal at this point would have been dangerous. The Marshal's emotions had been marinating for a week in the very special American Patriotism reserves for its feelings were now caustic as a whip—too like simile!—he was in agonies of frustration the honor of his profession kept him from giving every prisoner's head to a Communist pulp. He looked him over covertly to see what he could do. The Marshal went to work on him. All reports: He would not stand a chance with this Marshal. There seemed no place to hit him where he'd be hurt; stone larynx, leather testicles, ice cubes. And he had his Marshal's club in his hand. Brother! Bring back the Nazi!

After the Marshal had been once in the Marine Corps in Vietnam, or if half his family were now in Vietnam, or if he just hated the sheer Jew York notion of that slovenly drug-ridden weak conning America-hating army of termites outside the press' walls, he was certainly any upstanding patriot's nightmare. Because he was full of rectitude and was fearless, and savage,

savage as the exhaust left in the wake of a motorcycle club, gasoline and cheap perfume were one end of his spectrum, yeah, this Marshal loved action, but he was also in that no-man's-land between the old frontier and the new ranch home—as they, yes *they*—the enemies of the Marshal—tried to pass bills to limit the purchase of hunting rifles, so did *they* try to kill America, inch by inch, all the forces of evil, disorder, mess, and chaos in the world, and *cowardice*! and city ways, and slick shit, and despoliation of national resources, all the subtle invisible creeping paralyses of Communism which were changing America from a land where blood was red to a land where water was foul—yes in this Marshal's mind—no lesser explanation could suffice for the Knight of God light in the flame of his eye—the evil was without, America was threatened by a foreign disease, and the Marshal was threatened to the core of his sanity by any one of the first fifty of Mailer's ideas which would insist that the evil was within, that the best in America was being destroyed by what in itself seemed next best, yes American heroism corrupted by American know-how—no wonder murder stood out in his face as he looked at the Novelist—for the Marshal to lose his sanity was no passing psychiatric affair: think rather of a rifleman on a tower in Texas and a score of his dead on the street.

But now the Nazi began to play out the deepest of ceremonies. The truck standing still, another Marshal at the other end of the van (the one indeed who had arrested Mailer) and Teague and the Hungarian to different sides, everyone had their eyes on the Norwegian. He now glared again at Mailer, but then whipped away his eyes before a second contest could begin, and said, "All right, Jew, come over here if you want a fight."

The Marshal took the Nazi and threw him against the wall of the truck. As he bounced off, the Marshal gave him a rap below the collarbone with the butt of his club. "I told you to shut up. Now, just shut up." His rage was intense. The Nazi looked back at him sullenly, leaned on the butt of the club almost defiantly as if the Marshal didn't know what foolish danger he was in to treat the Nazi so, the Nazi had a proud curved hint of a smile, as if he were recording the features of this Marshal forever in the history of his mind, the Nazi's eyes seemed to say to the Marshal, "You are really on my side although you do not admit it—you would like to beat me now because in the future you know you will yet kiss my boots!" And the Marshal traveling a high edge of temper began to slam the Nazi against the wall of the truck with moderate force, but rhythmically, as if he would pacify them both by this act, bang, and bang, step by step, the imaginary dialogue of the Marshal to the Nazi now sounding in Mailer's ear somewhat like this, "Listen, Nazi, you're nothing but a rat fart who makes my job harder, and gives the scum around me room to breathe, cause they look at you and feel righteous. You just keep me diverted from the real danger."



And the Nazi looked back with a full sullen pouting defiance as if from deep in himself he was all unconsciously saying to the Marshal, "You know I am beautiful, and you are frightened of me. I have a cause, and I am ready to die for it, and you are just ready to die for a uniform. Join me where the real war is. Already the strongest and wildest men in America wear our symbol on their motorcycle helmets."

And the Marshal, glaring back at the Nazi, butt of his club transfixing him against the wall of the van, gave him a contemptuous look, as if to drop him with the final unspoken word. "Next to strong wild men, you're nothing but a bitch."

Then the truck began to move, and the Marshal calmer now, stood silently between Mailer and the Nazi; and the Nazi also quiet now, stood in place looking neither at the Marshal nor Mailer. Some small storm of hysteria seemed to have worked itself out of the van.

### 3. Grandma with Orange Hair

There was not much to see through the canvas arch of the vehicle. A view of a service road they passed along, a little bumping, a bit of swaying—in two minutes they arrived at the next stop. It was the southwest wall of the Pentagon, so much was obvious, for the sun shone brightly here.

Probably they were at the rear of a large mess hall or cafeteria, since a loading platform extended for a considerable distance to either side of where the truck had come in. There were M.P.s and Marshals on the platform, maybe twenty or thirty, as many again in the back-up area where they had come in. At a long desk at the base of the loading platform, the prisoners were being booked. Each had a Marshal beside him. It was quiet and orderly. The Nazi was standing next to Mailer, but now neither looked at the other. It was indeed all over. The Nazi looked quietly spent, almost gentle—as if the outbursts had been his duty, but duty done, he was just a man again—no need to fight.

They took Mailer's name, having trouble with the spelling again. He was now certain it was not trivial harassment but simple unfamiliarity. The clerk, a stout Marshal with the sort of face that belonged to a cigar, worked carefully at his sheets. The questions were routine—name, address, why arrested—but he entered them with a slow-moving pen which spoke of bureaucratic sacraments taken up, and records set down in perpetuity.

When this was over, Mailer was led by the Marshal who had first arrested him, over to the open door of a sort of school bus painted olive-drab. There was, however, a delay in boarding it, and the Marshall said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Mailer, we have to wait here for a minute to get your number."

"I don't mind."

They were being particularly polite with each

other. Mailer had a clear opportunity to look at this Marshal's face; the vibrations of the arrest, utterly discharged, he had an agreeable face—quiet, honest, not unintelligent, not unhuman. And he talked with the pleasant clipped intonation of a West Virginia accent. Mailer was going to ask if he came from West Virginia, then out of a random modesty about putting too intensive attention and being wrong, he said instead, "May I ask your name?" It was as one might have expected a name like Tompkins or Hudkins. "May I ask you where you state you're from, Marshal?"

"It's West Virginia, Mr. Mailer."

"My wife and I had a young lady work for us who came from West Virginia. Your accent is similar to hers."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, I was wondering if you might be related. There's a suggestion of family resemblance mentioned the name. No relation."

Now the necessary paper was delivered to the Marshal. He signed it, and Mailer could board the bus. He had been given the number 10. He was the tenth man arrested at the Pentagon.

"Well, goodbye, Mr. Mailer. Nice talking to you."

"Yes." Perhaps they were troubled partisans, but each wished to show the other that the enemy possessed good manners?

No, thought Mailer, it was ritual. At the moment of the arrest, cop and criminal knew each other better than mates, or at least knew some special things of each other better than mates, yes an arrest was carnal. Not sexual, carnal—of the meat, straggled, took purchase of each other's meat. Then came the reciprocal tendency to be pleasant. Beneath all the structures advertised as majestic in law and order there was this small carnal secret which the partners of a bust could share. It was tasty to chat after the arrest, all sly pleasures present that the secret was concealed. Mailer thought of a paragraph he had written once about police—it had probably acted upon him as much as anything else to first imagine his life. Now his mind remembered the approximate sentence of the paragraph, which actually (indulging Mailer's desire to be quoted) went exactly like this:

... they contain explosive contradictions of themselves. Supposed to be law-enforcers, they are prone to conceive of themselves as the law. They are more responsible than the average man, they are more infantile. They are attached umbilically to the concept of honesty, they are profoundly corrupt. They possess more physical courage than the average man; they are unconscionable bullies; they serve the state; they are psychopathic liars; their work is authoritarian, they are cynical; and finally if something in their heart is deeply idealistic, they are also haunted with greed. There is no human creation so contradictory, so finally enigmatic, as the character of the average cop . . .

Yes, and without an arrest, he would never have known that this very nice Marshal from West Virginia

with his good American face and pleasant man-and agreeable accent, had also a full quiver of and a clammy sweat of possession as he put n on you. But indeed, what knowledge had the al of him?

de the bus, at the rear of the aisle, was a locked nd three or four protesters were enclosed jailed within their jailing. They greeted him eers, catcalls, hellos, requests for cigarettes, -after the first impact, it was not ill-spirited. look," said one of the kids behind the bars, got older people in with us too."

at time does this bus leave for Plainfield?" asked. The laughter came back. It was going ll right. He could hear them whispering.

Norman Mailer?" asked one.

" great. Listen, man, we got to talk."

ope we don't have too much time." More er. He was beginning to feel good for the first nce his arrest. "What did you gentlemen do iven such honor?" asked Mailer with a wave e cage.

re the ones who were resisting arrest."

you resist it much?"

you kidding?" said one dark-haired gloomy ung pirate with a large Armenian moustache bloodied handkerchief on his head, "if we put nds in front of our face to keep from being to death, they said we were resisting." Hoots ers at the fell accuracy of this.

ll, did you all just sit there and take it?"

ot in a couple of good shots at my Marshal," ie of the kids. It was hard to tell if he was Something about their incarceration in the ade it difficult to separate them, or perhaps that they seemed part of a team, of a musical -The Monsters, or The Freaks, or the Caged s—they had not known each other an hour ago. e cage did the work of making them an en-

rest of the bus was slowly filing. Mailer had ken a seat next to a young minister wearing ar, and they chatted not unhappily for a few s, and then both crossed the aisle to sit on the the bus which looked out on the loading plat- and the table where they had been booked. From eats, Mailer had a view of the Marshals and outside, of new arrests arriving in trucks, and prisoners coming into the bus, one by one, couple of minutes. After a while, he realized s would not move until it was filled, and this. f massive new arrests, would take at least an

was not disagreeable waiting. Each new r was obliged to make an entrance like an oming on stage for his first appearance: since ers in transit are an enforced audience, new es automatically become theater. Some new ntered on the bus, some bowed to the faces isle, some grinned, some scowled and sat down

immediately; one or two principled pacifists practicing total noncooperation were dragged off the 2½-ton trucks, bumped along the ground, tugged over to the bus, and thrown in by the Marshals. Bleeding a little, looking dazed, the three or four young men who arrived by this route were applauded with something not unlike the enthusiasm a good turn gets in a music hall. Handsome young boys got on the bus, and slovenly oafs, hippies, and walking wounded. One boy had a pant leg soaked in blood. A fat, sad fellow with a huge black beard now boarded; a trim and skinny kid who looked like he played minor-league shortstop took a seat, a Japanese boy, androgynous in appearance, told a few prisoners around him that none of the Marshals had been able to decide if he was a boy or a girl, so they had not known—for he would not tell them—whether a Marshal or a Matron should search him. This was quickly taken up with pleasure and repeated down the bus.

Outside, a truck would arrive every five or ten minutes and some boys and girls would dismount and go to the base of the loading platform to be booked, the boys to enter the bus, the girls to go off to another bus. Still no sign of Lowell or Macdonald. Mailer kept hoping they would appear in the next haul of prisoners. After a while he began to study the Marshals.

Their faces were considerably worse than he had expected. He had had the fortune to be arrested by a man who was incontestably one of the pleasanter Marshals on duty at the Pentagon, he had next met what must be the toughest Marshal in the place—the two had given him a false spectrum. The gang of Marshals now studied outside the bus were enough to firm up any fading loyalty to his own cause: they had the kind of faces which belong to the bad guys in a Western. Some were fat, some were too thin, but nearly all seemed to have those subtle anomalies of the body which come often to men from small towns who have inherited strong features, but end up, by their own measure, in failure. Some would have powerful chests, but abrupt paunches, the skinny ones would have a knob in the shoulder, or a hitch in the gait, their foreheads would have odd cleaving wrinkles, so that one man might look as if an axe had struck him between the eyes, another paid tithe to ten parallel deep lines rising in ridges above his eyebrow. The faces of all too many had a low cunning mixed with a stroke of rectitude: if the mouth was slack, the nose was straight and severe; should the lips be tight, the nostrils showed an outsize greed. Many of them looked to be ex-First Sergeants, for they liked to stand with the heels of their hands on the top of their hips, or they had that way of walking, belly forward, which a man will promote when he is in comfortable circumstances with himself and packing a revolver in a belt holster. The toes turn out; the belly struts. They were older men than he might have expected, some in their late thirties, more in their forties, a few looked to be over fifty, but then that may have been why they were here to re-



ceive prisoners rather than out on the line—in any case they emitted a collective spirit which, to his mind, spoke of little which was good, for their eyes were blank and dull, that familiar small-town cast of eye which speaks of apathy rising to fanaticism only to subside in apathy again. (Mailer had wondered more than once at the curious demand of small-town life which leaves something good and bright in the eyes of some, is so deadening for others—it was his impression that people in small towns had eyes which were generally livelier or emptier than the more concentrated look of city vision.) These Marshals had the dead eye and sour cigar, that sly shuffle of propriety and rut which so often comes out in a small-town sheriff as patriotism and the sweet stink of a crooked dollar. Small-town sheriffs sidled over to a crooked dollar like a High Episcopalian hooked on a closet queen. If one could find the irredeemable madness of America (for we are a nation where weeds will breed in the gilding tank) it was in those late afternoon race-track faces coming into the neon lights of the parimutuel windows, or those early morning hollows in the eye of the soul in places like Vegas where the fevers of America go livid in the hum of the night, and grandmother, the churchgoer, orange hair burning bright now crooned over the One-Arm Bandit, pocketbook open, driving those half-dollars home, home to the slot.

"Madame, we are burning children in Vietnam."

"Boy, you just go get yourself lost. Grandma's about ready for a kiss from the jackpot."

The burned child is brought into the gaming hall on her hospital bed.

"Madame, regard our act in Vietnam."

"I hit! I hit! Hot deedy, I hit. Why you poor burned child—you just brought me luck. Here, honey, here's a lucky half-dollar in reward. And listen sugar, tell the nurse to change your sheets. Those sheets sure do stink. I hope you ain't got gangrene. Hee hee, hee hee. I get a supreme pleasure mixing with gooks in Vegas."

One did not have to look for who would work in the concentration camps and the liquidation centers—the garrison would be filled with applicants from the pages of a hundred American novels, from *Day of the Locust* and *Naked Lunch* and *The Magic Christian*, one could enlist half the Marshals outside the bus, simple, honest, hard-working government law-enforcement agents, yeah! There was something at loose now in American life, the poet's beast slinking to the marketplace. The country had always been wild. It had always been harsh and hard, it had always had a fever—when life in one American town grew insupportable, one could travel, the fever to travel was in the American blood, so said all, but now the fever had left the blood, it was in the cells, the cells traveled, and the cells were as insane as Grandma with orange hair. The small towns were disappearing in the bypasses and the supermarkets and the shopping centers, the small town in America was losing its sense of the knuckle, the herb, and the root,

the walking sticks were no longer cut from the old trees, nor were they cured, the schools did not have old teachers now but teaching aids, and in the libraries, *National Geographic* gave way to *TV Guide*. Enough of the old walled town had once remained in the American small town for gnomes and dwarfs and knaves and churls (yes, and owls and elves and crickets) to live in the constellated cities of spiders below the eaves in the old leaning barn—for all one knew—had been metaphor for the fever of the small town, message center for the inhuman dreams which passed through the town at night in sleep and came to tell their insane tale of the old barbarian lust to slaughter villages and drink village blood, yes who knew which ghosts, and which crickets, with which spiders would commune—whose prayers and whose witch's curses would travel those subterranean trails of the natural kingdom in the town, who knows which fevers were forged in such communion and returned on the blood to the seed, it was an era when the message came by the wind and not by the wire (for the town gossip began to go mad when the telephone tuned its buds to the tip of her tongue) the American small town grew out of itself, and grew out of itself again and again, in harmony between communication and the wind between lives and ghosts, insanity, and the secret reaches of nature where insanity could learn its melancholy (and madness some measure of modesty) and all been lost now, lost to the American small town. It had grown out of itself again and again, its children traveled, worked for government, found security through wars in foreign lands, and the nightmarish which passed on the winds in the old small town now traveled on the nozzle tip of the flamethrower. No dreams now of barbarian lusts, slaughter of villages, battles of blood, no, nor any need for the technology had driven insanity out of the windows out of the attic, and out of all the lost primitive places: one had to find it now wherever fever, face and machines could come together, in Vegas, at the race track, in pro football, race riots for the Negro suburban orgies—none of it was enough—one had to find it in Vietnam; that was where the small town had gone to get its kicks.

That was on the faces of the Marshals. It was a great deal to read on the limited evidence before him but he had known these faces before—they were not so different from the cramped, mean, stern, bearded, florid, bestial, brutish, narrow, calculating, incurable, hardy, wily, leathery, simple, good, stingy, small town faces he had once been familiar with in his youth fit overseas, all those Texans from all those small towns, it was if he could tell—as at a college reunion—the difference these more than twenty years had made. If it were legitimate to read the change in the American character by the change in the faces of one's classmates, then he could look at these Marshals like men he had known in the Army, but now revisited and something had gone out of them, something had come in. If there was a common unat-

ment to the Southern small-town face, it was painful pinch between their stinginess and need. No excess of love seemed ever to come off white Southerner, no fats, no riches, no sweets, no avidity for such wealth. But there had been attached to this in the old days, a sorrow; in the hollow of their cheeks was the kind of abnegation of illness which spoke of what was tender and which was lost forever. So they had dignity. Now the tenderness in their faces spoke of men who were rabid and merciless, the tenderness had turned corrosive, the affection had been replaced by hate, dull hate, sickness of hate, the hatred of failures who had lost their greed. So he was reminded of a probability he had encountered before: that, nuclear bombs dropped, the true war party of America was in all the small towns, even as the peace parties had to collect in the cities and the suburbs. Nuclear warfare was dividing the nation. The day of power for the Southern mind was approaching—who else would be in an atomic war was done would reason the Southern mind, and in measure to the depth of their failure, would love Vietnam, for Vietnam held the secret hope of a bigger war, and that bigger war might yet clear the air of races, faces, in fact—of all that alienation they could not try to mend.

It was not a happy meditation. Among the soldiers known, there was the chance to talk. He did not see many faces here who would ever talk. Cheers were being dragged a girl out of one of the trucks, a girl with light-brown hair, no lipstick. She had the unhappy color which came from too many trips to marijuana garden. Nonetheless she waved to her boyfriend while being dragged into the ground. He was eventually dragged into the ground.

He began to chat with the young clergyman. His name was John Boyle, and he was Presbyterian minister at Yale. The number of his arrest was 9. He talked about this—he had beaten Mailer to the ground. Actually he had seen the Protagonist get arrested and had followed to see if he were being treated properly, (a sign of Mailer's age, a proper sign of age), and was turned back with assurances, wandered away from the Pentagon lines, and in the course of protest—arrest of a demonstrator, was apprehended (although the Marshal had wanted to release him when he saw his collar).

"You think that will mean much?" said Mailer, "at least we have low numbers. You should be the first to get out."

Where he sat in the bus, he could see square columns back of the loading platform, columnar and reminiscent of Egyptian architecture: Mailer had a rumination about the nature of Egyptian architecture and its relation to the Pentagon, those ceremonial forms on ancient Egyptian architecture—those petrified excrements of the tomb and the underground chambers here at the Pentagon, but

he was not an Egyptologist, no sir, and the connection eluded him. He must pursue it later. Something there. But the rumination running down, we may quickly leave his thoughts.

#### 4. A Busload of Slogans

In fact, the bus is getting ready to leave the Pentagon. A driver has gotten on—to many cheers—and a wire gate is closed across the front to protect the chauffeur from attack by any prisoners while he is driving. There are also bars across each window. (Obviously Mailer has had the fantasy of bending the bars and making his escape, and has decided not to—it would certainly make him famous for too little.) The sun has been beating on the bus and it is as uncomfortably warm as a small Southern bus depot on an Indian summer afternoon, which is what the faces outside might suggest, if not for the Pentagon walls. And a battle has been taking place, even if no sign of it seems to be reaching here—except, gloomy thought, the battle cannot be going too well, for there is not the remotest sign of panic in this rear area. Except there also seems less air of self-congratulation. It is frustrating not to know.

The motor started. They backed up, turned around, pulled away. Now, their hands were out the window with their fingers extended in the V for Victory sign. They passed M.P.'s standing at attention on the open end of the loading area, looking not unlike buoys in a channel as you pull out to sea. To a man, the prisoners in the bus began to yell, "Hell, no, we won't go; hell, no, we won't go!" and at the subtle shift of expression in each M.P.'s face, other slogans were quickly fed: "End the war in Vietnam. Bring the boys home! End the war in Vietnam. Bring the boys home." There was a rollicking solidarity now on the bus, somewhere between young coal miners under arrest for a strike, and a high school team riding back from a successful game. In fact, the M.P.'s had the look of substitutes on a high-school football bench when the team is behind or the game is worrisome, they stood erectly at the highest pitch of attention—tweak them and they would have twanged like a bow—their chins jammed up under their upper jaws, jaws under their head, head in helmet, line of vision cut off six feet from the ground—that classic military attention which says: It don't matter how bad I am, when I stand like this, sir, I am being good.

"Hey, hey, L. B. J.! How many kids did you slay today?" shouted the prisoners in the bus to the M.P.'s and waved their fingers in V for Victory. It felt like a victory, one hardly knew over what, perhaps over the lack of imagination (and so the secret consternation) of those young M.P.'s, same age as so many of the prisoners, but utterly uncomprehending of why one of their age would wish for this purpose to get arrested.

They sang much of the way. Shouting their slogans to high-school adolescents at the few intersections



where they stopped for traffic lights in the small suburban shopping streets on their route, the kids looking surprisingly like high-school kids in Hollywood and TV, the long pants, sweaters, sneakers; the girls in variations on middy blouses and mini-skirts, saddle shoes. A part of him had always tried to believe that the America he saw in family television dramas did not exist, had no power—as of course he knew it did—to direct the styles and the manners and therefore the ideas of America (for in a country where everyone lived so close to their senses, then style, precisely, and manner, precisely, carved ideas into the senses) ideas like conformity, cleanliness, America-is-always-right. They did not have to know too much about the endless reverberations of chic, no, clean American kids could end up giving lollipops (shaped like Grandma's half-dollar) to their favorite Vietnamese cripple—"Hey, Hank, was this little girl burned by VC or us?"

Now the kids on the street looked at them with blank faces. They had no idea of what the V for Victory sign meant, nor even the slogans, "Hey, hey, L. B. J." There was that dim look which must come toward teachers from the bigger boys in the rear row—by the use of cajolery and some sizable intimidation, not to mention soul-suffocating uses of repetition, yes, a passing grade of 70 lurks in those dim eyes. So these high-school kids watching them pass had that same dim look. "Yes, Sally, yes, there's something I heard was going on at the Pentagon." No, if their bus made all the noise of a high-school bus after winning a game, the game had taken place on Mars, Mars where all the bright kids went. Which is maybe why they made so much noise now. Because they had never traveled on a high-school victory bus.

It offered its wry perspective. All the dull kids, too stupid to study, ovulating turgid fantasies in the back row, all liveliness sunk in premature sapience of burgeoning young meats, and up front, the bright middle-class children, little intellectual drills, their mental voracity driving them to further, better, higher critiques of the public material before them until—Vietnam! Would America have to end by taking all its bright children and packing them off in buses to the Muzak Run? (For they might offer music in the gas chambers in the new totalitarianism.) He still could not believe such a day would come, but it was sometimes harder to keep this faith intact at night. Recall him to: "That long dark night of the soul when it is always three o'clock in the morning."

Ah, yes, thought Mailer, as the shopping street flickered past the bus window at a rate not faster than a good horse's trot, yes, bless Fitzgerald for his clear line—and why that long dark night yes, why, when all was said? and Wolfe dead too early and Hemingway a suicide—how much guilt lay on the back of a good writer—it grew worse and worse. As a power of communication grew larger, so the responsibility to educate a nation lapped at the feet, new tide of a new responsibility, and one had become a writer after

all to find a warm place where one was safe—sibility was for the pompous, and the public se writers were born to discover wine. It was n argument and he was worn with it—he had a good essay once about the failure of any American novelist to write a major novel which reach out past the best-seller lists to a maj of that American audience brainwashed by wood, TV, and *Time*. Yes, how much of Fitz long dark night may have come from that fi knowing sense in the very fine hair of his n the two halves of America were not coming to and when they failed to touch, all of history be lost in the divide. Yes, there was a dark i you had the illusion you could do something it, and the conviction that not enough had bee Or was it simply impossible—had the two w America drifted irretrievably apart? Maro these unhappy and somewhat fruitless quest nonetheless enjoyed the ride through the lab noon sunlight on these streets in Virginia (w any other state with so sweet a name?) el through a melancholy which was not without vate flavor, for he felt remarkably disembodie all proceedings—yes, he had a glint of the er doubtless, he felt shriven. Did religious sen arrive thus often to men with as much meat bones as himself, wondered Mailer?

So it went. Lots of song, all the slogans, "T we won't go." "Hey, hey, L. B. J." He yelled v rest. That was the advantage of being shriv could join the Communist Sing. And this fine Clergyman from Yale for companion.

Then his thoughts began to meander again— long broad slow river of thought. He turned a en he had it. Delight. He had made the grand con between Egyptian architecture and the Pea Yes. The Egyptian forms, slab-like, excrean thick walls, secret caverns, had come from the ur the Nile (mud pies of children) that sludge hel onto the Delta from upper Egypt. Conceived i made of mud (or were the Pyramids of stone? ad be. How fit that in?—of such a rough edge wa mer's mind) well, made of mud, or cemented b mud was the medium out of which they bui civilization, abstract ubiquitous mud equaled i em times only by abstract ubiquitous money lucre (thoughts of Norman O. Brown). A American Civilization had moved from the e tial sanction of the frontier to the abstract ious sanction of the dollar bill. Nowhere had s of the dollar bill collected as at the Pentagon mud pie on the banks of America's Nile, ou mac! Such are the virtues of a lateral-assoc existentially minded Spenglerian-type brain thought Mailer, now much cheered, the se prison was to have a view out the wind thoughts of Jack Ruby growing cancer in a w less air-conditioned cell came to depress him.

Now they reached their prison. It was th Post Office in Alexandria. A square stolid reor

of that pale lusterless (abstract ubiquitous) is opposed to the old wine-red, clay-red brick mithsonian) was there on a street off the main g street to receive them.

## Post Office

passed in single file out of the bus, and walked guard through the empty downstairs floor of the Office, normally closed on this late Saturday on, and were met by a couple of police, state perhaps, who counted them off, and marched an elevator. They ascended slowly, the elevating the deliberate unctuous sounds of a heavy government machinery well-oiled and in for years. They stopped on what seemed the poor, and walked down the corridor of what have been a typical small-town office building. Left turn into a narrower hall and found their s off this hall, two cells, about fifteen feet x twelve feet wide, equipped with sink, toilet, couple of benches along the two long walls. Perhaps fifteen men shared the cell in which he found himself, and they immediately characterized themselves by their first action, a social process noticed in new schools, in hospital wards, in day, and in prison. Long before you knew someone, you knew their attitude to the institution-world you shared with them. Some of the men sat on the benches and waited patiently, or held their heads in depression. One or two held their heads where they had been clubbed by the Marshals, stood by the bars that gave on the hall in order to get every bit of news or rumor from the turnkey, or the lawyers; one or two did isometric exercise against the bars. Some kept going to the sink and splashing water. Walter Teague, the first man he had met after his arrest, lay down immediately on the floor with his white motorcycle helmet under his head, and went to sleep. On the bus, he had talked just enough with Teague to recognize the man's philosophy probably began with Lenin's that the revolution needed people who would sleep, think, and eat revolution twenty-four hours a day. Teague was a professional—there was something in the way he went immediately to sleep. Experience had confirmed him in the opinion that something was going to happen for an hour or two at which depressed Mailer's expectations altogether of being out of this jail in thirty minutes and away to New York. He was still in an indecent mood to be arraigned, fined, lectured no doubt, and all—it was as if the cumulative excitements of a few days had become precious. Like an emotionnaisseur, let us say even like Huysmans' saintes, he wished now to steep essences of experience at his leisure, and knew—looking at himself—that if he were to hold on to the value of what had happened to him (and he knew by the unvaried variety of happiness he now felt that much

indeed had happened to him—perhaps he knew, if no more, that he would now make a good soldier) he must take the next step and give up any quick idea of savoring, installing, banking the value of the experience by way of some enjoyable reverie on the trip home tonight. No, something was wrong in the air. He felt no stir in the hall outside the prison, no sense of officials bending to a large administrative task—to the contrary, there was a definite impression of inactivity, of pall again.

He did not know why he had assumed the government would be quick, efficient, executive—he had probably supposed they would be in haste to process men in order not to strain their prison facilities which must be limited, and then reminded himself that the government could serve its punitive intentions best by not making their passage through jail too simple. How could he have assumed anything but petty harassment would be their due? Why had he expected the government to be crisp, modest, and pleasantly efficient in their processing of Pentagon prisoners? "Because, ass," he said to himself, "they have brainwashed you as well." And it was true. The only reason he had expected to be out of jail in half an hour was the covert impression he had of government as brotherly; dull but brotherly; ten thousand hours of television, ten million words of newsprint added up to one thundering misapprehension of all the little details of institutional life.

But just about the time he began to settle in for a long wait, the turnkey told them the U. S. Commissioners had arrived, and a young law student, serving (in the field) for the Civil Liberties Union, gave them a short orientation lecture on their rights, the lecturer most notable for his hesitation (as a student) to make any remark he could not defend altogether, so that the orientation quickly degenerated into a series of questions more vibrant than their answers.

"How soon will we be out?"

"It's possible they're making every effort to get you out fast."

"But you don't know the answer?"

The young man answering their questions had the tall bland pleasant slightly schizophrenic look of a student who would yet make a good corporation lawyer, but would not necessarily ever understand where the law was buried.

"As of this moment, I do not know."

"What do they want us to plead?"

"As of this moment, the choice of pleas has not yet been specified."

"Oh, Christ," muttered a prisoner in disgust.

They were all pegging their questions, and the law student stood outside the bars in the hall, and ducked the answers to the best of his ability.

"I gave a John Doe," said one prisoner. "Will they let me out?"

"It's possible this could affect the processing of your case."

"How do I change the John Doe?"

"No procedure has yet been established."



That went on for a few minutes, then they were left alone. Then another lawyer came. He was older and from the Civil Liberties Union, and he had more information although not very much more. Teague was still sleeping.

Then a couple of prisoners were actually called, and came back in ten minutes to say their fine was \$25, and they were being released on a promise not to return to the Pentagon. That shattered any small idea Mailer had held of paying a second visit. He had already calculated a timetable. If he were out by eight o'clock, he could get back to his hotel, change, and catch a ten o'clock plane to New York, still make the party—if it were later, he might go by the Pentagon—there had been pleasure at the thought of returning to the battle. But not if he were to be arrested. The value of the first arrest would be spoiled altogether. There was an aesthetic economy to symbolic gestures—you must not repeat yourself. Arrested once, TV land would accept him (conceivably) as a man willing to stand up for his ideas; get busted twice on the same day, and they would view him as a freak-out panting for arrest. (Mailer's habit of living—no matter how unsuccessfully—with his image, was so ingrained by now, that like a dutiful spouse he was forever consulting his better half.)

Yet, after these two prisoners were released, there was a long wait. Then one more was called. Then a wait. Mailer was still more or less confident, however, in the value of his low number. When John Boyle, the Presbyterian Chaplain at Yale went out, he expected to be next, but Boyle came back with a \$25 fine, a thirty-day suspended sentence, and no news for him. "They're going very slowly in there," he said. The turnkey, a mild-looking grandfatherly Southerner with steel-rimmed bifocal glasses, pale blue eyes, thin white hair, thin mouth, and gums much receded, teeth perhaps gone, was standing next to Boyle in the hall, and gave him a card to fill out. Then wishing to move the Chaplain to the next office, the turnkey reached for Boyle's sleeve, and tugged at it, as if to say, "You may be wearing the Collar, but you're just Sonny-boy to me." Like a shot the Chaplain's hand flew out and knocked the turnkey's fingers away, as if Boyle was replying, "Get those guilty hands off this Cloth." It was done. Not a further word passed between them. First Coffin, now Boyle. They obviously raised their reverends to be men at Yale! Where, wondered Mailer, were the Chaplains from Harvard?

Now he took his first drink of water. He had not had anything to eat or drink since breakfast, and the mild abstinence had traveled with him through the day, consuming in some minute oven of his metabolism the fuel for a small sustaining fire intense enough to give its whispered suggestion of what extraordinarily developed spiritual states real hunger, real thirst, and real abstinence might provide. He had felt, despite every petty motive, or low calculation on how to get back to New York for the party, a mild exaltation on which he had traveled through

the day, a sense of cohering in himself which he supposed the opposite of those more familiar states of alienation he could always describe so well; so hunger and thirst now gave their promise that years were coming when he, first spoiled son of an age of affluence, might have to live with hunger, with thirst, or more unendurable than both together, the monotonies of life in a prison cell. How fortunate this run-through, this preparation for years ahead, how good to know that a little hunger and a little thirst were tonic for a day of battle, and discipline for dull hours in jail.

Yet, on these thoughts, he took a drink of water. It was characteristic of him to make such a new year's resolution, and he hardly knew if he did it for the best or worst of reasons, did it because in recognizing the value of thirst he had a small panic to destroy the temptation to search such a moral adventure further, or did he do it precisely because he was now aware of the value of thirst, and so thirst by such consciousness had lost its value since the ability to suffer drought was, by this logic, valuable only if water were not available. Or did he take a drink because he wished to study his new state after satisfying thirst? He noticed only that he was a trifle sad on the first sip and couldn't stop going to the sink for more and more water afterward, which declared the result of the experiment: between the saint and the debauchee no middle ground seemed tenable for his appetites. He had now not had a cigarette in three years, it was because he had once been obliged to smoke as many as three packs in a day, and knew he would be smoking three packs again if ever he lit a single one.

The processing of prisoners started up again; the processing lapsed. Lawyers came by to talk through the bars, lawyers left, rumors flew. Many prisoners had been arrested on the charge of assaulting an officer—one rumor would have it that their offense was not inconsequential: sentences could go for thirty days, for ninety days or more. "But I didn't assault the Marshal—he assaulted me," was the predictable cry. Now prisoners needed money for their fine.

He had over two hundred dollars in cash in his wallet. Situated in the middle of a dozen young men who were probably without money, who had hither to Washington and slept on a floor, this sum seemed inappropriate. Like a man who smiles at a cop to indicate he has no criminal activity whatsoever in his brain, so Mailer began to hand out money for fines as if to demonstrate that his wallet was normally empty. (A considerable misrepresentation!) It was his intention to keep fifty dollars for himself, and he managed to succeed in this, but it was not so easy as he thought. In the beginning, he loaned money to prisoners he liked, or to prisoners who had been injured by the Marshals and were therefore presumably in need of their liberty, but after a while, he became a visible feature in this small cell of the living hell of the theory of the bondsman, and prisoners he did not like, two particularly, were there to seech him. He gave them money as well—some very

of man's equality before the law seemed apply, but he handed over twenty-five dollars to a hirsute obese fellow—hirsute and obese no one had been ready to go to his knees or even let himself to get the loot and get out, whining while of his injuries, perspiring, swearing as fast as his sweat that he would mail the money the next few days (which of course he did). Mailer set him free with great distaste. There was also a sly pale octoroon, hippest of the types of some sly jungle animal who would be at the edge of camp, and he was another who would never pay back, and didn't, even taking an address with the slyest of smiles, "These are the ones, man—they're a gas," said the smile. But there were others he liked. One or two of the prisoners were proud, and did not ask for the money he had to offer it. One kid, small, lithe, with the moves of a superb athlete and the small nubbed features of a cat, took the money as a detail—nice to get, but neither here nor there to comply his due. He had had the most spectacular. Breaking through the line of M.P.'s near the gate, Mailer had been arrested, he had dodged and forth among the Marshals for many minutes, outrunning them, crossing field on them, going back, stopping short, sprinting, loping, then outrunning them again—they had been too fatigued to hurt him when finally, fox to hounds, he was caught by the river. He spoke with a great intensity behind his words, much to the surprise of the guard. He gave Mailer a critique of the staging of the play *The Deer Park* which was about as incisive as his own. A remarkable boy, Mailer had decided that the sort to have in your army.

He went on. Promises arrived they would be out of prison soon. Word came to wait. Rumors slipped in that soon the warden would start to process them in order only to be followed by other rumors that the prisoner was feeling vindictive, and would sue at each single case. The memory of the last time he had been in prison was coming back to Mailer. That time had been most unpleasant—he had been quarantined in the prison hospital at Bellevue for weeks upon his second wife. He had not known then he would be inside for seven days or seven years. It had been seventeen days. Released for trial, he had eventually a suspended sentence and probation for two years. They were not years he enjoyed looking back upon, but he had learned one lesson in prison, then, and it came back to him now: In jail, a man who wished to keep his sanity must never anticipate, never hope with such high focus of achievement that disappointment would be painful. Because there was no place for disappointment to go in prison. Back into one's own cells. Prison was frustrating—you had to be careful never to add to the vast intrinsic prison frustration by having hopes that could be destroyed. For destroyed they would be. There was a psychic mechanism in prison which was noted—somehow, hopeful rumors were always

followed by cruel rumors, only to be replaced by hopeful rumors again. A prisoner was a Yo-yo—so long as the essential mechanisms of prison could keep him going up and down, he was helpless to get out of his own self-concern. Self-absorption and apathy would be the poles of his emotion, and his resistance would have no spine. So he repeated to himself lessons learned on another day, and found them of use. Slowly, patiently, the idea of going to a party tonight was severed from his expectations, slowly the thought of seeing his wife and family this weekend was subdued. He would get out of jail in a half-hour or he would not get out tonight; he would get out tomorrow, or he would not get out for thirty days (no, that was too much!) but whatever, he would not think of the immediate disposition of his future, and he would not hope. He would wait. A man was nothing in prison without his cool, for prison was the profoundest put-on of them all—it said, dig, man, you are here suffering for your crime. The put-on was nothing but an effect which pretended to be related to the cause, and had no relation to the cause—just as the feel of prison had nothing to do with the feel of the crime. So much for Existential Dynamics!

They were now being allowed to make their single telephone call. So Mailer soon got the opportunity to telephone his wife. The turnkey led him down the hall a few steps to an office where a lady clerical worker with tinted reddish hair and sequin-studded tortoiseshell eyeglasses was installed. Since the call had to be made collect she would put it through for him. She was obviously quite excited by the presence of all these prisoners; not simply because they were men—she had that high trilling gossipy Southern voice which speaks of long telephone calls with age-old girl friends, and no nonsense from men—but because, married or spinster (impossible to tell which) she had the livid curiosity of a small-town Southern woman. The fact that she was here to see these prisoners and talk to a few of them and study them—"Honey, you wouldn't believe their faces. Some you could talk to and never *know*, and some of the others looked *depraved*,"—had given her a flush of power which put her in the nicest of moods. She talked to the novelist as if she were the receptionist in a particularly exclusive hospital. "And Mr. Mailer, tell me,"—conspiratorial—"just how do you spell your name now?" Nod. "Uh-huh. And the telephone number is in Brooklyn, New York, is that correct?"

He felt a calm sweet pleasure at the sound of his wife's voice at the other end. She had a charming voice on the phone, crisp but soft, with a Southern flavor, and very clear. At this moment it had the open exposed tone of someone just awakened, or pulled from the shower, innocent but flustered—actually she had been on the phone the last hour, for word had been broadcast of his arrest, and friends had been calling. "Oh, golly," she said, "are you all right?"

"I'm fine."

"They didn't hurt you or anything?"



"I been around a little too long for that."

She laughed. "We're proud of you." A pause, "I love you."

"Yes, I love you too," he muttered into the phone under the beaming manic sequined spectacles of the lady clerical worker at his elbow. It was true. They had a marriage which has everything good in it and much that was very bad in it because finally they were strangers who happened to be in love with each other—before he had met her, he would not have believed this was necessarily possible. At any rate, they rarely felt so close to each other as when they were separated. Then at last they understood each other.

She was asking him when he would get out.

"I don't know. I don't think I'll get back tonight. Why don't you go to the party without me?"

"Don't be silly. I'm not going without you."

His last remark had been a gesture. He would have been in a state if she had gone to the party while he was languishing in the great lockup. "Look," he said, "don't start worrying about when I get out. It's the quickest way to get unnerved." He gave a short lecture on the principle he had invoked two minutes before for himself.

"All right, but I still hope you get out early tomorrow. The girls will be very disappointed if they don't see you this weekend." He had four daughters from earlier marriages, and they came to visit on Friday and stayed through Sunday. Since his fourth marriage had given him two boys, they were a large and sometimes uproarious family on weekends.

"Brownie called," she said. Brownie was her stepfather.

"He did?"

"Brownie and Mom were very worried about you." She laughed. She had a fine laugh, much delicacy and much subtle vigor artfully combined. "Listen," she went on, "Brownie was one of the people working on getting some troops ready to fly up to Washington."

"He was?" Mailer said with delight. His stepfather-in-law was a retired Master Sergeant who worked in supply at Fort Benning in Georgia. "That's too good," he said.

"Isn't it. I said to Brownie, 'Damn you, it's all your fault!'" She laughed again. "You know Brownie. I bet he thinks I really am blaming him."

They laughed at this, and then she told him a quick story about a little thing his sons had done that day. Then their time was up. As he put down the phone, he was left with a picture of his two sons, painful in its clarity. He loved his daughters very much, he had had the best of love affairs with them, for the terminations of the marriages had been painful, and their love was therefore always touched with sorrow, but they were girls and he sometimes felt that because they loved him, he could not make a serious mistake with them. If he did something wrong, they being women would grow up around the mistake and somehow convert it to knowledge. But his sons! He had the feeling that because they were men, their egos were more fragile—a serious error

might hurt them forever. So he never knew what he was too strong or too soft with them.

Perhaps because of his sons, he saw everything in terms of football these days; he could see each of his boys in twenty years on a professional football team. The older one was wild and fierce and elegant and delicate, graceful as a young prince, a cunning thief—he would make a great running back, a great pass receiver. He was competitive as a maniac, he wanted to win. The younger one was capable of taking tremendous punishment, (at present from his older brother) he was going to play linebacker, no doubt, (and with his sleeves rolled up). He was enormous, and very powerful, and with the hard disposition in the world, for his brain was as quick as his eye was quick. When a back would come through a hole, he would grab him with one arm and hold him in the air and dump him down. Then he would pick him up. "Hope I didn't hurt you, f---er," he would say with a happy insane glint in his eye. Yes, the younger one had the broth and marrow of goodness; everyone in the family loved him except his older brother who had to contemplate that day when his younger brother would be ready.

But these thoughts had broken right through the injunction to feel no hope about getting out. Now for a moment, he had almost a disorderly desire to be back with his wife, his daughters and his sons, feeling the presence of prison with the same sentiment a healthy man has for the first onslaught of an unfamiliar sickness—how did it dare to attack him? And he also felt something of the same panic. Since he did not get rid of the disease in a hurry, it was only to get worse and worse. Perhaps the turnkey's suggestion of this, since he began to apologize to Mailer for the brevity of the call, "It's just that everybody wants to phone," he said sorrowful, "we have to hurry you fellows up."

He was more American than anyone had a right to be, that high worried forehead, narrow red mouth, white hair, those innocent blue eyes capable of watching an execution (only to worry about it later) and the steel-rimmed spectacles. No, not kindness, propriety, goodwill, and that infernal American innocence which could not question one's leader, but madness and the boils of a frustrated life rising beneath. No, he would not want to hear Mailer's arguments on why we should get out of Vietnam, he would shake his head and cluck his tongue and say, "It's an awful war, I know, but I guess all war is awful, and it's a shame, but our boys have to fight them I suppose." Now the turnkey gave a rueful grin, and said, "You know, I sure wish you fellows could have had this demonstration on a week end. It makes us have to work all weekend through, and we don't get no time off."

Was this one reason the Marshals had been so furious? He could see the lost weekend in the turnkey's eyes. Would he have sat with his wife in the prefabricated ranch house built to module, watching television set? Or would family have visited? He

something in his Southern accent, not of the South (what Mailer's wife called Down Home) of the hills, something of that mournful, discomfited, fundamentally displaced tone which came to Northerners when they moved even from their own town to the next. They were thus rooted that they suffered so much as Southerners with uprooting. Mailer almost felt the turnkey's physical discomfort at what it cost not to be rooted now in his chair during his favorite Saturday evening set of shows. America ripped itself apart and then dressed the wounds with television. Was that why Southerners usually made the best soldiers?—because they were young enough to feel their uprooting with intensity?

Back in the cell, he played chess for a while with an English prisoner who wore a surplus combat jacket. He drew the board on a piece of paper, marked the squares of torn paper for pieces; but the game was fragile. One good breath would end it, unless they were able to reconstruct their moves.

He had not played in years and might have been inept, but the other player had not been so bad. Finally the other confessed he was on a trip. "Man, I can't imagine what today has been like. What a

trip, what a trip! On the March, odysseys to the North; and at the Pentagon, Marshals with faces like lions. Mailer soon lost interest in the game which was in no danger of losing. He was thinking about his wife. If one disclosed what one knew of a subject on the cutting edge of the style employed, so one appropriated a culture with a wife, at least so far as he loved a wife. He had had four wives, and some of four cultures had been his, not enough, not at all, but something he had learned, something, of the American genius and of revolutionaries and large indiscriminate love for the oppressed from his first wife; a love of painting and sensuality and drama and in desperation, yes, and a sense of the tragic not incomplete from his second wife; and he had had a love affair with England for his third, and the fine mixture of propriety and wickedness, manner and mode of social murder in well-established places, he had had a fair love affair with the third. And he was married to an American girl, just as difficult as the rest, or more difficult—for he understood her the least. She was beautiful, she was blonde, with the stubbornness and delicacy of feature only American girls seemed able to develop, and she had had a childhood like a million others in America, growing up in Atlanta, and Tampa, and Sarasota, and Louisville, and a dozen smaller places between, and since she had studied acting in New York, and had been in the plays and many television shows, and had made television commercials and had been once the star of a ill-fated mystery movie made in Spain, she had a professional voice now which was without an accent when she met new people, but at home his love affair with the South could have its day for she talked without thinking in a spectrum of Southern voices, every-

thing from the faintest trace to the raucous ball-your-fists hollering of a Georgia jackass. There were times listening to her First Sergeant's tones in the middle of a quarrel when he had to dare a stroke in order to keep himself from beating up on her beautiful white Southern girl face.

They had had their marriage four years now, and they were still in love, all evidence would declare. Separations made them painfully aware of each other—they each traveled then in the psyche of the other, they were rarely surprised by the mood of the other's voice on a long-distance call, and at best they had a cleanness of sentiment for each other which spoke of healthy families and sunlight on water, such excellences, but they were still strangers. She would never comprehend him—he sometimes thought she had no interest in that—and he wondered if he would ever know her. It infuriated him. Forget all pride as a husband, a lover, a man—the novelist in him was outraged. To live four years with a woman and not be able to decide if her final nature was good or evil? That might make for great interest in a marriage, much trickiness to love, large demands for manly discipline, but what was the novelist to think of himself—especially when he (like all novelists) prided himself on his knowledge of women. Mailer finally came to decide that his love for his wife while not at all equal or congruent to his love for America was damnably parallel. It was not inconceivable to him that if he finally came to believe his wife was not nearly so magical as he would make her, but was in fact petty, stingy, small-minded, and evilly stubborn (which is what he told her in many a quarrel) why then he would finally lose some part of his love affair with America, he would have to, because there were too many times when thinking of his country and some new one of the unspeakable barbarities it invented with every corporation day, he would decide that no it could not be an altogether awful country because otherwise how would his wife, a Southerner and an Army brat, have come out so subtle, so supple, so mysterious, so fine-skinned, so tender and wise.

We will remember that Mailer had a complex mind of sorts. He would have considered it irretrievably heavy-handed to have made any direct correspondence between his feelings for his wife, and the change in his feelings toward America (which tended to change a little every minute from the truth he had detected in the last face he saw) but he would also have thought it cowardly to ignore the relation, and dishonest to assume that none of his wife's attractiveness (and unattractiveness) came from her presence so quintessentially American.

It was after all natural that he should have a love affair with America—how much worse if the grandsons of the immigrants did not. No, the trick was merely never to lose sight of his fourth wife's absolutely unquenchable even unendurable individuality. Let him treat her as a symbol, and he was out of it—which is why perhaps she was so American. At any rate, Mailer's relation to the Marshals, guards,



turnkeys, and trustees along the route of his imprisonment and indeed to the occasional Southern demonstrator he met, had a relation which came in part from the flavor of seeing them next to his Southern in-laws. Mailer's wife was as opposed to the war in Vietnam as he was, except when she was very drunk and then she would talk of her brothers in Vietnam. She had two brothers who had served there—one of them, a Marine, had come back with a competence in karate, the other was a career soldier in the Air Force—her stepfather has recently been cited. Mailer had always gotten along with his Southern in-laws; his time in the 112th Cavalry (out of San Antonio) and his periodic visits to Arkansas to see his best Army buddy had made him not too much of a stranger to them—so by the same token he got on well now with all the prison personnel. Some of them were nice enough to be his in-laws, some not, but he could not pretend he did not understand them, or that he must hate them because they were Southerners. Rather he brooded over them, as his in-laws were perhaps brooding now about him. It would prove a horror beyond measurable horror if the country slid into disaster with a hundred small civil wars, and an excess of internal goodwill.

Time passed. The Commissioner stopped proceedings to have dinner, which was much to the annoyance of the turnkey and the guards, who had hoped to process everyone and go home. The Civil Liberties lawyers collected small change, and hamburgers were brought back for the prisoners, classic American hamburgers, mustard, pickle, relish, ketchup, a gourd of cheap sweets and chemical sours on dull dough and shank-bone meat—it tasted better if one pictured billboards and drive-in waitresses with tight silk pants and cowboy boots. Yes, America always lent itself to personification. One could munch a hamburger and carry the American highway along as a presence—the sharp jarring sights, the long dull spaces, the satisfying undemanding flavor of it all if you were bored—yes, the hamburger was three centuries from the Pilgrim.

Now, new word came. They were not to be processed here after all. They were to be shipped to Washington D.C. workhouse in Occaquan, Virginia. And where was Occaquan?—why twenty miles down the road. Twenty out and twenty back that would take an hour: hopes faded now of any release on Saturday evening. But the lawyer said they would be processed all through the night at Occaquan. They might still get out. So it went, slap and back, slap and back went the rumors, like water trapped between bulkheads.

But on the street, as they marched out to the bus, Fontaine, the documentary maker, and Leitermann, the cameraman, and Heiss, the sound man, were waiting.

As a result he was merry. "How long have you been here?" They joked at the length of their durance. He was delighted to see them. He had found out from a Civil Liberties lawyer just before leaving that the

Commissioner in the Post Office had been saving for last. That had not inspired happiness even as it was isolating himself from quick hope—but so the cameramen here was tonic. After he got in the bus, they tried to film him by the available light from the ceiling of the vehicle, and asked him questions which he answered with a pompousness he thought detectable only to himself. They would be shown this movie after all in Britain, he would be spokesman, yes envoy extraordinaire for his cause, so he tried to try to speak like an American public figure to British consumption, very dry, very cheerful.

"Have they been treating you all right?"

"Yes, very correct. Americans are always correct except when they're burning babies in foreign countries they know nothing about." That would do down well with the British.

Other prisoners called out their remarks, held up their fingers in a V for Victory sign. How would this would all look in Europe.

"Want to hear our slogans?" asked Mailer.

"Oh, yes," said Fontaine.

"Let's sing them a song, boys," Mailer called out. He could not help it—the mountebank in him felt if he were playing Winston Churchill. Ten minutes ago in the cell he had been mired in long slow thoughts of four wives—now he had a stage again and felt unheroic. "Can it be," he wondered to himself, "that I have misspent twenty years as a novelist, and all along have been languishing as an actor?"

They started to sing "We Shall Overcome," and the bus driver, as if wishing to make the point that America was more totalitarian than ever, promptly turned off the lights, and they sang in darkness, or the sound man. Then they shouted slogans. Finally they took off, waving their fingers in V for Victory through the darkness. One last cry, "Hey, hey, LBJ! How many kids did you slay today?"

In a dark bus, through a dark night, they traveled. It was getting near to ten o'clock on Saturday night and the lights were out in many houses in the Virginia countryside. The drive took on pleasure as journeys at night in buses through unfamiliar country in America always take on pleasure, as if in echo of Thomas Wolfe, it is the moment for which Americans live, that collective journey through the dark when strangers are brought close by the vibration and the sound of the tires, the lights on the highway, the compass of the night. All the stale impatient resentful wastes of those hours they had spent in the cells were washed now in the night air which blew through the windows. A silence came over them—the restful silence of men traveling, that sense of security in their muscle and in their number, and in their patience, which he had not felt since old days in the Army moving in convoy along dark roads. He almost glad he had not yet been released, for he would have missed this trip, and so have not been reminded that a night journey on a bus was one of the few times when everything ambitious, wild, overconceited, hopeless, garish, and suffocatingly technical in American

fe nonetheless came together long enough to give the citizens a little peace, for maybe it was only they were on the move that Americans could be anchored in their memories. Was anything more noble than these small hills moving by in the dark immensities? Yes, it was on a journey that the tender memories of the past (and the more sorrowful) lay somewhere in the seat of their unconscious and warmed the blood, warmed the heart, and did something at best of that cold anxious center that was inspired so much of the American fever, under memories which did not even have to rise to the mind, but drifted like lights (boudoir lights? street lights?) on the warm river of the journey.

## Night at Occaquan

That night at Occaquan, Mailer had a long reverie about the war in Vietnam before he fell asleep. It was not the most comfortable slumber, for the mattress had old stuffing and was not two inches thick (all as dirty) and the springs on the cot had lost their bounce so the bed curved like a hammock. He had a pillow case and a thin dirty blanket for cover, but would not have kept a small animal warm, but that did not matter, for the heat was turned high in the dormitory room where he slept with more than a hundred other men, and since the lights were on, the air was filled with smoke, the condition was favorable to dozing in the dim heated currents of the smoking Car on an overnight train. It had not been a particularly eventful evening once he arrived. It had of course not been uneventful, since nearly everything is interesting about war in the first few hours (although such interest is similar to the scrutiny a patient will give a doctor when he enters for an operation) but the rapid flow of rumor, if nothing else, kept everyone busy. There had been their arrival and their processing here without drama, for many guards were about more than they had seen all day, and the prisoners moved in file from dimly lit rooms and hallways into the bright lights, their health being ascertained—"Do you need medical care?"—their fingerprints taken. It seemed when all was done, a small amount of information for the time it took, the lines in which they had to stand, and the separate rooms and corridors they were obliged to pass, but it had none of the mild but salutary interest of a dry run, imaginary to one's commitment to a concentration camp—the future officials' faces might show the same keen grasp of a competence in police work, even in the hallways, even the pale institutional paint of the walls would be the same. Perhaps the prison would be not so dissimilar. At night, with the lights, and the rapt presence of forty armed guards in the corners and the corridors at the bus debarkation point, existed that stricken awareness of a dire event to which the air itself seemed to be sensitive. In combat, on patrol,

there had been times when the air had altered, not in odor but in presence, and around a bend in the trail had been a dead man, two hours dead, one hour dead—yes, and in the air of this place now an excitement had arisen, like a nest disturbed, harbinger perhaps of years of crisis ahead when more of the citizenry would be arrested and sent in the beginning to just such places of modest incarceration. Occaquan was a minimum-security prison; built around a quadrangle of red brick, it had small repetitive arches lining all four sides of the arcade around the quadrangle. It had even in the night that sad aspiring look, that pale imitation of cloisters, which is to be found occasionally in the architecture of state junior colleges. It spoke of, it emphasized its minimum security—this green quadrangle, these men's dormitories off the cloistered walk—doubtless the first concentration camps would belong to this model. He had written for years about American architecture and its functional disease—that one could not tell the new colleges from the new prisons from the new hospitals from the new factories from the new airports. Separate institutions were being replaced by one institution. Yes, and the irony was that this workhouse at Occaquan happened to be more agreeable architecturally than many a state university he had seen, or junior college. There was probably no impotence in all the world like knowing you were right and the wave of the world was wrong, and yet the wave came on. Floods of totalitarian smog, totalitarian food (yes, frozen), totalitarian communications—the terror to a man so conservative as Mailer was that nihilism might be the only answer to totalitarianism. The machine would work, grinding out mass man and his surrealistic wars until the machine was broken. It would take nihilists for that. But on the other hand nothing was worse than a nihilism which failed to succeed—for totalitarianism would then be accelerated. The gloom of these alternatives was perfect for the gloom of the huge dormitory in which he found himself after processing. It was a room more than a hundred feet long, more than forty feet wide, shaped like an airplane hangar with a curved ceiling, and it had four rows of beds running the length of it, more than thirty beds in each row. Here, except for breakfast, and interviews with lawyers in the adjoining room, the prisoners were to stay.

A new rumor mill was working its gears. The equivalent of a plaza in this enormous room (Mailer did not necessarily think once of *e.e. cummings*) was a table in the middle of the central aisle on which were heaped old paperbacks, apples, and ham sandwiches in wax paper on a tray, and a coffee urn. The ham in the sandwiches was surprisingly good—from local Virginia pigs might one hope? Impossible—it was obliged to come from cans of tinned Virginia ham packed in Chicago.

At this impromptu town square set up about the table, news was passed. Here he learned that David Dellinger had been arrested and released just a short



while before he had arrived, and word of others—Dagmar Wilson, leader of Women Strike for Peace, was under arrest, and Dr. Spock had tried to get arrested and the Marshals had refused. There was no word of Macdonald or Lowell—he was certain by now they were back in New York, and was, on the whole, relieved. Macdonald would have enjoyed every minute of prison, but something in the emptiness of these hours would be injurious to Lowell. The very deadness. Installed blindfolded in a prison, one might still know before a sound was heard, that the walls of a jail were about you, for the center of your breath was dead.

There were rumors of course. Rumors were like hypodermics injected into the numb corpus of prison time. They were all going to get out in a few hours, went the rumor, because the lawyers would work through the night and the Commissioners would work through the night. It was hard not to be tempted by this prospect. His shirt collar was filthy by now, filthy to the point where he could feel the dirt chafing his neck. He was full of the odor of his own perspiration. That did not bother him yet—he had tolerance for his own—but by tomorrow things would be getting funky. He could take a shower, but not to put on this same shirt and pinstriped suit with the vest. Each hour in jail, the vest became more absurd. It was too late to get back to New York tonight, but how agreeable to sleep at the Hay-Adams instead of here. The latrine with its three thrones was reminiscent of that first universal week of constipation in the Army.

Then came the counter-rumors. The Commissioner had gone home for the night. Nothing until morning. More rumors. Massive arrests going on. Prisoners would be coming in all night, so many that nobody would get out tomorrow. Tomorrow was Sunday. The Commissioners would not work on Sunday.

He decided to get a bunk, and settle in. He had friends in the place, and many acquaintances. People he had known for years in Greenwich Village were with him in this dormitory now. There was Bob Nichols for one, Robert Nichols, the architect and designer of playground equipment—he and his wife had been friends of Mailer's sister for years. Now he had been arrested with Dave Dellinger. Tuli Kupferberg was there, editor of a pre-psychedelic magazine which came out with new titles for each issue, *Birth, Death, Love*, so forth—an amusing magazine with the sharpest teeth in its bite. Then Tuli Kupferberg had become a member of The Fugs. The last time Mailer had seen him was today at the North Parking lot in the exorcism of the Pentagon. How odd must Nichols and Kupferberg have looked to the Marshals, Kupferberg with his calm gentle face, long flowing black beard, long black hair which reached his shoulders and Nichols, thin, almost cadaverous, with that old-fashioned Wasp integrity in the eye, and the deep cavernous hollows of his cheeks—he looked like Lowell smelted down to the irreducible Puritan.

And there was Teague, the man with the white motorcycle helmet who had been put in the Volks-

wagen immediately after Mailer, and had then to sleep on the floor of the cell in the Post Office. He was wide awake now conducting a free school dormitory for whoever would listen. A crowd of fifteen or twenty prisoners were invariably around him; his expositions of the value and dereliction of the March on the Pentagon were the most active theater in the prison dormitory, and whenever prisoners gathered, students, hippies, young faculty, instructors, even one short heavyset Irish kid with small squashed features and a red face who looked exactly like a young policeman just finished his training. Probably he was exactly a young policeman assigned to this, his first job, for he never opened his mouth, never spoke to anyone, just listened to everything which was said with the same worried look. He must once have had in school when he could not understand what the teacher's words were and Teague was indubitably a Leninist. One worked the Revolution twenty-four hours a day, one was organized, one explained, one instructed, one inspired, one worked. One took advantage of the prison and turned it into a free university for prisoners where they could acquire revolutionary élan. One took the collective experience of the revolutionary activity (in this case, the assault on the Pentagon) and one analyzed the experience, one extracted the revolutionary content from the chaotic-than-revolutionary chaos of mixed intents, promises, programs, and sellouts.

Teague was now arguing that the entire assault, rally, March, and attempted investiture of the Pentagon had been wrong from beginning to end, too ambitious in its promises, too timid in its execution, too mingled in its forces, too amorphous in its lack of control, too compromised in its collaboration with the government—Mailer found himself listening with interest. It was not that he agreed precisely or disagreed with Teague. Everything Teague said was probably true, and yet the indictment was too easy. It had all the hard firm impact of all the sound-as-bell work-logic-of-the-next-step—he had heard Communists and Trotskyists expatiating on social problems and social actions for years with just this same militant, precise, executive command in analyzing the situation, the same compelling sense of structure, the same satisfying almost happy dissection and mastery of the bones and marrow of the problem before them, and Mailer had in fact decided years ago, impelled by some bright implacable certainty in the voices of such full-time Marxists, that Leninism finally was good for Leninists about the way psychoanalysis was good for psychoanalysts. It was a superb mental equivalent to weight-lifting—the body worked, perspired, flushed itself, and came back with hard tangible increments in mental tone and vision but it had nothing to do with the real problem which was: how do you develop enough grace to capture what is chief more graceful than yourself? Leninism was built to analyze a world in which all the structures were made of steel now the sinews of society were

led on transistors so small Dragon Lady could them beneath her nail. But it was agreeable theless to Listen-to-Teague, Teague was the hap- man now in this prison, the most active, the most e, the most resplendent in his element. Mailer ght of arguing with him, but it seemed unfair. scored points in debate—which was highly un- r—he would merely depress the one source of gy in the room.

finite word came through. The lawyers were , the Commissioners were gone: nobody out until ing. So Mailer picked his bunk. It was next to n Chomsky, a slim sharp-featured man with an ic expression, and an air of gentle but absolute l integrity. Friends at Wellfleet had wanted him eet Chomsky at a party the summer before—he been told that Chomsky, although barely thirty, considered a genius at MIT for his new contribu- : to linguistics—but Mailer had arrived at the y too late. Now, as he bunked down next to Chom- Mailer looked for some way to open a discussion nguistics—he had an amateur's interest in the ect, no, rather, he had a mad inventor's interest, several wild theories in his pocket which he had r been able to exercise since he could not under- d what he read in linguistics books. So he cleared throat now once or twice, turned over in bed, ed for a preparatory question, and recognized he and Chomsky might share a cell for months, be the best and most civilized of cell mates, before mood would be proper to strike the first note of ury into what was obviously the tightly packed eptual coils of Chomsky's intellections. Instead chatted mildly of the day, of the arrests, (Chom- had also been arrested with Dellinger) and of n they would get out. Chomsky—by all odds a cated teacher—seemed uneasy at the thought of ing class on Monday.

n that long unwinding passage from the contrac- s of the day into the deliberations of the dream, er passed through a revery over much-traveled y now level ground where he thought once more he war in Vietnam, the charges against it, the nses for it, and his own final condemnation which landed him here on this filthy blanket and lumpy this smoke-filled barracks air, where he listened -asleep to the echoes of Teague's loud confident nist voice, he, Mailer, ex-revolutionary, now last he small entrepreneurs, Left Conservative, that ly flag—there was no one in America who had a tion even remotely like his own, who else indeed d offer such a solution as he possessed to such a , such a damnable war. Let us leave him as he ses into sleep. The argument in his brain can be mitted to the reader with more order than Mailer sessed on his long voyage out into the unfamiliar ensions of prison rest. Let us hope the argument is too long, for then like most arguments it would y be repeating a point already made, amassing facts to shore polemical walls not buttressed suffi- tly by the pouring of the first facts.

## 7. Why Are We in Vietnam?

**H**e knew the arguments for the war, and against the war—finally they bored him. The arguments in support of the war were founded on basic assumptions which had not been examined and were endlessly repeated—the arguments to withdraw never pursued the consequences.

He thought we were in the war as the culmination to a long sequence of events which had begun in some unrecorded fashion toward the end of World War II. A consensus of the most powerful middle-aged and elderly Wasps in America—statesmen, corporation executives, generals, admirals, newspaper editors, and legislators—had pledged an intellectual troth: They had sworn with a faith worthy of medieval knights that Communism was the deadly foe of Christian culture. If it were not resisted in the postwar world, Christianity itself would perish. So had begun a Cold War with intervals of overt war, mixed with periods of modest collaboration. As Communist China grew in strength, and her antagonisms with the Soviet Union quickened their pace, the old troth of the Wasp knights had grown sophisticated and abstract. It was now a part of the technology of foreign affairs, a thesis to be called upon when needed. The latest focus of this thesis was of course to be found in Vietnam. The arguments presented by the parties of war suggested that if Vietnam fell to the Communists, soon then would Southeast Asia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia, Japan, and India fall also to the Chinese Communists. Since these Chinese Communists were in the act of developing a nuclear striking force, America would face eventually a united Asia (and Africa?) ready to engage America (and Russia?) in a suicidal atomic war which might level the earth, a condition to the advantage of the Chinese Communists, since their low level of subsistence would make it easier for them to recover from the near to unendurable privations of the post-atomic world.

Like most simple political theses, this fear of a total nuclear war was not uttered aloud by American statesmen, for the intimations of such a thesis are invariably more powerful than the thesis itself. It was sufficient that a paralysis of thought occurred in the average American at the covert question: Should we therefore bomb the nuclear installations of the Chinese now? Obviously, public discussion preferred to move over to the intricate complexities of Vietnam. Of course, that was an ugly unattractive sometimes disgraceful war, murmured the superior apologists for the Hawks, perhaps the unhappiest war America had ever fought, but it was one of the most necessary for (1) it demonstrated to China that she could not advance her guerrilla activities into Asia without paying a severe price; (2) it rallied the small Asian powers to confidence in America; (3) it underlined the depth of our promise to defend small nations; (4) it was an inexpensive means of containing a great power, far more inexpensive than fighting the power itself; and (5) it was probably superior to



starting a nuclear war on Communist China.

In answer, the debaters best armed for the Doves would reply that it was certainly an ugly disgraceful unattractive war but not necessary to our defense. If South Vietnam fell to the Vietcong, Communism would be then not 12,000 miles from our shores, but 11,000 miles. Moreover, we had not necessarily succeeded in demonstrating to China that guerrilla wars exacted too severe a price from the Communists. On the contrary, a few more guerrilla wars could certainly bankrupt America, since we now had 500,000 troops in South Vietnam to the 50,000 of the North Vietnamese, and our costs for this one small war had mounted to a figure between \$25 and \$30 billion a year, not so small an amount if one is reminded that the second world war cost a total of \$300 billion over four years, or less than three times as much on an average year as Vietnam! (Of course, there has been inflation since, but still! What incredible expense for so small a war—what scandals of procurement yet to be uncovered. How many more such inexpensive wars could the economy take?)

The Doves picked at the seed of each argument: Yes, they said, by fulfilling our commitments to South Vietnam, we have certainly inspired confidence in the other small Asian powers. But who has this confidence? Why the most reactionary profiteers of the small Asian nations now have the confidence; so the small Asian nations are polarized, for the best of their patriots, foreseeing a future plunder of Asia by Asian capitalists under America's protection, are forced over to the Communists.

Yes, the Doves would answer, it is better to have a war in Vietnam than to bomb China, but then the war in Vietnam may serve as the only possible pretext to attack China. Besides the question of Chinese aggression has been begged. China is not, by its record, an aggressive nation, but a timid one, and suffers from internal contradictions which will leave her incapable for years of even conceiving of a major war.

This was not the least of the arguments of the Doves: they could go on to point out that North Vietnam had been occupied for centuries by China, and therefore was as hostile to China as Ireland was to England—our intervention had succeeded therefore in bringing North Vietnam and China closer together. This must eventually weaken the resistance of other small Asian powers to China.

Besides, said the Doves, part of the real damage of Vietnam takes place in America where civil rights have deteriorated into city riots, and an extraordinary number of the best and most talented students in America are exploring the frontiers of nihilism and drugs.

The Doves seemed to have arguments more powerful than the Hawks. So the majority of people in America, while formidably patriotic, were also undecided and tended to shift in their opinion like the weather. Yet the Hawks seemed never too concerned. They held every power securely but one, a dependable consensus of public opinion. Still this weakness left

them unperturbed—their most powerful argument remained inviolate. There, the Doves never approached. The most powerful argument remained: What if we leave Vietnam, and all Asia eventually goes Communist? all of Southeast Asia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Australia, Japan, and India?

Well, one could laugh at the thought of Australia going Communist. The Hawks were nothing if humorless. If Communist China had not been able to build a navy to cross the Straits of Formosa and capture Taiwan, one did not see them invading Australia in the next century. No, any decent Asian Communist would probably shudder at the thought of engaging the Anzacs, descendants of the men who fought at Gallipoli. Yes, the Hawks were humorless, and Winston Churchill was shameless. He even invoked the defense of Australia.

But could the Dove give bona fides that our withdrawal from Vietnam would produce no wave of Communism through Asia? Well, the Dove was resourceful in answers, and gave many. The Dove talked of the specific character of each nation, and the liberal alternatives of supporting the most advanced liberal elements in these nations, the Dove returned again and again to the profound weaknesses of China, and the extraordinary timidity of Chinese foreign policy since the Korean war, spoke of the possibility of a nuclear war, and the resources of adroit, well-managed economic war in Asia.

Yet the Doves, finally, had no answer to the Hawks. For the Doves were divided. Some of them, a minority, secretly desired Asia to go Communist; their sympathies were indeed with Asian peasants, not American corporations, they wanted what was good for the peasant, and in private they believed Communism was probably better suited than capitalism to introduce the technological society to the peasant. But they did not consider it expedient to grant this point, so they talked around it. The others, the majority of the Doves, simply refused to consider the possibility. They were liberals. To explore the dimensions of the question might have exploded the foundation of their liberalism, for they would have had to admit they were willing to advocate policies which could conceivably end in major advances of Asian Communism, and this admission might oblige them to move over to the Hawks.

Mailer was bored with such arguments. The Hawks were smug and self-righteous, the Doves were evasive of the real question.

Mailer was a Left Conservative. So he had his own point of view. To himself he would suggest that he tried to think in the style of Marx in order to attack certain values suggested by Edmund Burke. Since he was a Conservative, he would begin at the end. He did not see all wars as bad. He could conceive of wars which might be noble. But the war in Vietnam was bad for America because it was a bad war, and all wars are bad if they consist of rich boys fighting poor boys when the rich boys have an advantage in the weapons. He recollected a statistic: it was d

was not obscene. Next to every pound of supplies worth Vietnamese brought into South Vietnam their soldiers, the Americans brought in one and pounds. Yes, he would begin at the root. Wars were bad which undertook daily operations burned and bombed large numbers of women children; all wars were bad which relocated populations (for the root of a rich peasant lore was then destroyed); all wars were bad which had no line of honor or discernible climax (an advanced notion which supposes that wars may be in part good because they are sometimes the only way to define social conditions rather than blur them); certainly wars were bad which took some of the bravest fighting men of a nation and sent them into combat with outrageous superiority and outrageous arguments: Such conditions of combat had to excite a great passion for hunting other humans. Certainly war was a bad war which required an inability to reason as the price of retaining one's patriotism; any war which offered no prospect of improvement for itself as a war—so complex and compromised were the roots—was a bad war. A good war, like anything which is good, offers the possibility that further progress will produce a determinable effect upon chaos, order or waste. By every Conservative measure, (referring to Conservatism the right to approve of) the war in Vietnam was an extraordinarily good war.

Since he was also a *Left* Conservative, he believed radical measures were sometimes necessary to get to the root. The root in this case was the welfare of the nation, not the welfare of the war. So he had an answer to the Hawks. It was: Pull out of Vietnam completely. Leave Asia to the Asians. What then could happen?

He did not know. Asia might go to the Communists, or might not. He was certain no one alive knew the answer to so huge a question as that. It was only in the Twentieth Century, in the upper chambers of technology land (both capitalist and Communist) that men began to believe there must be concrete answers to every large question. No! So far as he had opinion (before the vastness of this question) his opinion existed on the same order of magnitude of discovered ignorance as the opinion of any Far Eastern expert. While he thought it was probable that Asia would turn to Communism in the decade after any American withdrawal from that continent, he did not know that it really mattered. In those extraordinary World War II years when the Wasp generals, generals, statesmen, legislators, editors, and corporation presidents had whispered to each other that the next war was going to be Christianity versus Communism, the one striking omission in the Herculean crusade was the injunction to read Marx. They had studied his ideas, of course; in single-spaced extracts on a typewritten page! but because they had not read his words, but merely studied the extracts, they had not had the experience of encountering a mind which taught one to rea-

son, even to reason away from his own mind; so the old Wasps and the young Wasps in the power elite could not comprehend that Communists who read their Marx might come to reason away from the particular monoliths of Marxism which had struck the first spark of their faith. It seemed never to occur to the most powerful Wasps that one could count quite neatly on good Communists and bad Communists just as one would naturally expect good Christians and bad. In fact, just as Christianity seemed to create the most unexpected saints, artists, geniuses, and great warriors out of its profound contradictions, so Communism seemed to create great heretics and innovators and converts (Sartre and Picasso for two) out of the irreducible majesty of Marx's mind (perhaps the greatest single tool for cerebration Western man had ever produced). Or at least—and here was the kernel of Mailer's sleeping thesis—Communism would continue to produce heretics and great innovators just so long as it expanded. Whenever it ceased to expand, it would become monolithic again, mediocre, and malign. An ogre.

An explanation? A submersion of Asia in Communism was going to explode a shock into Marxism which might take a half-century to digest. Between Poland and India, Prague and Bangkok, was a diversity of primitive lore which would jam every fine gear of the Marxist. There were no quick meals in Asia. Only indigestion. The real difficulty might be then to decide who would do more harm to Asia, capitalism or Communism. In either case, the conquest would be technological, and so primitive Asian societies would be uprooted. Probably, the uprooting would be savage, the psychic carnage unspeakable. He did not like to contemplate the compensating damage to America if it chose to dominate a dozen Asian nations with its technologies and its armies while having to face their guerrilla wars.

No, Asia was best left to the Asians. If the Communists absorbed those countries, and succeeded in building splendid nations who made the transition to technological culture without undue agony, one would be forced to applaud; it seemed evident on the face of the evidence in Vietnam, that America could not bring technology land to Asia without bankrupting itself in operations ill-conceived, poorly comprehended, and executed in waste. But the greater likelihood was that if the Communists prevailed in Asia they would suffer in much the same fashion. Divisions, schisms, and sects would appear. An endless number of collisions between primitive custom and Marxist dogma, a thousand daily pullulations of intrigue, a heritage of cruelty, atrocity, and betrayal would fall upon the Communists. It was not difficult to envision a time when one Communist nation in Asia might look for American aid against another Communist nation. Certainly Russia and China would be engaged in a cold war with each other for decades. Therefore, to leave Asia would be precisely to gain the balance of power. The answer then was to get out, to get out any way one could. Get out. There was



nothing to fear—perhaps there never had been. For the more Communism expanded, the more monumental would become its problems, the more flaccid its preoccupations with world conquest. In the expansion of Communism was its own containment. The only force which could ever defeat Communism was Communism itself.

Yet there was no likelihood America would ever withdraw from Asia. Rather there was the covert and unhappy intimation that we were in Vietnam because we had to be. Such was the imbalance of the nation that war was its balance. The burning of villages by napalm might be the index of our collective instability.

Mailer had been going on for years about the diseases of America, its oncoming totalitarianism, its oppressiveness, its smog—he had written so much about the disease he had grown bored with his own voice, weary of his own petulance; the war in Vietnam offered therefore the grim pleasure of confirming his ideas. The disease he had written about existed now in open air: So he pushed further in his thoughts—the paradox of this obscene unjust war is that it provided him new energy—even as it provided new energy to the American soldiers who were fighting it.

He came at last to the saddest conclusion of them all, for it went beyond the war in Vietnam. He had come to decide that the center of America might be insane. The country had been living with a controlled, even fiercely controlled, schizophrenia which had been deepening with the years. Every man and woman who was devoutly Christian and worked for the American Corporation, had been caught in an unseen vise whose pressure could split their mind from their soul. For the center of Christianity was a mystery, a son of God, and the center of the corporation was a detestation of mystery, a worship of technology. Nothing was more intrinsically opposed to technology than the bleeding heart of Christ. The average American, striving to do his duty, drove further every day into working for Christ, and drove equally further each day in the opposite direction—into working for the absolute computer of the corporation. Yes and no, 1 and 0. Every day the average American drove himself further into schizophrenia; the average American believed in two opposites more profoundly apart than any previous schism in the Christian soul. Christians had been able to keep some kind of sanity for centuries while countenancing love against honor, desire versus duty, even charity opposed in the same heart to the lust for power—that was difficult to balance but not impossible. The love of the Mystery of Christ, however, and the love of no mystery whatsoever, had brought the country to a state of suppressed schizophrenia so deep that the foul brutalities of the war in Vietnam were the only temporary cure possible for the condition—since the expression of brutality offers a definite if temporary relief to the schizophrenic. So the average good Christian American—

emotions. He felt compassion for the hardships and the sufferings of the American boys in Vietnam even the Vietnamese orphans. And his view of the war could shift a little daily as he read his paper; the war connected him to his newspaper again; connection to the outside world, and the small shifts of opinions from day to day are the two nostrums of that apothecary where schizophrenia is treated. America needed the war. It would need a war so long as technology expanded on every road of communication, and the cities and corporations spread like cancer; the good Christian Americans needed the war or they would lose their Christ.

In his sleep did Mailer think of his favorite scheme, of a war which took place as a war game? of a tract of land in the Amazon, and three divisions of Marines against three divisions of the best Chinese Communists, and real bullets, and real airplanes, real television, real deaths? It was madness. He could not present the scheme in public without exercising an audience—they were certain he had discovered the mechanism of a new and gargantuan put-on, no one could take it seriously, not even as a substitute for Vietnam. No, the most insane of wars was more sane than the most insane of games. A pity. Before he had gone to sleep, he had talked for a while with one of the guards, a mournful middle-aged Southerner with a high forehead, big jaw, long inquiring nose, and the ubiquitous silver-rimmed spectacles. The guard had been upset by the sight of so many college boys romping in the dormitory, pleasant-looking boys obviously pleased with themselves. So the guard had asked tentative questions about the war in Vietnam and how they all felt, and why they felt as they did, and Mailer tried to answer him, and thought it was hopeless. You could use every argument, but it was useless, because the guard didn't want to care. If he did, he would be at war against the cold majesty of the Corporation. The Corporation was what brought him his television and his security, the Corporation was what brought him the unspoken promise that on Judgment Day he would not be judged, for Judgment Day—so went the unspoken promise—was no worse than the empty spaces of the Tonight Show when you could not sleep.

Mailer slept. Given this portrait of his thoughts, who would make book he did not snore?

## 8. Vanity

His suit was in poor shape by morning. There had not been a hanger, nor a clothes rack, just a dark green locker next to every cot of the sort to be seen in a broken-down gym—the locks were removed, the hooks were smashed, and the shelf had a layer of dust. He had been obliged to fold his suit about his shirt, and stuff the bundle onto the shelf. In the morning he made half-successful efforts to beat the marble of the dust out of his pants. His regimental tie, striped of wide dark blue, and wide maroon, had been tied

often in a Windsor knot, and now needed pressing left it off, left off his vest, walked with open white collar and wrinkled jacket to breakfast. was he able to shave—there was, of course, no pment. In prison, razor blades are counted.

He had thought of sleeping through. The call to came somewhere around seven, and he had not e to bed until three, but in a place like this one er missed an opportunity to see a new locale: Each 1 in the schedule was an event. He had a hint of psychology of the prison day—a man could keep humor by refining his sense of confirmed expecta—raisin bread instead of white bread might be largest surprise of the hour.

They walked down the cloistered arcade of new k along the quadrangle, the last of the dew offer-lights in the grass, the prison architecture ap-ing even more agreeable than the average of icking new junior colleges on this fine October day morning in Virginia, then marched into the teria, where some Negroes—bona fide prisoners! ved them from the chow line with sidelong looks, inated by white men who would volunteer for incarceration.

Breakfast was a small dixie cup of canned or frozen age and grapefruit juice, so concentrated with tive that it burned his throat. Then came three s of raisin bread, margarine, corn flakes, milk, ice of lemon cake with much soft icing, and a g of coffee. He took it all. He was a ritualist about kfast—he would eat the same breakfast all but days a year, and it was not much like this break—his scrambled eggs were made ideally in sub-ption to a tried method—but it was obvious that a day in prison, nothing was going to be par-larly connected to anything else; if the night felt like a journey in a smoking car, the morning ht as well begin with lemon icing on the cake. then just as the battered dark-green lockers had n him a vista of precisely the sort of cheap gyms regular prisoners in Occaquan would have known years, so this sweet starchy breakfast spoke of ego-bulking hash-house foods of the poor—all that centrate of sugar to cheer you up.

Back in the dormitory, the day was beginning. He ered by the coffee urn, going over the paperbacks. t night, true to a maxim he had formed in Belle—that one should try in prison to read only the e difficult books, he had selected a paperback ed *A Primer on Money, Banking, and Gold*, but lemon cake had been bullion enough, and now he t again through the books on the automatic hope ething interesting had been returned, but there only the same litter of mystery stories by authors se names changed with every book (years of ractical hanky-panky in paperback houses must concealed in this litter) and one book he might e looked at in another hour of boredom—a life of at *John Bosco—Friend of Youth*. Friend of who? John Bosco must be the first saint of Camp.

The rumors were livelier this morning at the coffee

urn. Something had gone on at the Pentagon. Pri-soners had been brought in the middle of the night, and were installed now in another dormitory. Prison-ers here claimed to have talked to them. Some of the new ones had been badly beaten by the Marshals. Everybody wanted to know how many had been arrested—calculations of the total varied from two hundred to four hundred, and groans replied to the low totals, cheers to the high—they were reacting to the score at a ball game. It was a natural reaction for any American, Mailer decided, but he could anticipate the horror of European revolutionaries. “These Americans,” they would hiss, “cannot com-prehend an historic occurrence unless it takes place by the numbers!”

Teague was lecturing again. It was not eight o'clock in the morning, and the sun came through the high windows in the high walls of the dormitory at an evocative angle—evocative of early morning studies in a college library. Yet the Occaquan Free School for Transient Nascent Revolutionaries was in full swing, and First Preceptor Teague, a battery of siege guns in one vocal box, was battering the walls of assumption by which the National Mobiliza-tion Committee to End the War in Vietnam had in-carcerated the revolutionary potential of the dem-onstration.

“The precise objective was never even defined,” he heard Teague say to his fifteen or twenty auditors. “In order to hold his middle-class elements, and im-bue the movement with a patina of respectability, Dellinger frittered away the opportunity to mobilize the real militants, who could have organized a con-certed and *successful* attack on the Pentagon. As a result of such compromise, undefined at best, unscrupulous conceivably”—he held up a finger—“at worst, what has happened? The militants have been unsuc-cessful, and the moderate middle-class peace elements will be miserable tomorrow when the newspapers get done with their condemnations of the activities of those groups which wanted—and to a degree got —overt action.”

There was much in what Teague said. It would probably not be far from his own summary. Why then did he resent him, feel the pinch of the hanging judge in his critical nerve? It must be Teague's cer-tainty. Doubtless there had been something wrong in the style of the move on the Pentagon, but it would take him weeks to comprehend this March, and the events now taking place: it was only by forcing his mind to the subject that he could recognize something was still going on at the Pentagon—prisoner of his own egotism, some large vital part of the March had ended for him with his own arrest. He was poor material for a general indeed if he had no sense of the major combat twenty miles away.

He passed through a few conversations. A tall very thin man with an eroded face, and a pale consistent flame in his eye came up to him. (How many eyes had he seen in these last few days on fire with their own soul the better to purify it? or in the dread of



not consuming it?) The tall man now introduced himself. He was Jim Peck, a name well known in radical circles, for Peck had been the first of the Freedom Riders back in the late 'forties, one of the first Whites to be beaten by Southern policemen, to have his teeth smashed, his ribs kicked. He had respect for Peck, how could one not? yet he also had the instinctive withdrawal of a meat-eater before an ascetic.

The morning worked along. About ten, lawyers arrived and gave them orientation lectures in groups of six. The answers to their questions were scrupulous and empty of content, for no one knew exactly what the government was planning to do today. They were all given, however, one piece of advice most concrete—plead *Nolo Contendere*. Mailer objected. He wished to plead Guilty. He was after all guilty for a purpose which he wished to advertise, and *Nolo Contendere* had something soft about it to the ear, like copping a plea on a billy rubbed with olive oil. But the lawyer merely looked unhappy when he raised his objection, and answered blankly, "The Legal Defense Committee seems to think it's best to plead *Nolo Contendere*."

Where the devil was *de Grazia*? What kind of friend was he? But shortly after, prisoners began to be called, and they were told to take their belongings. They did not come back. Now the lawyers had word. The sentences appeared to be more or less standard. Regardless of the charge, Blocking a Roadway, Resisting Arrest, Entering a Forbidden Area, et cetera, et cetera, the fines were running at \$25 and the sentences were for five days but suspended. Plus the written promise not to return to the Pentagon for six months. This did not seem unreasonable.

Then he saw Tuli Kupferberg sitting on a bunk. He had the impression Kupferberg had been called out some time ago; now he was back. It developed that Kupferberg had refused to agree to stay away from the Pentagon for six months—so he would have to serve his five days. Kupferberg was not particularly happy; with his beard and long hair, he did not think it was going to be altogether routine when the majority of the Pentagon protesters were gone, and he was then dropped in with the regular prison population. But he did not see any way out of it. To agree not to return to the Pentagon for six months was to collaborate with the government—what then had they been protesting?

Mailer listened to him with a dull ear. He hated to become enmeshed in these unmanageable connections between politics and personal morality. To a part of him, Kupferberg seemed absolutely right. "The essence of spirit was to choose that alternative which did not better your position, but made it worse." Mailer was quoting himself again, but not with pleasure for he was getting ready to go against his own maxims. He knew that he wanted to get out of this jail, and as quickly as possible. Early this morning, he had put his name on the list for the telephone, and so had been able to make a call to his wife just a while ago. It had been a merry call. They

were anxious to see each other, and she had brightened at the news he would almost certainly be out this day. They had laughed gently at Lower's concern. Back in New York, he had called several times to express his worry. And Macdonald had called and left a message. "Tell Norman he's one up on me." The sunlight he could now see through the high dormitory window was about in balance with memory (three days old) of her blonde hair—what was one advantage of being a blonde—sunlight advertised you. Of course her hair was tinted delicate but then which blonde was not? "A blonde is a girl who chooses to be blonde. She's an optimist. She thinks that life will turn out well for her." It had been perhaps his favorite scene in the play of *Deer Park*. He was breaking all his own maxims; he was missing his wife much too much, he was full of hope that he would be out of this dormitory another hour, and he was even quoting himself over and over.

But Kupferberg had left him with a moral dilemma. He had his answer of course. Nothing was accomplished by staying in jail—the point had been to get arrested, not to go to war against the sentence. Nothing would happen at the Pentagon for six months; so the promise would cost nothing. He found himself discussing the problem in just this light with several of the younger prisoners. Kupferberg's decision had presented everyone with a Sunday dilemma.

"But what?" asked a bearded young sociology instructor (from a small college in Connecticut) "something is planned at the Pentagon in the next six months?"

"Why, then," said Mailer, "we go to the Pentagon. This promise is probably unconstitutional anyway."

"I'm sure it is," said the instructor.

"Then why serve five days? They must know they're being unconstitutional. So you're collaborating with their trick."

Yes, his arguments were cogent, but his cool had most undeniably been cracked. There was the definite taint of an unholy desire to get out, as if to remain too long was dangerous. Seen from one moral position—not too far from his own—prison could be nothing but an endless ladder of moral challenges. Each time you climbed a step, as Kupferberg just had, another higher, more dangerous, more disadvantageous step would present itself. Sooner or later, you would have to descend. It did not matter how high you had climbed. The first step down in a failure of nerve always presented the same kind of moral nausea. Probably, he was feeling now like people who had gone to the Pentagon, but had chosen not to get arrested, just as such people, at their moment of decision, must have felt as sickened as all people who should have marched from Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon, but didn't. The same set of emotion could be anticipated for all people who had been afraid to leave New York. One ejected oneself from guilt by climbing the ladder—the first step back, no matter where, offered nothing but immersion into

ea. No wonder people hated to disturb their  
ice of guilt. To become less guilty, then weaken  
enough to return to guilt was somehow worse  
to remain cemented in your guilt. There was  
thing exorbitant in the divine breadth of this  
equation.

ut what?" asked the sociology instructor, "if  
us were to serve the five days?"

hey would not rescind their demand that we stay  
from the Pentagon." Did he really know?

k," said Mailer, "we each have to do what we  
we must do. I have to be back in New York. I

there are things I must do there which are  
important." Kupferberg had put the day into

ession; he was no longer in any degree fond of  
elf. So his fellow prisoners began to cloy the

f his mood. They were for the most part a fair  
p of young men, their faces were generally good,

minds seemed no more ridden with jargon than  
gang of college students he might meet at a

re or a reading, but the sameness of this condi-  
tion in the dormitory had gone on too long. About

n, lunch had been served—a carton on the table  
e same ham sandwiches they had had last night.

cket of apples, containers of milk with the taste  
ax and milk. It was all mixed somehow with the

any. He felt as if he had been on an all-night  
r in a college dormitory with no girls, no booze,

lots of cigarette smoke and endless conversation.  
own saliva tasted to him now of the air of a

ay. A subtle hell offered its perspective—if you  
an intellectual and a bad one, no matter how,

might end in some dormitory like this, with  
ing but the sounds of conversations already held

ertain the ear, nothing but books like *Saint*  
*Bosco: Friend of Youth* to exercise the brain.

the early afternoon a prisoner made his escape.  
ne end of the dormitory was a single door which

o the shower room and to a room beyond where  
e were several guards, a number of benches, and

ok. In this doorway, between the outer room and  
long dormitory, a guard was posted, the only

d for these hundred beds. It had not been then  
difficult. One of the kids at the other end had

ed up on top of a locker, while the guard was be-  
livered by a prisoner, and from the locker, had

ed through the open window high on the wall and  
ped to the ground outside. He had escaped. Ev-

ne in the room was aware of it, everyone but the  
d; the stale heat of the early afternoon, dull-

ed and somnolent (with its hint of why factory  
would not necessarily thrive in the South) now

on a whiff of new breeze from the collective  
naline of the prisoners. To the glee of some was

d the worry of others that their release *could*  
elayed.

at in five minutes a squad of guards abruptly ap-  
peared, raced down the floor, inspected the window,

ed the locker, and left—but with an additional  
d posted at the far end of the dormitory where

prisoner had escaped. As the squad now moved

back to the door, the leader of these guards, a short  
wiry man with a firm dry face, spoke to the prisoners  
at large. With a tight grin, and a jerk of his thumb  
in the direction of the field beyond the window where  
the boy had escaped, he said, "You know, we do have  
a man or two out there."

"But Officer," Mailer called out in his best country  
squire voice, "I thought you were a minimum-  
security prison."

"Well, sir," said the guard, "we *was*!"

It raised his mood a hint, and when he went out  
to the front room to confer for a minute with a  
lawyer named Hirschkop who brought regards from  
de Grazia, he had an opportunity to see the escaped  
prisoner. They had just brought him in, a red-  
bearded young goat with a red look in his eye and a  
lithe stubborn spring to his moves. This spring was  
clear to see, for he was not cooperating, they were  
having to carry him in. Since he merely pretended to  
be limp, but in fact kept twisting his limbs and  
springing them free, the guards were having a poor  
time. A big middle-aged Negro in uniform at the  
desk went up to one of the guards so struggling, and  
said, "Let me take over for you. This damn kid's  
gonna hurt your hernia."

The guard, a tall skinny white man, shook his  
head. "Naw, I can manage him," he said. But he  
looked worried.

"Listen," said the Negro, "you let me have him  
now. You just take care of your hernia." So the  
prisoner was brought back with his legs held by the  
black man. Great cheers greeted them as they came  
into the dormitory.

But Mailer kept thinking of the guards. He had  
had a conversation the night before with a handsome  
young monitor who had been in the adjoining cell  
at the Post Office. He was one of the best prisoners,  
bright, strong, personable, a member of SDS—he had  
spent his summer at a teach-in in Oregon on the war,  
and yet his pleasure the night before was that they  
had managed to paste a great many stickers on their  
cell wall, and this monitor was laughing as he  
thought of how the hack would react when he had  
to read the slogans while cleaning the cell. Mailer was  
thinking of what his in-laws would feel for the hack,  
that poor hack with his store teeth, his misery that  
he had to work on the weekend. These middle-class  
kids, no matter the depth of their commitment, were  
also having a game with the campus cop. But the  
guards were here to work out the long slow stages  
of a grim tableau—the recapitulation of that poverty-  
ridden rural childhood which had left them with the  
usual constipated mixture of stinginess and greed,  
blocked compassion and frustrated desires for power.

They were men, but the one secret route back,  
there down in the cellar of the hierarchies of schizo-  
phrenic ranch-house life in America, was by finding  
a life which recaptured the cold stringy gruel of their  
own parents in their own poor large family, step by  
step, degree by degree, dealing with prisoners every  
day, doling out a kindness here one degree more kind



than they had once received, dropping a stinginess there to get the barb of an old stinginess out, yes their relation to the poor Negroes and the poor Whites in this workhouse was a parallel to their own childhood, a slow solemn process of exchanging psychic equivalents in order to remake their nervous system. This horde of middle-class kids now descended on them had left such careful slow overcautious work of reconstruction in a shambles, for the kids treated them like nannies, the kids were revolutionaries; to them the flesh was no better than the symbol of the uniform: how then could the doctor cure the disease if he was also buried in it? Stale thoughts. His detestation of prison came from the mark it left on the mind. He had been in the coop not twenty-four hours and his mind was already feeling stale.

Now he forced himself to listen to the lawyer Hirschkop, who was chatting with Teague and himself. It was with Teague that he had been called out—just in time to see the Negro guard protect the white guard's hernia—Teague and he were apparently the most important prisoners left, for this new lawyer had introduced himself as Chief Counsel for the Demonstrators and he, for one, had answers, was definitive, showed confidence, a man about Mailer's height, but built like a young bull. A perfect fullback. His physique spoke of the ability to mount a good second effort, which was the term in football this season for being able to drive hard with the ball, and when stopped by tacklers, able to drive forward again before the whistle blew.

No need for a second effort now—he was merely giving them a quiet orientation, but Mailer was not unhappy he was there. If he had once thought he would be out in an hour after his arrest, the slow mounting weight of his detention all these inexplicable hours—what had happened to his priority?—had given him, not a panic, but a dull set of expectations.

Actually, Hirschkop's presence was enough to reassure him. He hardly listened. Instead, he was thinking of Teague, who seemed to show no resentment to Mailer now. That morning he had helped to spoil a plan of Teague's. The free school had revealed a purpose. After hours of lecturing the night before and hours of lecturing in the morning, Teague had convinced a number of prisoners of a number of points. A letter was drafted to be released to the press, and Teague had read it aloud to the dormitory. It had contained something like eighteen items, and each item was critical of the National Mobilization. The letter ended by condemning the leadership.

Debate on Teague's proposal had sounded for ten minutes with much loud argument back and forth. In the beginning, Teague's new-forged allies showed promise of stimulating everyone to sign. Then came counter arguments. Jim Peck had cried out, "Why this letter is divisive!" Mailer had made a curt speech. "Maybe there are ten million people in America today who think we're heroes. Can't we let them be happy for a few months before they find out we're not!" This

speech seemed to make a small difference. Senti- turned toward carrying such criticism to a meeting rather than into a newspaper. Finally Teague decided to redraft the letter, and present the criticism intramurally. Mailer had thought Teague might resent his speech since he had obviously been working with this letter as his end. Mailer had done as much as anyone to thwart him. But Teague gave no ground of rancor. Teague was a professional.

As they were walking back to the dormitory Mailer asked, "What would you have done if you managed to get into the Pentagon and hold a corridor for a while?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Teague. "We could have painted the walls, created disruption generally."

Yes, it was a battle conceived unlike any other in a symbolic war, victory had no tangible form. Once again, Mailer wished he could be out of the prison in order to think. In prison his thoughts could only meander. There was an explanation to the attack on the Pentagon. It was somewhere in the shape of this event. If only he could brood on it.

In the afternoon sun, the air grew heavier, the dorm took on dimension. There was the mounting pressure on the ear of a horsefly buzzing in a corner room. New prisoners had arrived in the dorm, soldiers of a new wave of arrests, and their presence disturbed the atmosphere. The original cadre of prisoners had become respectable in these hours; they were virtually trustees of the dorm—so the new prisoners seemed raucous, of a different code, of pacifists and academics at all. Many of them had been in fights with Marshals; there were bandages and bloody heads, torn clothing, more: something dark and violent, full of pot, like spring rioters in a small college town ready to get into a rumble with the police. Mailer took a stroll the length of the dormitory and back—it was enough to verify his first impression.

"Hey, you Norman Mailer?" asked one rangy prisoner, grabbing his arm. There was a roller coaster in the boy's eye, a big Yahoo tone. He had obviously been in some action. He still was cocked on whatever he had taken.

"Yeah."

"We got to talk." The grip deepened, the eye turned red.

He threw off the arm. "When the time comes, buddy." Through stale sweat, and all rancid prison air, he could feel adrenaline coming again. Half the kids who had just arrived would be his admirers. For want of a live Hemingway, he would be expected to serve as the poor man's Papa.

If half of these new kids proved to be admirers they would certainly be the sort who couldn't be an admiration until they had had a fight with it. If the admiration won, they could admire it even more—if it lost, they would be sad. Yes, Mailer decided on the basis of past experience there was one good chance in three or four he would be in a real fight before dark. That would certainly help him to

yes it would. He would get out of the dormitory into isolation.

But now he was worrying—the one thing he had learned he would not do in prison. He lay on his bunk, made a determined effort to stay cool—all the while, his nerve for adventure, hitherto dormant this morning, now urged him to circulate among the new prisoners, go looking for the trouble, sweat it right out. From experience, he knew that was the best simplest way.

But prison had other rules. If he got into a bad fix, he would then be doubly in the hands of the authorities—what was worst about prison was that it must imprison your own best instincts, avoid anything which looked like action. Yes, the wise book prisoners said, “Wait. By evening these new prisoners will look like the old ones. The air of the dormitory will grind them down. Saint John Bosco will grind them down.”

Visions of his wife and family kept him on his bunk. Now one of the guards (or may it have been one of the lawyers?) brought in the Sunday papers. Some of the prisoners began to read aloud, and as he listened to other prisoners with a pent and happy fury—happy because there was finally something to express—began to roar their responses in unison.

The restrained and carefully instructed troops at the Pentagon met provocation with a minimum of force.

“Bullshit!” shouted the prisoners happily.

They were pelted with rocks from the crowd and according to reliable Pentagon sources were the target of three tear gas grenades thrown by demonstrators. There was no retaliation in kind ordered by the Army . . .

“Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!” chanted the prisoners.

The boy read on through long news stories. Then enough columns. He read Jimmy Breslin aloud.

These were not the kind of kids who were funny. These were the small core of dropout and drifters and rabble . . .

“Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!” chanted the prisoners.

At the end of the day, the only concern anybody could have was for the soldiers who were taking the abuse.

“Bullshit! Bullshit!” sang the prisoners happily. He dozed to the sound of their chant, had a fantasy which belonged in *The Magic Christian*—he could buy a television station, and a commentator could read the news each day, and a chorus of street kids would give comments. Yes, the use of obscenity is indeed to be condemned, for the free use of it could wash away the nation—was America the first great power to be built on bullshit?

He had a private taste of it two minutes later. And the boy, sly, lumpish, almost moronic, now took a Richmond newspaper in his hand, he had

blundered onto an account of Mailer’s arrest. He read with the difficulty of a third-grader. “When asked why he was arrested, the novelist smiled wainly.”

“What?” asked Mailer, getting up from his cot.

“The novelist smiled wainly,” said the boy in a mocking tone.

“Wainly,” said Mailer and said no more for he could feel the amusement of the others at his anger.

“When asked why he was arrested,” the boy repeated in a stilted voice, lip-reading with exaggerations, enjoying the round of theater he had created. “the novelist smiled wainly, and said, ‘I’m guilty.’”

Mailer took a not altogether playful swipe at him.

He remembered the reporter who had been running in front and behind of Leitermann’s camera. He had had neatly combed hair and had asked polite questions. The reporter had hung on his words. It had been his own best moment in all these days—he had never felt so fair a moment of dignity in his life, and now they had him smiling wainly, saying, “I am guilty,” were they incapable of giving any enemy a fair chance? If the reporter had been before him, he might have tried to tear him apart with his hands.

To calm himself, he spent time with a prisoner he liked, a quiet soft-spoken small trim Texan from Houston who was a member of SDS. This prisoner never said much, but everything he said was sensible. They spent time idly, pitching pennies to a line in the composition floor. After a while the boy who had read from the newspaper, as if contrite, now came over and joined them quietly. Finally four of them played.

Now came a call from the front room. Mailer was wanted in court.

He put on his regimental tie, trying to hide the deep creases by using more of the wide tongue for the substance of his knot. The front of his tie came out nine inches long, the tail which he stuffed in his pants must have been twenty-six. Then he put on his vest most carefully to cover the asymmetry of these roots, and put on his cufflinks, mother-of-pearl cuff links, no less! the fanciest cuff links—might one lay the bet?—ever to go into the filthiest cuffs, put on his jacket again, tried in the absence of a comb to flatten his hair with his hands, and feeling like the people’s choice between Victor McLaglen and Harpo Marx, went through the dormitory shaking hands, gave a respectful goodbye to Tuli Kupferberg, and headed for the front room.

“Your lawyer is wearing sneakers,” said the last of the prisoners.

## 9. Mailer, de Grazia, Hirschkop, and Scaife

It was de Grazia. He was dressed in a corduroy jacket of moss green, pants of compatible lemon, a red shirt with a white collar. De Grazia’s eye for color had even worked an art for he was wearing



spotless white sneakers. In some triumph of the sartorial they were suitable. Mailer did not know how de Grazia had succeeded—he had only to think of himself in a green corduroy jacket with yellow slacks and white sneakers—well, he was not giving compliments yet. He was annoyed at de Grazia for having been invisible till now.

"Where's your tennis racket?" he asked.

But they were in fact friends. They were glad to see each other again. In the wash of events, they had each forgiven the other for Thursday night at the Ambassador.

"Have they talked to you about the plea?" de Grazia asked in his subtle hesitant voice.

"Well, all the lawyers said we should plead *Nolo Contendere*, but I'd like to plead Guilty."

De Grazia looked uneasy. "We don't want anything about your case to be special."

"Is something up?"

"Nooo." Lawyers, like doctors and literary agents, were obliged to be professionally assuring, but de Grazia was as obviously trying to warn him.

"Come on."

"No, I don't know any reason why it would make any difference. It's just . . ." De Grazia's instinct was to plead *Nolo Contendere*.

"I don't understand why it should make a difference," he repeated.

Without saying a definite word, with half-phrases and subtle clearings of the throat, hesitations which produced the announcement of nuances next presented by a nod of the head, or a light in the eye, de Grazia succeeded in passing the following unspoken exposition over to Mailer. It seemed that as in all massive legal operations, tacit arrangements to expedite passage of the sheer weight of cases . . . mmm . . . had resulted in certain unofficial agreements: the prisoners would waive their right to a jury trial, would accept the verdict of the U. S. Commissioner who was sitting in judgment, would plead *Nolo Contendere*, and would receive five-day suspended sentences. All prisoners convening to this tacit arrangement would be treated equally. "There's always the possibility . . . mmm . . . that's to say . . . specially you." It was clear. If he made himself a special case by pleading Guilty, the Commissioner might not feel he was entitled to the tacit arrangement.

"Well, can't we see in court?"

De Grazia nodded. "We can try and . . . umm . . . see what the feeling is."

"What kind of Commissioner have we got?" One of the other lawyers had indicated in one of the orientations that of the four Commissioners, two were good, one was fair, and one was—the lawyer had used the term—an animal.

"I think we have one of the good ones." De Grazia explained that he could not practice in Virginia, so he would be present as a Friend of the Court. If they ran into trouble, they would call on Hirschkop who was swinging from case to case in all four court-

rooms, trying to take care of . . . um . . . the ten spots.

They walked out the front door to the area Mailer making a point of saying goodbye to the guards, if only to surprise them. Then they walked to the end of the prison along the arcade, walked a flight of stairs into a hallway, passed into a very small meeting room or office with seats for fifty or twenty people in the rear and two desks in the front which served as the bench. There was another case being tried, so he and de Grazia sat down. He noticed Fontaine in the row behind and smiled.

A man with a narrow nondescript red face whispered in his ear. He heard a muttered name and the sound of the *Washington Post*. The stranger was a reporter. "Would you care to make a statement?"

"Not now. Later," he whispered back. It was exactly what would be expected of him—that he would not make a courtroom speech. Well, he wouldn't. He could not have to spend his life continuing to play the game.

He studied the Commissioner, who happened to be wearing a red and blue regimental tie almost indistinguishable from his own. The Commissioner was pleasant-looking, well-proportioned, well-built man not yet in his forties with a low deep voice and a low sloping nose. Back of his high forehead, the crown of his scalp was without hair—he had the half-bald head which seems to come often to athletes. Hearing the accent, Mailer decided he was a Virginian who might well have gone to Princeton. With the half-bald head, he would have proved suitable for any number of commercials requiring gentry on television. Behind his brown eyes (as Mailer saw them from up close when he was called and stood in front of the desks) were thoughtful, even bottomless—one could not begin to tell if compassion, concern, or a profound philosophical condemnation looked out of them.

De Grazia spoke for Mailer as they stood side by side. "Commissioner Scaife, Mr. Mailer is interested in entering a plea of . . . um . . . Guilty, but would like if possible to inquire if this would alter the treatment . . . ummm . . . consideration of his case."

The Commissioner looked back at them. Since Mailer was seated on the level, and they were standing, Mailer had to look up at them. But it did not seem to bother him. His eyes were extraordinarily calm, yet very attentive. "I do not think," he said, "that I can answer your question, since that would offer a premature suggestion of the sentence which is obviously improper before hearing the plea."

That was enough for Mailer, it was enough for de Grazia. They looked at each other. There had been something grave and indeed all too bottomless in Commissioner Scaife's voice. "Your honor, in this case, I would like to plead *Nolo Contendere*." His voice had been all right, but he had not known until the moment he spoke whether it would betray him. He had felt surprisingly short of breath all the while he had stood before this Commissioner. Standing before the Bench always affected him so; whether the

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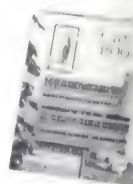
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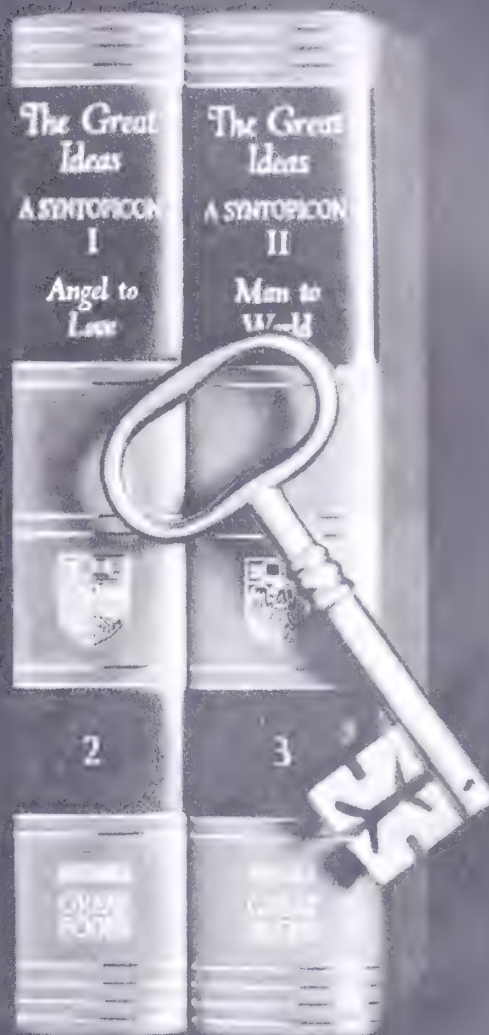
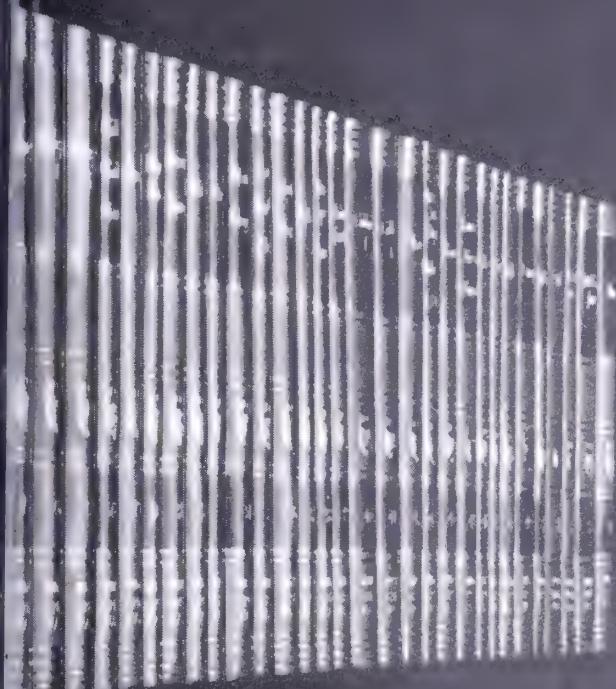
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was due to some unconscious and conceivably well-placed notion of Judgment, or whether he was finally and fundamentally criminal, a devil indeed, he did not know. Still his voice had been all right. That was just as well. Scaife's eyes blinked back once, then stared dispassionately into his eyes. He found to his surprise that he liked this Commissioner, he liked him as much as any man he had met in the last few days. Indeed they were staring into each other's eyes as equals.

New maxim: If the judge stares thoughtfully into the eyes of the arraigned, he is probably a hanging judge.

"Mr. Mailer," said the Commissioner, "I view your case with somewhat more seriousness than the average case before me today. You are a mature man, responsible for your ideas, well known, and you exert influence upon many young people. I think a man in your position should not act as a bad example, so I view your offense with greater concern. It is quite possible to exercise your constitutional rights of protest and dissent without breaking the law. Therefore, I am going to fine you fifty dollars, and give you a sentence of thirty days in jail." He paused, continued to look at Mailer, who continued to look back, and added, "of these thirty days, twenty-five will be suspended."

Five days. It sat like the sound of the word cancer on the small available area of his soul. Not to get out in the next ten minutes, when he had been so ready to get out, so foolish as to drop his guard. And a sense of woe at what a martyr this would make him, and for so little. To have his name cheered during a season at every deadly dull leftist meeting to raise money—he would trade such fame for a good hour's romp with the—yes, doomed *pater familias*—with the wife and kids.

De Grazia was now pleading his own incompetence to argue for Mailer in a court in Virginia, since he was a District of Columbia lawyer. He requested the assistance of Mr. Hirschkop. The Commissioner answered that the plea had been entered and judged, but on the motion that the defendant was not properly represented, he would listen to further argument by Mr. Hirschkop.

So began a legal contest. It was not important, for nothing was at issue but a few days in jail, yet Hirschkop fought the case for the next twenty minutes as if the bill before him might determine the outcome of the war. And Mailer, now invited to sit down in the rear of this small room by the Commissioner, followed with attention as if there was indeed much more than five days at stake, and he could hardly say why. He detested entertaining any thought which would encourage paranoia in himself, he had indeed gone through these hours in jail with a determined and much diminished sense of himself. Next to his vanity, was a disproportionate modesty he had actually believed he would be arrested and released with no particular attention paid to him. If he had been moved when one of the prisoners told him

demonstrators had heard the news of his arrest they were still marching on the bridge, he had attached the fact of his name on radio to any of such concrete administrative importance as a sentence. He was invariably surprised when authorities took him seriously. Now, he had no idea if the Commissioner had given him this special sentence different from the others because Scaife was a serious man who had, conceivably, read his books. He decided he was a sophisticated menace to the general welfare of the nation, or whether—and he did not entertain the feel of this—there had been a suggestion from somewhere else to hold him for five days. He did not like the idea of encouraging any paranoia, but he also did not like five days in jail at all, now. Did they wish him to be under surveillance next to a good agent, or were they capable of concocting a nasty accident in a corridor, a piece of *Oswalderie*? This seemed vastly farfetched, but he had been hearing the ugliest rumors about the names, of men shot in the back on patrol, and was certain, since the assassination of Kennedy, that a political prisoner could not necessarily trust an American jail again, not even a political amateur for a routine five days. So he listened with care to the arguments. If the government wanted him in for five days, then—government being the agent of war in Vietnam, and so his enemy—he certainly wanted to get out.

Hirschkop's dark hair and powerful short nose put double weight back of every remark. He spoke quickly, clearly, with a mixture of brightness, seriousness, and driving determination, but there was an implicit humor in everything he said, for it was obvious he did not believe many of the more pious sentiments he was obliged to express—what he believed, what stood out about him, was his love of law as an intricate deceptive smashing tricky game somewhere between wrestling, football, and philosophy—what also stood out was his love of winning, his tenacity, his detestation of defeat.

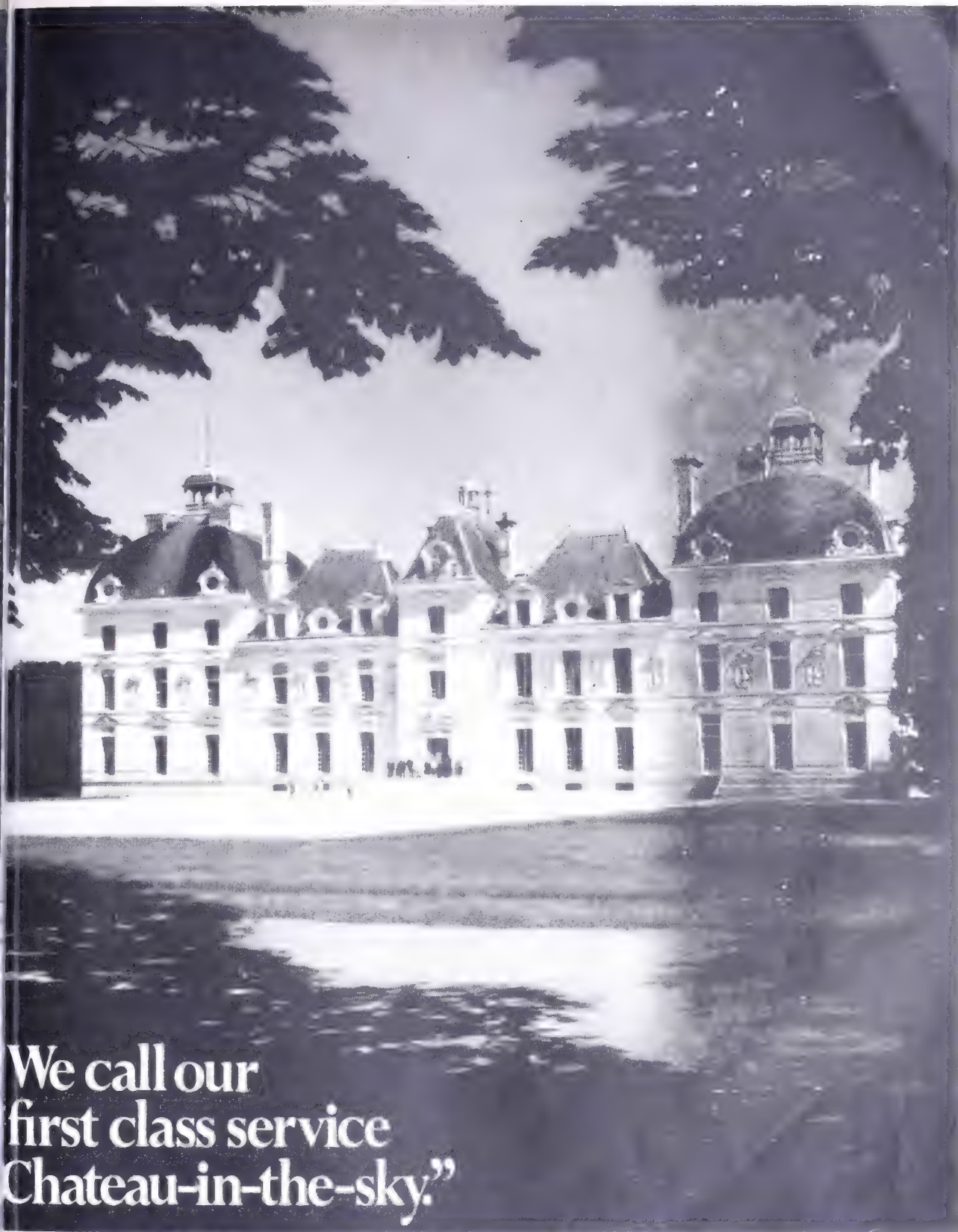
He began, much to Mailer's profound embarrassment, by pleading that the sentence be reduced, since Mailer had offered no violence in his arrest, had been a model prisoner since, had cooperated with the guards, had helped to maintain decorum among his fellow demonstrators, and had talked some of them into cooperating with the court!

Where had he gotten all this—these half-truths, these indigestible distortions, these pious legalisms about the good prisoner? If not for the impossible social situation of denying his lawyer in court, he would have stood up.

But this motion was quickly denied.

Hirschkop then argued that the sentence was atypical and more punitive than any other for similar cases, and so should be vacated.

The Commissioner turned to the U. S. Attorney, a tall pale Negro named Mason, and asked for his opinion. The U. S. Attorney replied that the special ground for the greater sentence had been stated



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the Commissioner. The Commissioner said he would deny the motion.

Hirschkop then moved that the initial plea of *Nolo Contendere* be withdrawn on the grounds of inadequate counsel. This involved the Sixth Amendment and the right to effective counsel. Commissioner Scaife denied the motion.

It was not at all easy to follow but it was interesting. Hirschkop kept attacking with his high-pitched, eager, peppy voice. He would come up with a new argument, he would work it under the eyes of the Commissioner, his voice reacting to every hint of interest or annoyance he could extract from Scaife's impassive face, he was like a wildly successful salesman with an impossibly difficult buyer, there was by now a contest between them, the full equivalent of a show of strength, man to man, full leverage of one man against the full arm of the other. Under the legal dialogue seemed to proceed another. "I'm going to get this guy out today," went the unspoken dialogue of Hirschkop. "You don't know me, Scaife, I'm a persistent guy."

"I'm pretty stubborn myself, friend. You may get this man out, but you'll have to work. Cause he's not getting out on this Commissioner's pity."

"Don't need it. I'm going to show you that the bag of the law is a bottomless bag."

There was of course another battle, the natural face-off between a tough Jew and a well-made son of Virginia gentry—that was in it as well.

"I'll bewitch you, Commissioner, with my legal speed."

"Haven't lost an eye on you yet, Phil."

Well, said Hirschkop, since he was not allowed to get rid of the sentence or withdraw the plea, he now asked for permission to withdraw the waiver of rights on the ground that the waiver of rights had been given on the implied assurance that the sentence would be moderate, and this tacit assurance had not been kept.

The Commissioner conferred with the U. S. District Attorney and announced that this motion was also denied.

Each time Hirschkop would finish an argument, Scaife would consider it, confer formally with the U. S. Attorney, turn back to Hirschkop, and in a voice resolutely empty of content, neutral as a spirit level, would declare somewhat sepulchraly that this motion was also denied. Each time Hirschkop would recoil, then bore forward again with a new motion.

After this last one, however, he shifted tactics. Now, he announced he would appeal the case. He asked for bail.

The unspoken dialogue resumed:

"I was wondering how long it would take you to get to that."

"If you weren't out to harm my poor novel, I'd have sprung him already. What did they do—pass the word down?"

"You, my friend, will never know."

"I'm getting him out on bail."

"Wait—you haven't got him out yet."

A second U. S. District Attorney now entered argument. The defendant, he remonstrated, had a right to bail unless he had already appealed, or prove the right to bail on substantial constitutional grounds.

Hirschkop then argued that the defendant was prepared to make appeal, but had obviously no opportunity to file appeal.

"In that case, said the U. S. District Attorney, could not be granted.

"They're going out of their way to keep you," murmured de Grazia in Mailer's ear. He had alternately getting up to confer with Hirschkop, coming back to sit beside Mailer.

"Your honor," said Hirschkop, "in precisely these circumstances I was able to obtain bail for Herbert Brown in the United States District Court in Richmond on September 18, 1967. I was allowed by the court to file notice of appeal which was then accepted as proper basis for appeal bail because it is a constitutional right."

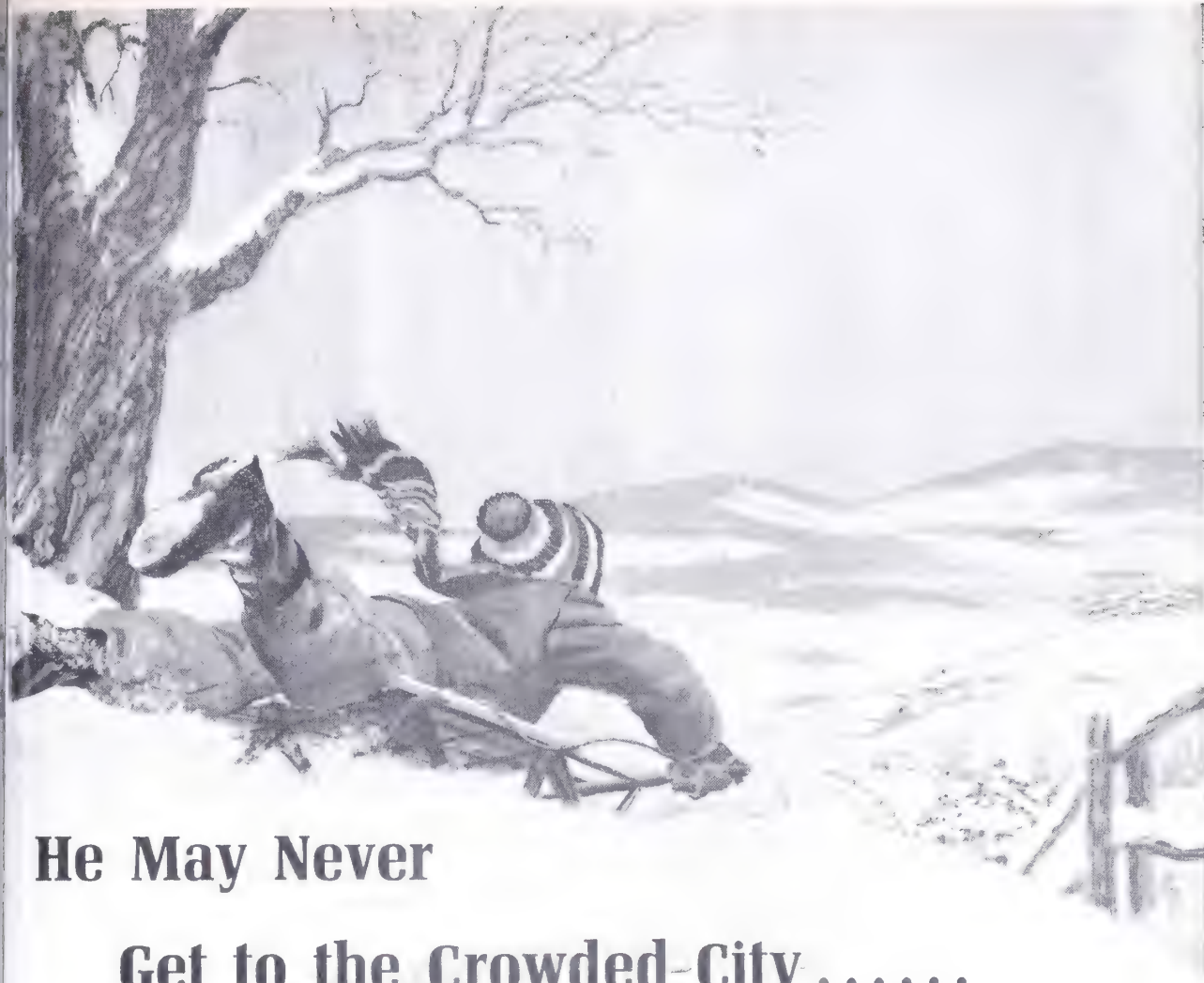
At this point, the argument grew more complex. Hirschkop kept shuttling between points which involved the procedural rights of a prisoner filing appeal in a Commissioner's court, and basic substantial rights to bail on constitutional grounds. The issues came so fast, and with such dexterity in their phrases and leaps that Mailer, while he could not begin to keep up with each detail, was able to study the growing sense of uncertainty on the part of the U. S. Attorney, as if to maintain his resistance here in the open the danger of entrapping the government in an untenable legal position which could occasion a future ruling by a higher court to weaken the authority of such a court as this. In that uneasy ease, through that precise anxiety, was the breach made. For the first time, the U. S. Attorney took a backward step. He went to a second line of defense. "Commissioner Scaife," he stated, "to file notice of appeal in appropriate form must be used. We do not have the forms here on Sunday. Defendant will have to be kept over until tomorrow."

They would have him then for another night in jail. But it was also a way of signifying to the Commissioner that bail could not be withheld on primary grounds, but now only on a technicality.

Hirschkop smiled at the Commissioner, and ducked his head, and came forward again. Mailer could hear him citing some particular clause in some law pertinent to courts of this nature which allowed one to file, when proper forms were not available, in the same kind of papers in handwritten form.

The Commissioner read the clause. He pressed his lips together carefully, as if to signify the conclusion of an event. Then he opened them. He looked relaxed, so relaxed that Mailer wondered if he was not relieved that a way had been found to keep him out of jail this night. "All right," Scaife nodded. "you may file notice of appeal."

Hirschkop stated that he would have to be



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the G. S. A. book which offered a model of the proper form—the U. S. Attorney gave him this; and he would need a pencil—which the Commissioner supplied; and a piece of paper—the Court Stenographer tore a sheet off her pad and passed it to him. These transactions completed, Hirschkop, de Grazia, Mailer, Fontaine, and two reporters went into the next room, and Hirschkop opened the borrowed book with obvious good humor and began to write out the formal notice of appeal.

"They were really trying to sock it to you," said the reporter sympathetically. But his voice was false, provocative.

"I don't know," said Mailer.

"What's it to them to have you in jail for a few days?"

He didn't answer. He would give this reporter nothing until he decided what he wished to say.

Back in the courtroom, the bail asked by the U. S. Attorney was \$500. Hirschkop had the opportunity to do an encore: conditions were clear for a virtuoso—he entered a plea that the prisoner be let out on his own recognizance. Under the provisions of the Federal Bail Reform Act, *responsible* persons were given this privilege. The Commissioner asked on what ground could counsel establish defendant's right to said provision of the Federal Bail Reform Act? Hirschkop then pointed out that the Commissioner had given the thirty-day sentence to the Defendant on the ground that he was a mature and responsible individual.

Now Commissioner Scaife's lips pressed very tight together. When he opened them, he began to smile, indeed he could not keep from smiling, his silent laughter grew larger and larger, as if when all was said there was no lawyer like a good Jewish lawyer, and it might be a pleasure to lose a game so well played. "All right," he said quietly, "pending appeal we will then release the defendant on his own recognizance."

Standing at the bench, signing the last papers, Mailer, prompted by some shade in the late afternoon air of lost Civil War protocols in Virginia, spoke to the Commissioner. "Mr. Scaife," he said.

"Yes," said Scaife looking up.

"Some day in quieter times, I hope we have the opportunity to meet and discuss some of these matters."

"Yes, Mr. Mailer," said Scaife, "so do I."

## 10. The Communication of Christ

**F**ive minutes later was a scene of congratulation on the grass outside the open arcades of Occaquan. He had signed papers, gone through a few small formalities, and now stood in front of Leitermann's camera, speaking into the microphone held by the sound man Heiss, while the reporters from the Washington *Post* stood by with pads in their hands, taking every word he said, and he spoke slowly at the

rate of dictation he might have used with a stenographer.

John Boyle, the Presbyterian Chaplain at Yale, also there. Released yesterday, he had come out to caquan today, and he and Mailer greeted each other with warmth, next to old buddies now on the impulse of their bust. But he had also greeted Leitermann with warmth, Leitermann with his faithful came how many hours had Fontaine and Leitermann Heiss been waiting for his release, and in the celebrative sentiment of being free of jail, and out that last unexpected high hurdle—funds of great perfection now for de Grazia also listening to his speech before the camera, and for Hirschkop now back in some other courtroom, working no doubt with the same dedicated ferocity to gain a verdict for the prisoner, Hirschkop, the most unexpected bonus of the day, yes he could even forgive Hirschkop those tons of unreconstructed schmaltz about Mailer the model prisoner, yes, in this resumption of the open air after twenty-four hours, no more, there was a sweet clean edge to the core of the substance of things—a monumentally abstract remark which might be saved by the concrete observation that the air was good in his lungs—not often could Mailer count on such sweet air. He felt a liberation from the ending disciplines of that moral ladder whose rungs he had counted in the dormitory while listening to Kupferberg, no, all effort was not the same, and to eject oneself from guilt might yet be worth it, the nausea on return to guilt could conceivably be less: standing on the grass, he felt one suspicion of a whole man closer to that freedom from dread which occupied the inner drama of his years, yes, one more closer than when he had come to Washington five days ago. The sum of what he had done that he considered good outweighed the dull sum of his ordeals these same four days. So he was happy, and it occurred to him that this clean sense of himself, with a skin of compassion at such rare moment for a yes, even for noble Commissioner Scaife and even for U. S. Attorneys, no, not quite them, not quite but go on—this sense of nice expectation and shining conception of his wife, and regrets for the guard and pride in the prisoners, too much, much too much it must come crashing soon, but still—this nice anticipation of the very next moves of life itself all for just an incredibly inexpensive twenty-four hours in jail must mean, indeed could mean nothing else to Christians, but what they must signify with they spoke of Christ inside them, it was not unlike the rare sweet of a clean loving tear not dropped still held, oh he must be salient now, and deliver the best of himself to these microphones and reporters, and in respect to Boyle, pick up some of the Chaplain's language, why not? some message from the Marchers at the Pentagon had to reach America: *American*

So he made the following speech:

"Today is Sunday, and while I am not a Christian I happen to be married to one. And there are times



## Lifeguard on duty

importance of this specialist to your health and well cannot be overstressed. In fact, his efforts help sh the exact amount of radiation you receive dur- dical diagnosis or treatment. His title—Radiation st. His function—a key member of the radiological working with physicians, hospital x-ray depart- manufacturers of x-ray equipment and govern- agencies to achieve more effective and safer uses ation. ■ Radiologists (physicians izing in x-ray) utilize the skills of consulting radiation physicists to sh guidelines and monitor equip- or a wide variety of examinations atment. The physicist is trained to m the exact amount of radiation l for a particular procedure di- by the radiologist. Because these lists work as a team, your health elfare are protected more effec-

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when I think the loveliest thing about my dear wife is her unspoken love for Jesus Christ." Unspoken it was, most certainly. She would wonder if he was mad when she read this, for outside of her profound observance of Christmas Eve and her dedication to decorating a Christmas tree, they never talked about such matters. As a child, she had rarely gone to church, but he knew what he meant—some old pagan spirit of her part-Swedish blood must have carried Christ through all the Southern exposures of her mixed part Indian blood, crazy American lass, one-time mouther of commercials on television, mother of his two—would they be mighty?—boys, angel or witch, she had a presence like silver, she was on all nights of the full moon near to mad, and he loved her for that quality he could never explain—her unexpected quixotic depths of compassion, yes the loveliest thing about his dear wife was her unspoken love for Jesus Christ.

"Some of us," said Mailer to the reporters and the photographer and the microphone, "were at the Pentagon yesterday, and we were arrested in order to make our symbolic protest of the war in Vietnam, and most of us served these very short sentences, but they are a harbinger of what will come next, for if the war doesn't end next year," then said he, feeling as modest as he had felt on the steps of the Department of Justice, "why then a few of us will probably have to take longer sentences. Because we must. You see, dear fellow Americans, it is Sunday, and we are burning the body and blood of Christ in Vietnam. Yes, we are burning him there, and as we do, we destroy the foundation of this Republic, which is its love and trust in Christ." He was silent. Wow.

And Boyle gave him a sidelong look, as if to say, "Watch it, old buddy, they put junior reverends in the cuckoo house for carrying on." But Boyle looked pleased. And the reporters looked pleased. And Fontaine and Leitermann, Leitermann particularly, looked ecstatic, for the end of their movie might be there.

They drove back to Washington in de Grazia's car, and Mailer changed at the hotel, called his wife, caught a shuttle, had a merry ride back with Fontaine for there were hordes of young girls on the flight, and the air between New York and Washington was orgiastic with the breath of release, some promise of peace and new war seemed riding the phosphorescent wake of this second and last day's siege of the Pentagon, as if the country were opening into more and more on the resonance of these two days, more that was good, more that was bad, and Mailer met his wife at P. J. Clarke's for dinner, but their luck was poor: An old girl friend of the novelist passed by, tapped him possessively on the hair, and so he spent the evening in a muted quarrel with his wife the actress, Beverly Bentley.

And a few days later saw his immortal speech of Christ as it was printed in the Washington Post. There was no mention of the scene outdoors on the grass. The story went like this:

Novelist Norman Mailer using a makeshift courtroom to deliver a Sunday sermon on the evils of the Vietnam war, received the only prison sentence yesterday as justice was meted out in wholesale lots to hundreds of anti-war demonstrators.

In his courtroom speech, Mailer said, "They are burning the body and blood of Christ in Vietnam."

"Today is Sunday," he said, "and while I am not a Christian, I happened to be married to one. And there are times when I think the loveliest thing about my dear wife is her unspoken love for Jesus Christ . . ."

Mailer said he believed that the war in Vietnam "will destroy the foundation of this republic, which is its love and trust in Christ." Mailer is a Jew.

It was obvious the good novelist Norman Mailer had much to learn about newspapers, reporters and salience.

## 11. Skins and Hides

Still he was not injured unduly. His hide was laid. He laughed when he read the red-bordered story in *Time* about his scatological solo at the Ambassador Theater—he laughed because he knew it had stimulated his cause. And as the days went by, he contracted to write an account of the March on the Pentagon, and wrestled with the difficulties of how to do it, and appeared on a television show and amazed himself. For if he had been half as conservative as Russell Kirk in prison, he was half as militant on television as H. Rap Brown.

Then he began his history of the Pentagon. He insisted on becoming a history of himself over four days. He labored in the aesthetic novelties of his problem for weeks, discovering that his dimensions as a character in a novel were simple: Blessed and damned, been the novelist, for his protagonist was a simple of a hero and a marvel of a fool, with more than average gifts of objectivity—might his critics say as much!—this verdict disclosed by the unprotected haste with which he was obliged to write, for he wrote of necessity at a rate faster than he had ever written before, as if the accelerating history of the country forbid deliberation. Yet in writing his personal history of those four days, he also delivered a discovery to himself of what the March on the Pentagon had finally meant, and what had been gained and what had been lost in that quintessentially American and most contemporary event—the scheduled happening which begins with the given and ends on the road to that mystery where courage, death, and the dream of love give promise of sleep.

## Remarkable Man, Ambiguous Legacy

Irving Howe

Autobiography of W. E. B. Du  
International Publishers, \$10.

The name "Du Bois" means anything at all to most Americans, it is only linked in their minds with campus sects—the Du Bois clubs speak for Moscow-style Communism. Several years ago Richard Wright, with his special gift for parading our native follies, suggested that the campus Communists were going to capitalize on the phonetic gap between the Du Bois clubs (du boys) and the Boys Clubs (da boys). Actually, the Communists were within their rights, for in the decade of his remarkable life—he died in 1963 at the age of ninety-five—W. E. B. Du Bois became a loyal and, it must be said, a courageous spokesman for Communism.

Most of his life Du Bois was somewhat decidedly better. He was the American Negro in the twentieth century: a man of letters, a tribune, and an agitator. Intelligent, gifted, endlessly articulate, Du Bois was both sufficiently self-aware to see how his unavoidable eminence had forced him, as he said, to lead a "twisted life" and sufficiently determined to keep right on battling. Throughout his life, he exhorted, he prodded, he named American Negroes into action, from passivity to militancy. He was a scholar of some importance, both as sociologist of urban life and historian of Black Reconstruction. He kept hammering at the thick hide of American ignorance, and by his example made ridiculous the racist nonsense in which so many Americans indulged themselves. *New York Times Magazine*, March 1968

himself. Above all else, he was a formidable antagonist, tough in polemic, fierce with a phrase, impatient toward fools.

Hardly a tendency in Negro politics today, but it owes something to Du Bois. In the course of his long life he tasted the repeated defeats of the American Negroes and, with the energy of despair, kept changing his views, sometimes to place his stress on absolute integration and sometimes to fall back on a kind of segregated nationalism. His experience sums up almost every impulse and opinion among American Negroes. Yet this remarkable man is barely known today—we Americans are not very strong when it comes to historical memory.

Du Bois wrote two incomplete autobiographies, *Darkwater* at fifty and *Dusk of Dawn* when past seventy. The first shows Du Bois at the point in his career, surely the most interesting, when he had fought a hard battle against Booker T. Washington's creed of accommodation; the second shows Du Bois at a point when he had in effect turned his back on American society and accepted a quasi-nationalist view of the Negro struggle, which in some respects was similar to that of Washington himself. The book now issued as his *Autobiography* was completed in 1960, when Du Bois was past ninety, and together with an account of his life in the Negro movement, every page of which is valuable, it includes sections on his travels in Russia and China and his harassment as a political suspect during the McCarthy years, every page of which is predictable.

International Publishers, the left-

wing house that has issued this book, fails to make clear that the *Autobiography* is by no means an entirely new piece of work; clearly, when it comes to commercial caginess, it has little to learn from bourgeois publishers. Nevertheless, the *Autobiography* is a work of considerable importance. Parts of it, dealing with Du Bois's youth and early years, form a classic of American narrative: composed in a lovely if old-fashioned formal prose, rich in portraiture of late nineteenth-century New England, and packed with information and opinion about the early years of Negro protest. Other parts read as if they came from the very heart of a mimeograph machine.

## II

The classical outcry of Negro autobiography in America is probably Richard Wright's *Black Boy*, a record of suffering so extreme and anger so harsh as to be almost beyond bearing and sometimes beyond belief. Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land* follows roughly in the same tradition. By way of contrast and correction, Ralph Ellison's scattered memoirs stress the inner strength and occasional joy of American Negro life; Ellison rejects the notion that all has been deprivation and insists upon the capacity of a people to create its own values and improvise its own

Mr. Howe, bimonthly critic in these columns, is professor of English at Hunter College, the editor of the magazine "Dissent," and author of several books, including "Politics and the Novel."



## SENTIMENTAL DITTIES FOR MY FIFTIES

by Mary Lutyens

Do you know, when I say,  
"Do you love me?"  
I mean  
Do I love you?  
And, "Will you always love me?"  
How soon shall I stop loving you?

•

At night I used to long for you  
Lying in his bed,  
And how you used to long for me in  
hers  
You said.  
Now we lie together, life was kind,  
And think of him and her, and mind.

•

If I reach that bridge before the  
train goes through  
It means he'll come to woo;  
And if I get this patience out  
He's mine beyond a doubt.  
But if the train's ahead of me  
Or if the patience fails—  
I don't believe in old wives' tales.

•

That you whom I have treated worst  
Should love me best  
Turns all loving into jest.

•

Husbands, lovers, daughter, son,  
Bless this bed that we lay on;  
Bless this bed I was deflower'd in,  
Bless this bed that you were sired in;  
Bless it for its secret kisses,  
Bless it for its married blisses;  
Bless this bed where man and child  
Came to find a mother mild.  
May these dear delights atone  
For the nights I slept alone  
From the age of nought to twenty  
When began the year of plenty.

*Daughter of a distinguished English architect, Mary Lutyens is a novelist and the author of "Young Mrs. Ruskin in Venice" and "Millais and the Ruskins."*

pleasures. Nothing written by these or other gifted American Negroes prepares one, however, for the opening autobiographical pages of Du Bois, an account of his youth that seems quintessentially American in its pastoral serenity:

I was born by a golden river and in the shadow of two great hills, five years after the Emancipation Proclamation, which began the freeing of American Negro slaves. The valley was wreathed in grass and trees and crowned to the eastward by the huge bulk of East Mountain, with crag and cave and dark forests. . . . The town of Great Barrington, which lay between these mountains in Berkshire County, Western Massachusetts, had a broad Main Street, lined with maples and elms, with white picket fences before the homes. The climate was to our thought quite perfect.

The black Burghardts had been living in this area since the late eighteenth century, part of a tiny enclave that hardly knew segregation or hostility. When the elder Du Bois, a man of mixed blood, came to Great Barrington, he joined a clan of Negroes who lived by farming, minor crafts, and service jobs: a world relatively comfortable and enjoying the stiff democracy of the New England town. All the traits we associate with New England—the Puritan stress upon work, the inbred life of the family, the personal styles of reticence and rectitude—seem to have been absorbed by these Negroes obscurely nestling in Western Massachusetts. And when Du Bois writes about his boyhood, he presents himself not so much as a Negro but as an American of an older and more virtuous age:

The schools of Great Barrington were simple but good, well-taught; and truant laws were enforced. I started on one school ground, and continued there until I was graduated from high school. I was seldom absent or tardy. . . . We learned the alphabet; we were drilled vigorously on the multiplication tables and we drew accurate maps. We could spell correctly and read with understanding.

This was not, nor could it be, an untarnished idyll. Negroes, even when living in comfort, had an awareness of limited opportunities. Still,

The colored folk were not set aside in the sense that the Irish were, but were a part of the community of long-

standing; and in my case as a . . . I felt no sense of difference or . . . tion from the main mass of . . . people.

Bright in school, the boy found courage among the townspeople . . . once he bought Macaulay's *History of England* in five volumes, in . . . weekly installments; and when time came for him to go to college the local whites raised a purse, . . . of community scholarship.

What grips one in reading these pages is the story of a life that . . . most every outward level follows the pattern of American industry and ambition yet must carry within itself a certainty of frustration, the deep rage which American brutality toward the Negro will evoke. Du Bois seems to have sensed it from himself: he was class orator when he was graduated from school in 1888 but the address he gave was a celebration of Wendell Phillips, the great Abolitionist leader. It is as if the "twisted life" about which Du Bois later he would speak so bitterly had enforced itself upon his conscience from the very start.

Yet the boy had never moved beyond the protected circle of his life in Western Massachusetts. He knew little or nothing, at first, about the life of American Negroes—the terrible years when the South had reestablished itself through sheer terror and the white North sunk back into indifference. When the idea came up that he should go to the University, a Negro school in Fiskeville, Du Bois's family objected strongly, for they must certainly understand what their darling would encounter on a journey south. When their darling went, and it changed his life forever.

"Henceforward I was a Negro."

### III

Some of the finest pages in the *autobiography* describe Du Bois's work as a summer teacher in Eastern Tennessee, where he was greeted by poor Negro farmers with a touching absolute faith:

I travelled not only in space but in time. I touched the very shadow of slavery. I lived and taught school in log cabins built before the Civil War. My first school was the second in the district since Emancipation.

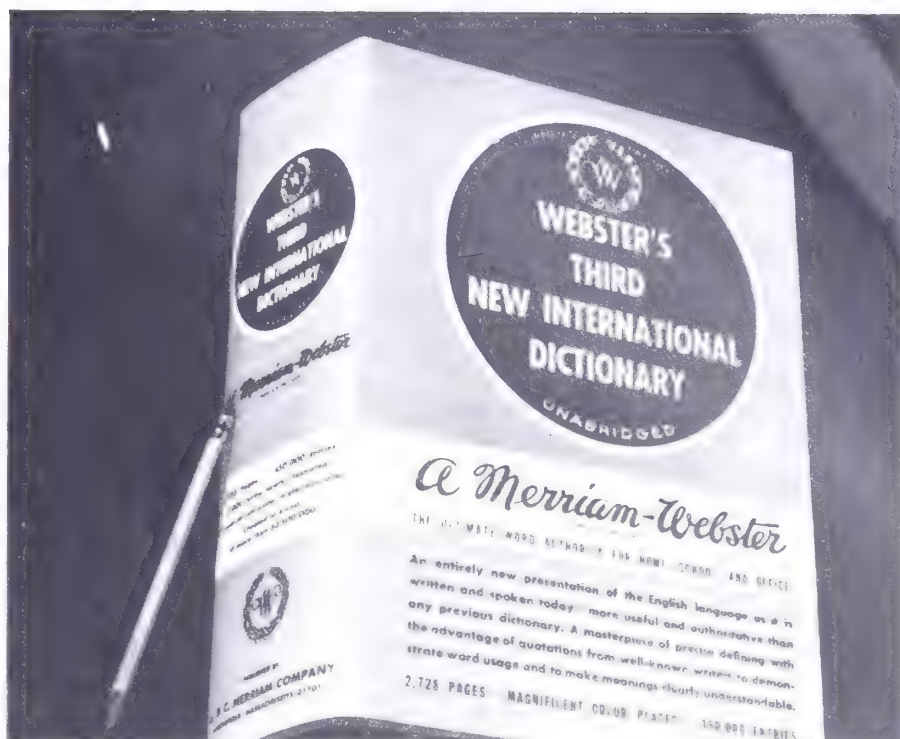
## BOOKS

pite his difficulties in opening  
lf to other people—perhaps be-  
of them—Du Bois proved to be  
l teacher:

oved my school, and the fine faith  
children had in the wisdom of  
ir teacher was truly marvelous.  
read and spelled together, wrote  
ttle, picked flowers, sang, and lis-  
ed to stories of the world beyond  
hill.

posure to the post-Reconstruc-  
South brought crucial lessons:  
one but a Negro going into the  
without previous experience of  
caste can have any conception of  
arbarism." After Fisk, Du Bois  
lucky enough to get into Harvard  
graduate work, and as one of the  
few Negroes ever to be admitted  
he slipped still more deeply into  
schizoid way of life from which,  
ow seems clear, he really had no  
e: half pampered prodigy, half  
sed nigger. He studied with Wil-  
James (who was genuinely kind)  
antayana; the years in the South  
prepared him psychologically for  
mixture of icy correctness and  
e segregation he would find in  
bridge; and he turned, by way of  
use, into "a self-centered 'grind'  
a chip on my shoulder." But  
while he was learning how to  
e his life: he was learning to live  
rdly, tensely, at a high emotional  
but also from the incomparable  
ures of his pride. "I had my 'is-  
within' and it was a fair coun-

ecture him now at twenty-six: a  
g Negro scholar who had done  
uate work at Harvard and spent  
in further study abroad; a bit of  
ady flashing a Van Dyke beard,  
nt gloves, and a cane; yet stone-  
e and glad to take a teaching job  
ilberforce University, a Negro  
minational school, for \$800 a  
In these years he commanded "a  
ble bluntness of speech that was  
nually getting me into difficulty."  
een his grating iconoclasm and  
fundamentalist pieties of the  
o college at the turn of the cen-  
there could be no lasting truce.  
s Du Bois struggled through aca-  
e life—with a happy thirteen-year  
at Atlanta University, one of the  
Negro schools that deserved to be  
n seriously—he slowly carved out  
special role. He would be both



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scholar and tribune, both a dispassionate student of the socioeconomic situation of Philadelphia Negroes and the leading spirit among those Negro intellectuals who set themselves the goal of the outer liberation and inner regeneration of their people. This was then, as now, an overwhelming task, for it required Du Bois to confront both white domination and black demoralization.

Atlanta was poor but hospitable. It gave Du Bois freedom to begin serious sociological studies of Negro life, to build a lively community of Negro scholars and intellectuals, and to hold his annual Conferences where the programmatic bases would be worked out for the Negro movements of tomorrow. The one thing modern history seems to bear out is that every movement for liberation requires first of all a totally committed intelligentsia, a vanguard of visionaries—and this Du Bois helped create. Living now in the Deep South, however, he could not work in isolation or without disturbance. Very soon he had to confront—which meant, unavoidably, to clash with—Booker T. Washington, then the dominant figure in American Negro life and one of the canniest politicians ever to operate in this country. Nothing in Du Bois's life, nothing in the

history of twentieth-century American Negroes, is more important than this clash.

#### IV

The standard "enlightened" view of Washington which until recently I accepted without question—it is a view shared by most liberals and perhaps by most Negroes—runs something like this:

When Booker T. Washington made his famous 1895 Address at the Atlanta Exposition, he offered the white South a *détente* which in effect meant a surrender. According to Washington, the Negroes would cede their claims to equal citizenship and would repress their struggle for political power, civil rights, and higher education. In return for this recognition of the supremacy it had just wrested through terror, the South would call a halt to lynching and wanton brutality, and would help the Negroes gain vocational training, so that they could find employment in crafts and new light industries.

White and Negro labor (I continue to summarize Washington's scheme) would be taken out of competition, by strict segregation in work and by granting the whites a near-monopoly

of skilled employment. Negroes would be left with farm and unskilled work. As a sweetener for this arrangement Northern white philanthropy would enter the picture by providing financial help, so that the Southern Negroes could establish their own agricultural and industrial training schools. Franchised and resigned to second-class status, the Southern Negro would at least find a peace of mind and be able to achieve some economic improvements.

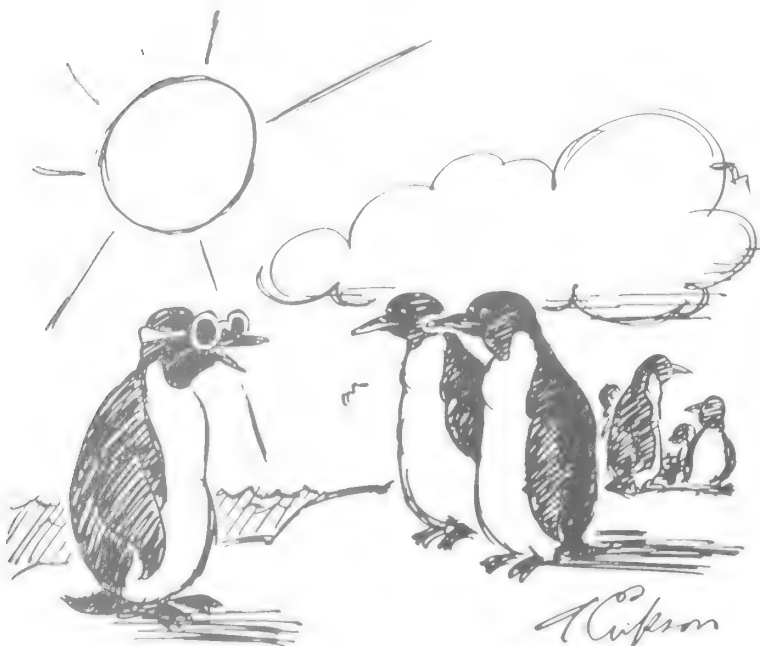
For the militant Negro intellectual led by Du Bois, this strategy seemed little short of a sellout. Du Bois opened the attack:

The black men have a duty to perform . . . a forward movement to open up part of the work of their great leader. So far as Mr. Washington preaches Thrift, Patience, and Industrial Training for the masses, we must hold up his hands and cheer with him. . . . But so far as Mr. Washington apologizes for injustice, laments the South, does not rightly value the privilege and duty of voting, battles the emasculating effects of caste distinctions, and opposes the higher training and ambition of our brilliant minds . . . we must unceasingly and firmly oppose him.

Years later an authoritative Negro historian, J. Saunders Redding, vividly continues in the vein of Du Bois:

Having raised [Washington] to power, it was in white America's interest to keep him there. All race matters could be referred to him, and all decisions affecting the race would have to come from him. In this there was much pretense and, plainly, not a little cynicism. There was pretense first, that Washington was leading the sanction of the Negro people; there was the pretense, second, that he was speaking in the name of his people whom he spoke for them.

But what if, like it or not, Washington *did* speak for them? And if more painful, what if Washington's strategy was the only workable one for Southern Negroes at the turn of the century? These were questions that radicals, liberals, and militant Negroes never thought to ask—and perfectly understandable reactions. During the last few decades it has been necessary above all to break free from the psychology of acquiescence which Washington had encouraged. But now that time has passed and some his-



"You'd be amazed how they cut down the glare."

## BOOKS

perspective is possible, we can see the Du Bois-Washington battle more complex than we had perceived.

For T. Washington was in effect a leader of a conquered people, a conquered people is never quite allowed to choose its own leaders. He was, like, the Pétain of the American Negroes, but far shrewder and more devoted to his people than Pétain was to the French. The evidence also suggests that Washington was sometimes a surreptitious and deeply involved in a quasi-round resistance.

Professor August Meier, a historian whose sympathies are wholly with civil-rights militants, has printed in *Journal of Southern History*, 1957, a fascinating account of the Washington-Du Bois struggle in which he presents a large amount of evidence to show that the issues between the two men cannot be reduced to a simple choice of accommodation vs. militancy. Du Bois was an intellectual whose obligation it was to think in terms of long-range strategy. Washington was a leader who had to cope with immediate problems. The white South had just achieved a revolution in which Negroes had been reduced to near-slavery; in 1895 Washington made clear in his impressive autobiography *Up from Slavery*, the Negroes were in respects worse off than before the Civil War. They were frightened, paralyzed, and economically helpless. It was simply to come to them and cry for militant struggle in behalf of racial enfranchisement or full independence, would have elicited no response from them, would have been of no help to them, and would have invited ghastly retaliation from the South.

Washington had therefore to maneuver from day to day, making the most he could out of an all but total impasse. He spoke deprecatingly of political rights in order to assuage the whites whose money and toleration he needed; but in practice, as Professor Meier shows, he covertly tried to prepare the Negro franchise and kept accumulating funds for test cases in the South.

Washington was an extremely skillful leader. He built up a network of invisible agents throughout the country, whom he kept under strict control by means of subsidies and

## ARTHUR KOESTLER on the inevitability of a Peace Pill



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shrewd tactical advice. He maintained close connections with the Republican party and especially Theodore Roosevelt, serving as its central agency for dispensing patronage (such as it was) to Negroes. He was friendly with some of the richest and most reactionary white industrialists. Professor Meier concludes: "Washington was surreptitiously engaged in undermining the American race system. . . . The picture that emerges from Washington's correspondence is distinctly at variance with the ingratiating mask he presented to the world."

Yet when Du Bois launched his fierce assaults upon Washington, he was clearly speaking to the point. For it was true that in large measure Washington had pledged the Negroes to the humiliations of Jim Crow. It was true that officially he had made peace with the reigning powers. It was true that he felt strong hostility toward the handful of Negro intellectuals who distrusted his political machine, his dictatorial methods, and his wily rhetoric.

Washington was not an attractive figure; he was a remarkable leader who helped sustain the morale of a broken people. And to the extent that he succeeded, he prepared the way for his own removal. Du Bois was a brilliant intellectual who insisted that only a program of unconditional equality could be acceptable to enlightened Negroes and who proposed as a major immediate task the training of a Negro elite, "the Talented Tenth," which might lead the black masses into struggle. In a recent biography of Du Bois (Stanford University Press), Mr. Francis Broderick provides a vivid sketch of their differences in personality and style:

Washington, thick-set and slow-moving, had the assurance of a self-trained man. A shrewd, calculating judge of people, he had the soft speech and accommodating manner that made him equally at home among sharecroppers and at the President's table. A master of equivocation, he made platitudes pass as earthly wisdom. . . . Du Bois, slight, nervous in his movements, never forgot for a moment his educational background. Proud and outspoken, he held aloof from the Negro masses, but felt at home with a small company of his peers. . . . Washington had the appearance of a sturdy farmer in his Sunday best; Du Bois, with his well-

trimmed goatee, looked like a Spanish aristocrat. . . . James Weldon Johnson observed years later that one unfamiliar with the twelve-year period after 1903 could not imagine "the bitterness of the antagonism between these two wings."

In the short run, there can be no doubt that Washington offered the Southern Negroes more than Du Bois possibly could, if only because Washington had an economic program which might slowly yield visible benefits. But Du Bois, in part because he lacked Washington's deep roots in Southern life and in part because he worked from a truly national perspective, opened the way for the decades of struggle that were inevitable. He might not be able to compete with Washington at the moment—what could he offer an industrious Negro hoping to learn carpentry?—but he was right in saying that even if Washington's entire program were realized it would not begin to solve the problems of the American Negroes. For as the historian Vann Woodward has remarked, "Washington's individualistic doctrine never took into account the realities of mass production, industrial integration, financial combination, and monopoly. . . . His training school . . . taught crafts and attitudes more congenial to the pre-machine age than to the twentieth century. . . ."

We see here one of those utterly tragic situations in which two enormously talented men are pitted against each other in ferocious struggle, each clinging to a portion of the truth, each perceiving a fraction of necessity, but neither able to surmount those objective barriers which the triumphant whites place before all Negroes, acquiescent or rebellious. The more men like Du Bois and Washington were penned in as Negroes, the more they were driven as Negro leaders to fight with one another. Yet from that war, at unmeasured cost, there emerged the Negro movement as we have come to know it. In 1905 Du Bois and a handful of intellectuals started the Niagara Movement, which put forward, with stirring bluntness, a program for unconditional equality. From the Niagara Movement there soon emerged the NAACP, in which Du Bois would spend a large portion of his life, as editor of its journal *Crisis*, as its main spokesman to the

world at large, and as a hard knower within its ranks for whatever ideas happened at a given moment.

## V

The final years were somewhat less than glorious. Du Bois, whose life had been devoted to a restless experiment in unorthodoxy and rebellion, ended his life by lapsing into Stalinism, that dismal orthodoxy of the once rebellious. His pages on the Soviet Union show not the slightest trace of discomfort, even though they were written after the Khrushchev revelations. On the Hungarian revolution: "I was glad when the Soviet Union intervened and thus gave notice on all reactionaries . . . etc. On China: "envy and class are disappearing." On Russia: "the overwhelming power of the working class . . . is always decisive." On Western Europe: "the British union . . . the AFL united to divide Germany and to restore the Nazis to power in West Germany."

What troubles one is not necessarily that such remarks are inane, but that Du Bois surrendered all those critical attitudes he had spent a lifetime sharpening. And this cannot be explained by senility; he kept his powers to a remarkable extent. I see, then, two ways of grappling with the problem, either one of which could form a conclusion:

- W. E. B. Du Bois suffered a crushing defeat and humiliation of his pride and he kept changing his views because none seemed able to gain the American Negroes what should properly have been their birthright. This is not entirely understandable, therefore, that in his ultimate despair he should have turned to the ideology of Stalinism? That he should have ignored its repressions and murders as long as it seemed to champion the rights of black men? What is surprising is not that Du Bois turned to a totalitarian outlook but that so many Negroes joined him. To judge the totalitarian Du Bois is to display a failure in sympathy concerning the emotions of the oppressed.

- To understand is one thing; to justify is another. The explanation offered for Du Bois's acquiescence in totalitarian politics may be quite correct, yet that does not remove the

## BOOKS

ie, so long a victim of injustice  
me, became an apologist for ine-  
e abroad. After all, there were  
Negro leaders, equally militant,  
ound it possible to fight against  
row in America without becom-  
pologists for dictatorship in  
pe and Asia.  
ich of these conclusions shall we  
t? For me, at least, there can be

no doubt. To refrain from saying that  
Du Bois's final commitment was soiled  
both morally and intellectually is to  
indulge in precisely the sort of con-  
descension he had always scorned.  
Better to fight it out, man to man,  
than "make allowances" because his  
skin was black. And besides, he wasn't  
the kind of man who needed allow-  
ances—not from anyone.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

Katherine Gauss Jackson

## Fiction

**Belles Images**, by Simone de  
voir.

spite of a somewhat complicated  
ning—a conversation among peo-  
e doesn't yet know at a Sunday  
noon party on a summer weekend  
ance—the characters in this book  
ly fall into place and so does the

Within a week the hostess,  
nique, handsome mother of the  
n narrator, Laurence, and mis-  
for six years of one of the  
hiest men in France, is deserted  
m for a very young woman. The  
hter, herself the mother of two  
hters, watches Dominique's dis-  
ration in horror. Throughout she  
observer watching her own life  
has had a nervous breakdown five  
s before). "What have the others  
hat I haven't?" she keeps asking  
elf. She feels removed from all of  
. Only with her father has she a  
ated relationship and in the end  
he fails her. It is at this point  
she goes into a tailspin, retreats  
er bed for several days—then sud-  
y gets up with strength enough to  
her family and her husband  
ave her own daughter from the  
e protected life she herself had as  
l.

is a picture of a wealthy, sophis-  
ted middle-class French world of  
sh love affairs and betrayals writ-  
as if by a middle-aged Sagan with-  
Sagan's compassion for her  
acters. There is the recurrent  
ne: "A woman without a man is  
assée—she's neither here nor  
e." There is in addition witty

conversation, brilliant perceptions,  
particularly of the advertising world,  
and Laurence's final decision, coming  
from the apparently weakest charac-  
ter, is a kind of redemption. But it  
doesn't seem to matter very much. By  
the author of *The Mandarins* and *The  
Second Sex*.

Putnam, \$4.95

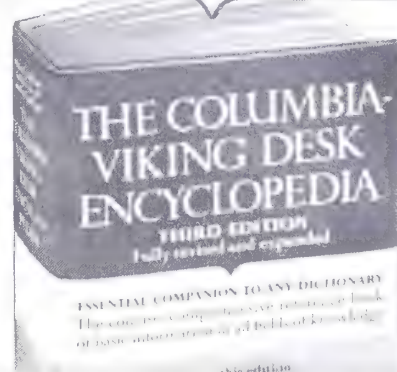
## Nonfiction

**Thomas Wolfe**, by Andrew Turnbull.

This is a biography as powerful as  
its subject—and to one who knew many  
of the central characters, albeit pe-  
ripherally, reading it has been an  
overwhelming experience. Though Mr.  
Turnbull was too young to know Wolfe  
or Maxwell Perkins personally, he has  
re-created for those who did the pain  
and joy of recognition in a thousand  
gestures and inflections. It is almost  
uncanny. And of course the story of  
the tortured genius again and again  
betraying the best that was in him as  
well as those who loved him and whom  
he loved the most, is the stuff of  
tragedy in itself. It is a story that has  
not lacked publicity in the literary  
world, but the author of this distin-  
guished biography, by not overdrama-  
tizing and by letting his articulate  
characters speak—as much as possible  
but not too much—for themselves, in  
all their passion, or passionate re-  
straint, as in the case of Perkins,  
somehow puts it in historical perspec-  
tive as well as making it live again  
with all the desperate pathos inherent  
in it. No mean achievement. The very  
articulateness of the subjects makes  
the disciplined assembling and organ-

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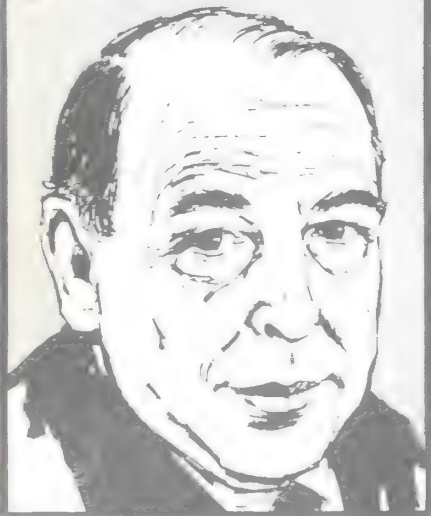
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

ization of this torrential amount of material in itself a matter for admiration and respect. The author's own comments, considered, almost terse, never emotional, carry extra impact because of that, and one quiet sentence about Wolfe picked out of the middle of the book gives the sense of it all: "His greatness was his merciless exposure of the tangle of good and evil in us all, nor did he spare himself."

Scribner, \$7.95

### The Naked Ape, by Desmond Morris.

You wouldn't expect that close observation of animal behavior would help you to beg off on a speeding ticket. But Professor Morris explains convincingly how it has done just that for him as well as producing many other useful insights into human behavior. After taking degrees in zoology at Birmingham and Oxford, in 1956 the author went to London and started making animal-behavior films and television programs. In 1959 he became curator for the Zoological Society and he also, surprisingly enough, happens to be director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts. But it is precisely his involvement with so many aspects of man's character that gives his book authority, cogency, and charm. . . . His frank and unembarrassed examination of the way we—the only naked members of the 193 species of apes and monkeys—behave as we do and why, down to our most intimate and unconscious gestures, is edifying and remarkably good reading. He minces no words, his style is refreshingly blunt and straightforward, he lets us off nothing in our basic relation to the animal "kingdom" to which we belong. "Even a space ape must urinate."

Whether he is discussing our origins, sex, rearing, exploration, fighting, feeding, comfort, or relation to other animals (these are the chapter headings), he is always specific, startling, but logical (at least to a layman awed by his credentials). Whether he is reporting on the feces of our tree-dwelling primate ancestors (they are "less smelly than those of the meat-eaters") or why monkeys and apes don't have fleas (they don't) or how our sexual characteristics changed as we got up from all fours to a face-to-face posture—and why—or the comfort engendered by the heartbeat (why in 466 Madonna-and-child paintings is

the mother in 373 of them hold the baby at the left breast?), Professor Morris does a brilliant and rease job—if sometimes embarrassing the reader—of explaining us to ourselves. As an objective ethologist he writes that "we are still humble animals subject to all the basic laws of human behavior," and with a salutary series of mischief he manages to make our ridiculous failings if not palatable at least acceptable. Book of the Month Club, February.

McGraw-Hill,

### Beyond Belief, by Emlyn Williams.

The few people who know I've been reading this book about the "naked murders" in England in 1963-64 to ask two questions: Is it like *In the Blood* (see movie review, p. 1)? And: How could that intelligent (distinguished actor and playwright) spend more than a year writing such a ghastly, lurid subject? . . . The answer to the first question is Not at all like Truman Capote's *In the Blood*. The Clutter murders in Kansas, dreadful as they were, were not premeditated nor perverted except as violence may be called a perversion. The murders and burials on the moor near the Manchester suburbs were planned every inch of the way, weeks and months in advance—all except the choice of the victim. The whole point was the calculated pleasure of the Marquis de Sade was their men. They gave to the Scottish-born and Brady, efficient shipping clerk, and his slavish secretary and mistress, Mrs. Hindley. In one dreadful case the pleasure was augmented by taking pictures and tape recording's of the young victim's terror and anguish.

Mr. Williams himself answers the second question in his foreword.

For me, just as the physical abuse can ever be too extraordinary to interest the medical scientist, so the psychological phenomena can be forbidden to the serious and dispassionate writer, however "unsavory" the details. Who expects savor from a story of noisome evil? When a shocking scandal blows up, with all its attendant sensationalism, there is in some people an instinct to avert the head and shovel the whole thing under the carpet ("I don't want to know"). But some of us *do* want to know, and it is salutary to inquire the proper study of man is man. And man cannot be ignored because e

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

...come vile. Woman neither. . . .  
 when the phenomena have devel-  
 over the years, in two human  
 ei s, appearing as ordinary as  
 he surroundings . . . the observer's  
 st has to be as absorbed as it is  
 ied, especially when the horror  
 etched by a unique record of de-  
 n.

There are other differences between  
 books. Where Mr. Capote's  
 almost entirely straight re-  
 tit, albeit reporting of a highly  
 ion and creative kind, Mr. Wil-  
 ns theater background is apparent  
 to the very language his char-  
 or peak. Whether in direct quotes  
 w t he calls surmised conversa-  
 s makes them speak a mixture  
 M lands (just over the author's  
 n elsh border) and Scottish dia-  
 hich is mesmerizing to the  
 and as effective a device as can  
 igned for sweeping the reader  
 le ordinary atmosphere and ex-  
 nary happenings of this sorry  
 ther effective devices he uses  
 frequent listing of movie titles  
 g at the local suburban thea-  
 or given weeks during those  
 years (many titles all too  
 ur in this country too): "Kings  
 Walk on the Wild Side, Oct 8  
 of Jack the Ripper!!! Essoldo  
 Deadly DUO. Nov 5 Wings of  
 Nov 14 Guns in the Afternoon.  
 still a third device is a form of  
 uy which Brady carries on in  
 ind with an imaginary Hitler-  
 mmander, often partly in Ger-  
 (Hitler and Hitler's Germans  
 his heroes.)

is impossible to describe the  
 ic effect of reading this drama-  
 report. One is sickened, stunned,  
 up in the remarkable tale of de-  
 n which ends the story. There is  
 lief, no catharsis—justice is not  
 th—and one comes back to the  
 after reading, feeling embar-  
 d, ashamed, and unclean. Yet I  
 with the author. The proper  
 of man is man and this should  
 d.

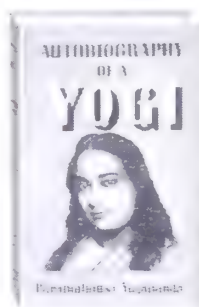
Random House, \$5.95

, *The New Yorker and Me*, by  
 Grant. Introduction by Janet  
 ner.

enever one reads biographies of  
 intellectual (I started to say  
 nts" but revise) sophisticates of  
 World-War-I New York (cf.

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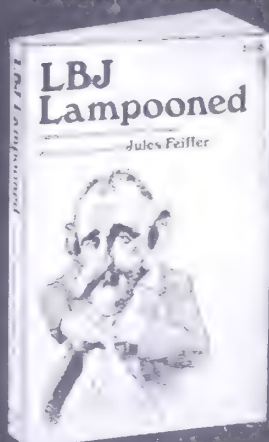
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

John Mason Brown's biography of Robert Sherwood too) the astonishment returns at their passion for games and practical jokes. Was it tension needing an outlet? Was it background for good talk or good quips? In any case one can't complain in the face of their accomplishments, but one can get very tired of reading about it. Night after Saturday night of poker one can accept quickly as background and go on to more important things, but in this book too much time is devoted to such details, to the machinery of living—a kind of glorification of the petty. Miss Flanner's short introduction in a way says more about Ross and the early days of *The New Yorker* (she was paid \$35 for her Paris Letter) than Miss Grant's chapters do, though her pages on the magazine's beginnings are certainly illuminating too. . . . Probably no one will ever be able to "explain" Harold Ross, and Miss Grant (his wife for nine years), as her title indicates, is not explicitly trying to. The "me" parts are distractions and the picture of Ross as a young man in Paris during the War is always half-obsured because of his relation to her. Actually the title might have read *Ross, The New Yorker, Aleck Woolcott, and Me*. There is as much about that crotchety fellow who lived with the Rosses and Hawley Truax for years in what must have been the most hectic ménage in the world, at 412 West 47 Street. . . . In spite of the fact that Miss Grant made her living for many years by writing, there is very little literary quality—or even perception—in this book, and whatever explanation there is of *The New Yorker's* founder and editor in terms of life and his times comes in quotes from other writers—Philip Wylie, Janet Flanner, Rebecca West, Marc Connelly, E. B. White. A paragraph of White's letter to the author reads:

What made Ross tick will probably continue to remain among the higher mysteries, as it should. If you, who slept with him, don't know, and if I who worked closely with him, don't know, I can't imagine anybody knowing. I think it is useful to compare him to his contemporary, Harry Luce, who was also giving birth to a magazine. Luce immediately started building an empire. Ross never lost sight of his true love—the magazine, the little weekly. Luce was an old

man at thirty, whereas Ross really grew up, and there's a difference right there. When you're around at the world you find some of the best contributors persons who never really grew

Perhaps that last sentence explains the fun and games too.

Morrow.

**McCall's Garden Book**, by Gre Fischer Harshbarger.

Now that March is upon us and (in the northern climates any are panting for a spring that really to come, here is a book to help you in time until it does. It is so voluminous and encyclopedic that one could little more by way of description: quote the title page: "Everything you need to know to create a flourishing garden for your home, step by step season by season, plant by plant wherever you live. How to grow beautiful lawns, flowers, shrubs, fruit, vegetables, even if you've never gardened before." One can report that Mrs. Harshbarger is a landscape architect as well as a denier, and has been Garden Editor of *Household Magazine* and *McCall's*. None of this indicates that the book is also a splendid section on indoor gardening, suggestions for reading "idea" photographs, and hundreds of "how-to" drawings. The deluxe edition with 96 color plates shows flowers and gardens almost too pretty to be true, but they serve to keep one's hopes and one's horticultural skills high.

Simon & Schuster

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**70 Years of Best Sellers, 1895-1965**, by Alice Payne Hackett.

Miss Hackett, long-time associate editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, analyzes the books that have topped the best-seller lists from the time of the Kluge and the Gibson girls when book distribution was scarcely organized at all, to the time of the Hippies, the Great Society, and the era of the paperback deluge. Putting the books in each case against their political and sociological background, Miss Hackett makes an interesting saga of what has caught the reader's public's fancy and why.

Bowker, \$7.90

# forming Arts by Robert Kotlowitz

## APOTE'S KILLERS, AND OTHERS

l Brooks's movie version of Capote's *In Cold Blood* is the faithful translation of a book to screen that I can remember, as in its attention to Capote's narrative and his two killers, Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, relentless in letting no detail slip, including the audience's sympathy, and even seeming to be aware at moments that there will be no useful point in retelling this especially gruesome tale. It seems to me, a brilliantly made sell as a totally gratuitous act, insofar as it satisfies our eager-ness to see another best-seller on film.

The memorable set pieces and characters are there, exactly as we find them. The lonely and pros-try Clutter farm sits forlornly on the Kansas flatlands, waiting for the arrival of Nancy Clutter's big, gentle horse makes a single appearance that poor dumb haberdashery in cashes Dick Hickock's kited almost as though he were—reborn just yesterday, even the first dim signs of suspicion to show in his eyes. On the road from Mexico, after the killing, Perry and Dick pick up that lost kid and his grandfather, who is his last legs and too tired to talk word—and learn from the boy how to subsist happily on the three-dollar turns on Coke bottles. For the boy barreling down the highway in his convertible, the adventure of finding the desert for empty bottle-like finding buried treasure; the young boy's resources of ingenuity and independence he finds exhilaration that briefly frees him from his own reality.

Everything we see in *In Cold Blood* seems as real as yesterday's newspaper, it is mainly because



*In Cold Blood*



*The Graduate*



*Belle de Jour*

Brooks has cast new and unknown people in most of the crucial roles, thereby surprising us and immediately capturing our attention. (The least satisfactory scenes in the movie, in fact, involve John Forsythe, who plays Alvin Dewey, the FBI agent in charge of the Clutter case, as well as

Paul Stewart, playing a reporter who stands by ready to offer standard ironies on the case. Both Forsythe and Stewart are recognizable professionals and their familiar faces throw the film off at every appearance.) Brooks's technique has really paid off in Robert Blake and Scott Wilson, who play Perry Smith and Dick Hickock. Each has had a certain amount of acting experience, just enough to make you think that you might have seen either, or both, in the supermarket last week. Wilson has perfectly captured Hickock's peculiarly rural shrewdness, a kind of mean, hillbilly snottiness—partly expressed in the film by obscenities—that was the one constant of his personality. For Hickock, character and susceptibility limited the choices of life; he might have put on the white sheet and joined the KKK, he might have become a bodyguard for George Lincoln Rockwell. Instead, he grew into an eager burglar of other men's possessions.

Perry Smith was something else, an infinitely sorrowful young man, fatally trapped by physical deformity and his own pathology, a kind of Rosetta Stone of the psyche and ultimately as unreadable. Smith's tragedy was that he was aware in the responsive, human part of himself of how much he had relinquished in life, and even dimly comprehending of how his own horrific past had helped to shape his destiny. One of the most famous scenes in Capote's "novel" describes Perry, as an invited voyeur, painfully watching Dick and a Mexican prostitute make love. Into this scene in the film Brooks has wedged a flashback in which Perry remembers his Cherokee mother making love in an alcoholic stupor to a total stranger in front of her children. At that moment, it is as though a slow-burning fuse is being lighted, which will lead inevitably to the murderous explosion that takes, in



# Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about \$30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—\$10 a month.



## PERFORMING ART

the end, four wholly innocent and grievous pain. The scene awakens real sympathy in the viewer for Perry Smith, which must fight for the maining length of the movie with facts at hand; much of the power of the scene comes from the intelligent Robert Blake's performance, from suffering and drunken weeping, which he remembers the experience.

No one will ever know whether Perry Smith and this Dick Hickock are close to the real ones, and perhaps it doesn't matter. They are very much a novelist's characters, unmissably refined dramatizations and, in this case, even romanticized. Perry loves his guitar, which he would use to charm an audience in Las Vegas. He is uncontrollably nostalgic for the past. He may be a homebody, a possibility understood and knowingly exploited by Hickock. What has meaning for him, words beyond their literal intentions. When he goes to the gallows he gives a volume of Thoreau to the clerk. Before he climbs the gallows he says to the witnesses of his execution "I apologize. I apologize. But to you." At the last moment in the film, the audience is made to feel a bond, a truer sympathy for the condemned than they are ever permitted for his four victims.

Like *Born and Bred*, the real subject of *In Cold Blood* is death and is just as relentless in the pursuit of its quarry. In the end, Dick Hickock is carted off in a hearse through pouring Kansas rain. Perry Smith, dead weight, crashes through the low trapdoor, bounces a few times in the air, comes to rest. Above him stands the hangman (he gets a corpse), unshaven and expressive, his big floppy hat pulled down over his ears, as though he were James Cagney out for a simple, clean shot. So? Capital punishment shameful? So do the actions of murderers. The killing of the Clutters is not unbearable to watch, we are so close to them. *In Cold Blood* has no

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Mr. Kotlowitz is managing editor of "Harper's" and as a critic has covered in these columns a variety of performers—from Greenwich Village café singers and international comedians to Greek tragedians in anti-Michigan.

## PERFORMING ARTS

that we do not know already; contradictions and the result, whether how intelligently styled and whether, is that it finally persuades us so strongly that the very writing about it easily revives living.

The opening scene of Mike's new film, *The Graduate*, a crowd of passengers bound for Los Angeles listens to their stewardess politely tell them that they are to land at their destination. The plane comes down smoothly. Everything is as it should be. Mike, however, is worth noting. All the passengers obviously are used in rigid anxiety. They sit straight ahead, gripping the backs of their seats, trying to look busy. It is how I—and presumably other people—make every landing. The grave accuracy of Mike's observation is very funny.

When the plane lands, the hero of *The Graduate*, Ben Braddock, gets off the crowded plane. He is played by Paul Simon, a short young man with narrow, sloping shoulders, a straight nose, and a voice that seems to come from a larynx lined with cotton. He is a little soft. Easy. Gentle. He brings honors from his home with him, as well as a desire to do it alone. And upon his arrival at his family's suburban Spanish villa, he finds that he is unwilling to make any decision about his future for the

time he can get his swimming trunks. On, however, his parents are nagging him about ambition, their friends are freeloading drinks in his honor on his return, and the wife of his father's partner has made an attempt to seduce him. It is a comedy. When she finally manages to get her clothes off, Ben's eyeballs roll around his head, he calls her from the good Lord and, even though he stutters his way to temporization, eventually becomes her victim. And as he does, Ben's life changes, and so does the film. *The Graduate*. While it can be played for laughs, most of them are very abrasive, and a peculiar curtness runs through the latter part of the film, like a vein of gold.

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with, is or turns into a cretin, Southern California variety. His mother seems to be at the climax of menopausal mania, shrieking with laughter at the mere suggestion of a joke, hysterical with forced happiness at the prospect of a bride for her son, glumly relentless when she pursues him into the bathroom to find out if he has—God help him—a sex life to help fill his empty hours. His father strikes one note whenever he opens his mouth: impeccable fatuousness. His seductress is malevolent, a caved-in alcoholic who is also a nymphomaniac, while her husband blindly makes his epicene way through her intrigues. And so it goes, down to the last walk-on.

When you make a movie you can't have it every way. Nichols and his two screen writers—Calder Willingham and Buck Henry—open *The Graduate* with a real hero living in a real world and conclude with a parody-hero living in a parody-world. The transformation from one to the other is arbitrary. When Ben Braddock has to seize his girl violently from his

enemies, he does it in church, while swinging a gold cross overhead as a kind of ironic weapon against hypocrisy and materialism. Every time the nymphomaniac's husband comes near Ben you almost expect him to make a pass at the boy. And why not? In the context of all this pop-styled activity, one "turn" is as good as another.

Still, there are wonderfully funny things in *The Graduate*. Best of all is Dustin Hoffman's performance. Half the time his Ben Braddock looks as though he's in search of a pebble to kick. He has a little squawk in his throat that escapes in tense moments; you can hear it when he sees a naked woman for the first time. He wants desperately to be the master of the kind of situation that, for one instance, requires the rental of a hotel room for two clandestine lovers, but the very sound of the word "affair" nearly causes his eyes to fall out of his head in fright. On the way through the hotel lobby, all pretended sophistication, he is sure to trip over a perfectly flat carpet. As the woman who

seduces him, Anne Bancroft is strong; she really makes us take nastiness too seriously. But the striking-looking young woman Katharine Ross makes a perfect foil for Hoffman's diffident character. It is all emotion, straightforward and very sure. Together they are Jack and Jill for contemporary

**L**uis Bunuel's *Belle de Jour* is adapted by the director from an ordinary novel by Joseph Kessel. One of those grandiose Frenchmen who insist upon billing themselves as members of the Académie Française, *Belle de Jour* is the nickname affectionately given to the extremely beautiful wife of a successful Parisian surgeon by her colleagues in a clinic located near the Opéra. Her real name is Severine and she is in the habit of going from two to five every afternoon of the week except Saturday and Sunday—because that is where her amusements and fantasies finally die for fulfillment.

Of course, she leads a double life: the one unknown to the other. Bunuel is faithful enough to the heroine's psychology to make it explicitly clear that without her afternoons as an uninhibited prostitute Severine would probably die. She loves her husband and, while he for him, desperately wants her to marry to work. Fantasy rules her comic dreams of masochistic encounters with decadent nobility, pedophilia, beatings, rape. Of the terranean life her husband is totally unaware. For him, she is a perfect middle-class matron, frilly dressed, soft as powdered sugar; time will heal all their problems, he feels sure.

Bunuel has worked all this out to its sad conclusion, which nevertheless remains true to Severine, so everything in this remarkable film remains true to itself, brother to customers, madame, whores, fashionable Parisians, Severine's weak husband. It is a fascinating movie, one of Bunuel's best, witty, accurate and candid. As Severine, Catherine Deneuve moves placidly through life, carrying with her at all times an air of mock chasteness, a posture of innocence, that disguises an almost uncontrollable concupiscent waiting for the perfect moment to burst its

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# Music in the Round *by Discus*

## TWENTY YEARS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC

*...ing new toy, it has  
...rough many tedious  
...Soon it may emerge as a  
...medium for composers.*

Electronic music has been with us for more than twenty years. It was born in Paris, where composers like Henry and Pierre Schaeffer were fooling around with the tape recorder. In those days they worked with sounds in natural vocal or instrumental records put through a series of manipulations. Later the Germans and Americans moved in, scornful of the word, from the use of words—*musique concrète* was to the creation of laboratory sounds that had no basis in nature; creating those sounds from generators and putting the tape. America, in addition, bought the RCA Synthesizer, which duplicated any sounds ever.

One of the demonstration pieces on the Synthesizer, which was made in New York at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Laboratory, is a Bach Two-part Invention. It sounds like a piano recording, but it was synthesized electronically.

Electronic music had its uses. Its sounds were wonderful in commercials and moving pictures. In the world of abstract music, composers everywhere were intrigued by the new toy. In Europe and America, electronic music laboratories sprang up, and artists flocked to them. A new way of scoring, new notation, and the entire school of electronic music here and abroad, was exclusively dominated by post-serialists. The big exception was John Cage, who used the medium as

an extension of his Dada theories. Otherwise composers of electronic music were using an amazingly restricted tonal palette consisting of bleeps, bloops, white noise, static-like sounds, and the like. These sounds they would assemble much as a composer of totally organized serial music organized his material. The theory was that electronic music should not use natural sounds; that it represented a thing unto itself. Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.

But all theories are subject to change, and in recent years composers have been freer, actually experimenting with instruments and voice along with their synthesized or otherwise created electronic sounds. This has lent a touch of variety to what had been becoming an extremely dull kind of music. Now, at least, some tonal imagination is beginning to enter into the medium. It is becoming more popular than ever, and the psychedelic groups have fallen in love with it.

### *Possibly Too "Pure"*

An indication of the growing importance of electronic music is the fact that in the course of one recent month at least five discs of electronic music were issued by as many companies. One of them is named **Electronic Music-Musique Concrète: A Panorama of Experimental Music, Vol. I** (Mercury SR 2 9123, 2 discs). It really isn't a panorama, however. Rather it is representative of the paleolithic period of electronic music. Almost everything is pre-1960, which means electronic music from Cologne, Milan, and Paris (no Americans are represented). It also means an emotional monotony because of the "purity" of the composers. Only a few tinkered with voice effects, and for the most part the discs are examples of organized electronic sounds, sounding much the same.

Some of the important names of the movement are represented, however: Berio, Maderna, Xenakis, Ligeti, Henry, Pousseur, Eimert, among others. The Pousseur piece is one of "probabilities." Says he, in the program note, an amplitude selector "allows egress only to points of maximum intensity in sound material. This means that it transforms continuous sounds of fluctuating intensity into interrupted signals which mark the 'intensity peaks.' This 'white noise,' which is submitted to statistical fluctuations, is converted into a suite of sounds whose individual appearances are not determined." So now you know. Unfortunately the Pousseur piece sounds pretty much like every other one in the album.

On Columbia MS 7051 are three pieces: Cage's **Variations II**, Milton Babbitt's **Ensembles for Synthesizer**, and Pousseur's **Trois Visages de Liège**. Cage explains his piece as "Disorganization of sound and a state of mind which in Zen is called no-mindedness." David Tudor, at the piano, or in the piano, uses plastics and toothpicks and other instruments to scratch the strings. This goes on for a long time. Babbitt's piece is fully organized, in contrast to Cage's improvisations, and has more variety in timbre than most. The Pousseur, composed for an outdoor show of abstract projections, would probably sound fine in its intended setting. Here it is mostly dull and repetitive.

One of the heroes of electronic music is the German composer, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and on CBS 32110044 he is represented by two major electronic works, **Mikrophonie I** and **Mikrophonie II**. The first, put together in 1964, is scored for tamtam, two microphones, two filters, and potentiometers. Number II uses chorus, Hammond organ, and ring modulators. Neither piece holds up very well; they are experimental laboratory works in which sounds are slowed, speeded, broken up, atomized, and restructured.

### *Come Out of the Lab*

Later experiments, especially in America, are more interesting. On a disc named **Electronic Music III** (Turnabout 34177) are two examples of the road along which electronic music is heading. One is Luciano



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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Berio's early (1958) **Omaggio a Joyce**, in which a spoken excerpt from *Ulysses* is broken into "sound families," leading to a fascinating juxtaposition of sound patterns and pure sound. Ilhan Mimaroglu's **Piano Music for Performer and Composer** pits a live piano against an electronic collage, and the idea is exciting even if the music is conventional Stockhausen-like atonalism. And Mimaroglu, in his **Six Preludes for Magnetic Tape**, puts various objects—the human voice, a piano, a clarinet, a rubber band—through the electronic process. Some of this is very ingenious. The rubber band, for instance, sounds like a gamelan orchestra.

The new American school can be heard on **New Sounds in Electronic Music** (Odyssey 32160160). Richard Maxfield's **Night Music**, originally a dance score, makes the magnetic tape produce twittering and chirping bird sounds. Steve Reich's **Come Out** illustrates the electronic medium as social commentator. Danniell Hamm is a Negro who was beaten up during one of the race riots. Reich has excerpted five words from one of his statements ("come out to show them") and repeats that phrase for a long time, slowly letting one phrase

move ahead on a second c Finally the thing ends up pure It is hypnotic. The third piece disc is **I of IV** by Pauline O and it is a leisurely, large-scale with a good deal of personality

Right now electronic music technological stage. Compose busy trying to find out its pot ties as a musical and exp medium. For the first time t some individuality. The hold serialists has been broken, and credible conformity that hel until a very few years ago is overcome. One of these days t ronic music composers are g treat the medium like any ot r instrument, dropping the phony tific terminology that has come Cologne and Columbia-Prince noring the serial-sounding p simply making undoctinaire as their skill and artistic cons allow. That day is coming fas tronic music is an exciting ph non, and once the ear adjusts strange sounds there even is deal of comfort in them. Now need are composers who can t medium out of the laboratory plo it with imagination a source.



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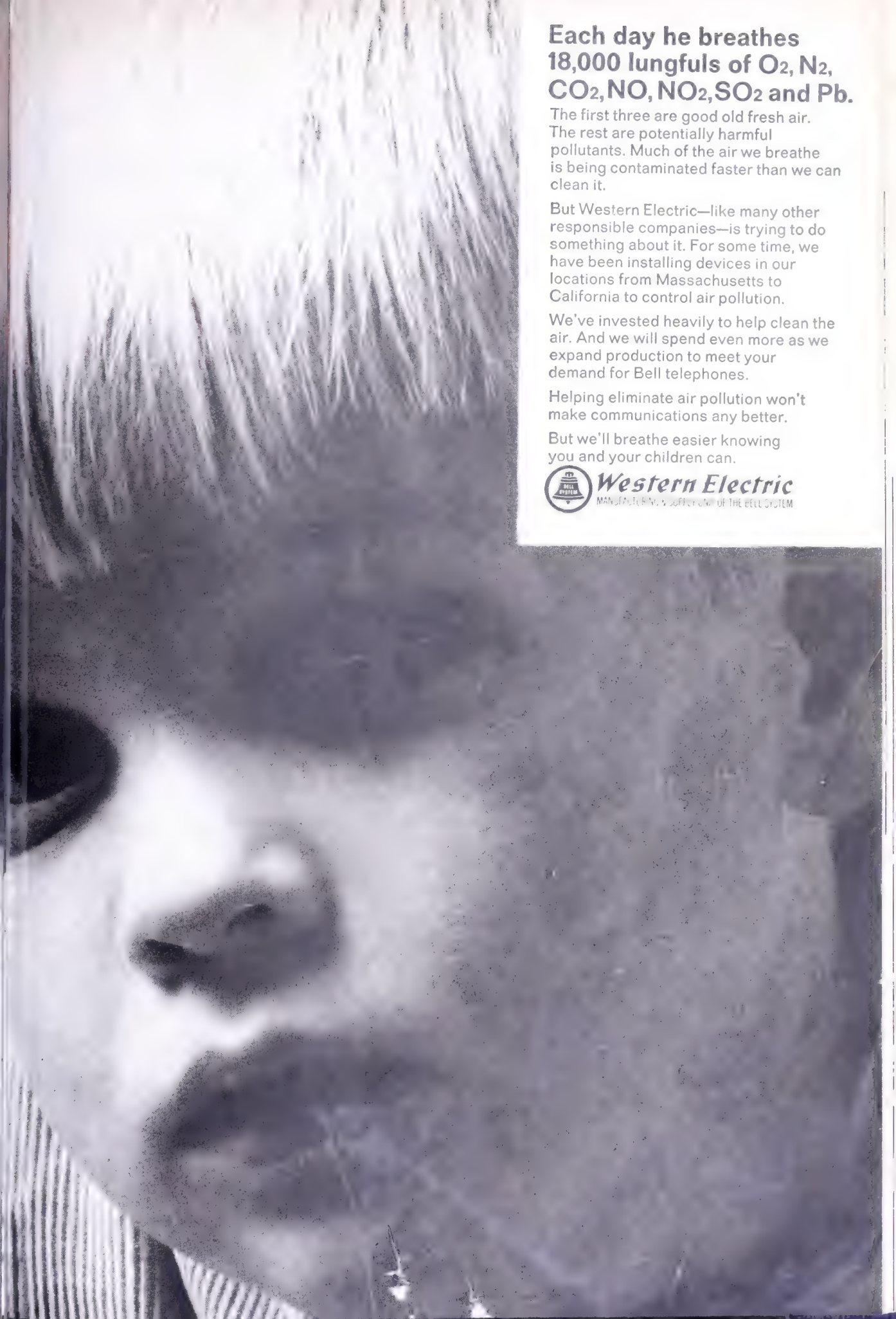
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# Harper's<sup>®</sup>

magazine

April  
1968

ARTICLES

- 39 **Anti-Americanism in America** Midge Decter  
*cartoons by Charles G. Sauers, Larry Barth*
- 49 **Portraits from Moscow U.** Ivan Epstein
- 57 **Getting Ready for Peace** Walter W. Heller
- 74 **Vietnam Notebook** Ward S. Just
- 82 **Confessions of a Washed-up Sportswriter**  
Gary Cartwright

FICTION

- 67 **Tourist and Pilgrim** George P. Elliott *drawings by  
Rene Henderiks*

VERSE

- 55 **City Lovers** J. Edgar Simmons
- 85 **Academic Business** James Steel Smith
- 91 **The Place** Robert Wallace

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **Letters**
- 14 **The Easy Chair—An Epitaph for LBJ** Larry L. King  
*cartoon by Moot Guber*
- 24 **After Hours—Five Million Documents** Russell Lynes  
*drawing by N. M. Bodecker, cartoon by Robert Censor*
- 31 **Status Report**
- 34 **Coming in Harper's**
- 36 **Books—The Shade of Thomas Wolfe** William Styron
- 105 **Books in Brief** Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 109 **Music in the Round—Seven Pianists** Discus  
*cartoon by Edward Koren*
- 112 **Performing Arts—From the Fourth Row: American T**  
Robert Kotlowitz *cartoon by Bob Schochet*

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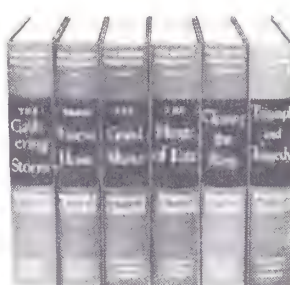
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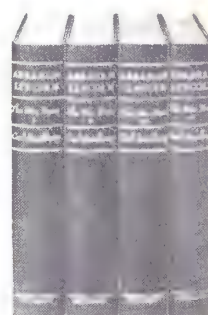
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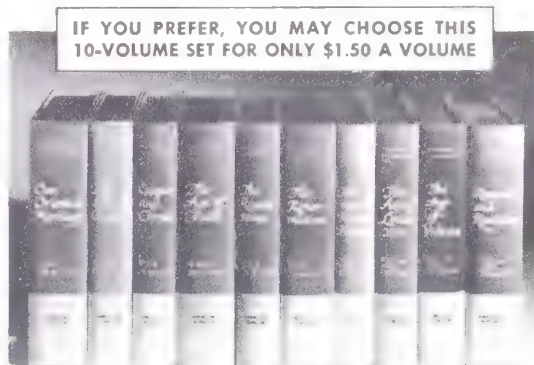
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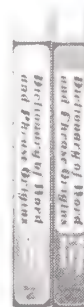
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## Letters

### "Despairing Tenderness"

The recent anthropological evidence of man's innate belligerence, so brilliantly popularized by Robert Ardrey, casts welcome new light in strange dark corners. What else could make intelligible the inconsistency of Elder Pacifist Bertrand Russell ["Autobiography: 1914-1918," January], who during World War I knew such "despairing tenderness toward the young men who were to be slaughtered" that he felt if he were to meet the statesmen responsible, he would be "unable to refrain from murder."

No blood is so blue, presumably, as to have lost the sanguine memory of those ancestral weapon-wielding apes. D. H. Lawrence may have been right when he accused Lord Russell of not wanting peace but of using his pacifistic activities to satisfy "in an indirect, false way your lust to jab and strike."

PROF. LOUISE E. RORABACHER  
Western Carolina U.  
Culowhee, N. C.

### Morality and Power

Henry David Aiken's "The New Morals" [February] made clear to me for the first time just where and how I disagree with "the new moralists," and for this I am grateful. . . .

Professor Aiken presents the moral agony of our time as requiring an "extreme" response, without compromise or adjustment, because it is new and unprecedented in human experience. Here I would take issue. The moral agony is new and unprecedented in *American* experience; that is all that is new about it. We have been thrown into this agony by being put in a position of power and authority such as we had never occupied before. Most Americans, including myself, do not feel ready to wield so much power, do not want it, and are frightened by it. Professor Aiken describes well our prevailing feeling as "a vague but sickening sense of general cultural disorder, of imponderable ideological conflicts and moral duplicities, of pervasive institutional incompetence and corruption."

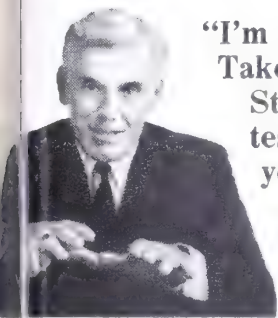
But this feeling is not new in the

experience of Western man. I believe it has existed wherever and whenever morally sensitive people have found themselves occupying the center of power. . . . Possession of power actually alters the moral world of the possessor. He is no longer faced with clear choices between good and evil. All of the possibilities open to him, or appear to be evil in some creature. The only good he can hope to achieve is to choose the lesser evil. He is the initiator of action whether he chooses to be or not. Even his refusal of action is a choice. He is free to act in a given situation, but his action is determined by others and may be more reprehensible than action by himself.

This is what we are now facing in Vietnam and what makes that war intolerable. Literally anything can be done there—the whole gamut of choices from unconditional withdrawal to total aggression—will cost thousands of lives, break promises, and violate commitments. No clearly good alternative is open to us, only a choice of evils.

Apparently Professor Aiken and the new moralists are seeking a morality in which innocence is possible, in which the conscience can be left alone. The only way they can hope to escape is by trying to dissociate themselves from the power structure, "the establishment." In my opinion, this effort is futile, and the only peace of conscience that it can bring is delusion. Any American who can reach a level where he can earn a decent living, however likely to read *Harper's*, is part of the Establishment, little though he may like it. In order for him to escape aside in disdain and attack the establishment as a foreign body, he must manage to forget for awhile his indebtedness to "the system" whose benefits he continues to reap. In doing this he lays himself open to Orwell's devastating charge against English intellectuals who attacked the evils of the British Empire while living from the fruits of the colonial labor. Professor Aiken writes for the new moralists the perennial inescapable "normal madness" of statesmen and their advisers: "they are votaries." I would repeat: the new moralists are also "votaries" of this "institution" and the

# How do you measure up against experienced investors?



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your answers  
with mine."**

**QUIZ A.** In an Exchange survey, the following were cited as reasons for buying stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange—but *not* in the order given below. Do you think they were ranked? When the cost of living rises; long-term quick profit; dividends.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_

**ANSWER.** People who owned common stock cite reasons for buying them as follows: long-term gain, good dividends, good when the cost of living rises, quick profits.

For non-shareowners, the order was reversed: "quick profits" first. Day dreaming about quick profits can lead to foolhardy risks and disappointment. Experienced investors have seen over the years, the value of many stocks and why dividends have more than kept pace with the cost of living—an effective hedge against inflation.

**QUIZ B.** In order to invest, you should have a minimum annual income of at least:

- ☐ \$10,000      ☐ \$20,000  
☐ \$30,000      ☐ none of these

**ANSWER.** The last answer is correct. The amount of income you need is determined by your standard of living, needs for emergencies and other commitments. About half of the estimated 24 million people who own stocks have incomes of less than \$10,000.

**QUIZ C.** The New York Stock Exchange provides a market for the shares of any American corporation.

True ☐ False ☐



**ANSWER.** False. Out of all American corporations, only some 1,200—less than 1%—are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. These companies have often been leaders in making the American economy what it is. Before first listing a company, these are some of the factors the Exchange evaluates: earnings record, reputation of the company, its position in its industry and public interest in the company. There are criteria for listing, and criteria for de-listing a company, too.

Ask a registered representative to explain the advantages of listed stocks, and then decide whether they fit into your picture.

## Take this Quickie Quiz

**QUIZ D.** Match each security with its most prominent characteristic:

- |                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| 1. high-grade bonds     | <input type="checkbox"/> long-term growth |
| 2. listed common stocks | <input type="checkbox"/> fixed dividends  |
| 3. preferred stocks     | <input type="checkbox"/> relative safety  |

**ANSWER.** High-grade bonds are primarily associated with stable returns and relative safety of capital over the long term, listed common stocks with long-term growth, and preferred stocks usually with a fixed dividend rate. There is no investment, however, that is completely free of risk. What you buy, and when, depends on your goal and market conditions.

**QUIZ E.** The advantage of investing through member firm brokers is that:

- ☐ they have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business;  
☐ they are full-time brokers;  
☐ member firms are expected to meet Exchange standards of ethics, financial condition and investment experience.

**ANSWER.** All answers are correct. But no broker is infallible. Ask him for information and his opinion about stocks you're interested in. One of his most important services is to help you arrive at an informed judgment.

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## The Wearin' O' The Green

by  
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.  
President

Old Fitzgerald  
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My Irish friends tell me that the custom of wearing a bit of green on St. Patrick's Day began only after it was forbidden.

It seems that the shamrock was being adopted by too many rebellious patriots. So, in Queen Victoria's time, a law was passed restricting public display of shamrocks on March 17.

That was all the Irish needed. More and more of them took to flaunting their beloved color on their national holiday. To express the popular feeling, new verses were added to this old Irish song:

When law can stop the  
blades of grass from  
growin' as they grow,  
An' when the leaves in  
summer time their  
colour dare not show;  
Then will I change the  
colour too, I wear in  
my caubeen; but till  
that day, plaze God,  
I'll stick to the  
wearin' o' the green.

To go with that Irish lore, here's a note from my native Bluegrass state that may start Irish eyes a' smiling. There's a U.S. law that *requires* the wearing of green—365 days a year—by every bottle of Kentucky Bonded Bourbon. By government regulation, "Bottled-in-Pond" must appear on a *green* stamp on every bottle. I've always suspected some early Irish-American legislator had a hand in this!

Ireland itself is, of course, the home of excellent whiskies. But some of the folks over there prefer an "import" from over here. OLD FITZGERALD. The most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky . . . and probably in the world.

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evils and errors which may exist in it are their responsibility (and mine) as much as the "statesmen's."

I think the new moralists, as presented by Professor Aiken, underestimate the means which exist in our "system" for altering it by responsible action. In their opinion, he says, "the United States is in fact an oligarchy with a democratic front." Any truth that may be in that charge is largely owing to apathy and neglect on the part of the electorate, which includes the new moralists. They speak of the electorate as if it were a contemptible mass of mindless bodies from which they stand apart. By standing apart they help to create "the system" which they attack. I believe they share a deeper kinship than they are willing to admit with the Babbitt who is their favorite target. . . .

Our national temper reflects, I believe, an urgent need on all sides for a new morality of power. I am not able to offer such a morality, but I can define some of the challenges it will have to meet.

First, we need a moral mandate for the possession of power. Men of all ages and all levels of civilization have apparently required such a mandate in order to exercise power to any purpose. But none of the mandates to which men have previously clung for assurance would satisfy me or the new moralists or the majority of the American people. In our tradition the nearest approach to such a mandate, in my opinion, is Jesus' parable of the talents.

Second, we need some moral imperatives which may not be new but which are ranked in an understandable order of priority. As we operate from the center of power, all value judgments seem infinitely relative and ambiguous. Compromise and adjustment are unavoidable. But without fixed moral imperatives we can become hopelessly entangled and confused "with windlasses and with as-says of bias." . . .

Finally, we must never be allowed to feel that any compromise-choice we make is an unqualified good. As we move in the realm of relative evils, we must not lose sight of absolute good. Any new morality that is complacent and time-serving, devised to rationalize existing evils, will only lead us further into the dark.

If the new moralists would make these changes responsibly, admit that the American "system" we *all* make it, then they might that sense of "community" they so earnestly seek. They badly needed. WILLIAM A. MAC

It would appear that Henry Aiken's erudite discussion of its reference to the late Adlai Stevenson, ignored the requirements of justice.

As one fairly knowledgeable in career and utterances of G. M. Stevenson, I have neither seen nor heard anything to justify the notion that "such liberals as Humphrey or Adlai Stevenson (name them) 'sold out,' " if the suggestion is intended to mean that power was bartered away.

It is true that Stevenson was embarrassed before the United States and the world to be justifying American policy in the Caribbean and the world when actions, of which he was not been informed, were contradicting his words. It is also true that LBJ ranch boss pulled the rug from under his U. N. Ambassador in such a manner as to convince Stevenson that his usefulness in the world was at an end. His untimely death on a London sidewalk probably precipitated his resignation by several days.

The professor's breathing of a solemn "alas" over the supposed version of a venerated man is vapid and in bad taste. Further enclosure of "sold out" in quotation simply a puzzle: does it mean the charge is merely hearsay? or the question of what is the truth only further beclouded. . . .

CHARLES  
Chicago

### Whose Credit?

The article by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak on the Republican election possibilities ["The 1980 Miami Beach," January] interested me when they repeated a claim which seems so often repeated by "analysts."

When appraising Ronald Reagan they announce that "his credibility . . . was badly tarnished by his dishonest lack of candor in handling the homosexual scandal on his sta-

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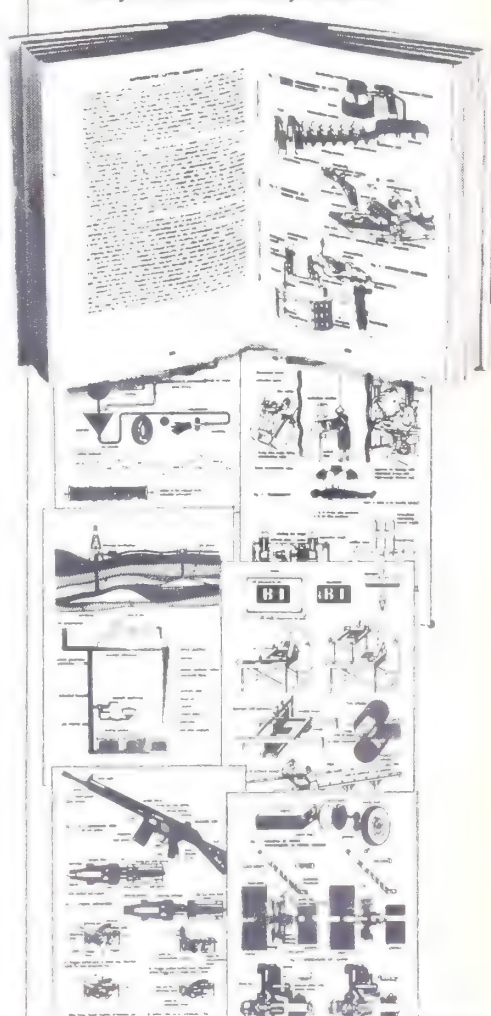
What happens inside a juke box? (See page 328.) How does a cyclotron work? (See page 108.) How does radar give information? (See page 116.) How do eyeglasses correct vision? (See page 140.) How are synthetic fibres made? (See page 374.) How does a speedometer work? (See page 522.) An electrocardiograph? (See page 442.) How does CinemaScope work? (See page 192.)

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## LETTERS

scandal in question was a rather simple situation. Reports say that there were a few homosexuals on his staff and he fired them. When questioned about the matter, he denied that any homosexual situation had existed.

The firing of homosexuals is usually justified on security grounds and one might wonder why any honest Governor would have any particular security problems—otherwise it is debatable as to whether a homosexual who is handling his job well is necessarily deserving of such treatment. But this is standard American politics. However, having fired the men, one might wonder just why Governor Reagan was required to publicly announce that he *had* fired homosexuals. Are we really so lacking in simple decency as to require all public officials to destroy men in such fashion? Having done the one thing which was in any sense necessary (eliminating them from his staff) did he have to make sure they were publicly marked for life?

I am anything but a fan of Reagan, but I think any man who attempts to avoid inflicting any further harm on such unfortunate former aides is behaving in a rather admirable fashion. And, if the liberals are stupid enough to pursue this matter much further, I suspect an intelligent public relations organization (such as the one which advises Reagan) could quite easily turn that particular "scandal" into a decided asset for the Governor. "Credibility" is fine but "decency" is perhaps better. And a white lie, intended to protect someone in trouble, is seldom regarded in quite so dark a fashion by the average citizen as the political analysts seem to think, thank God.

AL HORMEL  
Weston, Conn.

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak show their bias when they attack LBJ

by referring to him as the man who has opened the worst credibility gap in modern American history." In that sense! What credibility gap? Johnson? . . . What we want in the White House is a professional politician; and Mr. Johnson has proved to be that kind of a person. We want more of him. . . .

COMDR. ROBERT H. BARNES  
Uncasville, Conn.

## Fascists of the Future

In "The Consequences of Peace" [The Easy Chair, February] Mr. Fischer has mentioned four possible ways in which the war in Vietnam may end: nuclear war, gradual surrender, and negotiated peace. Rightly, he devotes much of his discussion to the consequences of the last, on the assumption that we can manage, one of these days, to negotiate an acceptable peace. I am well that he says "acceptable" rather than "satisfactory"; for we must face the grim probability that the peace we have to accept will differ far from that resulting from abject surrender. There may be some bargaining, of course; for example, the Americans might put some pressure on their allies in return for some concessions in the Middle East. But the United States is going to appear at the table without many trumps. Negotiation as an alternative to surrender may prove to be little more than a face-saving gesture. In view of these considerations, I agree that a negotiated peace is the best we had lot of options.

Mr. Fischer envisions turmoil as a reaction against "the new fascists," and deplores the possibility of a situation where the fight against them will produce suffering among the innocent. The New Left, as he put

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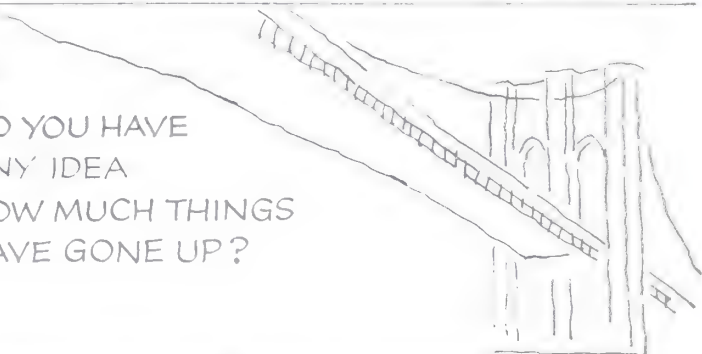
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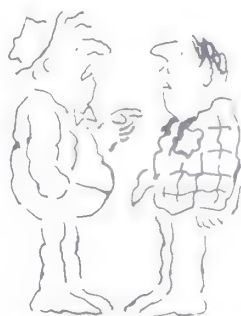
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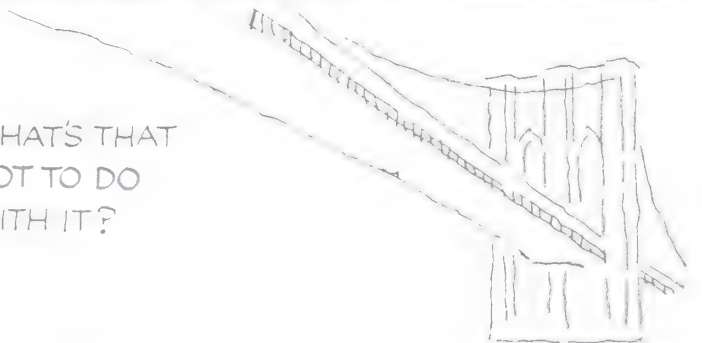
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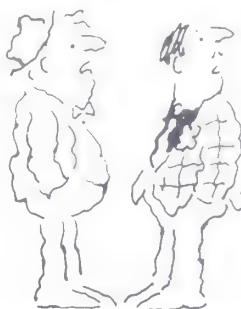
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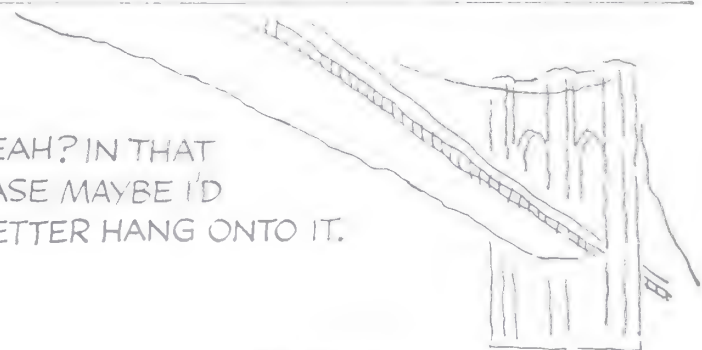
WHAT'S THAT  
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WITH IT?



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A BIGGER  
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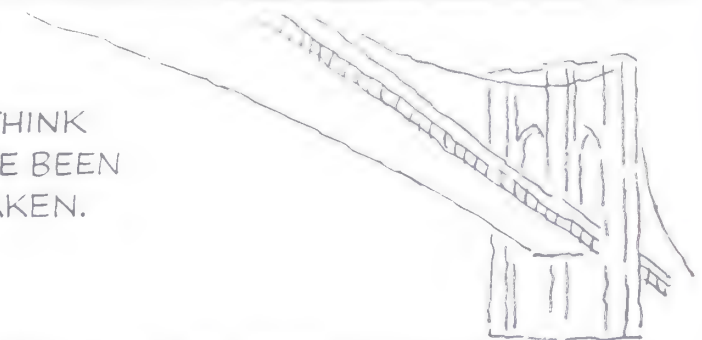
YEAH? IN THAT  
CASE MAYBE I'D  
BETTER HANG ONTO IT.



THAT.



I THINK  
I'VE BEEN  
TAKEN.





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## LETTERS

out, has already discarded its scruples against violation of civil liberty. It includes within its ranks a large body of leaders trained in the most effective use of extralegal power. The kind of peace that can be obtained is likely such that the New Left will be riding high and able to demand a considerable amount of power and influence in the Administration. The next McCarthy may be a Rap Brown or a Stokely Carmichael, screaming about evidence that some subversive characters had at one time supported Senator Stennis or Barry Goldwater.

Dolefully, I agree with Mr. Fischer that the peace will be followed by increased internal turmoil with many violations of civil liberty, but I am not at all sure that he has identified the oppressors correctly. There is no quarrel with his conclusion that some of the casualties of the turmoil will be among those of us who feel compelled to rise to the defense of people persecuted for views we despise.

WAYNE GORDON  
Lexington, Ky.

I had to look at the signature on John Fischer's "The Consequences of Peace" several times, to make sure that it had not been written by Mr. William Buckley. This is the most disheartening document to be published in *Harper's* during my twenty-odd years as a devoted reader.

Apparently Mr. Fischer believes that in order to avoid something like a civil war in this country either (1) a negotiated peace satisfactory to us and our "allies" must be concluded, or (2) the war in Vietnam must be continued for an indefinite number of years, presumably at least at its present intensity. He cites Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy after World War I as examples of what might happen here as a result of our withdrawal from Vietnam.

What these ghastly parallels reveal about Mr. Fischer's faith in the United States needs no comment. On the other hand, he fails to call attention to the fact that France withdrew from two wars very similar to ours in Vietnam, without the dire consequences he predicts for us.

His contemptuous remarks about the "New Left" seem to spill over onto all those who believe, as I do, that this disgraceful war must be ended soon, if not by negotiation then by de-esca-

lation and eventual withdrawal. An early ending is necessary for the sake of humanity, for our own national safety, and to avoid the very consequences which Mr. Fischer feels withdrawal would generate.

C. FAYETTE TAYLOR  
Brookline, Mass.

John Fischer's "The Consequences of Peace" was extremely thought-provoking and led me to write my own thoughts on the state of the Union: Conservatives who have historically been isolationist are not expansionist in regard to maintaining our stature of power throughout the world. Liberals have been expansionist with regard to our responsibility for protecting "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" well beyond our own boundaries. Now they caution to desist from operating as "big man to the world." Thus we find a reversal in philosophical position. Is it any wonder that rule by conservatism is perilous and that we are a con-

Could it be that we have been given from our cupboard of intellectual resources, knowledge, etc., only to suddenly discover that many of our shelves are embarrassingly bare and insufficient to satisfy even our most basic requirements; that even if we gave up all of it away we wouldn't begin to satisfy all the needs of the world and, furthermore, that much of what we are to give may not be suitable to the particular needs of others anywhere?

THOMAS N. RUSK, JR.  
Amarillo, Tex.

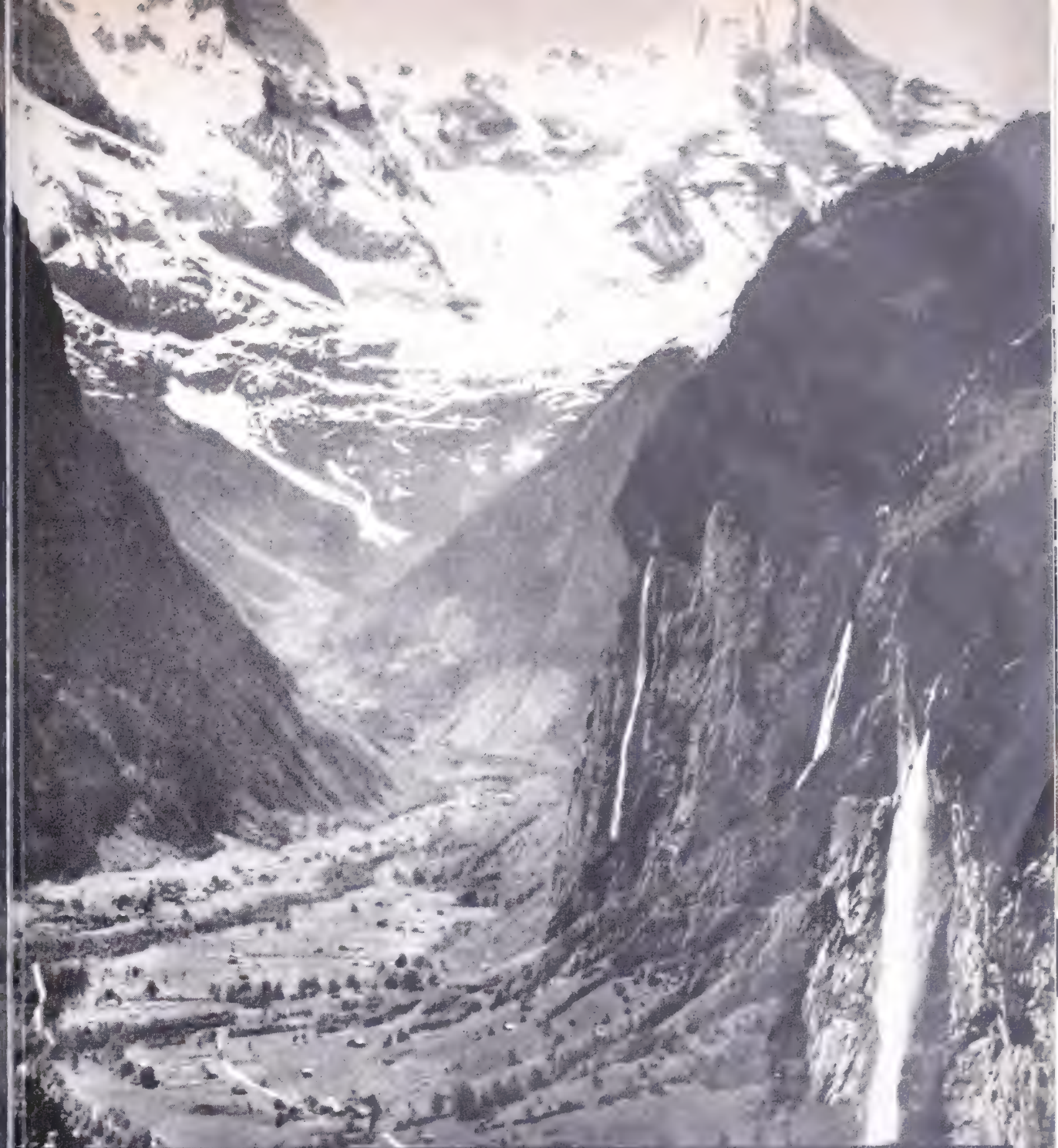
## Kitchen

"Women's cookery circles," in the words of a quote—indignantly—from the otherwise fascinating "The Future of Anglo-American" by Anthony Burgess [February], Angles and Americans (North, that is—South have no respect for food) demean themselves when they deride cooking. Inasmuch as they put it in their mouths at least three times a day and spend close to a quarter of their budget on it, snobism is not how cooking should be regarded.

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# The Easy Chair by Larry L. King

## AN EPITAPH FOR LBJ

"Suppose Lyndon Johnson had just died," the man from the Canadian Broadcasting Company said, and I found myself intrigued, perhaps even a little enchanted. "We'd like some quotes about him for our back-up files. You know, to be used if-and-when." We talked of taping schedules, of keeping in mind that my comments would be used only after the 36th President had departed us, and if my mention of a fee shocked the CBC man into thoughts of blood money he did not reveal it. We were cool and detached: two Old Pros getting ready to tape a commercial extolling some headache powder, or the latest tourist paradise. "Give it some thought," CBC said and rang off.

My original thought was that the subject didn't require much thought. I knew how I felt about LBJ as well as I knew the face in my bathroom mirror. I would simply grab the microphone and say . . . Well, say what?

That our dead President had been the most ruthless of power brokers? That people didn't trust him, that he was a bully and a manic-depressive and sometimes a liar? That he had known much more ambition than history, that his subjects had grown so weary of their great, vain cowboy king (and the pouchy little eyes above the pinched, pious judge's mouth which could brutally excoriate a staff worker, humiliate a Congressman, curse up a storm) that they might be tempted to buy that old, frazzled, retread of a flat tire named Nixon? That though he had made much of looking after the commonweal he had looked after LBJ well enough to accumulate fifteen million dollars in the public service? All true, give or take a certain harshness of judgment, but not

the whole story. We could never leave LBJ with that epitaph alone.

Not, probably, that there would be much flap about it if we did. For Lyndon Johnson was never very good at making us love him. He spoke sweet nothings in courtship of our votes, and though we accompanied him to the altar (for who wanted to join with Goldwater?), we were somehow fearful that he might cheat on us. We could cry if the old rogue died in office, some of us because we meant it and others because tradition demands tears for a dead President. But it would be a faceless, formless weeping: more of a duty than a tribute; more an admission that Death—that dark and dirty bastard with the ultimate Ace up his sleeve—had triumphed again, rather than any expression of personal loss. And more than a few of us might not cry at all.

That we could not easily weep for Lyndon Johnson is not all his fault. Perhaps, one November afternoon in the damnable year 1963, we simply used up our generation's Presidential tears. Or perhaps we cannot forget, fairly or not, that our last Presidential mourning came out of Texas just as Lyndon Johnson did. Maybe we cannot forgive his personal profit in a moment when most of us lost much: some better promise, a youth, a little of our grip on sanity's slippery edge. And that, too, is unfair.

One recent night in New York an old friend and former political ally, now an executive in industry, sat talking with me of Johnson. Once my friend was the more "liberal"; possibly our roles have switched. Indeed, he tends to see me as a bearded and impractical dreamer, a man to be kept away from children. There was music around us, and people danced, but the

mood was leaden. The clean exhilaration of old battles we had fought together in Texas and Washington seemed all too distant and lost. "Fair," my friend said. "You goombird writer types don't give Johnson any credit. You knock his accent, his Texas hat or blame him for old sins of history." Well, yes. We do it, don't we? And this shows a lack of journalistic imagination, for no other President has given us so many legitimate opportunities to criticize.

It is difficult, however, to work a fetish about fair play for one noted for his fairness to others. As Detroit's ghetto burned our President went on national television more to pin blame on poor old Governor Romney than to inspire or offer solutions. (Never saying, of course, that he had recently rejected a private proposal New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller to call a national conference on ghetto problems.) He cooed love songs in 1964 and when our votes were safely counted adopted a God-waterish Vietnam posture. He read aloud to newsmen from a confidential FBI report on a Bobby Baker case character who claimed that he had rebated a color television set as a condition for writing LBJ's in advance. He justified sending U. S. Marines into the Dominican Republic

---

*Mr. King, guest in the Easy Chair this month and a contributing editor of "Harper's," is a Texan who came to work in Washington as an administrative assistant to a Texas congressman when Lyndon Johnson was Senate Majority Leader. His forthcoming book "My Hero LBJ & Other Dirty Stories" takes its title from an article published in this magazine in October 1966.*

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with a dramatic speech telling of "some fifteen hundred people murdered and shot and their heads cut off," of bullets smashing into the American Embassy, of our Ambassador cringing under his desk. Exactly none of this proved true. Johnson canceled or delayed appointments to federal offices after columnists had correctly predicted his choices. He misled the press in leaking inflated budgetary figures so as to later—and falsely—claim credit for magically reducing expenditures. He claimed victories in Vietnam where victories were not. And when gooney-bird writer types wrote of these and other perfidies, LBJ flew into snits of rage and snarled of persecution. One speaking of Lyndon Johnson and fair play in the same breath should speak softly and never in the presence of ladies.

"Look at his record," my old friend touted. "Rat money for the slums . . . Medicare . . . civil-rights bills. Johnson is better with Congress than Kennedy was. He's passed more bills. And there's never been a harder-working President." Give him that. Give him credit, too, for the forceful way he accepted the Presidential mantle in a black and bloody time; praise him for the confidence he restored as we lay stricken.

So assume Lyndon B. Johnson dead this day, and with that generosity typical only of eulogies and nominating speeches, assign him every good intention. Say he was truly dedicated to improving labor's wage, the child's education, the black man's rights. Credit him with his best efforts to raise a truly Great Society out of the violent and splintered society that we have become. Grant, even, that all his half-loaf legislative compromises were justified on the Johnsonian theory that one should accept the possible when the ideal seems beyond reach; accept a few of the legislative miracles claimed in his name. And admit that in many things Lyndon Johnson often seemed miles ahead of those tired old mossbacks and cautious young fogies in Congress. Parts of Lyndon Johnson's record will do him honor beyond the tomb.

Why, then, do we find it so difficult to give him a decent burial? Why do we feel that our dead king was somehow fatally flawed?

"Style" has much to do with Style (roughly meaning a manner of doing things, a pattern of conduct or attitude) is directly related to imagery or to the creation of certain graceful illusions. We are much occupied with style in the political the 1960s and our politicians, knowing this, practice unusual arts: Nixon hires a new makeup man because a bad facial job once cost him the Presidency; Bobby Kennedy's hair fast goes with amplified guitars and psychedelic drums; Congressmen gag writers to put Lincolnian humor in their speeches. Even Hubert H. Rusk, that staid and elderly son of Georgia, acknowledges the mood of the lingo of the times by adopting hippie language in attempting recovery of our captured spy ship: "I will strongly advise North Korea to let it." There is a new mood in the air and our politicians sense it. They do not understand it yet, nor can they define it, but they know the old tunes won't do for dancing anymore.

There is a certain classic photograph made by Richard Pipes on the 1960 campaign trail. Lyndon Johnson planted squarely on his hind legs, has one arm poking into the sky and his forefinger extended from one clenched fist. His mouth is open and rounded in some urgent bellow; the eyes are squinted and appear somehow sightless. And there is young Jack Kennedy, hatless, leaning in to place a calming or restraining hand on the thick Johnson upper torso, the Kennedy face at once a little grim and thoughtful and slightly incredulous. One sees there the eldest son coming to drag the old man home from the moon before he makes a whiskey-tea mess of himself or blows the far side of his paycheck for grog or on sucker bets. Only one picture, yes; only a still, the hair frozen in time; unfair to read anything in, except what is there.

Yet what is there is proof that Lyndon Johnson became obsolete at the height of his career: how absurd to have a hog-calling arm-waver in the Presidency when mankind's teeth were on edge and four more of our atomic bombs are missing! The face-a-la-mode style under that Stetson is a relic from the rural 1930s. One would not send its owner into the urban ghettos to address any problem or audience near to mind, out of fear that he might expect cheers for half-for-





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## THE EASY CHAIR

old civil-rights bills, or issue an award invitation to come reason over watermelon, or blurt something about an imagined "best friend" he had known in Army. If provoked, the deliverer of such a face-and-style might lecture to prisoners about the evils of Friday night gin, about saving money, or even about the need for more po-leece unless everybody gets down.

See it: that style is passé. Young people look on it and shudder at what their fathers have willed them. They do not understand that such proud, aging old savages (ignorant in the basic sense of having read few books) are unable to make the boast sound honorable. They had their uses in the bleak America of the 1930s, nor that they had many noble moments. Like the old-day pioneers they had that ability to provide life's basics: shelter, protection for the tribe. They attended those matters most needing attention.

They were tough, resourceful, and patient. And if a few civil rights laws were to be violated or a few knuckles

busted to organize a union (or prevent one) they went ahead with their violating and busting. They could become bedfellows with Oil or Business, giving service and receiving it, telling themselves if they were progressives that they whored in the interest of the Common Man (for who would save the Common Man unless a few of his number broke into the power structure?) and if they were conservatives they could claim to have shacked up in defense of the Constitution and the Republic. Such men beat the Great Depression and stopped Hitler. They invoked God's name on their causes as if He might be a fraternity brother; they cheered their country at war. Now they neither understand nor are they understood.

Come, now, look at the photograph again: does that face-and-style under the Stetson bear any relation to these times? Does it wonder why people laugh or curse when it tells us that it does not mind a little dissent in America so long as dissent remains toothless, patriotic, or confined to the home? Does it have the faintest notion that its legislative record—how-



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## THE EASY CHAIR

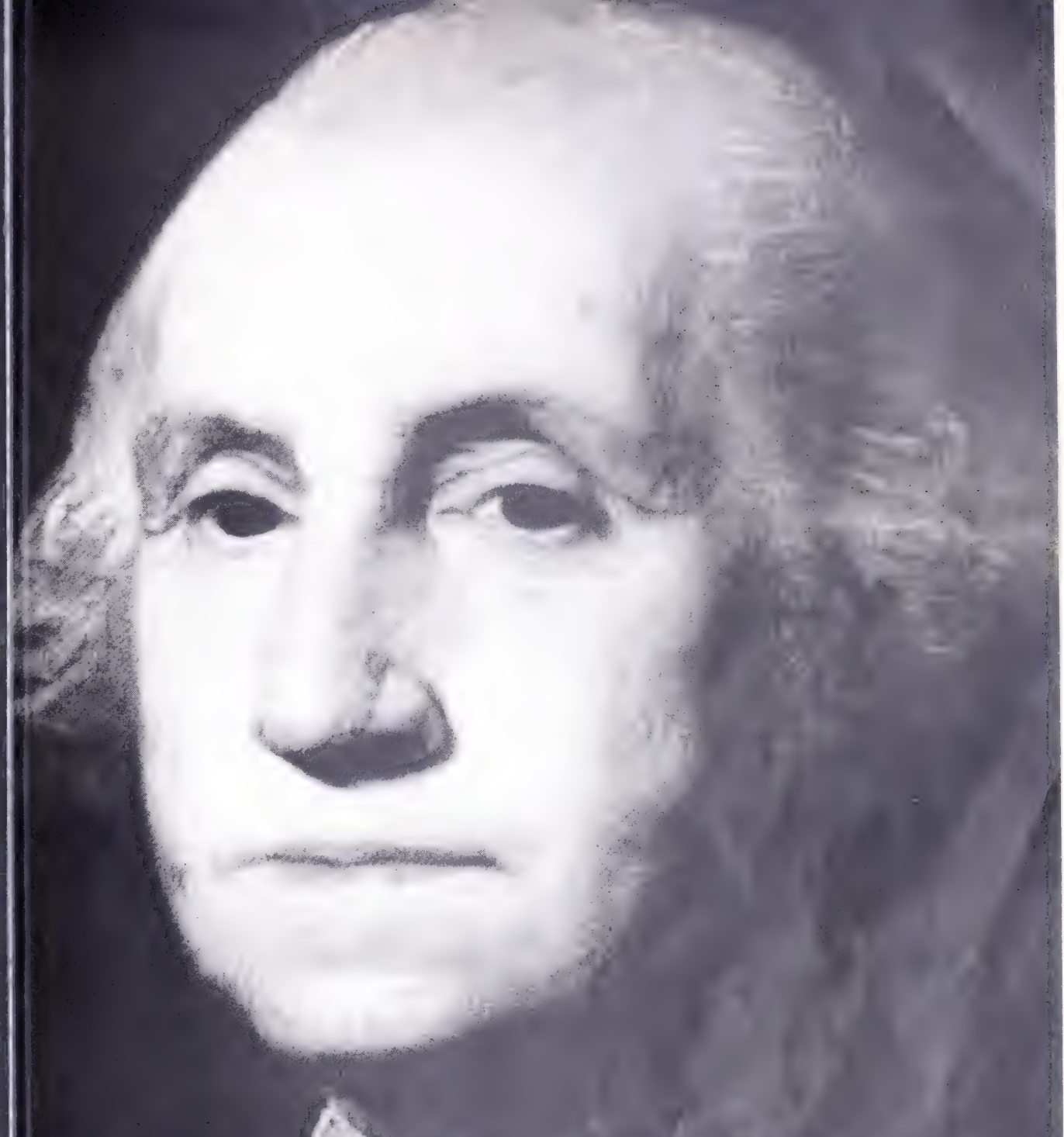
ever impressive two or three years ago—has faded to almost nothing when compared to today's unattending crises of national morality, credibility, and intent?

"He can tell you," Norman Mailer wrote of Lyndon Johnson four years ago, "that yesterday we knocked ninety-four gooks." One read that said, "Come off it, Mailer. Endow a man with one human emotion." LBJ have killed 26,000 of 'em," LBJ later quoted during a stroll around the White House roses, and run across this casual mass obituary of thousands of nameless Asians, set it there in cold type, leaping out some obscene comic-strip utterance. Daddy Warbucks, stated so matter-of-factly and nobody screaming in parenthesis, one felt a hopeless uncertainty.

Working at the spear-carrier's side in Congress when Lyndon Johnson put on the best show in town as Senate Majority Leader, I was always fascinated, sometimes admiring, and infrequently fond of the man. Robust, profane, almost mystical, he shook and rattled Washington in a way that recalled the youthful enthusiasm of the New Deal. In those bland Eisenhower years he gave the illusion of changing a world; in the first days of his Presidency he would do it again. Yet, it would be an illusion. He was not changing the world; rather, the world around him was changing.

Perhaps Hiroshima had charmed it, or the Nuremberg trials, or the costly years of suspicion bred by the Cold War and McCarthyism. Our nations did not love us: we were mankind's first nuclear killers, we occupied too much of the globe, there was too much of the whiskey-drinking Bible salesman in our pious pronouncements of a freedom that was accompanied by Jim Crowism, rotten slums, U-2 missions hopelessly bungled and then lied about before the world. We became a tired and stagnant people even as our cities vibrated with commerce and while our politicians reassured us that we were chosen. We grew old, fat, and cynical. Big Daddy Eisenhower preserved a nation, not attended it. Our children saw us and were ashamed.

We needed something. Kennedy gave it to us. Call it a sense of St. Suddenly America might be believed again. It might grow young. Its spots might disappear. It might



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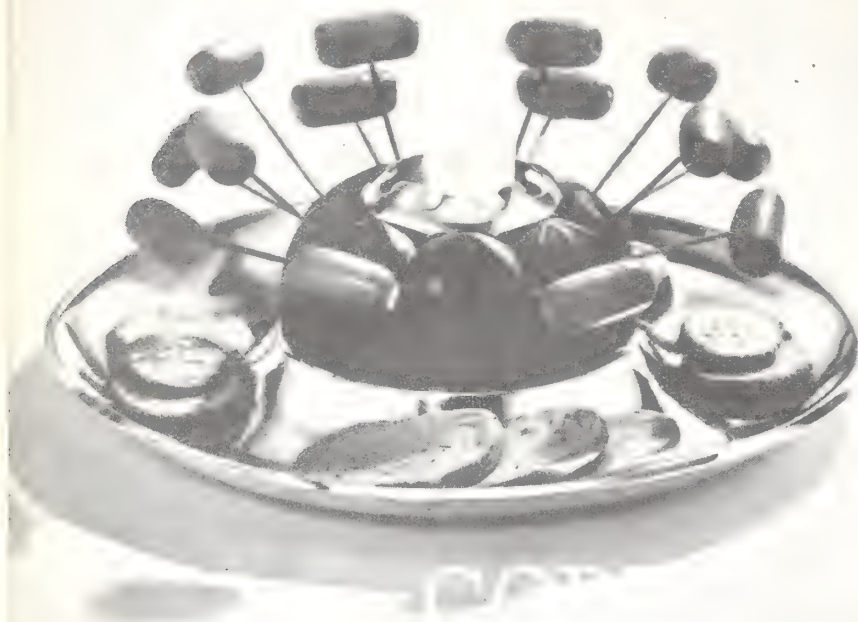
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## THE EASY CHAIR

reach the moon and other higher tinies: young men and women many races and classes joined hands in the bloodier thickets of the South and sang their hope. *We Shall Come*. Our youth invaded distant lands not with flamethrowers and guns but as missionaries of the Peace Corps. Appalachia would come to Martin Luther King would have dream; America was on the march again. How incredibly naïve it seems today, and how quickly passed.

**W**e mourned and were restless and would grow in time to wonder whether Jack Ruby might not be known Lee Harvey Oswald better than the FBI or the Warren Commission told us. We would wonder, why those warmed-over New Deal measures Lyndon B. Johnson pushed through the 89th Congress with pizzazz had not eradicated poverty, made us love our neighbors, cured cancer, found God, or delivered us to Utopia. We would enjoy the war brought into our home in Little Rock, sponsored by oil companies and life-insurance tycoons. When caught our President handling the truth loosely he would sulk in the White House or castigate the tellers of the truth. He would play Moses one day, George Washington the next, and jolly ole Saint Nick. He would impress us by insisting that we accept our role in its turn. And when we caught him at his game, he (or his apologists) would say it wasn't fair to haunt him with Jack Kennedy's ghost because Style did not matter: Style was not relevant to the interests of the Common Man, Style did not beautify highways nor kill Communism. Style was merely Harvard *vs.* So. West Texas State Teachers at El Paso. Marcos.

Can the apologists not understand that in a world searching for meaning needing greater truths Style is directly related to credibility at home and abroad, to inspiring a nation, to reassuring a world?

Do they not see that in a time when our cities burn, when our children "turn on, tune in, and drop out," when our young men die unexplained, when we have lost faith in the old virtues and do not yet fully trust the new, that *only* someone with a sense of Style can reach us?

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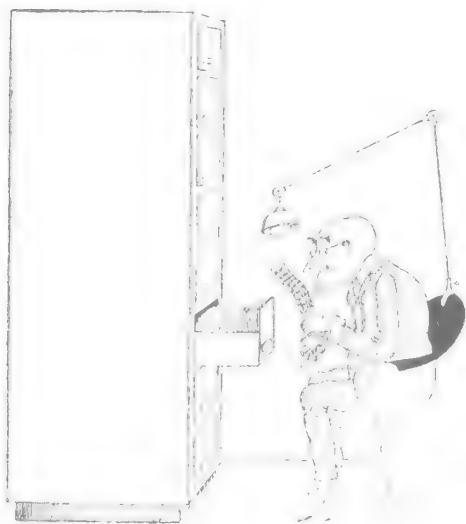
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## After Hours by Russell Lynes



### FIVE MILLION DOCUMENTS

Early this year the Brooklyn Museum purchased a painting by Thomas Cole from the Hirsch and Adler Galleries in New York for what I heard (but cannot substantiate) was \$130,000. The painting, a delightful large landscape glowing with golden sunshine, is called "The Pic-Nic," and it was painted in 1846. Its occupants are small figures of men and women and children fashionably dressed, and the central figure, a young man with dark hair to his shoulders, tight fawn-colored trousers, and a cape, might turn up in any rural landscape today. He leans against a vast oak and plays a guitar.

One can only speculate about what Mr. Cole, who is commonly called the founder of the Hudson River School, got for this painting; there seems to be no record of the transaction between Cole and James Brown, its first owner, who may have commissioned it. Collectors ordered up landscapes from Cole and his contemporaries in those days much as they might have ordered up a sideboard from a fashionable cabinetmaker. Thirteen years earlier, a retired New York wholesale grocer and one of the first great patrons of American artists, Luman Reed, had commissioned an entire room of paintings from Cole, and Cole

wrote him: "For the ten pictures occupying the side with the fireplace I must ask \$2,500. . . . For the other side and the ends, five of which will be large pictures—I cannot ask less than the same, making \$5,000 for the completion of the whole room."

The five large pictures were among the most famous Cole ever painted, a series called "The Course of Empire," of which his friend James Fenimore Cooper said that they "ought to make the reputation of any man" and hazarded the wild guess that someday the five of them would be worth up to \$50,000!

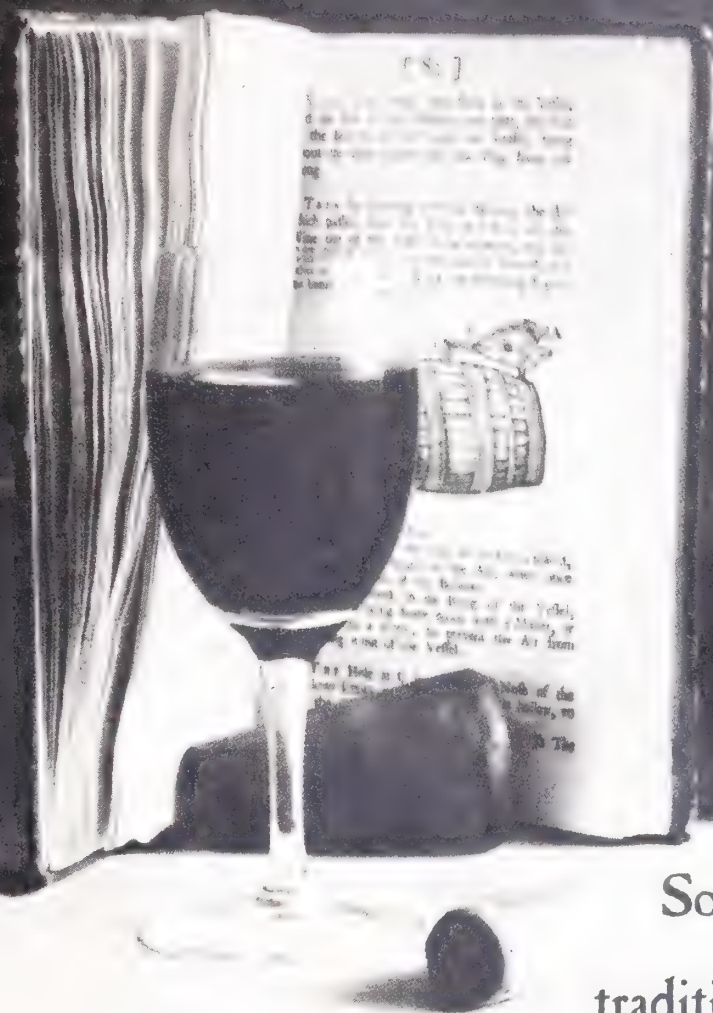
The rise in prices for what might be called America's Middle Masters of the nineteenth century (to distinguish them from our Old Masters like Copley and Stuart and C. W. Peale) is a fairly recent phenomenon, though the soil for this burgeoning crop has been carefully tilled for a number of years. E. P. Richardson, when he was the director of the Detroit Institute of Art, was one of the prime movers in the revival of serious interest in the arts of the nineteenth century. Not only did he buy

\*These paintings are now in the collection of the New-York Historical Society in New York City.

wisely for the Institute, but he encouraged private collectors and one of them, Lawrence A. Fleischman, founded an organization called the Archives of American Art which has grown, as I will explain, into an extraordinary (if at present somewhat invisible) institution.

Before examining the Archives in some detail, it may be worth mentioning that there are many other reasons besides scholarly ones that can be flattered with to explain the revival of the Middle Masters. The time has come to be rediscovered, hustled out of attics into auction rooms, reappraised, revalued, thought well of again. This is a pendulum-of-taste theory of revival and it is not without merit. Possibly too, the extremely high prices that are currently fetched by European paintings of the last century have turned collectors' eyes to a search for bargains in American art. Possibly the success of our native contemporaries in pro-

*This profile of an institution is written con amore, since Mr. Lynes is president of the Archives of American Art. He is also a contributor to "Harper's" and the author of "The Domesticated American" and other books.*



## Someone should still make wines in the tradition of yesteryear...

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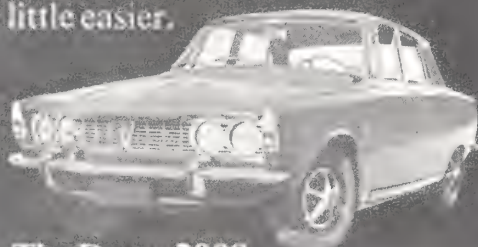
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## AFTER HOURS

ing new ideas in the arts has even a new confidence in our earlier ideas and performances. It has been suggested that many American museums, especially small ones, have decided that it is more distinguished for them to hang their good nineteenth-century American pictures (which they have stored away for years) instead of second-rate European pictures which were bought for their fashionable names.

One of the results of the burning interest in American works of art is a desire to know more about the artists and (in a very few cases) the works who made them. It is surprising, when one considers how short the history of American art is, that comparatively little of its documentation has been preserved. We have kept (even if out of sight) a hoard of the product but we have let much of the history of how it was produced go away. We have been careless of the documentation of our past partly for the reason that our judgment has been influenced by what has been in and out of fashion. But a more honest reason is the desire to clean house. Valuable documents are tossed away every day because they clutter up the attic and because there are relatively few people who know their value or what to do with them if they do.

Several years ago in the office of this magazine (to digress briefly, not irrelevantly) a carton of my folded letters was left on my desk with a note which read: "This seems old magazine correspondence. Do you want to look at it?" I thought I was through enough of it to see that it was a sort of minor gold mine—let me say from critics like James Jackson, whose collection of Italian paintings is now at Yale, from illustrations from literary bishops and authors of varying degrees of importance. When I came on a letter from Herman Melville, I called Frederick B. Adams, director of the Pierpont Morgan Library, one of the great repositories of manuscripts in the world (and three blocks from Harper's), and asked him if he would have someone on staff go through the papers and see what, indeed, was there. There it was, out to be, if I remember correctly, eight letters from Melville, who had not much given to letter writing and needed money from the magazine and in all some twelve hundred



# The poor gourmets' guide to Paris.



age  
France  
difference to us if you're  
n a budget. We'll serve  
that would have made  
up and take notice. We  
ink there's no better  
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reasons people go to  
one of the reasons they  
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rants we suggest offer  
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em a complete dinner  
(all a menu) for  
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which are usually posted  
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re open that day and to  
ervation.

bonne  
ion (1-10)  
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ris? Tangible things, like  
eef at L'Entrecôtier and

the fish at Le Serail. Intangibles,  
like the charm of Le Pot d'Étain  
or the lively student crowd at the  
Restaurant des Beaux-Arts.

## les Hang-outs des artistes (11-13)

They're noisy, they're usually very  
cheap and always jammed. To find  
them, walk down any street in  
Montparnasse or Montmartre and  
look through the windows. You'll  
know.

## la Mère Russie à Paris (14)

Those haunted émigrés are  
disappearing from the Parisian  
scene, but the smell of blinchi  
lingers on. Relive the sad twenties  
at Chez Vania.

## Bistros étrangers (15-19)

Les Balkans specializes in  
shishkebab, so does La Vieille  
Trousse, which also offers an  
incredible dessert called Labrador  
—cake, ice cream and Grand  
Marnier. Aux Trois Canettes is the  
highbrows' spaghetti house, Santa

Lucien is a delightful family-run  
trattoria. Fantasia is one of the best  
places in the city for couscous,  
steamed balls of wheat flavored  
with different sauces. Algerians and  
Moroccans have made this as  
popular in Paris as Americans have  
made the hamburger.

## Restaurants charmants (20-27)

From the street they usually don't  
look like much. But inside you  
might find the art nouveau fantasy  
of Vagenende, the beautiful old  
Gothic cellar of La Talmouse, or a  
sense of history at Le Procope. It  
claims to be the oldest restaurant  
in Paris; Voltaire and Balzac and  
Ben Franklin ate there.

## Des provinces de France (28-31)

Fondue at La Fourchette d'Or.  
Basque dishes at Julien et Petit.  
Strasbourg noodles and Alsatian  
beer at the famous Brasserie Flo.  
Featherweight Breton crêpes at  
L'Auberge de Bretagne, and at any  
of the little street stands where, for

2½ francs, you can buy a hot  
sugared crêpe soaked in liqueur.

## Pour la grande nuit (32)

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Another electric power blackout is the last thing the people in cities need this summer. But once again many of them will hold their breath as the demand for electricity rises with the temperature.

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## AFTER HOURS

now in the Morgan Library, place for them to be. There me when Mr. Morgan many o came to the rescue of Har-rothers, and saved it from cy. To present his library se documents seemed to the of the firm an appropriate

usual arts have not fared as he literary arts in preserving uments for one obvious rea-letters of literary men have literary value but the letters s rarely have artistic value. that they have value as social stic history is often over- has been the ardent mission rchives of American Art to his oversight.

top floor of a once-elaborate esidence on East 65th Street York, there is a branch office Archives; it occupies two aich once must have been ser-arters. In one of these rooms machines for reading micro-king like "pop" tombstones, ooden file containing a card e of most of the Archives In the other room along with desks and tables is a row of al files in which are reels of n of more than *five million* ving to do with the history ican painting and sculpture. ecently spent a good many these two rooms sampling the inary riches half-sequestered

half-sequestered because the has been reticent about let-be widely known that this of such value to scholars and and proprietors of galleries ctors of works of art is in k to be consulted; it is afraid swamped. And not without ion. The complete holdings rchives, whose headquarters he Detroit Institute of Art,\* icrofilm and only recently has ate set been established in k. There is material there for ls of articles and a great holarly dissertations. The is, in fact, rather staggering. uality of the Archives de-

archives of American Art, 5200 d Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

# If you haven't got the time, we've got the camera.

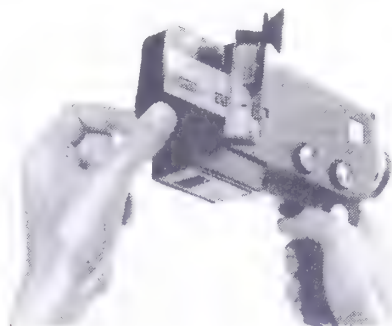


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## AFTER HOURS

pends less on what it owns  
it has been given extremely  
letters, diaries, account boo  
other personal documents) th  
it has so far managed to con  
through the use of microfilm f  
stitutions all over the nation.  
for example, microfilm of "a  
every known" art auction ca  
published in this country fro  
to 1950, and it is now in the  
of making a similar compila  
catalogues of art exhibitions.  
searcher looks up in the card  
references to a single artist  
find that he has often saved  
stops in at least five, and may  
libraries in New York, and  
more in Philadelphia, and a tri  
troit. The Archives has had th  
eration of the Metropolitan M  
of Art, the New-York Histor  
ciety, the Whitney Museum, t  
York Public Library, and th  
gan Library and has microfilm  
documents on the America  
Every scrap of paper they h  
Thomas Cole, for example, i  
found in the microfilms of  
chives. The researcher will a  
what, if anything, is in the P  
vania Historical Society, the  
delphia Museum of Art, and  
other historical societies, mu  
colleges, and other libraries  
Philadelphia area. (One of t  
extensive microfilming expedit  
the Archives was a pilot pro  
"saturate" the Philadelphia a  
took ninety-four rolls of micro  
do it; on each roll there are a  
mately a thousand frames.)

Several months ago I was  
with Thomas P. F. Hoving, the  
tor of New York's Metropolit  
seum, about the Archives, and  
tioned to him that it had acqui  
papers of the Macbeth Gal  
100,000 items of correspondenc  
ness papers, ledgers, and photo  
from the time the gallery open  
business in 1892 until it clos  
1954.

"Are you kidding?" he said.  
what they'll be worth to scho  
two hundred years!"

The art business is usually  
the most secretive of legitima  
vate enterprises. Another deal  
had recently retired from bu  
was asked to give his papers  
Archives or give permission fo  
microfilming; he said he had

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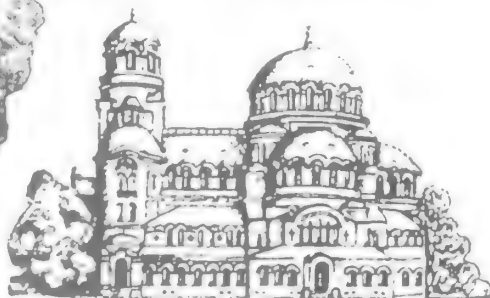
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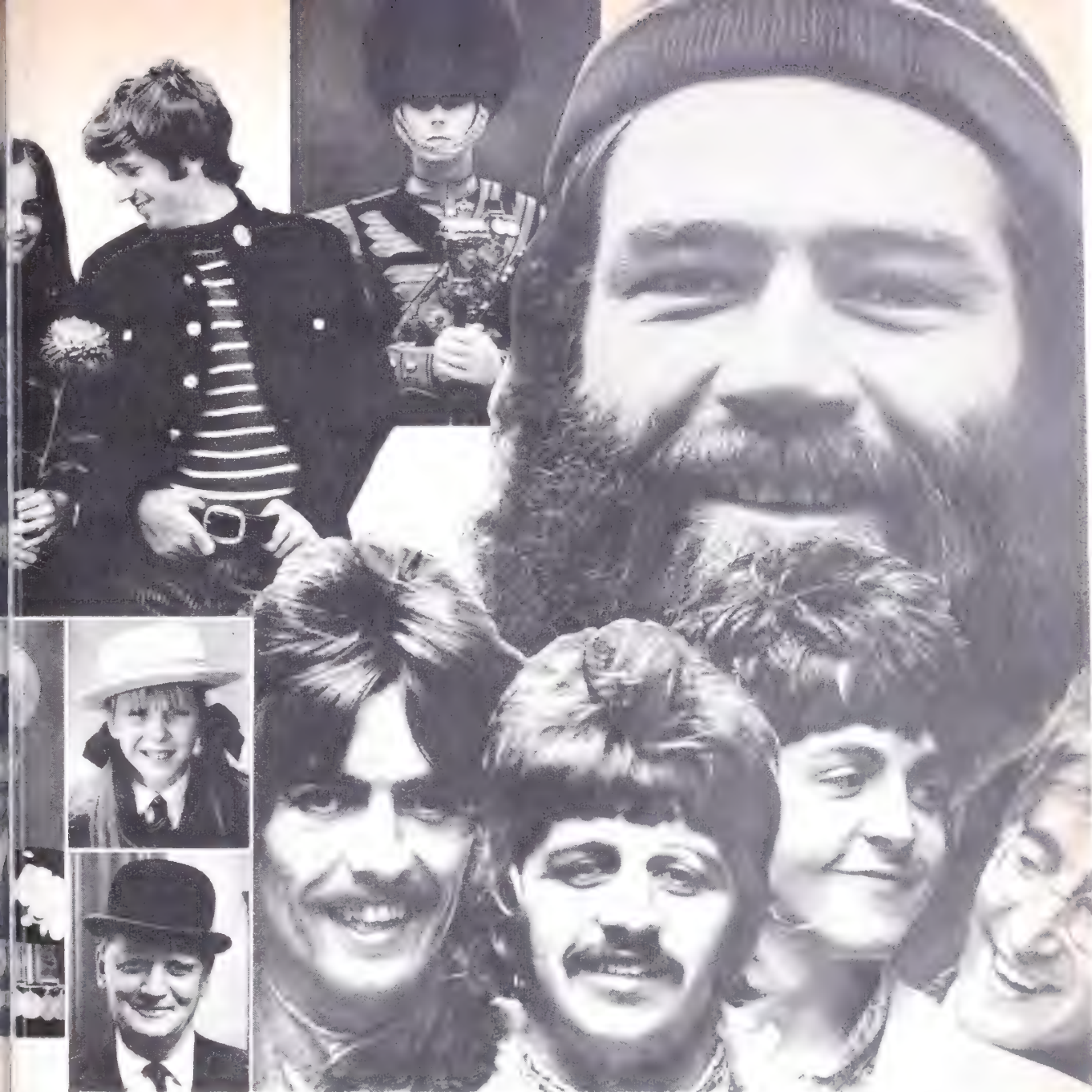


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### AFTER HOURS

them and he may have had good sons. Another gallery in New York, however, the Downtown Gallery, which has been devoted almost entirely to the American arts, principally modern and contemporary, for the last twenty years, has allowed some 30,000 photographs in its files to be microfilmed.

There is no reason to list the holdings of the Archives here, it would be a mistake to give the impression that they are only concerned with the past. The New York Public Library, for example, is engaged in a program financed by the New York State Council on the Arts, of taped interviews with approximately a hundred painters and sculptors now working in the state. (The Archives was pioneer in what is called "oral history.") It is also successfully engaging the cooperation of artists in microfilming their papers and records, a program which was recently given a slight, if unfortunate, push by the fire which burned up the record works of several painters in a New York studio building. One of the artists had given the Archives permission to make a record of his work; one other, however, had declined to do a great deal of what he had spent his life in making is gone without a trace. In a sense, though I don't believe he thinks of himself as such, the Archives acts as a sort of insurance company for the contemporary artist and, indeed, for the institutions who depend on it has put on film with negative stored in a bank vault in Detroit.

When the Archives was first conceived, E. P. Richardson and Lawrence Fleischman believed that a budget of \$40,000 would be adequate to the needs of setting up an institution to collect and sift and catalog documents that would make it a useful research institution. In about ten years its budget has increased by almost five times and its collection operation so far have been notable for ingenuity, curiosity, and enthusiasm. Its endowment is minute, but the inventiveness of its board of directors is abundant. Some years ago it started a program of "airlifts" to transport art enthusiasts to foreign countries in the company of art experts. Not only museums open to the public but many private collections of art, hitherto unpenetrated by travelers, have flown to the U. S. S. R. and



Photograph by  
A. Aubrey Bodine,  
from his book,  
"The Face of Virginia."

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to South America, to the Orient, to Spain and many other places, and the donations made by the travelers for the privilege of going along have contributed about a third of the annual budget of the Archives. Another third has been derived from auctions—art auctions of pieces donated by friends and, more curiously, auctions of secondhand machinery. Detroit corporations have given machinery which was out-of-date for their purposes but which was still useful for smaller companies with different needs. One year the machinery auction contributed \$90,000 to the operating expenses of the Archives. Parties have been given to raise money, and a program of memberships (for interested individuals and institutions) now contributes nearly a third of the annual income. Detroit takes a good deal of pride in being the home of the Archives, and properly so. In a recent issue of scholarly publication called *The American Archivist*, it was described as "the largest institution devoted to the history of art in the United States."

Obviously the proper function of the Archives is to make material available where it can be useful, and not to hoard it, though hoarding has to take place first. Hopefully it will establish teams of researchers in various parts of the country where there are resources of material the extent

of which can only be guessed at. What about the artists of the Northwest... Tobey, Graves, and Callahan, for example? What about New England, where there is a great deal of digging to be done? And California? And the Southwest? The Archives has made a start (thanks to a Ford Foundation grant of several years ago) on the records of the nation's greatest fling at art patronage—the WPA arts program of the Depression. It has collected masses of documents and has interviewed many artists and administrators who were involved, but the project is now hanging fire for lack of funds to complete it.

There are those who contend that the Archives are "making it too easy for the scholar" by spreading such a banquet before him, but obviously the more material there is the greater the ingenuity that is going to have to be employed in its analysis and interpretation. Five million and more pieces of documentation on microfilm sounds like an appalling lot of material, and yet, in my own modest researches in the Archives I have found great gaps. The Archives' collection is long on painters but short on sculptors, for one thing. For lack of time and personnel and funds it has had to ignore the decorative arts and the people who made and designed them. There are no archives of industrial design—possibly the aspect of visual art to which

Americans have made their most significant contributions. Where are the archives of our architecture? may be the business of some institution, such as the American Institute of Architects, which talked about such an archive as far as I know, let it go at that.

William E. Woolfenden, the director of the Archives, spends much of his time in the Detroit headquarters where the materials are processed. *Journal of the Archives* is written and published for members, and the Archives is a warehouse of historical information. It is concerned with "getting it out as well as getting it in." It comes to the Archives from scholars asking to borrow (through the library loan system) rolls of film, or merely asking for information, or asking if they may come there to pore over those devilish microfilm machines which, let it be said, are such monsters as they used to be. Scarcely a book is published about American arts today which does not acknowledge an indebtedness to the Archives, and the Archives hopes to establish branches like the one in New York on the West Coast and the Southwest, possibly in Washington and the South. Where are the questions that are being asked but the Archives is not without answers—institutions that would take it to their bosoms.

Writing of the Archives in the magazine *Art in America*, Richard B. Sewall, founder, said, "No one of us knows what will be of interest or value a hundred years from now. We cannot attempt to be prophets and predict the future; only history can sort out the activity of today that will endure."

History, to go back to where it came in, gave Thomas Cole an enormous rough time for about a century called him names, criticized his gazing over tiny details, discarded him as a hopeless romantic, and ignored him except in textbooks on American art. In its sorting-out process history has decided to send him to prominence. The same will happen to the artists of today, the best of them, and someday searching in the Archives of the American Art will find these men as their letters, the catalogs, the announcements of the exhibitions, and their voices on tape call to them.



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you. The Indian Camel Corps parades for you. And the world's most famous dancers perform for you. New Zealand's expressive Maoris, Ceylon's renowned Kandyan dancers, the Philippines' incredible Bayanihan dancers, Indonesia's Monkey dancers. The Fijians even go so far as to dance across red-hot stones. Then there's Korea's haunting folk music, Singapore's giant amuse-

ment parks. Australia's fantastic carnivals and unique zoos. The Chinese Opera of Hong Kong and Taiwan. The night clubs and cabarets of Malaysia and Okinawa. The casinos of Macau. Superb entertainment—and all for you. Then after you've spent a day watching an elephant round-up or an evening at a luau, you can return to your hotel where the comforts of soft beds, o-



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# Harper's

magazine

Midge Decter

## ANTI-AMERICANISM IN AMERICA

*For many of the most intelligent and articulate people the 1960s began in an atmosphere of great hope and are drawing to a close in gloom—a gloom as deep as it is dangerous to the quality of American life.*

I have a gloomy premonition... that we will soon look back on this troubled moment as a golden time of freedom and license to act and speculate. One feels the steely sinews of the tiger, an ascetic, "moral," and authoritarian reign of piety and iron.  
—Robert Lowell in a *Partisan Review* symposium

**I**t is no insignificant trait of contemporary history that in its rhythm of assigning epochs the decade seems to have replaced the century. Who among Americans, and particularly among American intellectuals, cannot pithily characterize the 'twenties, the 'thirties, the 'fifties? Each of them is now from our vantage point seen to have had its own unmistakable social flavor: its own politics, its own sense of life, its own dictates of public and private comportment, its own literature. (Only the 'forties have been scanted in these characterizations, given over as they were to the war and its immediate aftermath and thus to the strains of what was past and what was coming.

History, to be sure, cannot be so tidy as to mete itself out in ten-year measures. The decade to which we have affixed his name, for instance, did not find Dwight D. Eisenhower in the White House until two years after its inception. Similarly with the 'thirties, which in some important sense can be said to have been over in 1937 or '38. Still, there is more than mere convenience in describing certain patterns of American life and thought in these terms. They do, after all, reflect the rhythm, if not the exact chronology, of our spiritual development. In any case, everyone knows what one means by them: The 'twenties were the time—the 18th Amendment to the Constitution notwithstanding—of the explosive, exuberant, and sure-minded throwing off of American provincialism and small-town puritanism. The 'thirties were the time of a new, grown-up membership in the society of the Old World—a participation in the crises of what looked then to be its detumescence, a tuning-



in to its intellectual currents, and finally a bloody and costly sharing in its salvation. And the 'fifties were the years when America self-consciously assumed the role of the world's major conservative power, with everything that such a position implies—including an internal atmosphere ridden with, on the one hand, high and righteous self-definition and, on the other, with a spirit of the most dulling prudence and caution.

An American adult of today, then, has in his ordinary lifetime virtually spanned ages. His mind and imagination have been confronted with the demand that they make room for, accommodate themselves to, five traditional lifetimes' worth of issues, movements, countermovements, revolutions, consolidations, and counterreactions. His life-style—the expression of his sense of social relations, his values, his aspirations—has been assaulted not only by a technology that continually renders itself and the issues it creates obsolete but by shifts in basic fashion that are, to say the least, unnerving in their rapidity. He sees himself separated by experience and attitude not only, as his modernity has prepared him to be, from his children, but even from those five years younger than he. He struggles to incorporate a new system of thought which, somewhere, a new vanguard has already set itself up to discredit.

An exemplary serious and educated American has without yet becoming an old man had something like the following spiritual odyssey. He has, with the writers of the 'twenties, thrown off the repressions and hypocrisies of the traditional bourgeoisie. He has accepted the liberations and burdens of Freudianism. He has, with or without any of the party affiliations that might follow therefrom, taken over the Marxian critique of capitalism and the class society, and, again regardless of party affiliation, on the other side been profoundly influenced by conservative warnings about the depredations against culture of the newly empowered masses. He has discovered the possibilities for totalitarianism—implicit in Marxism, explicit in Leninism—in the attempt at a radical reordering of society. Following on this, he has come to acknowledge the evolution of American capitalism into a variant system no longer comprehended in the categories of its tra-

ditional critics and, moreover, to grant its superiority to other economic systems as a means at least for the release of wealth. He has, largely through the agency of the Nazi episode in Europe, discovered in the heart of man an evil no mere social programming can hope to bring totally under control, much less eradicate. And he has discovered in turn that the preoccupation with such evil can be dangerously allied to complacency about those ills and inequities in the life of society that can in fact be remedied. Most recently . . . but of now later.

Taken all together, these ideas may sound like the very recipe for human "wisdom"—each view set off by another which softens, modifies, modulates it, and the whole, a balanced and "stable" amalgam. They have not, however, *been* taken all together, but rather come into intellectual power in a series over four decades, each of them for a time supplying the central impulse to a new movement of thought. Nor in the end would the wisdom resulting from the judicious combination of ideas and the critiques of ideas probably be worth very much. If the description of his odyssey makes the exemplary intellectual\* sound, with desperate injustice, a little foolish, it must be remembered that such views as he has incorporated are not purchasable by choice but are the hard-won coin of experience and the effort to make sense out of that experience.

Ideas are powerful things, requiring not a studied contemplation but an action, even if it is only an inner action. Their acquisition obligates a man in some way to change his life, even if it is only his inner life. They demand to be stood for. They dictate where a man must concentrate his vision. They determine his moral and intellectual priorities. They provide him with allies and make him enemies. In short, ideas impose an interest in their ultimate fate which goes far beyond the realm of the merely reasonable.

This is what accounts for the rabbit-like rate at which new cultural "generations" are produced in America. For a "generation" under these conditions represents not a new batch of the young who have come of age but a new preoccupation which has found its style and its rhetoric. (It is also what accounts for the fact that many Europeans, and particularly for some reason Englishmen, find American intellectual life to be so full

Terms such as these are as necessary as they are uncomfortable, and require their user to stop and state his case: by "intellectual" I mean quite simply a man whose life is committed to the direction of his thought. In his *The Steps of the Pentagon* Norman Mailer describes such a man as one deeply limited by the inexorable "logic-of-the-next-step." So be it.

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brute vitality by comparison with their own: the arguments they witness among us are often titles in which men are fighting for their lives.) In any case, to have taken part in what Lionel Kishinoff once called "the life of the mind" has been a peculiarly double experience: energizing and demoralizing, offering promise and promising despair. Each succeeding decade has come to an end with its own record of disillusion and bewilderment. Each new decade has begun with its own renewed promise of a revised and corrected, perhaps timeless, vision.

Of course, simple stylishness has also played a part in these dizzying shifts of attitude and preoccupation: vogues in thought serve momentarily to brighten the life much as vogues in dress. The point was once brilliantly illuminated by the historian R. A. Nisbet when he observed that one of the most underrated social forces in history is plain boredom. And how could even the most dedicated intellectual community resist the hunger for the new that stalks American society in general and the insatiable media of mass communication in particular? But whatever the motive behind man's submission to them, ideas about the world, we have noted, are consequential. Even slogans, those original purpose—take two leading slogans of the 'sixties, "Black Power" and "The War on Poverty"—is only to call people out of some impasse (or solace them while they remain there), and often turn the course of events.

## II

And what of the 'sixties—which will soon be drawing to a close? What was their promise, and what will prove to have been their disillusion? Naturally, in one way it is too soon to talk of the 'sixties; something of their drama remains yet to be played out. Nevertheless, certain things are already clear. The first of these is that the 'sixties will—like the 'thirties, though in a rather different sense from them—be seen as a turbulent, a "radical," decade. And the second is that it will be known as the decade of the Vietnam war—despite the fact that consciousness of the war did not become keen or central until the decade was nearly halfway over and despite the possibility, remote as it seems at the moment, that it may end in peace.

Both of these characterizations would seem astonishing in 1960; for the decade, to begin at the beginning, opened not with the threat of ugly tension and war but on the contrary, with the promise of a new series of triumphs for American liberal democracy. This promise was one which had lain dormant through the years of

war and Cold War, years in which the system was seen to be hanging on by its fingernails and was accounted well merely to have remained intact. A new sense of possibility was, now, not so much to be released as to explode—with all the energy of one of those historic revelations about what might be attainable if people only willed it to be.

The revelation was communicated in the main from two very different sources and in two very different ways. First, intelligibly, from the political reordering implied in the strategy of massive nonviolent protest which had recently been adopted by the civil-rights movement. And second, mystically, through the personality of John F. Kennedy. The meaning of the grand surge of protest that began with the Montgomery bus boycott—and that was obviously, despite whatever horrors along the way, going to make its effect—lay in the assurance that there was after all a simple, noble, and *aesthetically pleasing* way to bring to an end the age-old scandal of American society. (Criminally callow as this response seems today, what it most reflected was a longing to throw off that sense of social complexity which had since the onset of the Cold War hung like a dead weight over all our imaginings of the future.)

The effect of Kennedy himself is considerably more difficult to define. It had to do with his youth, his beauty, his—odious word—style, his being unlike our—even more odious word—image of a politician. Norman Mailer, for instance, in a long essay describing the Democratic convention that nominated Kennedy, spoke of the quality of cold liberation that came off the man and predicted what did in some way happen, that Kennedy's candidacy and election would help to release a host of energies and impulses long storing up in the psychic underground. Just how this release came about must be a question for future historians of American culture to decide. The point is that Kennedy's presence in the White House did in fact have such an effect—almost without regard to his policies or record. (Just as his assassination three years later set off a widespread feeling of personal desolation that went much deeper than simply shock at the murder of the President.)

Meanwhile, that process in U.S.-Soviet relations which had been converting Containment to Coexistence and Coexistence into something called "the thaw"—however chancy or reversible it might prove to be—had begun to still some of the anxiety that seemed earlier to condition all of life. And perhaps even more important than the abatement of anxiety it afforded, the coming to an end of the Cold War left space in the political thought that it





*"Nice, huh? It's plastic."*

had been so totally occupying for other and fresher problems. Americans suddenly "discovered" that some forty million of their number were still living in great poverty. It was rumored that in a number of universities students were no longer apathetically figuring the angles—as they had done in the decade preceding—but were returning to the passionate study of modern history, social justice, and Marx. The demand for nuclear disarmament was receiving a growing, and growingly respectful, hearing, at least in the major cities and possibly, even in Washington. Popular entertainment, on stage, in films, and on the printed page, was being touched by a healing and invigorating new impiety. Books were being written, and widely read, which helped to explain why the 'fifties, after all on the whole a comparatively peaceful and comfortable time, had left so many people feeling so bad, their lives so confined and narrow, their young so cynical or delinquent.

The triumphs for liberal democracy that seemed forthcoming in the early 'sixties were not, to be sure, millennial ones—and perhaps not even material ones. They consisted largely in things of the spirit: public tones and postures, the terms and modes of public debate, the nature of the issues debated, the simple willingness to acknowledge the existence of serious national problems, the eagerness to pursue new thoughts and the hospitality bestowed upon those who thought them, a banishing of priggishness from high places, a new

tolerance and even sympathy for the liberties needfully taken by the arts and by artists—in short, those things of the spirit which enlightened Americans, no matter how hard-nosed the times teach them to be, never really lose their abiding faith in. Combined with the proper legislation—not then, as it was usually not, given much searching attention—and the necessary adjustment of our posture toward the rest of the world—to some extent being undertaken by the Kennedy Administration—the new spirit would be moving us a step or two anyway in the direction where the millennium might one day be discovered. Or if not the millennium, then at least the possibility for a reasonably stable world, a reasonably just society in the United States, and a reasonably attractive quality to life.

A great sigh of relief went up among the intellectuals (though that it did so would no doubt now be hotly denied by the majority of them) at the fact that they were, and once more in good conscience could be, liberals. The term "liberal" was not one that many people were to use. In the 'fifties it had come to be something of a dirty word: one generally used it with reference to one self only in irony and reserved it in its uninverted sense for others who displayed either an unwelcome simpleness or an unthinking loyalty to the cant. Insofar as it had been known truly to apply to one, liberalism represented a compromise with one's anxious quiescence parading under the ban

of the Tragic: it meant a highly articulate, sophisticated, and well-documented accommodation to things as they were. Thus the word was to have little currency in the new prevailing atmosphere; people much preferred "radical." Nevertheless, the early 'sixties were in fact a moment when intellectuals could and did dream of influencing the taste for change being expressed by their government and by the society around them. This moment had arrived, moreover—it is a crucial point—within a system still operating by the most ordinary give-and-take of American politics. It had arrived without apocalypse, without even the tip of most intellectuals in bringing it, and without appearing to threaten those comforts the society had already provided. The Negro, it then seemed, might at last be integrated without any fundamental overhauling of that system; the poor might at last be led out of poverty, the peace of the world at least minimally guaranteed, the educational system revamped, etc., etc.—all through the workings of a new spirit of willingness and the application of new and as yet untried ideas. "New ideas" was a favorite commodity of the Kennedy Administration and it sought experts to provide them in every field. Even the notion that in an advanced technological society like ours might simply do away with money as the medium for the distribution of life's necessities was advanced by a social thinker or two without any reference to the inevitability of political upheaval. It was the imagination that was to be radical; the system would be plastic enough to incorporate it. The new active liberals had the comfort once more of knowing what there was to care about and, somewhat more vaguely, what it was they wished to advocate. People were beginning to have fun, and congratulated themselves.

### III

Some seven or eight years have now gone by since the days described above. Their joyousness has been intentionally exaggerated (without a mention of the Berlin Wall or Bay of Pigs or a survey of the New Frontier's actual record on the issues of civil rights and poverty) because people who are committed to the shaping force of their ideas tend more than others to gloss over the texture of past experience—difficult in any case to keep hold of in the torrential rush of decades. Of course not everyone who expressed himself in that period was expressing enthusiasm unbounded. Of course such new political vitality as there was was braced by a hard-won and not so glibly to be surrendered skepticism. Neverthe-

less, something of all this there was—I speak here not of the words alone but of the music, and the music said things are better for earnest men, better than they have been in a long long time.

During seven years, then—five, really—the atmosphere in the universities and centers of culture has sharply turned from a new wave of liberal enthusiasm to a storm of reckless, nihilistic, and profoundly despairing radicalism. All the things that had seemed most hopeful at the beginning of the decade have become precisely the sorest spots in this new radical sensibility.

The desire for a relaxation of American moral fervor against some abstraction called "Communism" has been completely reversed into a powerful moral fervor against some abstraction called "imperialism" or "capitalism" (read, America); and many of the people who most vociferously gave voice to the first now burn their ritual candles at the shrine of the second. The demand that the Negro be given his rightful place in the centers of white society has been muffled under a raucous cry of doom to that society; and many of the same people who applauded that demand and seconded it now applaud and second the longing for destruction that supplanted it. The poor whose release from the ugliness of poverty was to be the first order of social business are now exhorted by those who lead their cause to make a subversive value of their poverty; and many of the people who once sought to offer them some greater share of the nation's wealth now seek to support their subversion of the values needed to create that wealth. The cities that were to provide the centers for America's new forays into a more graceful and vivacious life now teeter at the edge of destruction as viable political and administrative entities—and at the edge, some of them, of destruction period; and many of the people who had been the most eager to take part in the social experimentation they promised to yield are now the most eager to pronounce them hopeless. Hallucinogenic drugs have powered and ratified a new youth culture that dictates disengagement from all forms of social and intellectual discipline, a settlement into creature existence, and a total, exclusive submission to the realm of self; and many of the people who once cheered the emergence of a serious, active, and disciplined youth—particularly after the disengaged and self-full 'fifties—now sympathize with the claims of that culture and, with a reckless disloyalty to the standards once imposed on their own intellectual formation, support its products.

Nothing serves better to illustrate the tone and feel of this shift than the career of Stokely Car-



michael. That the man who had once been a leader in a serious, determined, and day-by-day attack on the unequal status of the Southern Negro—~~of which those long years was the mark~~ lot of weakness but precisely of its determination to succeed once and for all—should now be spending his days making futile desperado announcements of a coming retaliatory terror against white society seems to sum up a great deal about the current decade. Future generations may one day blandly find in this career merely a symptom of the inevitable dynamics of the Negro Revolution caught at midpoint. For after winning what there was to be won, or very nearly so, in the way of Constitutional redress, the Negro's condition as a powerless minority was logically to require the transfer of his demands from integration to "black power." In the lofty and distant view which the future, looking back, so properly arrogates to itself, there will not necessarily be much attention paid to the violent language and behavior through which the Negro first set out to add his weight to the balance of American urban politics. Nor may the rioting in Northern urban ghettos be recorded as anything more than "incidents" in a certain process of political and social reorganization. Nor, certainly, may the use of the Vietnam war as the justification for the declaration of absolute, worldwide racial enmity—as Carmichael and his colleagues and sympathizers now use it—appear as anything other than the taking advantage of a certain historical coincidence to sharpen the pride and group consciousness of American Negroes. For many of his contemporaries, however, most particularly for those who share with him a coming of age in the 'sixties, Stokely Carmichael embodies something very large and real in their own current sense of life. He has become the very personification of their sudden total and implacable hatred for American society.

As a public spokesman, of course, Carmichael has to some extent been the victim of his listeners; and in this, too, he is peculiarly representative of the time. For they have not resisted him, have not even demanded that he make sense. They ask only that he speak to their mood, like people in search of entertainment. If and when he fails to thrill them, he will simply be abandoned, like so many before him, to the escalations of his own spirit. The role of "box office," like that of boredom, is one that modern social critics would do well to ponder.

But if the fate of civil-rights militancy illustrates the change in temper most dramatically, that is only because it is the most definable and

containable of the present welter of public issues. The course from hope to despair has been run at exactly the same pace, and by exactly the same plotting of curve, in the realms of foreign policy, domestic politics, and the arts. The new position of "despair"\* proceeds from one axiom: the American system has come to evil, it must in one way or another be undermined at its foundations.

The corollaries of this axiom are several, and stand in a complicated relation to one another. The first corollary is that any and all of America's difficulties abroad are of her own making and are thus amenable to her own unilateral unmaking. Supplying documentation for this view is a whole new enterprise in historiography—undertaken by such historians as William Appleman Williams, Staughton Lynd, Gar Alperovitz—which seeks to revise our theories about the onset of the Cold War and the assignment of responsibility for it. The engine driving this enterprise and supplying its tone is the notion that by the end of World War II the United States had become the world's leading imperial power, in the face of whose possibly blind but inevitable will to aggrandizement the Soviet Union had to move to protect itself. Such a notion is, of course, not new only the application to a more recent history or the theory of "capitalist encirclement" advanced in defense of the Soviet Union in the 'thirties. Many of these historians' most ardent students had not even been born in the 'thirties, however, and by one of those quirks of the American educational system—which appears to teach its students to maintain a proper skepticism only toward the experience and earned wisdom of their elders—they seem not to recognize behind all this merely the reversion to an older formula of Good and Evil than the one their mentors would have then discredit. In practice, the application of this attitude means that while, for instance, in demonstrating one's opposition to the Vietnam war one does not necessarily wish to march under the flag of the Vietcong, neither does one wish to be intolerant of, or make open quarrel with, those who do. One might not necessarily wish to give aid and comfort to one's country's enemies, but it is after all only by virtue of her own lust for power and profit that she *has* enemies.

Another corollary is that any and all of America's domestic difficulties are the result of the il-

\* I use quotation marks not because the despair is not real but because it is a despair of adopted posture rather than individual feeling; unlike personal despair, which counsels resignation and silence, it has brought with it a veritable whirlwind of energy, action, sociability, and noisemaking.

ill of white society. In practice, then, while one might not necessarily wish for the *Schadenfreude* of the anarchic destruction of our cities, neither does one have the heart to make open quarrel with those who do. One need not necessarily favor the terrorization of one's innocent fellow citizens—white and black—but after all, no one of white skin, and no one of black skin willing to remain in peace in this society, is by one's own theoretical lights quite innocent.

Nor need one—in the realm of culture—take complete satisfaction from the evidence in one's own party of a growing illiteracy and a comacent disregard for all the hard work, hard thought, and hard spiritual discipline contained within the Western cultural tradition. But neither could one wish to oppose the spiritual freedom claimed by those who do make a principle of such disregard; to do so would not only be "square" but in some sense to affirm and perpetuate a curse on all mankind. For after all, that tradition has been placed in the keeping of heavy-handed and assillanymous academic bureaucrats and has been made to serve the purposes of an evil status quo.

#### IV

What has happened to create so nearly seismic reversal of spirit? Much of the answer can be covered in three words: the Vietnam war. To put the matter very flatly, the government of the United States has become involved in a military venture which to the vast majority of the educated, enlightened, liberal community of Americans seems at the very least senseless and at the worst evil. Implied by these three words, however, is a problem far greater and more thoroughgoing than a merely bitterly unpopular government policy. Any military venture of the United States, to be sure, would in these days be fearfully opposed by that community; the existence of a vast nuclear weaponry throughout the world as, as Hans J. Morgenthau many years ago predicted it would, virtually ruled out the waging of war as a means for settling foreign disputes or securing new arrangements of international power.

The Vietnam war bespeaks a much greater failure than the failure to—or even a foolhardy unconcern to—keep the peace. Coming as it did hard on the heels of a new belief that our foreign policy could at last replace the mechanical reflex ideology of the Cold War with a flexible system of response to individual local problems, Johnson's escalation in Vietnam exposed the fact that the government establishment of this country placed no credit

whatsoever in that belief. Our "commitment" to the Republic of Vietnam could still be thought of as one of a complicated leftover tangle of holding actions and alliances; our direct and relatively large-scale intervention in a civil war—even in countering an intervention made on behalf of the other side—spelled out America's continuing determination to let no further inch of ground fall to the Communists. The same determination was evinced in our intervention in the Dominican Republic, but left by itself the Dominican adventure might still have seemed only an ugly blunder.

There was, then, to be no new American foreign policy, only a new enemy—and an increasingly desperate application of all the old justifications for dealing with him. What had appeared to be a genuine new adjustment of attitude could now be seen to have depended entirely on the fact that for three years our foreign dealings had been in the hands of a man with a penchant for traditional civilized diplomacy and a talent for operating without a full-blown policy. The "new look" under Kennedy had been Kennedy's alone, personal to him and, as it turned out, to only a few of his advisers; it had not been established in government beyond his person. Now, under Johnson, America was once more to return to being (or if you will, remain), in the accent of the late John Foster Dulles, "anti-Communist." In a sense, it was to be more purely anti-Communist than in the 'fifties, since the demise of a centrally controlled worldwide Communist conspiracy now made it less easy for government spokesmen to maintain their former confusion between the containment of a single hostile power, Russia, and the defeat of a hateful political order, Communism. Not that the attempt has not been made to identify this new holding back of the tide of Asian Communism with the containment of an aggressively expanding China. But in a world which has learned to discount the myth of the Communist monolith—and which is anyway apt, in the face of all the evidence, to remain somewhat skeptical of the picture of China ready and able to swallow all of Southeast Asia country by country—the analogy will not wash.

Thus though Johnson has personally borne the brunt of the blame for the mess in Vietnam, some opponents of the war, with considerable justice, find Johnson himself to be only the perfect representative of a larger, and as they would have it, reactionary ruling class. Enough talk of "aggressive Communism"—particularly in a period of hot, and unpopular, warfare—must sooner or later, it seems, breed its own corresponding talk of "aggressive capitalism." In any case, while a contin-



uing sterility in foreign policy, as under Eisenhower, creates a feeling of acute frustration, the dashing of a promise for better things such as Johnson was responsible for creates a far deeper response of demoralization.

Beyond the war itself and what it means for the state of American foreign policy, this mood of demoralization has been even further deepened by the almost diabolical lack of public candor with which the citizenry has been treated on this subject. We have very nearly attained to that Orwellian nightmare in which "peace" means "war," "victory" means "defeat," and "consensus" means "individual will." If Johnson has at least an arguable case—and even some of his opponents might still be willing to believe he does—he behaves as if he does not. Senators who dissent from his policy, we are told, no longer have access to his person. Persuasion of the opposition consists almost exclusively of references to public-opinion polls which show them to be in a minority, or pronouncements, such as that given in a newspaper interview by John Roche, a member of the White House staff, to the effect that the President's opponents are isolated and unimportant people. Reports on the progress of the war consist almost exclusively of daily tallies of the enemy dead. And behind all of this there is an atmosphere emanating from Washington of ever-increasing petulance and bad temper—frequently, in this psychologically oriented age, taken to be the mark of an uneasy conscience.

Americans have of course—and with little benefit to the commonweal—had long training in taking for granted the disparity between government statement and government intention. Had not the Eisenhower Administration assured us that it would not rest content with the mere containment of Soviet power but would seek to do everything within its means to assist in bringing to Eastern Europe full democratic liberation? The majority of Americans were obviously quite content not to have to believe it. Did not both Nixon and Kennedy make stirring martial gestures in the direction of Cuba during their respective Presidential campaigns? Again, people instinctively understood the game and did not take them at face value. Any keeping of separate public and private accounts by the government is bound to leave its citizenry with some measure of anxiety followed by, or intermixed with, a certain creeping cynicism. Yet it makes a considerable difference whether official dishonesty is one which speaks belligerently for the sake of remaining pacific—as was the case under Eisenhower—or whether it is—as with Johnson—one which speaks the love of

peace for the purpose of intensifying war. Dullesian hypocrisy about the aims of American policy in Eastern Europe buried us beneath a load of distorting language that often made it next to impossible to discuss, or think about, the problem at hand. Johnsonian hypocrisy about the aims of American policy in Vietnam, tied as it is to the destruction of a country and the killing of its civilian population on the most questionable of military and political grounds, has served to call into question—particularly among the young—the very legitimacy of government authority.

## V

"It is enough," Franz Kafka once wrote in his diary, "that the arrow fits the wound it makes. In a very large measure the opposition to the war has come to reflect, and be reflected by, Johnson's conduct of it. In this sense, perhaps, the disaffection that goes so far as to wish a defeat upon one's own country is well deserved by the arrogance that dares pursue its own privately defined terms of victory. In any case, the radical, despairing nihilism that has ballooned among us in the past few years shares a number of spiritual and intellectual characteristics with the present atmosphere in the White House. Notable among these are an unthinking dependence on political formulas expressed in moral terms, a refusal to make certain necessary distinctions, a lack of candor, a shutting off of genuine debate, and an almost personal demand for loyalty, for the closing of ranks.

It would be silly, of course, to lay the entire current disaffection among the community of the enlightened at the door of Lyndon Johnson—or even of the war itself. Some of what accounts for that community's disgust with the state and nature of American society has to do with frustrations that were inevitable, particularly given the high, innocent expectation with which it greeted the early 'sixties. The single most important of these expectations, in fact, was not thwarted but on the contrary raised to fever pitch precisely by Lyndon Johnson: the expectation that there would be full-scale, orderly redress to the American Negro for his unthinkable treatment at the hands of his fellow Americans. Only the most insanely doctrinaire of his opponents would even at this heated point underrate Johnson's role as the foremost civil-rights President in history. The frustration arose from the fact that the Negro wanted and needed two contradictory things (contradictory, at least, within the particular legal and social tradition of the United States): individual rights and dignity on the one

and and group power on the other; and he could no longer wait patiently for the attainment of either. White society was prepared to give him, as an individual, the former. But the latter, because it would cost people something in the way of the diminution of their own power, was not to be given. Power was something that would have to be wrested. The problem very quickly became a grave one for the Negroes—and in a sense even graver for their white sympathizers—because the moral justice and urgency of their case blinded most of their leaders to the fact that they were pursuing two separate and contradictory ends which would require two separate and distinguishable programs of action. Thus long before he was ready for it—which is to say, long before he had forged for himself the necessary community structure to serve him as a base—the Negro had to confront the resistance of the already structured communities into whose network of power he would have to make some incursion. The experience of the resistance, and of his unpreparedness for it, understandably left him in a rage. His white sympathizers, who had dealt only, and guiltily, in terms of morality and so had refused themselves the right to make any cool judgment

of his political behavior, were then split into groups willing to share his rage or frightened by it. Having failed on both sides to understand the mechanism of power in which they had involved themselves, angry Negroes and angry white liberals and radicals fell back for an explanation of the new difficulty on a theory of American society as hopelessly and irremediably racist. This theory was perhaps as inevitable as the frustration that gave rise to it. Other things being equal, it would have surrendered some of its simplicity to the exigencies of a day-to-day struggle in which not all would be defeat and not all victory.

But other things did not remain equal—the country was engaged in a war which these same activists deemed to be an unjust one. And not only engaged in this war, but engaged in it beneath the clouds of an official temper which left very little open to the spirit of public consultation or influence. So the war, while it did not create the frustration of the civil-rights movement, helped to harden that frustration into the atmosphere of a beleaguered camp, and provided real fuel for the idea that “orderly political process” was a snare and a delusion for the complacent.





The same can be said for the sense of futility that now surrounds the war on poverty. The poor, too, were caught in a contradiction—very nearly the same one—and in this case without even the élan or drive which supports people who are making a fight for themselves. But the realization that even so little money as had been spent on the poor could not now be spared from the requirements of that other, realer, war once again hardened ordinary frustration into unheeding bitterness.

And so partly fairly, partly not, all the issues that had roused a spirit of opposition—mainly war and poverty and equality for Negroes, but not only these—were fused into one; and in that fusion much of the opposition—enough of it to leave an ineradicable imprint on the entire culture of this decade—was funneled into a single piously articulated attitude of anti-Americanism.

It is this attitude, and not adherence to any particular school or schools of radical political ideology, that earns one admittance to that precinct of the intellectual community called the New Left. It is this attitude, and not the chronological accident of one's birth date, that entitles one to claim membership in that exclusive and intimidating generation Under Thirty. It is this attitude, and not a commitment to the free adventure of the mind, that now accredits one as a truly free spirit beyond the taint of having sold one's soul for pleasure or profit.

Thus we have, within twenty short years, come full circle. The word "evil" hangs heavy in the language of intellectual discussion just as it came to do in the years after World War II. Then it was applied to the Soviet Union, now to the United States, but the refusal to countenance political complexity that it bespeaks remains the same. Now, as then, dissent from the prevailing currents of fashionable opinion is adjudged to constitute moral failure and places the dissenter beyond the pale of argument. It is astonishing—and more than astonishing—appalling—to realize that the developments of two decades, in a rapidly changing world, have not deterred many of America's most intelligent, most serious, most talented people from their appointed round.

## VI

With all due respect, then, to the trials and frustrations of the 'sixties, the response of the intellectual community to those trials and frustrations has been both disastrous in itself and a depressing omen for the future.

At precisely a time when the values for which this community believes itself to stand—the en-

largement of intellectual possibility and the devotion to standards of excellence—are being most threatened from the outside, it has responded only in kind, by threatening them further from the inside.

When a historian like Staughton Lynd proclaims Hanoi to be the model for the achievement of freedom by small nations, he is perverting both the use of his intellectual discipline and his marriage as a thinking man.

When the organizers of a movement to withhold federal income tax in protest against the war draw up a statement which identifies the United States with Nazi Germany, they are, while pretending to appeal to the moral sense, perverting that sense.

When Susan Sontag, wishing to express her horror at the fruits of modern technology, launches an attack upon the Faustian spirit of the whole of Western Civilization ending with the observation that "the white race . . . [is] the cancer of humanity," she undermines the very ground on which she herself is entitled to speak or write.

When Andrew Kopkind, a highly talented young journalist, finds in the fascist tactics wielded by a group of Negroes at a conference of radicals a necessary—finally even a hopeful—experience, he reveals a carelessness toward the virtues of freedom that a writer may indulge in only at his peril.

When Robert Brustein, dean of the Yale dramatic school, indiscriminately and in a tone of deeper self-gratulation lends his sponsorship to any and all works of art whose intention is subversive, he is in fact subverting nothing so much as the artistic integrity to which he professes devotion.

The examples could multiply. They abound in the liberal weeklies, in the highly influential *New York Review of Books*, in some of the quarterlies, and are to be heard from the platform of ever forum, symposium, teach-in, and round table of peace.

What is sorriest about this present climate is that it witnesses another betrayal for which yet another high price is sure to be exacted—in disillusionment and bitterness and violent reaction. An intellectual temper which has not the patience to sort out the illegitimate from the legitimate cannot long sustain itself. We learned this from the 'fifties; it will be this decade's lesson, too. The 'seventies will very likely bring a turning back—a turning back from the value of all social passion as well as from the futility of violence. And may we not expect that the disillusion of tomorrow will become the hard, cold, oppressive philosophy of day after tomorrow?

van Epstein

## PORTRAITS FROM MOSCOW U.

*A young (and pseudonymous) American student at Russia's largest university writes candidly—and with warmth—of his campus roommates and colleagues.*

From my window, through two panes of clumsy, lowy glass, a corner of this university, this city, is brooding country. The Kremlin in the distance, the jewel of possessed autocrats, shrouded in an icy fog. Around it, the central quarters of the city, leaden and sullen to match the natural setting. Frozen steam rising from the ice packs of the Moscow River, drifting, darkening, and settling in the expanse of a deserted Lenin Stadium. On this side of the river, everything is changed and remains the same. Flat fields, flimsy red flags, mile after mile of monotonous apartment houses; and a scattering of furtive figures hunched into slaying collars of ankle-length overcoats. This is a new section of the city, a showplace of construction and progress. But after a single year, a single terrible winter, the new buildings of brick and stone look as wooden and stricken as peasant log cabins beyond the Volga. Bricks peel from their façades to nets spread below and cement sidewalks tumble into the snow.

A splendid boulevard with four rows of bare trees separates the university from its sporting grounds beyond. Straight, broad, Olympian, it belongs to the Great Shining Future of this country, for which elaborate plans are made and remade. But it is empty for the present and already eroded; and therefore mournful and mocking. A crew of women wrapped in black shawls is sweeping it clean, swinging their brooms of twigs in the aged scything motion.

I am high in the Stalinesque-Byzantine tower of Moscow University, looking north in the light of the midmorning dawn. It is gray; a solid plane of heavy cloud presses on earth and shoulders with a relentlessness that groans "Russian winter." And cold: ornate icicles hang on the cornices of the ornate skyscraper, although this is the first

week of April. And hushed: I can hear the thump of tattered shoes striking a tattered soccer ball in the courtyard, eighteen stories below. A raw wind sneaks through my window although it is double, like all windows in Russia, and workers have stuffed cotton wadding between the warped wooden frames.

Inside, the electric lights are feeble. This great complex of buildings is a Socialist Achievement worn in a decade to the homey dilapidation of a Russian sitting room. I smell the mustiness of oriental runners in the corridors and see the inevitable rubber plants and peeling leather sofas in the common room. The once-precious floors are waxed every month with an acrid liquid that corrodes the wood. Today a mechanic is repairing the elevator; he has spent the morning chatting with a chambermaid. The elevator will be out of service again tomorrow, or the day after, but no one will bother to complain. Even on good days it's shut off before midnight to save electricity for the seven-year plan.

I am not going to the library today. I am going to stay here at the window of my dormitory room, watching the pick-up game of soccer and the girls in sweatsuits jogging through the snow, and resting. I am overpowered by the mood of this place, the heaviness, sadness, acceptance of fate.

Viktor

The room smells of faintly rancid lard. Viktor, my roommate, is frying a skillet of potatoes on a hot plate in his corner. The potatoes come from his family garden, one of the treasures of the beloved family plot. Viktor has enough money to eat in the cafeteria, for he's rich by the standards of



Soviet students. But he's also frugal: goes to the movies alone; presses the pants of his single, coarse black suit; cuts an old piece of the cheapest grade of sausage into the potatoes for his dinner. He is saving his money to invest in the family land, but more because the compulsion to save is in his bones. He has had a proper socialist upbringing, but love of his own, as hearty as in any French peasant, was fed him with his mother's milk.

Viktor is a short, pudgy Mongolian-looking man with an overdeveloped torso. He is the only Communist—meaning member of the Party—in our wing of our floor of the dormitory. Other students will join in time, but are now too young. Viktor is thirty: he was a tractor driver, then a soldier before becoming a student. During his first eight months in the Army, he did not have a single overnight pass, and later he was stationed for almost two years with a border garrison some fifty miles from Vladivostok—and never visited the city. "Our Army is tough," he explained gravely. "We don't pamper the men. That's why we win." What disappoints him most of all about America is the cowardice of Gary Powers' confession.

I have had fierce, friendly, meaningless, and enlightening political debates with other students in the dormitory: often, they start after supper and last all night. But Viktor and I never talk about anything political. His *Weltanschauung* is limited to what was printed in the morning's *Pravda* editorial. He knows less about Marxism-Leninism, not to speak of any other explanation of the world, than certain barbers in Greenwich Village. Besides, he is not interested in politics. He is interested in the family property. The plot is located in a little village not far from Moscow, and Viktor folds away his good shirt and puts on his dungarees to travel there every weekend. He and his father and his brother and his brother-in-law are adding a room to the dacha.

Viktor is obsessed by the ten-by-twelve construction and resents the intrusion of academic requirements on his time and thoughts. He discourses endlessly about the joys of a country house, the price of lumber, the means of bribing an electrician, and the intricacies of plumbing—for they are also adding an indoors water closet! He is also fascinated by my toilet kit: stainless-steel razor blades induced his first tentative question about the inherent superiority of Russia and the socialist system, and he has taken to playing for hours with an aerosol shaving bomb. (He weated for days in a struggle not to ask me for one.) Scotch tape, ball-point pens, and my emersion heater also enchant him, but he does not care

for the toilet paper I obtain at the American Embassy commissary. "Too crumbly," he complained, and returned to the standard University product: ripped-up eighths of yesterday's *Pravda*.

Viktor makes sure I am out when, about once every ten days, he brings a girl to the room for fornication. He is concerned lest I develop an inappropriate opinion of Communist morals and behavior. About the girls themselves, he does not appear to be ashamed. I have caught sight of a few of them when, after the event, he was sneaking them down the corridor toward the stairs. They are among the homeliest in the university, and never from our faculty. He never sees a girl more than once and never gives her supper. Afterward, he runs through a set of Red Army light calisthenics and takes a long shower.

My friends warn me Viktor makes weekly reports on my activities to the appropriate authorities, but somehow the knowledge fails to disturb me. He probably writes I am harmless. I'm told, because that is the easiest way to do his duty. Above all, he wants to avoid extra reports that might deprive him of his weekend.

This morning, having noticed I am not feeling my best, he gave me a serving of jam made from delicious tart cherries from the tree beside his garden.

## The Clique

I turn on the radio and listen for a moment, lying on my cot and looking at the pinup photograph of Gagarin above Viktor's desk. Actually, it's not a radio but a speaker for Radio Moscow; the university, like most hotels and many apartment houses, has been wired throughout so that the Whole Truth will ring in every room. Violins soar and the announcer's voice quivers with throaty emotion: the program is about the love of a retired machinist for his old lathe—and through the lathe, his factory; and through the factory, his Soviet Motherland.

"Comrades! We are all devoting our utmost efforts to greet the Fiftieth Anniversary of our beloved and glorious State as Lenin teaches us: with new success in all fronts of productivity and labor. In this way we show our heartfelt thanks to our great and dear Motherland, the first socialist state in the world. . . ."

It is so bad that Viktor, a devotee of propaganda soap operas, asks me to turn it off. Now he's in his black undershorts, preparing for a wash. He told me this morning, just to be friendly, that he's been keeping his eye peeled for a wife, but it's hard to

and one because modern, educated girls don't know how to run a thrifty house.

The clique at the end of the corridor ignores Viktor, the "hopeless square." He is slightly disconcerted by this, for his age and Party membership should make him a natural leader. But he has learned to ignore them too. He cannot understand their idiom—a supercharged student hotchpotch of jazz, prison, and underground jargon. As for me, sometimes fail to catch even the gist of their apparently riotous conversation, although my Russian (standard Russian) has become quite fluent. They are delighted when I understand nothing. However, I've learned a few terms: "hammer" means "great guy"; "old slippers" means "swinging chick"; "burning derby" means "bright boy."

The clique is composed of six or seven members who do not really look alike, but appear to because of the hayseed in their hair. They all wear high-schoolish flannel shirts and coarse, dirty tweed jackets; the sleeves end well above the wrists of their gangling arms. They are all about twenty-one and the pride of Soviet educational policy: the sons of semiliterate peasants who won the gold medals in their village schools.

Next year, after graduation, they will be assigned to teach in villages, their own or others, and because residence in major cities is restricted, will not be permitted to live in Moscow except on visits or for graduate study. But they are flying high in the big city while their great student spree lasts; these are the best years of their lives. They are quick and clever and, in spite of their provincial background, have become the dormitory wise guys and big wheels. One cannot escape their slaps on the back; they have the makings of perfect fraternity men.

Last night, they had their monthly fling in one of the double rooms. The tiny table was laden with sausage, tinned fish, and sweating cheese; the room was as stifling as a peasant hut in winter; the vodka was consumed by the glassful, eight ounces at a shot. As the ritual toasts were made, glass after brimful glass, the boys' features seemed to grow thick along with their voices. By ten o'clock, having joked, fought, shouted, sung, cursed Mother Russia, and sworn to die for Her, they were staggeringly, insensibly drunk. By midnight, having been sick in the water closet, they were stacked across the cots like cordwood, passed out in each other's arms. The Chinese student who lives next door (only one remains, and he is to leave home next month) was disgusted. "Uncivilized Russian peasants. They'll never learn."

Once a month, religiously, on a birthday, holiday, or the day stipends are paid, this pagan

celebration is observed. The boys drink, emote, bare their souls, pass out—the agenda never varies. The party costs about half each student's monthly stipend; during the last two weeks of the month, they are reduced to a grim diet of potatoes and glasses of "white nights"—tea made of boiling water alone. But this doesn't interfere with the plans for the next month's party. The boys are contemptuous of suggestions by Western students that they budget their stipends evenly. "What are we, clerks in some goddamn office? You save your own money. A Russian knows how to live."

The clique is often joined by a slight young man with thick glasses whose background is as unlike theirs as Isaac Babel's and his beloved Cossacks. Leonid is a Muscovite and cosmopolitan, the youngest son of a family of well-to-do intellectual Jews. His father is a professor and member of the Academy of Medicine, his mother a distinguished classicist, his older sister, a promising concert cellist. Leonid himself, almost against his will, stands near the academic head of his class.

When the drinking at the parties has begun in earnest, a fierce Great Russian chauvinism builds up among the boys, and with it, inseparable from it, a profound and vicious hatred of *Zhidi*, the dirty Jews. "The Jews are Russia's scum, they stink up our country with their sniveling little greed." "I tell you how to make Russia great. Take the plum jobs from the bloodsucking Jews." When Leonid offers an opinion on one subject or another, he is told to shut up: everyone knows a Jew's opinion is worthless because he understands nothing but money, certainly nothing about Russia or Russians.

"Why do you put up with it?" I asked Leonid one morning after a particularly exuberant party.

"Because I want to be a writer. I want to write about the Russian people, and those are real Russians, not the sophisticated types my family knows. Besides, I like the boys. And underneath, they like me. They're my best friends."

And he is right: the clique has strong respect and affection for Leonid. They are unhappy when he spends the night at home. Once they actually postponed a party because he had had an attack of influenza and the doctor confined him to bed.

## Women Students

The rooms of this dormitory are spartan and overcrowded, for the enrollment of the university, like that of universities everywhere, strains its physical plant. Next door live three girls in a room



designed for two: Raya, Ira, and Masha. Masha usually sleeps until noon (despite the strict requirement, accompanied by elaborate machinery for strict enforcement, that attendance is obligatory at all lectures). When she wakes up, Masha knocks at my door, yawning, her face puffed by too much sleep; and when Viktor's at class, comes in for breakfast: Nescafé and an American cigarette. A strong, sourish smell surrounds her, proclaiming who she is—a miner's daughter—and the spicy food she likes to eat; but it is an intriguing smell to someone raised with Colgate and Mum. Her breasts, tipped by broad purple nipples, swing heavily under her gauzy nightdress. Masha is a geology student and my oldest female Russian friend. When she was a young girl, she says, she adored making love; but now she can take it or leave it—nothing personal intended. Next month she will be twenty.

It's cozy to have women students in the dormitory. Quarters are assigned helter-skelter in the Russian way, so that men and women are often in adjoining rooms. For four years, starting in 1960, all women were housed apart, in a separate wing of the main building. Now that the sexes are together again as they should be, there is speculation about what caused the segregation and why it was abandoned. Three theories are popular. It is said that foreign students, when they began arriving in numbers at the university in the late 1950s, did not take the mixed arrangements in stride—in Russian style—and their tittering and antics in the dormitories convinced the authorities that the university's reputation was suffering. Alternately, it is reported that so many abortions were being performed through the university clinic that remedial action was required. It was found, however, that the number of abortions did not appreciably decrease under segregation, perhaps because hundreds of male students managed to sleep in the (heavily patrolled) women's dormitories every night. The disturbance caused thereby was acknowledged to exceed that of the old system.

But a new rumor is now most popular. It concerns the First Secretary of the university's Communist Party organization—a Georgian, and therefore (in contrast to most Russian men) obsessed about female virtue in his family. He developed acute anxiety when his daughter was about to enter the university, for the traditional dormitory arrangements were obviously highly unsafe. After a lofty oration about Communist morals, he issued the segregation ukase. In vain, the university's Young Communist League protested on human grounds, as did the deans of several faculties, on bureaucratic. Unhappy years passed; then a happy

accident occurred. The Georgian was uncovered as a Stalinist, dismissed, and ordered to an obscure Siberian post. The old system was quietly restored. *Sic in Muscovy res geruntur.*

Last night, I heard again the favorite old *anekdot* which is told to every newcomer and at every party. A young law student, unshaven and uncombed, is sitting in a vast university amphitheater, listening to a lecture on Dialectical Materialism. His attention wanders. (As does that of his fellow students, who are doodling, chattering, reading novels.) He spies a pretty girl he had not noticed before sitting three rows below him and a dozen seats to the right. He scribbles her a note and has it passed on, hand-to-hand: "I like your looks. Come to my room tonight at seven o'clock, we'll fuck." The girl reads the note, hesitates for an instant, pens her answer in the margin, and returns it by the same route. "Received your note, understood your hint. Will be there at seven."

The students in the dormitory laugh hugely whenever the story is told. Because, they say, it is marvelously depictive, funny because it's so true. They are surprised to hear that sex at Harvard is not nearly so plenteous or informal.

Natasha is the prettiest girl on our floor, possibly in the entire dormitory. But perhaps it's merely her braids that make her appear so. She is the only girl who still wears them—the traditional peasant braids that fall to the small of her back. Sometimes she winds them onto her head, and the line of her neck is plumpish, white, and very beautiful. She has a round face, clear blue eyes, and perfect Slavic features. When she sits in the common room, head tilted, humming to herself, I think I am looking at the model for a Russian Renoir.

She is majoring in Soviet history and teeters on the border of academic trouble. Her mind wanders she says—superfluously, for that is clear enough from the characteristic expression of her face. She drifts through the week, daydreaming about her future. The thought of becoming a schoolteacher, her given destination, appalls her. She hasn't the slightest interest in history, Soviet least of all.

"What do you want to be, Natasha?" (runs the game played daily on our floor).

"I want to be an actress."

"In films or the theater?"

"The theater. [Sigh.] I feel my place is on the legitimate stage."

Natasha goes quickly and willingly to the cot of anyone who says she has the makings of a fin

etress, but bursts into little-girl sobs when she perceives she's been duped. (Aside from a high-school play, she has never acted.) The sobs used to be heard often in one room and another, but several of the older boys have recently assumed the role of her protector. And have stopped sleeping with her—because, they say, taking advantage of a child spoils the fun.

Last week a girl hanged herself in a room on the adjoining corridor. She looped a belt through the handle of a cupboard over the doorway and it held just long enough to strangle her. There are a dozen suicides a year in the dormitories. Most of the victims jump from upper-story windows after prolonged fits of winter melancholy. The incidents are never reported. The university administration painstakingly hushes them up. There is a constant buzz of rumor, therefore, about the circumstances of each episode. Was the boy who did it in December the son of a certain Minister?

Last week's victim had been discovered stealing from a roommate. Just before noon, the roommate left her to meet the investigating commission in the main foyer. When they returned to the room ten minutes later, the girl's body was on the floor. She left a note: "I cannot face my guilt and I cannot face the shame of a Comrades' Court. Something went wrong with me."

Sasha came in to tell me the news. The dead girl was his lover. He sat on the floor fingering her sweater, and wept. "Galya stole because she was hungry for affection. It's the most basic psychological reaction. She needed more than I gave her—and the day after tomorrow, I'll be as selfish as ever, as we all are. Why do we pretend human nature isn't ugly? Fuck the *lies* of this earth."

## Sasha

Sasha and I had not been close before that afternoon, but we knew it was coming. We didn't want to rush our friendship because we were sure of it. We smiled when we passed each other in the corridor, pleased that we were biding our time.

Sasha is an all-American boy, raised, as he likes to put it, on the vodka and tears of Mother Russia. He is a dreamer, a libertine, a laborer, and the closest likeness to a heroic spirit I've encountered here or elsewhere. And he looks exactly like what he is: he's tall and lean, with a cowboy's slouch and gait and a mane of stiff black hair falling on an Indian-Asian face. Except for his eyes, which are black and often anguished, he reminds me of a boyish Jack Palance.

He was born in the semiarid steppe north of the Caucasus; his people are hybrid Russians and Kalmyks—seminomadic Buddhists who speak Mongolic and raise sheep. Wanderlust is the first feeling he remembers. After half a dozen adolescent attempts to run away from his village and a dozen teen-age jobs, he became a sailor. Then a leading seaman, then an officer. He had found his love, and his work earned him exceptional commendation. He entered the university two years ago because his ambition is to captain his own vessel, and a Soviet master's license requires a university degree. In any field whatsoever—Sasha, for lack of another academic interest, chose Russian literature. And now the sea has a jealous competitor; Sasha has fallen in love with words. He's discovered that poetry puts him in communion with the Large World the way dawn perceived from the bridge does, and he has begun to write down his own lines in a notebook.

Mayakovsky is his hero. Sasha has learned his long poems by heart, and he loves to recite "The Cloud in Trousers":

Your thought,  
musing on a sodden brain  
like a bloated lackey on a greasy couch,  
I'll taunt with a bloody morsel of heart;  
and satiate my insolent, caustic contempt.

I'm not sure what it is I admire in Sasha. We haven't talked much, never about anything important. Last Sunday we went for a "walk" in the outskirts of Moscow, a six-hour hike through eroded villages and desolate forests, and hardly exchanged a sentence. He never talks about his girls, who are legion, or the fact that he wins swimming meets without training. He broods, drinks, enjoys the privilege he's won of being left alone by Komsomol *aktivists* recruiting for one project and another.

It was from other students I learned that Sasha's father was one of the first Kalmyk Communists, a Robin Hood loved by the shepherds as much as they hated Communists from Moscow. And he was one of the first murdered in the purges. He was taken away one morning after Sasha had been sick in his arms most of the night; Sasha never saw him again. Other students told me too that recently Sasha spoke up at a Komsomol meeting for the first time. The discussion concerned a maverick student, a troublemaker, whom the Komsomol presidium had recommended for expulsion. The *aktivists* were startled when Sasha found himself making an extemporaneous speech in his defense. Then they were incensed: it was unprecedented, outrageous, to challenge the leadership at an open meeting. When the vote was taken and



the recommendation defeated, the *aktivists* gave in to their rage. Sasha laughed and left. On the next day he pinned a sprig of lilac to his black turtle-neck sweater and gave his wrist-watch to a pudgy peasant girl he picked up in Gorky Park.

### Marusa

**M**arusa has just opened the buffet for her lunch-break trading hours. It's a dusky cubicle with a refrigerator and a few oilclothed shelves; the line forms at the door, of which the top half opens to form a makeshift counter. Marusa sells bread, sausage, cheese, kefir, and occasionally a few runted, blemished apples—which treasures cost, at state prices, the equivalent of \$1.55 a pound. The bread is sour and delicious and full of life; the other products make you think about Russian sacrifices during the war.

Marusa is a firebrand—I picture her tongue-lashing top-hatted, whiskered bankers during the Revolution. She's petite, shrill, and heavily made-up, good-looking in a tarty way despite her soiled smock and signs of wear. (She's been married three times, most recently to a jockey.) She alternately jokes and flirts with her male customers, and screams at them in her working-class patois. Like most Russians, she's a zealous socialist—she hates the thought of capitalism almost as much as the reality of work.

"Don't bother standing on line, you vultures. There's no more sour cream. None. I'm not serving another person."

But newcomers keep joining the line. They know that if they beg, plead, cajole, Marusa will find another jar of sour cream. Why is it that the simplest business, the most routine transactions, cannot be accomplished in this country without a minor crisis? Buying a can of herring here is an adventure. It's never a dry exchange of money for an inanimate article but a human barter in which a chunk of emotion must be invested on both sides.

### Semyon

**B**esides Sasha, my friends are nice middle-class boys. Vanya, who is a classic bookish type, actually studies in the evening, an unusual pastime when exams are not imminent. He dreads the thought of being sent out of Moscow after graduation and is determined to make the top 5 per cent exempted from the three years' service in the provinces which must precede graduate school. He's on the economics faculty and wants to become the Soviet

Alfred Sloan. For relaxation he plays Monopoly on a set left behind by a former American exchange student.

Pavel is Georgian (despite his name) and lives in Tbilisi, where his father is a high official in the Republic's Communist Party. Once a month, he receives a package from home containing smoked meat, jars of pickled delicacies—and three bottles of highly illicit home-brewed vodka, against which all Soviet organs wage a fierce, permanent campaign. Pavel's greatest problem is whether he should follow in his father's footsteps—and use his father's influence—toward a career in the Party apparatus, or struggle alone as a writer, which is what he wants to be.

And there is Semyon—who is not a friend, but my antagonist and tutor. He has no friends. Sometimes it appears he has no physical substance, that his body has been corroded by nervous tension. I have never seen him eat or sleep or drink; he feeds on cigarettes, books, and Dostoevskian anguish.

He came into my room without knocking one night when Viktor was at the dacha. It was 2:00 A.M.; I was in bed. He turned on the light and walked toward the bookcase. I had never seen him before, or anyone so loathsome. His face was a skin-covered skull, his scalp a suppurating sore which deposited organic matter on his skeletal shoulders. A nervous twitch clutched at a corner of his lips, revealing stubs of black teeth. His cigarette trembled violently in his hand, scattering a trail of ashes.

Without a word, without looking at me, he examined my books. He took down the Trotsky and Deutscher (banned books: these are among the most heretical, therefore the most dangerous) and tucked them under his jacket. In fact, it was no longer a jacket, but a decomposing rag with a disgusting smell. Finally, he acknowledged me.

"I n-n-need a book c-c-called, *The Agrarian F-f-foes of B-bolshervism* by R-radkey, and K-k-kerensky's *R-russian History*. T-these are p-published last year. I expect you've h-h-heard of them. I'll be b-b-back for them n-next w-week at this time, when I'll return you th-th-these."

"Who are you? What do you mean by barging in here like this?" But he was gone.

It was months before I found out anything at all about him, and even now, I don't know who he really is. He made his appearance once a week always in the middle of the night, always searching for books about Soviet history and politics that were not only banned, but whose possession is considered evidence of anti-Soviet activity. He never asked me for these books, but demanded them as his right.

"It's your d-d-duty as a citizen of the f-free  
rld to s-supply the intellectual m-m-material I  
quire."

There is something profoundly sinister about  
myon. He is brilliant—more knowledgeable and  
did about world affairs than any professor I've  
own; and full of hate. And many things which  
e inexplicable. He's confirmed to me the rumor  
at three years ago he was expelled from Lenin-  
ad University for circulating politically danger-  
s material within a kind of free-thinking, "new-  
manist-revolutionary" student cell.

"But how did you get accepted here? You can't  
expelled from one university and go to another."

"Th-these th-things happen. Not everything in  
-this country is as efficiently t-t-totalitarian as  
u-your p-political sc-scientists—imagine."

His knowledge of Western political scientists is  
ormous. From tourists and exchange students,  
e underground archive and a network of fellow  
ealers in rare books" he has obtained and ab-  
eached an immense body of literature in English,  
ench, German, and Italian on the Soviet system.  
His reading knowledge of these languages, all  
f-taught, is impeccable, but in none of them can  
pronounce a single intelligible sentence.)

Semyon thinks most of this literature is puerile  
ess so than Soviet books about politics, which  
e entirely worthless, but puerile nevertheless.  
uman motivation, he says, is too complex to be  
alyzed successfully, and certainly by Princeton  
litical scientists who simply cannot *feel* Russia  
Marxism. In support of this, he takes an event  
e the collectivization of agriculture and talks  
out it brilliantly for three or four hours, draw-  
g in Russian geography, climate, history, psy-  
ology, national character, culture, as well as  
urxist, non-Marxist, and anti-Marxist theories.  
Still, he cannot stop himself from reading the  
bidden books; they are his narcotic. He knows  
ey will put him in trouble again; it is said the  
rmanent KGB informer on our floor (a hand-  
ne, happy-go-lucky ladies' man) was assigned  
watch Semyon more closely even than the West-  
n students. "S-sooner or later, th-they'll have to  
o-put me in a l-labor camp. It's c-convenient, you  
ow, to have a S-S-State which c-caters to your  
n l-l-little death wish."

Last January, Semyon developed an interest in  
eud and decided he would try to obtain one of his  
oks in a legal manner. There had been a rumor,  
other cluster of rumors, that censorship in  
ected scholarly fields had been quietly relaxed  
om the beginning of the year. Semyon went to  
e Lenin Library, filled out a slip for *A General  
roduction to Psychoanalysis*, and submitted it

## CITY LOVERS

by J. Edgar Simmons

lodged in stone cornices  
they love in a slice of winter sun  
motes dancing  
round their bedposts—

on an eiderdown  
quiet as savannahs  
their love goes jungle green  
sluice-rooted and fiery-webbed  
their alligator jaws  
sounding a snap  
their shadows bending  
into shapes of plums—

tomorrow they will walk the city streets  
carrying their rum dum cold roses and watches  
down into Monday subways.  
six days they are in winter.

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(for this is the way these things are approached)  
together with fourteen works by Soviet authors  
on Marxist-Leninist-Pavlovian psychology, most  
of them indignant attacks on Freudianism. The  
librarian produced the fourteen approved books—  
and made no mention of the Freud.

"Where's th-th-this one?" asked Semyon, dead-  
pan. With the look that says 'danger—the State—  
forbidden area,' the librarian answered she was  
not authorized to issue such books. But Semyon  
persisted and she, in time, directed him to an un-  
marked office behind the reading-room counter.

The office was sparsely furnished. A portrait of  
Lenin hung over the desk; beneath it sat a beefy,  
middle-aged man in a shoulder-padded, Stalin-era  
serge suit. He studied Semyon's request, then his  
frightening face.

"Why do you want to read Freud?"

"I d-don't *want* to r-read him. It's n-necessary  
—for my work."

"I do not think it is necessary. There are dozens  
of patriotic Soviet textbooks that explain every-  
thing you need to know about Freud. Do you  
understand his theories are dangerous?"

"I th-th-think I do."

The official frowned. "Listen, young man," he  
continued, "I'll give you this book if you insist. I  
won't stop you from reading it. But take my ad-  
vice: don't. Why do you want such things in your



record? It's not necessary for your development. If I were you, I'd take your other books and go."

Which, needless to say, is what Semyon did. The episode, he explained later, confirmed the rumor about the easing of restrictions: last year they would have told him the book was missing, and made an entry in his dossier.

Later, Semyon was confronted with a less irritating form of censorship. He wrote his honors thesis on aspects of the Yalta Conference in 1945. It was a hack job, culled from standard Soviet sources; Semyon, of course, made no references to scores of Western books about the Conference he knew, but had no business knowing. His tutor approved the thesis, but ordered a minor correction: substitution of "the Soviet representative" for "J. V. Stalin" wherever the latter appeared in the text. "Between you and me, it's safer that way," the tutor explained. "Why stick your neck out? Nobody knows what the line on Stalin's going to be."

The line shifts, history is rewritten, yesterday's infallible leaders are today's villains, and the superseded propaganda finds its uses. Some students shove copies of the 1962 *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*—the Khrushchev edition—between the pipe and wall in their water closets. As needed, the pages are ripped from the binding for toilet paper.

## Russian Russia

**B**ut why am I talking about politics? That is the Westerner in me. The Russians I know well, on this floor and others, do not think about politics—not as we know politics. Here it is something impenetrable, like the solid, heavy cloud barely overhead. Something suffered and accepted, *given*; not puzzled over or pried into. It is like the weather (which is as bad as its reputation: it's gloomy-dark already, although not yet four o'clock).

And so, when Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel received their terrible sentences, there was no discussion of the politics of the trial. There was anguish, the kind of hurt Russian peasants felt when they watched prison convoys trudging to Siberia. (And pressed loaves of bread hungry families needed into prisoners' hands.) Some of the "literary" students, the lovers of Pasternak, Tsvetayeva, Akhmatova, cried; and actually, everyone felt wounded. But there was no outrage or sense of shock. Because these misfortunes are expected. And in a way the students were proud of, as well as appalled by, the Sinyavsky-Daniel affair: it was the kind of tragedy that makes

Russia Russian. Life is hard—but isn't challenge the psyche's daily bread? Don't we all get our greatest satisfaction surviving a difficult environment, overcoming difficult obstacles? It is Russia's strange good luck that her pressures—weather, war, shortages, tyranny—are external, and produce a unification of self against them, rather than the self-imposed anxieties, the neurosis of liberalism and affluence.

A homely girl at the end of the corridor will soon be leaving the country to join her mother, who fled to Germany in 1945. The girl has had a cruel life—exile in Siberia, stigma as a "traitor's" child—and begged for years for permission to emigrate. And now, as the time approaches, she is frightened.

"How will I live outside of Russia? My mother's rich, she has an apartment, lots of clothes—but what happens to your *soul* when everything's easy in life and you can just do and have what you like?"

It's time now to attend to my correspondence. I don't write home often because the outside world has become a myth—not so much removed as phantasmal. How has it managed to survive, this dark, eternal Russian isolation? Besides, my mail is opened. Crudely: little drops of brown glue decorate the envelopes. I confine myself, therefore, to small talk and descriptions of the weather and theater.

But what would I write were I free to describe everything? I am a New York Jew. My grandfather fled from Kiev after one of the worst pogroms. My father was a Marxist, a passionate believer, until Stalin destroyed his faith and made him a bigoted cynic. Both of them hate Russia for what it did to them and theirs: both begged me not to come. How can I explain to them that the worst of what they believe about this country is, here, is practiced, is suffered every day in every way—and that I love it nevertheless?

For I have begun to feel what all of the best Russian writers told us: that this backward, slovenly, unhappy land is a place where the human spirit is made to struggle; and in the struggle, becomes more human. It's not in spite of Russia's fated misery that warmth and honesty and feeling flourish here but because of it. "Great God!" wrote Leonov, "am I a patriot? Do I despise or love my country? I fear to say. It seems to me that I love her as a mother loves, and despise as one despises a drunken thing, a characterless fool."

And Rozanov: "Russian life is dirty, yet so dear."

That is why I yearn to escape this room, to leave Russia and never return. And why I know I'll always long to live this year again.

Walter W. Heller

## GETTING READY FOR PEACE

*One of America's most respected economists takes a hard look at what the Vietnam war has done to the country—and what might happen when it ends.*

Is war in Vietnam a welcome prop to the U. S. economy? Are we in for a disastrous economic slump when hostilities cease? Or will common sense—and the “new economics”—keep the military set-up from turning into an economic letdown?

Because the emotional content of war in Vietnam is so much higher than its economic content, it is not surprising that America today abounds with wrong answers to these questions. We hear many dark mutterings about the vested interest of the military-industrial complex in war, and forebodings about economic downdrafts when Vietnam ends. Feeding on these fears, the recent hoax, *Report from Iron Mountain on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace*, argues that war is an indispensable part of our whole social system.

But the right answers, I submit, are far less grim. War in Vietnam—or elsewhere—is not necessary to create jobs and keep factories humming in America. Nor is it such a drain on the economy that we have to give up our wars on poverty, slums, ignorance, and pollution here at home. If we put our growing economic knowledge to work in sensible postwar planning, an end to the Vietnam war will be, not just a political and moral, but also an economic blessing.

To gain a balanced understanding of Vietnam's economic impact, perhaps the first thing to bear in mind is that it's only a 3 per cent war—or, at most, 9 per cent, if we figure in all of our military outlays. Out of some \$850 billion of goods and services that the powerful U. S. economy will turn out this year, the war will absorb \$25 to \$30 billion. Total military spending will come to some \$77 billion.

We can see how relatively modest this war's drain on the economy is by comparing it with defense outlays in the past:

- In the peacetime years 1955 to 1960, our defense outlays absorbed just about 10 per cent of our Gross National Product.

- In the Korean conflict, the proportion reached 13.5 per cent.

- In World War II, war outlays reached an astronomical peak of 42 per cent of our total national output in 1944.

That 42 per cent represented \$87 billion of war expenditures in 1944. Today the same sum would represent only 10 per cent. Part of this change, to be sure, is the result of a rising price level. But by far the larger part of it comes from the great rise in our productive capacity, from the enormous expansion of the American economy in the past quarter-century.

As a matter of fact, it is a wry testimonial to the prodigious potential of our economy that last year many observers feared a recession even while we were fighting a war. Perhaps this is the same sort of sardonic satisfaction reflected in the reaction of an American tourist in Moscow who was told how many cars Russia produced annually: “That's nothing. More cars than that are *stolen* in the U. S. every year!”

But behind the humor lies an economic truth of great force: failure to move ahead strongly on the home front—against poverty, ignorance, crime, and squalor, especially in our urban ghettos, and against pollution of our water, air, and land—would be a failure, not of our economic capacity, but of our political and moral will.

### The Medicine We Didn't Take

Yes, it would require additional taxes—at least until war in Vietnam ends—to wage all-out war on these domestic ills. But surely in the age of affluence we can stand that. Even if President Johnson's 10 per cent surcharge is enacted, our federal income tax will still be about \$13 billion less than it would have been without the 1964 and 1962 tax reductions. And it's worth noting that total taxes



in the United States—high as they are, at 27 per cent of our Gross National Product—are far below those of France and Sweden, where taxes exceed 38 per cent of the nation's output, and West Germany at 34 per cent. They are also considerably below the 30 per cent of Italy and 29 per cent of Great Britain.

But to demonstrate that the economic costs of Vietnam are bearable is not to claim that they are painless for either the citizen or the economy. On the contrary, that "3 per cent war" has been both mischievous and disruptive. For the 3 per cent, or \$25 to \$30 billion, was an add-on to an economy already operating very near full employment. Under the stimulus of tax cuts in 1964 and 1965, demand for goods and services by consumers, business, and government was advancing by \$11 to \$12 billion per quarter—just about in line with the economy's capacity to deliver the goods, to expand without inflation. Unemployment was down to about 4.5 per cent of the labor force, prices were reasonably stable, and jobs, profits, and incomes were all rising nicely in mid-1965.

At the signing ceremony for the excise tax cuts in June of 1965, President Johnson was able to say, "Tax revision is a job never finished . . . We hope, in particular, to provide further tax relief to those in our nation who need it most—those taxpayers who now live in the shadow of poverty."

Then came escalation. Quarterly advances in overall demand jumped sharply. Total defense spending rose by nearly half in dollar terms, pushing the ratio of defense to GNP up from 7.3 per cent in mid-1965 to 9.4 per cent in mid-1967. Thus while the *level* of defense outlays in relation to the size of the U. S. economy remained modest by past standards, the *increase* was large and sudden. Small wonder that hopes for a Federal Reserve policy of easy money and a national fiscal policy of further tax cuts went glimmering. Instead, the government had to step on both the monetary and fiscal brakes.

By the end of 1966, the inflation had been considerably slowed down—but only by stepping too hard on the monetary brakes and not hard enough on the fiscal brakes:

- Money was tightened until it hurt—until interest rates rose to levels that had not been seen for 45 years, and near panic hit the money markets.

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- Taxes were tightened twice—once early in 1966 by speeding up corporate tax payments, bringing in graduated withholding for individuals, and suspending excise taxes; and again, late in 1966, by suspending special tax incentives for investment. But the across-the-board temporary tax increase that was needed never came.

The result was an unbalanced economy. High interest rates held home-building down to a level \$8 billion below normal by the end of 1966. At the same time, in the absence of an across-the-board tax boost, consumers kept buying goods and businesses kept piling up inventories faster than was good for the economy. The results were felt, early in 1967, when depressed home construction combined with a sharp decline in the inventory build-up and a rise in consumer saving to slow the economy down to a walk. For several months, to borrow a phrase from the recent annual report of a Japanese company, the U. S. economy "progressed in stagnancy."

But by last summer, the tonic of easier money and large deficits had reversed this trend. Indeed, by autumn, there was reason to fear that inflation would again accelerate. Consequently, the White House asked for a 10 per cent income tax surcharge.

Clearly, our economic policy in the first year of Vietnam escalation (mid-1965 to mid-1966) was not all it might have been. Had a surtax been enacted and investment tax incentives been suspended early in 1966, we could have eased inflationary pressures without such brutally tight money, and the economy need not have lost its balance. By and large, the "science" of economics prescribed the right medicine. But the art of political economy—out of which actual policy decisions grow—did not make the patient swallow it.

## Doing Not-Too-Badly

**H**aving said this, however, one must take care not to pass too harsh a judgment on our economic policy performance in the face of Vietnam pressures. In perspective, our overall economic experience during the period of escalation offers a good deal more than cold comfort:

- True, the United States—given its tremendous importance in the world economy, let alone its leadership responsibilities—can ill afford continued inflation at the 3 per cent rate we have experienced in the two and one-half years since escalation began. Yet that 3 per cent was a better price performance, *in terms of inflation rates of Western Europe*—not overheated by war—turned in during

1966. And as further consolation to the policy makers, it's worth keeping in mind that the rise of 3.8 per cent in food prices and 4.9 per cent in service prices—which are largely immune to fiscal and monetary policy—accounted for over one-half of this nation's price advance in 1966.

- True, stresses and strains appeared in the economy, but the outpouring of goods and services by American industry in response to rising Vietnam demands exceeded all expectations. Real output rose by just a shade less than 6 per cent in 1966, the biggest advance of any industrial country in the world, not only in absolute but in relative terms.

- True, government policy didn't do all it might have. But it did a lot nonetheless. Two tax bills in 1966, plus a tight rein on credit, did manage to put the halt on inflation without drastic measures like wage and price controls. Then, when recession threatened last winter, policy responded swiftly and strongly to prevent the high-level stall from turning into a tailspin. And President Johnson's 50 per cent surtax proposal was a responsible reaction to the renewed threat of inflation—even though Congress has thus far refused to act on it.

- True, in sum, economic policy has not fully measured up to the high standards we set for it nowadays. But all told, the U. S. economy has rolled remarkably well with the punch of Vietnam, confounding both those critics who feared ruinous inflation in 1966 and those who foresaw severe recession in 1967.

## Is War Necessary?

Some critics give the argument about war's impact on the economy an entirely different twist. Ignoring its economic disruptions and distortions, they see the Vietnam war as either an insidious plot to "line the pockets of the munitions makers" or as "the Johnson Administration's full-employment program" or as both. Ludicrous as these charges may sound, they still command enough of a following to require careful examination.

A favorite piece of anti-American propaganda broadly argues that our economy is fueled by the munitions industries, run by a sinister "military-industrial-scientific complex," and propped up by military commitments and emergencies which conveniently keep our production lines from grinding to a halt.

Similar theories appear all too often at home—witness again *Report from Iron Mountain*. Questions reflecting such notions greet me in every introductory economics class that I teach.

One cannot simply dismiss these doubts by denying that defense industries, like other industries, develop vested interests in the markets for their goods and services and in the profits and power associated with them. In his parting statement as President early in 1961, General Eisenhower rightly warned us to be vigilant lest a military-industrial complex exert undue influence on national policy.

Recent studies by the U. S. Labor Department provide some measure of the soil in which such a coalition might take root:

- Defense work employs about 14 per cent of the nation's draftsmen, 18 per cent of its engineers, 22 per cent of its electrical and electronic technicians, and over 25 per cent of our aeronautical engineers, aircraft mechanics, and physicists.

- War in Vietnam created about one million new jobs in the two years after escalation began, or nearly one-fourth of the total increase in U. S. employment during that period.

- More than four million civilians are now employed in defense work.

Are these numbers evidence of creeping militarism in our economic life? A partial answer is that defense work accounts for little more than 5 per cent of the nation's total civilian employment. Moreover, much of this is in industries such as transportation, communications, food, and clothing which do not really identify their interests with the military. But most of the numbers really are beside the point.

The question is not whether human nature operates in the defense industries as in other industries—of course it does—but whether the vested interests and pressure groups in these industries are a controlling factor in our Vietnam policy, serving to intensify and prolong the war. Evidence of such sinister linkage is entirely lacking. Even if it existed, it could make little headway against the ingrained American abhorrence of war. Moreover, it runs counter to the tradition and the fact of civilian control of our military establishment—control typified by a Secretary of Defense who took great pride in the shrinking of defense demands on the economy from roughly 10 per cent of GNP in the late 1950s to 7.3 per cent just before the step-up in Vietnam.

But the most persuasive answer—both to those who fear a conspiracy of munitions makers and to those who believe we "need" war to create full employment—is that we have learned how to use the peaceful tools of modern economics to generate full employment and a high rate of economic growth. Granted, wars do generate demand and thus enlarge total spending, income, jobs, profits,



and production. But today we can do all these things in other ways and do them far better. Using fiscal and monetary instruments that have been tested under fire—as in the great tax cut of 1964, which ended a long period of economic slack, and the expenditure speedups, tax changes, and monetary ease of early 1967, which ended the threat of recession—this country has maintained its longest expansion in history, and has demonstrated that it could have done so even without the stimulus of Vietnam.

Indeed, Vietnam has pushed into the wings many pressing needs, both public and private, that are waiting impatiently for a share of the \$25 to \$30 billion of financial resources that war's end may release. We now have the economic know-how to match these needs with resources, to redeploy with a minimum of economic turbulence the manpower and plant capacity that will be available with the coming of peace.

### How New Is "The New Economics"?

**T**he growth of our economic know-how and the success of the economic policies associated with seven years of unbroken expansion in the 'sixties have led to exuberant, even loose, talk of a "new economics." Perhaps the term is useful shorthand to characterize the new activism in economic policy. But it is not true that we have made new discoveries in economic science or new breakthroughs in economic theory. For the theory underlying today's policy is a blend of Keynes and the classic refined by American economists armed with mathematics and computers—that has been taught in the nation's classrooms for some twenty-five years. It has long since been accepted by 80 to 90 per cent of the nation's economists. But if there has been no revolution in economic concepts in the postwar period, the observer is entitled to ask, "So what's new?"

What's new is that for the first time two Presidents—Kennedy and Johnson—have pressed the tools of modern economics into full-time use in national policy. Starting in 1961 when Kennedy called for a return to "both the letter and the spirit of the Employment Act of 1946," the government has been using these tools to move toward certain specific targets. Among them are:

- 4 per cent unemployment (and it's high time to set our sights toward bringing that down a notch);
- annual real economic growth averaging at least 4 per cent;
- an annual increase in GNP corresponding to

our employment and growth objectives, as adjusted for price changes.

Such targets, once accepted by government officials and the public, develop a thrust of their own in forcing policy—and policy makers—to measure up, or else.

What is also new is the fact that our improved economic performance—together with the development of accurate gauges to measure that performance—have led the public to expect and demand more of economic policy. Our four postwar recessions—all in the period from 1949 to 1960—cut profits as much as 20 to 30 per cent and industrial production by more than 10 per cent. They also raised unemployment to 7 per cent of the labor force. Compared with the 25 per cent unemployment and vanishing profits of the Great Depression of the 'thirties, this was considered a good performance. Yet, last year the calamity howlers were in full voice over an economic pause that had cut profits by a mere 5 per cent and industrial production 2 per cent, and did not push unemployment above 4 per cent. Any doubt that we are improving our standards of economic performance should have been removed by that experience.

What's new, finally, is the new candor and growing competence in economic forecasting. Only since 1961 have the President and his economic advisers laid out their economic forecasts in public for all to see. This open-book strategy illuminates the public discussion of economic prospects and policies. At the same time, forecasts are being strengthened by steady advances in fact-gathering, forecasting techniques, and business practices. We continually spread our statistical net wider and bring in the catch faster. The forecaster now has the help of the computer and improved surveys of consumer and investment plans. And business has given economic forecasting a substantial boost by its own advances in strategic planning and analysis.

### How It Works

**A**ll of this is not to say either that the revolution occurred overnight or that we have reached the economic millennium. We lose our perspective if we forget that the modern theories developed in the 'thirties were already being put to partial use in the 'forties, first in curbing World War II inflation, and then in easing the massive demobilization after the war. Tax reductions, a freeing of credit for private uses, and a surge of public spending on neglected non-defense projects—our three most powerful stabilization tools—played a

major role in getting our postwar prosperity under way (though not without considerable inflation). When the Korean conflict started, our response was to reverse these policies: tax increases and credit restraint held private demands in check, while defense spending more than tripled. Granted, we had an initial burst of inflation before these measures became effective; we did resort temporarily to price and wage controls; and we did suffer a mild recession in the process of postwar adjustment. But economics did an adequate stabilizing job, and we were never in danger of either depression or hyper-inflation.

Yet it was only in the 1960s that Washington became less preoccupied with ironing out the ups and downs of the business cycle, and more concerned with achieving the full-employment potential of the economy. Policy makers finally faced up to the truth that had long been evident to economists: in a period of economic slack or impending recession, budget deficits—and tax cuts to induce them—are not instruments of the devil but sound practice under the new orthodoxy.

So, for the seven years since 1960, we have had no recessions—a sharp and pleasant contrast with the three recessions in the seven years before that date. The Biblical lean-and-fat years parallel may seem to suggest three recessions in the next seven years. But our recession-prone days are over. One cannot claim that the U. S. economy has been recession-proofed. But more and more, the conscious and effective use of economic policy is making it recession-repellent. We can safely predict that interruptions of the steady upward march of the economy will in the future be shorter and milder than those of the past.

Both the responsiveness of national economic policy and the resiliency of our economy were impressively demonstrated last year. The classical recession trigger—a sharp inventory correction—had been pulled. On top of its woes in the housing industry, the U. S. economy suffered a sickening drop of \$18 billion in the flow of retail, wholesale, and manufacturing funds into inventories. The smell of recession was in the air. But it never came. Quick easing of money, restoration of tax incentives for investment, and speedups of budget spending stopped the downturn. Final sales of goods and services to consumers, businesses, and governments rose by \$31 billion in the first half of 1967. So even though \$18 billion of those sales were offset by the drop-off in inventory building, our overall output—Gross National Product—rose by \$13 billion. By summer, the economy's indigestion was cured, the inventory correction was over, and housing was on the road back. Total

output rose by \$32 billion in the second half of 1967.

Meanwhile, in this setting of improved economic understanding and performance, planning for the post-Vietnam adjustment of the U. S. economy was confidently going forward.

Launched by President Johnson early in 1967, a government task force—the Post-Vietnam Policy Committee—chaired by Gardner Ackley, then Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has been hard at work on the plans for an orderly economic transition when war ends. The Committee is drawing up not only plans to minimize the pain of post-Vietnam dislocations, but also plans to maximize the opportunities created by the end of hostilities.

In his charge to the Committee last January, the President asked it.

“—to consider possibilities and priorities for tax reduction;

—to prepare, with the Federal Reserve Board, plans for quick adjustments of monetary and financial policy;

—to determine which high-priority programs can be quickly expanded;

—to determine priorities for the longer-range expansion of programs to meet the needs of the American people . . . ;

—to study and evaluate the future direction of federal financial support to our state and local governments;

—to examine ways in which the transition to peace can be smoothed for the workers, companies, and communities now engaged in supplying our defense needs and the men released from our armed forces.”

In response to these instructions, the task force has had groups working in nine subject areas: tax policies for peacetime; the nation's peacetime fiscal-monetary needs; spending priorities; federal-state-local relationships; plans for demobilization; regional and industrial problems; manpower problems; the balance-of-payments outlook; and the liquidity problems in individuals, business, and government after the return of peace.

From these assignments, it is apparent that part of the planning job is aimed at minimizing the drop-off of economic activity and speeding its redirection as demobilization progresses. This requires careful programing and early agreement on moves that the Executive Branch can take to speed up certain expenditures, replenish military stockpiles depleted by war, and work with the Federal Reserve System to ease money and lower interest rates. It also involves plans for quick introduc-



tion of tax-cut legislation in Congress—the temporary surtax would be the first to go, the deferred cuts in auto and telephone excise taxes would be next, and further cuts in taxes on small incomes would not be far behind.

An equally important part of the job is to determine and assign priorities. If all the contending private and public needs rush to the center of the stage at once, the result could easily be confusion, waste, and an economic setback while the battle of priorities is being fought. Instead, through careful advance study, and negotiation, our government will be better prepared than ever before to convert the problems of demobilization into the opportunities of peace.

To be an optimist on the post-Vietnam economy is not to say that there won't be a few bumps along the way. Economic forecasting is hardly perfect and the political action process hardly instantaneous. And the New Economics has yet to demonstrate that it can deliver reasonable price stability side by side with full employment and vigorous expansion. That will continue to be a challenge to both economics and politics, to the political economy of the future. But the problems of the post-Vietnam transition are the kind we know how to handle.

## What We Can Hope For

**T**he form such a transition will take leaves no doubt about the war being an undesired burden on the economy. Apart from tax cuts, it will make possible—indeed necessary—some or all of the following: a marked step-up in our war against poverty; an all-out attack on the problems of our cities, on our transportation snarls, and on the growing menace of pollution; new initiatives in sharing federal funds with state and local governments.

Before the escalation of the war, plans along each of these lines were being explored, or were already at various stages of formulation. For example, proposals for sharing federal income-tax revenues with state and local governments on a no-strings basis were gaining widespread attention and support. Various proposals for low-income families—greater benefits through family allowances, guaranteed income, or negative income tax—were gaining adherents. The range of Great Society programs was being scrutinized to prepare for substantial step-ups in the more promising ones.

Military escalation has diverted us from these peacetime jobs. True, because our economy is so

vast in relation to the war effort, we have not pulled back entirely. We have not abandoned the most important new programs. The Administration is to be commended for finding ways, even in 1966, of letting the most vital civilian programs move ahead within the bounds of a virtually stable total of non-defense spending. And in 1967, the non-defense total did rise. So compared to 1965, we do have both more guns and more butter. But if we have not abandoned the Great Society, we have been diverted from it. Exciting and important new initiatives have been shelved for the duration.

One may wonder how we are to do all the things I have listed even with the end of war. The answer lies in that prodigious productive power of our economy and in its persistent growth. Our economic potential—national output we can produce by maintaining a full-employment economy—will grow by more than 4 per cent a year over the next decade. Allowing for the inevitable price creep, this means GNP will be growing by \$50 billion or more per year.

That rate of advance will pour some \$9 billion per year of new revenue into the federal tax coffers—automatically, at present tax rates. Leaving Vietnam aside, that means an automatic growth of federal revenues by more than \$45 billion in the next five years. One of the more pleasant jobs of peacetime economic policy will be to match this revenue growth with equivalent program expansion, plus tax cuts, to avoid a fiscal drag which might strangle economic growth as it did less than a decade ago.

War and its aftermath bring a new element to this picture: on top of the automatic rise in revenues, the end of the war could bring a major decline in federal spending. Should defense spending fall by, say, \$15 billion during the first year after the war, then the potential fiscal drag that first year would be \$15 billion plus \$9 billion, or \$24 billion. These are large numbers. Viewed one way, they show how big the stabilization job will be. Viewed another, they show how great our peacetime opportunities are if we will just seize them.

And there, at bottom, is the answer to those who claim we need war as a prop to our economy. Of course, war can deliver full employment—the worst way. But war's end will show beyond a doubt that we also know how to do it the best way—by rehabilitating our cities, by helping our poor, by cleansing our air and water and land, and by increasing the range of private pleasures and comforts—in short, by converting our rising productivity into a rising standard and quality of life.

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items in the building industry. Like aluminum siding panels. Aluminum soffit and fascia. Aluminum-foil-clad insulation. Aluminum roofs, doors and rain-carrying systems. Why do improbable ideas come true at Alcoa? Because when it comes to new uses for aluminum in any industry, we begin by believing, and finish by proving, through total involvement.



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# Meet an elder statesman in the computer business.

IBM's John Backus is 43, pretty young for an elder statesman in most industries. But then, the computer business is less than 20 years old. And mathematician Backus has been in it since the beginning.

He started working with computers in the early 1950's. It was about the time a leading business magazine estimated that no more than 50 companies would ever have use for a computer.

Today, it is estimated that there are well over 50,000 computer installations in the United States alone. Part of the reason for this astonishing growth: the progress made in programming. In this field, John Backus was a pioneer.

"It bothered us, in the early days of computers, that so few people could use them," he says. "One reason was, programming cost as much as the machine. A small company just couldn't afford data processing."

With a small group of associates, John Backus tackled the problem and stayed with it for three years. The result was the simplified programming system called FORTRAN (FORmula TRANslator) which made programming considerably less expensive than before. Today, FORTRAN is probably the most widely used programming system in the world.

Currently, John Backus is working on a new mathematical concept which is still in the realm of pure theory. But his theories, like the work of many IBM scientists, ultimately have a way of making computers more useful.

The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, red, sans-serif font.

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From a beginning less than two decades ago, computer technology has made remarkable progress. John Backus is one of many outstanding men and women in the industry who have turned a laboratory marvel into tens of thousands of computers helping people around the world.



# From the people who brought you no radiator. No carburetor.

Inside the left rear fender of every 1968 Volkswagen Fastback and Squareback, there's a small metal box full of transistors, wires and stuff like that.

This box is an electronic computer.

What it computes is exactly how much gas the four fuel injectors ought to shoot into the manifold.

What the whole business does is replace the carburetor.

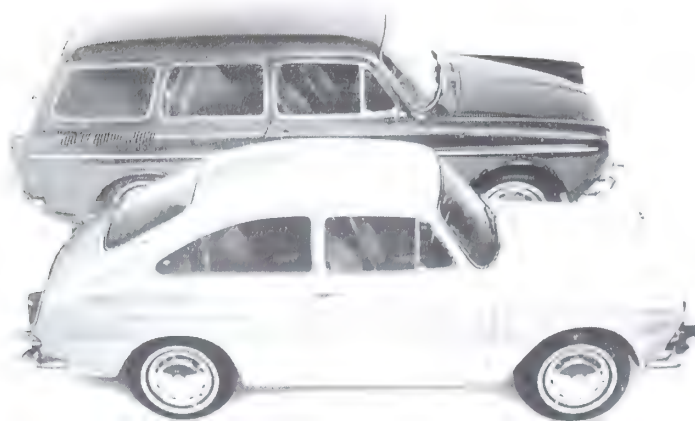
So you can forget whatever carburetor problems you've had in the past—dirt, flooding, jamming, you name it—because there's no more carburetor. What you get instead is quick, sure starts and efficient engine operation under all conditions.

That's because electronic fuel injection is a whole new way to make car engines run.

The closest thing to it is a \$325 optional extra on a car that costs almost twice as much. But electronic fuel injection is standard equipment on Fastbacks at \$2,179,\* and on Squarebacks at \$2,349.\*

All of which should make you feel the same way about the carburetor as you do about putting anti-freeze and water into the radiator.

You can learn to live without it.



# TOURIST AND PILGRIM

a story by George P. Elliott



As soon as Chaim was asleep, Sheila began.

"You know I haven't asked anything for myself, Walter. You wanted to send your parents to Miami for the winter. They went to Miami. God knows they deserve a vacation while they can still enjoy it, after all they've done for their children. They went. You wanted to come to Paris. Here we are."

Already he looked annoyed, and got up and began walking around the room.

"Here *we* are," he said, "not just me, you too. You act like I'm putting something over. Here *we* are, Hy too, little good it's doing him, but he's here. This is the capital of civilization, honey, that's why we're here, this is *it*. You know that. You agreed."

"Agreed! I loved the idea. I'm so grateful to you. Am I complaining? In Paris, my first time abroad . . . Bringing Hy was a mistake maybe. Notre Dame scared him. He doesn't like the food, it's too rich, it's different. He's only eight, he gets bored. Why don't you take him to the circus? You remember what June said, the Cirque d'Hiver is pretty good. He'd like it."

"Why don't we all go? You too. I'm willing. A person can sightsee just so many hours, then fun! Sheila, please, come with us."

Six months before, Walter had bought—against Sheila's wishes—five one-dollar tickets to the new

state lottery and won \$4,000. The week after winning, he had bought \$50 worth of tickets and won \$3,000 more. Sheila had been so upset by his luck that he had promised never to gamble on the lottery again—a friendly game of poker with a quarter limit, sure; the horses, even, if absolutely irresistible; the lottery, never.

"No," she said, "I want you to take him, just the two of you, father and son, something special. For me, Walter? Do it for me? You know I haven't asked anything for myself, unless you count those ten visits to Dr. Rosenblum."

"Eleven."

"Eleven counting the first one where nothing happened; get acquainted."

"It's not that I mind, Sheila, you know that."

"I know that."

"But facts are facts. The check said two hundred and twenty dollars. That's eleven."

"But it wasn't for me personally, Walter. The lottery was too much, I felt a nervous breakdown coming on, he helped me."

"I know, honey, I know. I appreciate it. I'm not blaming you. So tell me what you want. For me and Chaim to go to the circus together? That's it?"

She was a round-shouldered little woman with pop eyes behind heavy glasses, and a flexible, sensual, unsuspecting mouth.



"Yes," she said, and then made a long upper lip like a Puritan with ill-fitting false teeth. "No. That's not *just* what I want."

She was gratified to see him beginning to get angry. He'd warned ahead of time that from the moment they got on the ship in New York, he would refuse to quarrel; and in fact the trip had been giving him such pleasure she couldn't find it in her heart to let him know how unhappy she was feeling sometimes. Here in this little hotel room, she couldn't forget the thin wall separating them from Chaim. They would have to keep their voices down. When he stopped pacing and turned on her, she realized she was still standing, and she sat on the edge of a straight chair. He liked to waggle his finger in her face when they argued; but he could not do this satisfactorily unless he could bend over a little, and he was no taller than she. There had been a quarrel when she did not give him the advantage by sitting, the one after his second lottery prize. It was not that she wanted to win that one; she did not dare lose it. She had learned this sitting-standing business from watching her parents, and she was pretty sure Walter was no more aware of what she did than her father had been when her mother had done the same thing.

Walter stopped, bent over her, shook his finger in her face, and looked as though he were about to shout; she put her finger to her lips and he whispered instead.

"What do you want? Dr. Rosenblum told you; always begin with what you want. Here you are in the middle of something already and you haven't said."

"I wish I'd never mentioned he told me that. You use it against me."

"Does it work, doing what the doctor prescribed?"

"It works," she said. "Pretty well."

"So what do you want? To go to Temple?"

"In Paris, Walter? Imagine saying, 'Bonjour' to a rabbi."

They both giggled.

"Anyway," he said, "we won't hit any holy days."

"I appreciate that very very much."

For their trip, Walter had been careful to pick weeks during which they would be free from religious duties.

"So," he said, "what is it you want?"

"I want to go to Chartres."

He drew back a little. "Cathedral?"

"Of course."

"All right, we'll go. Hy should see it. Maybe he'll like it."

"Walter, I want to go alone."

He drew back some more. "By yourself."

"After breakfast I take a train down. I go look. In the afternoon I take a train back. The desk clerk found out for me; he telephoned in French. You and Hy go to the circus. We all meet back here, then we go eat dinner together. It's not so awful."

"Gô. I didn't know you'd developed such a taste for churches, but if it's churches you want, Chartres is the best."

"You saw it, honey, you said it was."

"It was. Even a dumb GI like me could see that. Now, Sheila, you know what *I* want, right now, this very minute? I won't beat around the bush, I'll tell you. I want to go to the Folies Bergère and I'm going."

"Without me?"

"Sheila, don't be silly. Hy wakes up and the baby-sitter talks French to him. That would be the last straw."

"So, Walter, nude women. I'm surprised."

"Did I say I was going to stay all night? I haven't gone to a dozen floor shows in my life. Why shouldn't I see the floor show to end all floor shows? Beautiful costuming, beautiful stage sets gorgeous dancers, first-class choreography."

"Nude shiksas."

"Am I prejudiced? This is Paris."

"Walter, don't you even want to know why I'm going to Chartres?"

"Look, do me a favor. That doctor of yours gave you a good prescription. Follow directions. Take one before every meal and a double dose before going to bed. Do I ask people that want to sell me transistor radios why they want to sell them to me? If a man says, 'Gutman, I want to buy your transistors,' do I ask him why? I buy, I sell. You want to go to Chartres? It's famous, it's beautiful it's one of the high-water marks of civilization I've seen it, I don't care how soon I see it again not this trip, we only got two weeks. Hy won't like it, all he wants is peanut-butter sandwiches with soft white bread. So go. Now," he said putting on his coat and hat, "I'm going to the Folies Bergère. Don't ask why; I might tell you."

Because he was right, she did not argue any longer but stood in the middle of the room listening to him go down the steps, planning to lie on the bed and cry—into the pillow so as not to disturb

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*George P. Elliott's new collection of stories, "A Hour of Last Things," to be published by Harper & Row in May, will include "Tourist and Pilgrim." Mr. Elliott is also a novelist, essayist, college teacher, and poet.*

Chaim—as soon as she heard the front door slam. But as she waited, holding her glasses upright, a shaft in each hand, she noticed she was tapping them in a pleasant rhythm against her chest, and she realized she did not really want to cry, she was going to do it just because she ought to under the circumstances. What was so terrible about going to the Folies Bergère anyway? They were beautiful, sure, she'd enjoy going herself some time maybe. Besides, he'd told her he was going, that's what mattered. Let him go in health, it was only to be expected, as long as he came home at night. After all, tomorrow she was going to do something much riskier than go to a girlie show, and she wasn't even telling him. Who could say, maybe it was time they should have another child; a boy, of course, preferably. Hy (God forbid she should have such thoughts but there they were) was a whiner. A mama's boy, wouldn't stand up for himself, a disappointment even to his grandparents. Maybe when Walter came back from the Folies Bergère tonight, he would want to. If he did, she'd let him. Wasn't this their second honeymoon? Chaim from the first one to Niagara Falls; what did God have reserved for them this time? Or no, Walter deserved a little punishment for walking out on her—she wouldn't let him till tomorrow night at the earliest.

She tiptoed in to see if Chaim was all right, and when she straightened the covers he flopped over onto his back, his face turned toward her. In the faint light from the other room she could make out his full, rosy lips, slightly parted. She could not help bending down and kissing them tenderly. His eyes did not open, but one hand rose as though of its own accord and patted her on the cheek. She turned her head so that she might kiss the soft, moist palm; then she tiptoed out.

"God forgive me," she muttered, staring at herself in the mirror. "He's so sweet, he's so lovable, I love him so much. God forgive my thoughts no mother should have. I'm an owl." Her face was round; the horn rims of her glasses were round and black; her hair was disheveled; her pointed little nose stuck out like a beak. "All right, I'm an owl, then I should be a good owl."

She sat down and began studying the book on Chartres Cathedral she had bought in New York—had ridden bus and subway all the way in from 206th Street in Queens just to buy at Brentano's. The best; the clerk assured her it was the best there was; he was a gray-haired man with rimless spectacles and a precise way of speaking that indicated he should know. She'd only read the historical part at home—she hadn't left the book out where Walter would notice and ask questions too

soon. Now she skipped the technical chapters on architecture, stained glass, and so on and so forth, and tried to get down to business: what things were supposed to mean, the Christian part. But the light was so dim and the writing was so dry that after three or four pages she put the book down and went to bed. To bed but not to sleep: she was still awake, though she pretended to be asleep, when Walter came home.



Her father's parents had been killed in the Ukraine by the Tsar's Cossacks. In Poland, her mother's mother, and many cousins, aunts, and uncles, had been killed by the Nazis; her mother's father had survived the war and now was in a rest home in New Jersey, not in his right mind. She had been born in Poland, and her parents had got out with her a month before Hitler invaded. They still lived in an apartment in the Bronx; her mother kept the door locked three ways and took tranquilizers; her father was all right, busy, made a halfway decent living driving a taxi. Walter's family was luckier; they'd all got out of Austria in time. His brother Harold, however, when he was ten and they lived in Brooklyn, had been beaten up on the way home from school by some Irish boys, two of them sons of a policeman,



and he'd been kicked so hard in the Adam's apple that for the rest of his life when he talked he would croak like a frog. Not only that, he was full of fears. He still lived at home at thirty-two; he had changed his name to Chaim and served as the shamas at the local synagogue, his only occupation; he never went on dates. Unfortunately he not only sounded like a frog, he looked like one, and had always been timid enough; so no one could tell for sure how important the beating had been. The Gutman family was not very religious, though of course both boys had gone to shul; but Chaim was only content praying a great deal, puttering around the synagogue, looking after holy things. (They had named little Hy after one of Sheila's uncles she never saw, though just between themselves they knew they were *really* naming him after Walter's brother. But Sheila had wanted it for a reason she kept to herself: it was a name which had never been contaminated by Christians.) One of Walter's uncles had been killed by the British during Israel's war of independence. As Sheila's father put it, "He died like a man"; as Chaim muttered (just for her to overhear) when she repeated this comment, "At least they let him die like a man."

At City College, all twenty-three of the students in her second-year German class were Jewish except for one Negro girl, and the professor was a priest (then how could he be a teacher too?). Father Stahl was thin, dark-haired, quick of gesture; he smoked too much, and he had what was almost a tic of a way of tossing his hair back; his nose was large and hooked; he spoke English with an accent that reminded her a little of her grandfather in New Jersey. At first it froze her to be taught by a priest—not only a Christian, not only a Catholic, but a priest, and a German priest at that. (She often wondered in class why she had taken German in the first place, especially the eight o'clock section, such a bad hour. Fate?) In a couple of months she was half in love with him, as were the other two girls in the class she'd made friends with. He never said or did anything in the least flirtatious; sometimes he would reminisce, in a voice at once sad and happy, about the great days of German literature. In the second semester a boy, a Communist of some sort, belligerent yet deferential, asked Father Stahl if it was true that Hitler had been a Catholic. Father Stahl gave him a keen look, which Sheila interpreted as meaning he understood very well what mischief the boy was up to but would take the question seriously anyway. For the rest of that class period he talked about anti-Semitism. Listening to him, Sheila told herself that everything he said was in books al-

ready—where else would he have gotten it? But even as she was telling herself this, she was sure that she would never be the same again. Of course, by the next day she knew she just had a schoolgirl crush on him, and by the end of the term she was more glad than sorry to have to get a job and leave college, never to see him again. Yet she felt that she was in truth not the same as she had been. His arguments as such faded out of her mind; they were full of theology, people and places she had never heard of. It was all the Christians' fault. That is what she took with her. Anti-Semitism was invented by Christians. Nothing Jews did justified or even explained it, not really. Throughout history, the pure Jew-killing has been done by Christians and by totalitarians who were raised Christians. Otherwise it's just neighbor-hating, which all men are good at, including Jews. Why else would Our Lord have commanded us to love our neighbors if it were not our nature to hate them? Father Stahl did not in any way exonerate himself or his Church from what he said—the most terrible words she ever heard uttered, uttered by him. Anti-Semitism is the worst crime in all the world, and Fathers of my Church devised it. She had little enough resistance to him, and less to what he said. No word ever thrilled her so much as his word *devised*: it slunk around in her mind for days, and as she lay in bed thinking of the wickedness of Christians, it would uncoil off her tongue in the dark.

Her girlfriends, after that eventful hour, speculated on why he had ever become a priest and why he remained a priest now. Sheila decided in her own mind that The Church was holding him in captivity. (By The Church, she meant a hodgepodge of which the main definable ingredients were Ivan Karamazov's Grand Inquisitor, fat Irish bishops in Cadillacs, and nuns.) She could tell by the pain in Father Stahl's eyes and by the way he occasionally ran his forefinger under his collar that he wanted his freedom but that The Church would not give it to him.

He was the only Christian she had ever felt close to, and the one conversation (in the hall after class, bluebook in hand) she had with him began, "Sir, why did you only give me a C?" and ended two minutes later, "Thanks anyway, I just wanted to know."

**N**one of the Crucifixions or Annunciations or Last Suppers or Ascensions or Madonnas or Adorations she had seen in museums or art books meant anything special to her. She knew a picture could have special meaning. When she was a little girl first going to shul, studying Hebrew because

she insisted she had to know it, her grandfather had given her a book of illustrated Bible stories, and one of the pictures had been of Jacob wrestling with the angel, at the foot of a ladder reaching up into a cloudburst of glory. (She never got the story straight; nothing of it remained with her but the picture. Imagine wrestling with an angel all night! Does he think he can make an angel give up? Suppose by mistake the angel did give up, what would Jacob do then? It meant nothing to her that in the morning the angel gave Jacob a new name, some sort of funny symbolism; she forgot it. Hy's middle name was Jacob; she never told why she wanted it, just said she liked the name; fortunately Walter liked it too.) *Paradise Lost* said nothing much to her, and she got bored with Dante halfway through *The Inferno*. The New Testament was better, but what did it tell her that meant anything she didn't already know? Dostoevski, that anti-Semite, could be argued about, but not too much. What made him wonderful was his grasp of psychology, and since when did Christians have a monopoly on psychology? The B-minor Mass shook her for a while; it moved her even more than The Ninth Symphony or *The Magic Flute*, in fact, more than any other music. But then she thought, "How would I know it was Christian if the record jacket didn't say so?" "*Agnus dei, qui tollis peccata mundi*"—they might as well be singing "*Ein Vogelfänger bin ich ja*" or "*Freude, Freude*" for all she cared. "Joy, joy," "A bird-catcher am I yes," "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world"—what a lot of nonsense.

Yet here she was coming out of the Chartres train station in a light drizzle, huddling in her trench coat, her gray, helmet-shaped hat pulled down over her ears, going to see the most Christian thing she could find. She had been inside only two or three churches in New York, to musical events, and she had no special feeling for architecture, but she hoped and trusted she would find Chartres Cathedral beautiful. It really was magnificent, so if it left her cold, she herself would be at fault. What she wanted was to find it marvelous but meaningless, like Bach. A great artist couldn't help it if he was born a Christian. It seemed unfair to her that so many great artists had been Christians and so few of them Jews. But, as Father Stahl had said one day in class, why should the Dutch have had great painters for a couple of centuries and no great writers ever? the Russians great dancers for a century and no great sculptors? If only the Cathedral would turn out to be a beautiful place of worship built by an architect who just happened to be a Christian, then she

would be able to see Father Stahl, say, as a good man who just happened to be a Christian; and she could go back to hating Christianity (though of course not people who just happened to be Christians) with a clear conscience, as she had not been able to for over ten years.

Nobody else on the train had looked like a pilgrim. The man she saw going up the Cathedral steps ahead of her looked like an ordinary tourist, camera around his neck. Once inside, she saw some others gawking about, nobody kneeling. "What kind of a holy place is this? I am the pilgrim?"

By the time Walter came out of Chaim's room from sitting by him while he fell asleep, Sheila was in her bathrobe rubbing cold cream onto her face.

"So, honey," he said, "we told you all about the circus and what we did, and you told us some of your little things—rain and sunshine, omelette for lunch, getting lost on the Metro coming back. What about the Cathedral? Was it worth the trip?"

"I never saw anything like it," she said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"You said."

"It's too much to talk about."

"Why so mysterious?" He began undressing, unbuttoning his shirt, reaching inside it and scratching. "You've been acting like a cathedral is something we shouldn't talk about in front of Hy. Well, he's asleep. You can talk now. Please. Why not?"

She thought resentfully of Dr. Rosenblum's advice. Now, right this minute, how could she begin by saying what she wanted? She was all mixed up. She didn't want to think about Chartres. She didn't even know whether to put her hair up in curlers. In fact, she wasn't even going to try; she'd just brush it.

"It's Christian." The instant she said the word, she regretted it.

"This is news? We should protect the baby from such a dangerous fact?"

"I don't want to confuse him."

"He goes to Notre Dame and that's all right, but he mustn't even hear about Chartres. Sheila, you've flipped."

"Maybe it was a mistake to take him to Notre Dame."

"Sure, he was bored. We might as well take him to the main public library and show him books in French."

"What I mean is, Notre Dame is just a big church like any other. It's got its own style of architecture, naturally, and symbols, and so forth



and so on, and Christians use it. But *it* isn't Christian, the way Chartres is. You know what I mean?"

"Keep on talking," he said. "Maybe I'll catch on."

She looked at him gratefully. He could be so patient with her at important times, like now. He wasn't pretending to understand the little woman, the way Irving could make June cry sometimes by pretending to understand her when she got all wound up in something.

He patted her shoulder. "Tell me, what was the main thing? The windows?"

"No," she said. "When the sun came out, they were wonderful, I'm not denying it. But I expected them to be, everybody talks about them. It was the statues."

"Statues? Of saints?"

"Do you realize, Walter, I never saw a really good statue in my life before? I was unprepared."

"Oh, now," he said, "in the Metropolitan Museum of Art they've got lots of statues, even some medieval ones, from churches."

"Yes, but a *museum*. They're just art in a museum. I mean great statues. How can you tell anybody? Nobody told me."

"What about the Museum of Modern Art, out in the garden, all those wonderful statues?"

"Nude women! Walter, all you got on your mind is nude women!"

"Why not?" he said. "Wipe your face so I can kiss my wife who isn't nude."

"Walter!" She wiped. "There." He kissed her. "Big fat nude women made out of lead."

"All right, honey, so tell me about your beautiful saints made of stone."

"Not beautiful. Yes, beautiful. I mean, they have real faces, worried, mean—they aren't all saints, plenty of sinners too—wise, dumb, who knows what all kinds, every one has their own face, human. But still they are beautiful. Mostly they're in those arches over the doors, going up, sort of streams of them going up, all alike if you don't look at each one separately, like flames, like streams of flames going upwards, yet people. No one mentioned it. There are other statues too, but those going up over the doors are the ones that mean so much."

She felt on the verge of losing control. How had he got her to talk about this when she had resolved not to? He tended to be wishy-washy about Christianity. "Live and let live." All right! But would *they* live and let live? No, they were monsters. How could it be that the worst people in the world should make such beautiful things? Impossible to talk about it. Something was wrong.

As she took off her bathrobe, she caught sight of herself in the mirror. She was wearing a light-blue babydoll sleep-suit which her mother had given her for the trip. It was supposed to disguise her dumpy figure and be alluring, leave her arms and legs bare. Her thighs in the mirror were fat and shapeless, and so was her short body which the frills and froth didn't do anything for really. Could a sleep-suit give her a waist? make her bosom voluptuous? It was only a glimpse that she caught, but she immediately snatched off her glasses so as not to be able to see herself again; and she got into bed intending to lie with her back toward Walter. How could he love her, even under the blankets in the dark? But just as she was settling herself he spoke.

"All right," he said musingly, "I understand a little bit maybe. I see what you mean about the statues, but I don't understand the Christian part any better. I know I'm not too smart about artistic matters, I only went to college one semester, the same as not going; you've even got that book on Chartres you study. So, honey, tell me, I want to know."

He was standing at the foot of the bed, looking at her, his pajama top in hand, too far away for her to make out the expression on his face, but from his voice she was pretty sure he was serious. She decided not to lie with her back to him after all. Wasn't he putting on weight himself? His stomach wasn't disgraceful yet, but if he didn't watch it he was going to be in trouble before long, a bay window like his father. It wasn't his fault, really, that she'd said more than she should have. Now she was started, it would be rude to quit just like that, bang.

"It's so complicated, Walter, I'm not even clear in my own mind." She told him generally what she had gone to Chartres hoping to find, but even as she was talking she wished she could be telling him about Father Stahl too. Not that Father Stahl meant anything to her any longer—God forbid, a married woman and a mother, and him a priest! But it would be the easiest way to explain to Walter if she could mention her schoolgirl crush. Walter unfortunately had shown signs of jealousy; he might not see it in the right light. Besides, suppose he didn't understand even after she told him this secret? What would she do then? Now, somehow, not noticing, she had got onto heaven, Christian heaven and Jewish heaven. What did she care about heaven? She didn't even believe in it, though of course many did believe, Jews as well as Christians. Let them. What harm did it do? Yet here she was talking about heaven, the face of God, Elijah, eternity.



"Good lord!" Walter interrupted her without warning. He pulled down the covers and turned off the light. "Why didn't somebody tell me nine years ago I was marrying a rabbi!"

"A rabbi?"

"A Talmudic scholar, then; he makes every comma mean something."

"It does, Walter!"

"To him, it does."

"In the Talmud it does! Everything means something!"

"Pardon me, Reb Sheila." He groaned. "By you every little comma means something. You've got the glasses already; where's the long forked beard you should be wearing? Why are you disguised as a woman?"

"Walter!"

Her outrage was all on the surface. When he called her "Reb Sheila" she felt a spurt of secret pride, and then a gush of gratitude to him.

He got into bed and reached out to touch her. Before she could tell whether he only had it in

mind to pat her in a friendly way, as he had done the night before when he got back from the Folies Bergère, she threw herself onto him.

"Darling!" she cried. "My angel!" She hugged him, she bit his neck, she struggled on top of him.

"Baby, my God, hey, not so loud! What's got into you? Remember Hy."

She could hear the shock in his voice, and in a dim way she knew she would be just as shocked at herself if she stopped to think what she was doing—she had never done a sexy thing in her life. She pounded him with her fists and squeezed him with her elbows, she panted, she whispered hotly in his ear. Presently he fought back, and they strove without words, grunting, sweating. She did not yield for a moment, but he wrestled her over in a tangle of sheets and their night-clothes, and he kept her under no matter how she threshed and rolled her head back and forth and dug her nails into his sides and back, at the same time calling him her angel, her lover.



Ward S. Just

## VIETNAM NOTEBOOK

*Highlights of some of the best reporting of the war by the crack correspondent of the Washington "Post": about press briefings, an attack on a village, and a dog named Meatball.*

*The book from which these extracts are taken is preceded by a quotation from the British playwright Harold Pinter, to the effect that nothing in life is verifiable. The extracts may tell you more about confusion than you want to know. Of course, the customary device for indicating confusion is irony. And irony, someone said, is a substitute for conclusion. The book is filled with irony, and the conclusions are all between the lines. I wish it were the other way around, but Vietnam was not like that when I was there. Matters may have changed since then.*

*These pages are all about Americans: Army officers, civilian officials, a Marine private. They might equally be about a Vietnamese militia captain, Premier (now Vice President) Nguyen Cao Ky, the Buddhist revolt in 1966, the city of Hue, or a reconnaissance patrol at Dak To. Or the theory and practice of journalism in South Vietnam.*

*The reader ought to beware that the book was written in Ireland. The best way to grasp the significance of that is to turn it around. Is it plausible to imagine a book about the Irish troubles written in Ban Me Thuot?—W. S. J.*

Once every two or three months General Westmoreland would summon the press corps regulars to his conference room at MACV (American Military Headquarters) for a progress report on the war. This would be the official version of the state of the war, and everyone made an effort to attend. These sessions had a startling similarity, which I have realized only after consulting my notes on the half-dozen or so that I attended. The General gave the order of battle, ours and theirs, and then went on to a discussion of strategy and tactics. It was not a discussion of Vietnamese strategy and tactics, but American strategy and tactics; sometimes Westmoreland would refer to the Free World

Forces, sometimes to the Allies. But he meant the Americans. There was always a monsoon offensive either just beginning in the highlands or just ending in the North (or the reverse), an enemy effort to "cut the country in half" (spoiled by American offensive maneuvers), an estimate of two or three enemy divisions in, over, or under, the Demilitarized Zone, an improvement in the security around Saigon, equilibrium in the Delta. Captured documents showed the enemy was hurting. The Americans were on the offensive, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong were on the defensive. But there was no sign of a break. Are there any questions?

Haltingly and diffidently a correspondent would observe that the pattern did not seem much changed from the last time the General had met with the press. Westmoreland would pull himself to his full height of six feet one inch, pat the blouse of his immaculately starched fatigues, gaze at the correspondent through clear blue eyes, imperceptibly raise and jut out his jaw, and rumble through statistics his colonels had assembled for the occasion: enemy KIA, weapons captured, rice seized, *chieu hoi* defectors, documents purporting to show a decline in enemy morale. Occasionally a document would admit failure of this or that objective and that, too, would be cited as evidence of success. The correspondent listened to the statistics, and never followed up the question. He would nod glumly and the General would ask if he had answered fully and frankly and the correspondent would say Yes, he had.

So he had. It was a great and winning performance, and contributed materially to the generally good relations between the correspondents and the senior officers at MACV. Westmoreland's relations with the Saigon press were excellent, and he was

never caught in a gaffe. He never predicted when the war would end, nor would he forecast the end of the beginning or the beginning of the end, or when the corner would be turned or if, indeed, there was a corner. He would only say (accurately, by the statistics) that there was progress, and imply that the more men he had the more progress he would make. But he was very careful about that. At the end of the briefing, Westmoreland would leave the room first, the press corps rising as a mark of respect.

A four-star general is a king among princes, and if the four-star looks and behaves as Westmoreland looked and behaved, he is a king among kings. He is not a man with whom to argue or trifle. Barry Zorthian, the USIS director in Saigon, was greatly amused at the feckless performance of the American press when dealing with Westmoreland. Zorthian contended that the press alternately protected and pampered the General, persistently refusing to tax him with embarrassing questions. He regarded the General as the foremost practitioner of the art of public relations in Saigon: Zorthian insisted that sophisticated correspondents laughed in his face when he gave precisely the same answers, with precisely the same statistics, that were received gravely and seriously when they came from Westmoreland. Of course Zorthian was right. General Westmoreland was protected (if that is the word) precisely for the reason that he was unable to dissemble; he was so transparently honest and dedicated that no one thought of holding him accountable for the ambiguities and curiosities of American policy. It was all right to ask a colonel why the South Vietnamese Army refused to fight, but the same question asked of Westmoreland was phrased delicately and with circumlocutions:

Do you think, Sir, that the performance of ARVN has improved?

Answer: Definitely.

The same question, asked informally of a colonel, was put this way:

The ARVN 25th Division has killed only four Vietcong since last Thanksgiving. The division commander is both corrupt and a coward. Why is he not relieved?

Westmoreland was admired, both as a man and

as a general, and my suspicion is that the press knew that he would have to dodge the question on the theory that no useful purpose could be served by candor. He had enough troubles with Vietnamese without adding to them by indiscretions in the press. It was a curious fact that however much critics, newspapermen and others, thought that Vietnam strategy was misguided or wrong, Westmoreland never took the blame for it. Neither did Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge. The fault was found either at staff or at province, or most often in Washington. Administration critics inside the Embassy were dumbfounded that the Ambassador and the General were never called to account. I have never read a searching analysis of the Vietnam performance of either Westmoreland or Lodge, and I never expect to. It is not somehow writable, not now—and probably not even when all the returns are in. Until the future can be seen clearly it is impossible to know whether the strategy inside the country (one specifically exempts the bombing of the North) was right or wrong. But even if that can be seen with any certainty, will it be possible to name the authors of the strategy? Were both the Ambassador and the General prisoners of events?

Was not everyone a prisoner of events, caught in a quagmire, watching the falling dominoes of increased commitment: money became aircraft, which in turn necessitated advisers who became battalions, then brigades, then divisions, then corps, until finally there were 500,000 men in the country with no one able to say how or why it happened? Inside the madhouse there was a logic, and the more time you spent in the field looking at dead men the more powerful the logic. And every time you talked to a general you were told that things were going very well—a reversal here and there, but generally going very well. They saw the valor, and from the valor victory.

One of the last great distinctions among men is between generals and everybody else. It is not a matter of money, for a full general's salary is still under \$25,000 a year. There are certain perquisites, but these are insignificant compared to the expense accounts of successful corporation executives, to name the obvious parallel. Most of it has to do with command. Generals do not lead, they command; subordinates do not follow, they obey. Obedience is an unfamiliar word in the vocabulary of the 1960s, almost an anachronism in liberated America.

The typical general is white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, mid-fifties, Midwestern. Surprisingly, many are from the South, the only American region to retain a military tradition in families.

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His roots are middle-class; his politics, if any, conservative. His loyalties are no more complicated than those of most Americans with a similar background, save one important difference: a strong and emotional tie to the Armed Forces, and specifically to the unit to which he is attached (or commands). A lieutenant commands a platoon, a captain a company, a lieutenant colonel a battalion, a colonel a regiment or integrated brigade, a brigadier general an independent brigade, a major general a division, a lieutenant general a corps, and a full general an entire army. At any of these ranks, a man may be on another man's staff—but the objective is to secure one's own command. The distinction begins with the independent brigade. All military officers are subject to orders from above, but some are less subject than others. General officers, beginning with brigadiers, command independent units . . . which fight . . . other men.

There is no greater responsibility than a general's, and around it hovers a kind of mystique. There are a whole set of assumptions that go with being a general which are absent from politics, business, medicine, and corporate law. The first of these is that the general has gone through combat and is personally brave. Another is that he is smart enough and adroit enough to leave his fellows behind at that crucial point when a major is promoted to lieutenant colonel and, later, when the lieutenant colonel is promoted to full colonel. If there is a snag in the career chain, the wise officer opts out, and thus the second difference between the military profession and the others. The bright lawyer or motor company vice president, dissatisfied with company policies, resigns and goes to work for the opposition. In the American military, there is no opposition. Sam Rayburn, the late Speaker of the House of Representatives, had a maxim for incoming Congressmen: . . . To get along, go along. . . . It is equally true for the military services. Initiative can propel a man from captain to major, and sometimes from major to lieutenant colonel. But at that point caution commands itself. In the American military services, expressions of conventional wisdom are raised to the level of an art form.

The military staff system, short on initiative and long on efficiency, was devised for the management of a conventional war, where too much individual initiative was self-destructive. There, it was a matter of making certain that orders were executed fully and promptly with no slip-up, in a coordinated attack which might involve 40,000 men. In Vietnam, strategy and tactics were often improvised—with general officers sometimes overseeing (literally, from a helicopter 1,500 feet

above the battle) the operations of a battalion or one or two companies. But even with the improvisations, many officers found it difficult to break the traditional molds of conventional warfare.

They were some of the most attractive men in Vietnam, from the old-shoe, rumpled, unshaven manner of Major General William R. Peers (commander of the 4th Infantry Division, and a practiced guerrilla fighter from World War II days in Burma) to central casting's spit-and-polish image of a modern major general, Jack Norton (commander of the 1st Cavalry Division, Airmobile). Westmoreland's father had been a small-town businessman; Norton's a colonel; and the father of the dour, aggressive, and feisty commander of the 1st Infantry Division, Major General William DePuy, a banker in North Dakota. There was an open-shirted masculinity about dinner in a general's tent in An Khe that made it somehow preferable to the mixed tables in Saigon. Norton's general mess had a white cloth on the table and polite waiters passed large, dry martinis; there was camaraderie and storytelling, and Norton would always ask his guests to make short speeches. They were heckled, and one was reminded of a fraternity at college; except these were men who were fighting a war.

The generals talked of military tactics in their off-hours in precisely the manner of dedicated insurance executives arguing about premiums. But unlike the insurance man, the military man is ill at ease with outsiders, which is to say civilians. His attitude is either defensive or condescending, as if he had a special wisdom withheld from civilians; but all of it somehow understandable within the context of "the military." The perfect battle does not exist, and postmortems invariably reveal egregious errors. The wise journalist may laugh about his cloudy crystal ball, for he knows that nothing is written on stone tablets and no permanent harm done. But when a military operation is fouled, men die. When the logistics supply line clogs, it costs the taxpayer millions. It is difficult for the military man to point out that error is inherent in any battle: they can say it among themselves, but not to outsiders. Such an admission requires a sense of irony and fatalism, and it is precisely these characteristics which are bred out of successful generals.

## Air, Arty, and the Civilians

**I**n May of 1966 battalions of the 1st Infantry Division were operating on the fringes of the sprawling Michelin rubber plantations, about fifty

miles northwest of Saigon. It was in Binh Duong province. This was before the huge multidivision operations were assembled in War Zone C and the area called the Iron Triangle. These first operations were probes around the edges, to test enemy strength and to get a feel for the terrain. The plantation and the area around it was a bad place to work, first because it was saturated with Vietcong and second because it was filled with civilians, most of whom were sympathetic to the revolution. There were villages everywhere, and in the villages were children, women, old men—and guerrillas. The rules of engagement were less precise than they are now, but the general procedure was that if you were fired on, you could fire back. This was not a problem with small arms. Where the dilemma came was in deciding whether or not to use artillery and air strikes—air and arty, in the vernacular—when, how much, and where. The matter was often argued among the men on off-duty hours: You approach a village and receive rifle fire. You take casualties. You know that air and arty can wipe out the village. You also know there are women and children in the village. What do you do?

There was no solid answer, and no rule in the book to go by. Most infantry officers, if asked about it, would reply that their first duty was the safety of the men under their command. To ensure that safety most officers would take the village under artillery fire. When the village was flattened, the men could move through it in relative safety. The safety was still only relative because certainly some snipers would be left. The Vietcong knew the problems, and often deliberately fired at troops from villages, or fired at planes which flew too low over villages. The air or artillery barrage that followed usually killed enough civilians to embitter the community permanently against the Americans. Some officers knew this, and knew also that the disaffection of an entire community was not worth the handful of Vietcong that would be killed in a retaliation. So the argument was joined.

This was precisely the choice faced by a young battalion commander of the 1st Division one day that May. In the morning, two companies from the battalion were lifted by helicopter to a point just south of Thanh An village. The day before, the Vietnamese district chief asked that the village not be pre-struck with either air or artillery. The village was under the control of the Vietcong, and the district chief assured the Americans that there were friendly people inside.

This was before there was any trouble. The young battalion commander landed with the two companies and immediately ordered them to move

out along a line of rubber trees toward the village. The first contact came when the point man of the lead squad spotted five Vietcong preparing a booby trap. Shots were exchanged and the five men fled into the bush toward Thanh An village.

From another position to the north, still some distance from the village, the commander of the second company saw the flash of a mortar. He moved his lead squads to the fringes of the village, received machine-gun fire, and withdrew. There were several wounded. "We didn't get too far," the battalion commander said later. "We stopped and returned the fire."

All of this sounds precise and a little sterile, as if the action were taking place on a parade ground or in a city park. In fact the geography of the villages near the Michelin plantation made them very difficult to fight in. There were clearings surrounded by rain forests, and thick cover was everywhere. The village was not a neat entity, like a city block, but a scattered collection of wooden and straw huts, which meandered out from a common center. The land was flat and filled with brush, so progress was slow and uncertain. It was difficult to know exactly where you were. In the case of the battalion commander, whose name was Hathaway, there was great difficulty in locating the lead squads. The mortars and arty could reach into the village with impunity. But for men to move in and occupy the village was a tricky and intricate business; it was dangerous. The terrain favored the enemy, and so did the position of the village. From time to time the infantrymen saw women and children hurrying on the footpaths that laced the area; it was obvious that when they returned to Thanh An they would give the guerrillas a detailed explanation of the American positions.

And there was the heat. Each man carried three hundred rounds of ammunition, food, three filled canteens, a pack, his six-pound rifle, usually two or three hand grenades, and other amenities meant to make life in the jungle tolerable. But the heat reached 120 degrees in that jungle. The infantryman would begin to sweat in a steady stream and then, without warning, dry up. When he stopped sweating, he dropped from heat exhaustion, retching, brain burning up, semi-conscious. When it was hottest, large red soldier ants would drop off the trees and onto the neck and shoulders, where they would chew the flesh. It is an impossible way to fight, and commanders learned that a battalion could not be kept in the field more than four or five days at a time. Too many men would be lost to the heat.

Hathaway was faced with the question of bringing artillery to bear. If the village was a typical



Vietcong village, there would be reinforced bunkers made of concrete and wood under most of the houses. These were so carefully constructed that they could withstand anything but a direct hit. If the guerrillas followed true to form they would withdraw at the first sign of an artillery barrage. If the artillery pattern were well laid, there was a fair chance of killing a few as they withdrew. If an air strike were brought in, the chances were better than fair. There was no question that the village was controlled and dominated by the Vietcong. It was not a matter of bombing peasants who had pledged themselves to the Saigon government, or the Americans. Hathaway knew that peasants in that part of Vietnam, particularly the women and children and elderly men, rarely undertook conscious political commitment. To his conscience they were civilians. Hathaway thought about the artillery and then decided against it. The cost of life would be too great. He decided to meet the Vietcong on its own terms.

His men advanced in the early morning, keeping low and moving steadily as they had been taught at the camps in the United States. They moved from house to hut down the narrow paths. They were hit from entrenched positions, as the guerrillas evacuated out the rear of the village, retreating before the Americans coming in the front. Vietcong leaflets were scattered everywhere, slogans in English painted on the walls:

*Don't be a tool of the Wall Street warmongers.  
American Yankee imperialists go home.*

The advancing Americans found a tailor shop for manufacturing enemy uniforms, and a cache of sixty-eight weapons. Hathaway's troops moved slowly and carefully through the village, firing as they went, the VC retreating just ahead of them. As the Americans passed the houses, women and children emerged from the tunnels beneath. There was a tunnel beneath each house. At midafternoon the village was cleared in a final skirmish. A dozen armed men were seen to move through the high grass near a stream, mingle with civilians, then disappear. Hathaway lost fifteen men to gunshot wounds. There were no civilian casualties. More important, from the viewpoint of the division general staff, there were no Vietcong casualties. None. Not a single body was found. There was no evidence the guerrillas suffered a single wound.

The Americans were cut down as they advanced through the village. As they fell, medics applied morphine and helped them to the rear. Then medical evacuation helicopters flew them off to the field hospital. By dusk, the Americans had occupied the town of Thanh An.

It was just dusk when the assistant commander of the division, Brigadier General James H. Hollingsworth, arrived in his helicopter. Hollingsworth had heard of the fifteen wounded men and went immediately to Hathaway's command post. He was angry, and as he came out of the helicopter he had his helmet tucked under his arm and moved quickly and powerfully, swinging his arms like a college halfback. Captain Gerald Griffin, a veteran company commander, and now the operations officer of Hathaway's battalion, stood nearby, nervous and looking straight ahead. Hathaway and one of his staff majors watched Hollingsworth approach across the clearing.

There were a few pleasantries and then Hollingsworth asked how many men had been hit.

"The report isn't in, sir," Hathaway said.

"I heard on the radio that it was fifteen, and maybe more," Hollingsworth said.

"Well, they weren't KIA. They were wounded," Hathaway said.

"It was about fifteen wounded. We're getting the complete count now," said Griffin.

"That's a lot of wounded. Any KIA at all?"

"No KIA."

The general asked the lieutenant colonel what had happened, and Hathaway told him the story. "I didn't fire the artillery into the town. There were hundreds of them in there. We counted more than two hundred women and children, and fifty elderly men. I guess there were about a squad of VC. Twenty, maybe thirty of the bastards."

Hollingsworth nodded and said nothing. He still had the steel helmet tucked under his arm, football-style. He was looking at the ground, the toe of his boot describing a small circle in the dust.

"It was my decision to make," Hathaway told him, "and I elected not to do it."

"Well, you took some wounded," Hollingsworth said.

"Yes, sir," Hathaway said.

"And didn't get any VC."

"No, sir. Maybe if I had it to do over again, I'd do it differently." Hathaway was a tall, handsome career Army officer from somewhere in Virginia. Before he had come to Vietnam he had been in charge of assignments. He once remarked that if he didn't want to be in Vietnam, he wouldn't have been. Now he was nervous and standing ramrod straight before Hollingsworth.

The general patted Hathaway on the shoulder and made as if to go. He asked him if he had enough C rations and water for the night, and if ammunition was plentiful. The men in the clearing were digging in. The two officers stood for a minute saying nothing, looking out over the field.

and to the rain forest beyond. It was dark now and the battalion headquarters was battening down for the night. Hollingsworth grunted and said Jesus, he didn't know what he would have done in that situation. He thought that probably he would have brought in the arty, and the hell with the civilians. A military officer is responsible for his men in a war, and goddamnit it was a war. But it was a hell of a war. The general turned to Hathaway and patted him on the shoulder again and said he thought it was a decision no man should be forced to make. *No man should be forced to make that kind of choice.* What kind of enemy was it that hid behind women and children?

### Meatball, a Gook Dog

William Tuohy of the *Los Angeles Times* and I came down to Danang from Dong Ha after covering the Marine assault into the Demilitarized Zone in May 1967. Danang, called Tourane by the French, was the nerve center of the I Corps military establishment, a seaport of narrow streets, indifferent buildings, and hostile population. Dong Ha was the forward Marine command post, the locus of seven full American battalions, a gray and uninviting collection of wooden barracks and canvas tents erected on an air strip and radar station about fifteen miles south of the Ben Hai River, the muddy stream that separated North from South Vietnam. About five miles north of the camp was the celebrated "barrier," which looked from the air like a super highway and was supposed to prevent infiltration south from the DMZ. It was surrounded with barbed wire seven miles inland from the sea, and guarded by Marines from bunkers along its edge.

The camp at Dong Ha had been built from practically nothing in mid-1966 to provide the base from which to attack North Vietnamese then entering in strength through the DMZ. The only relic of the old days, when Dong Ha was a radar station, was an Air Force officers' club, which served good Scotch and had sixteen Japanese slot machines. Dong Ha was the end of the world in South Vietnam, in summer hot and dusty and in winter cold and rainy. The scenes there, as the Marines dug in for the heaviest fighting of the war, were reminiscent of the trenches at Verdun or Passchendaele. When it was cold you could stand shivering at the end of the rutted and bumpy airstrip and look toward the North Vietnamese mountains, and west toward the mountains bordering Laos. Peasants continued to work the rice fields around the airstrip, and tiny three-wheeled

Lambrettas bussed passengers from Hue, fifty miles to the south, to Gio Linh just below the zone. Gio Linh became important when the Marines decided to emplace .175 mm. guns to reach twenty miles into North Vietnam; then the North Vietnamese emplaced their own guns to reach to Gio Linh and Dong Ha, and there were artillery duels. It was a gray command, gray mud, houses, vehicles, weapons, aircraft, and men. It was a place to stay away from in the best of times, which spring and summer of 1967 were not.

Tuohy and I had been in Dong Ha to report on the battles near the zone, and had by luck been there when the Marines made their first ground assault into it. We arrived after the shooting was over, but there would be three bloody battles in two days, and it looked as if the campaign would continue. We were anxious to return to Saigon to write and file the stories. There was difficulty in getting a military flight to Tan Son Nhut, so on a hunch we went to Air Vietnam, the Vietnamese civilian airline which ran regular schedules between Danang and Saigon. At the end of the huge airfield there was a filthy terminal and we learned there would be a flight that afternoon. So we bought tickets and went into the bar and ordered a drink and sat back to wait the two hours.

It was hot in Danang and the heat brought out the flies, which collected on the sticky beer-stained table. The sun beat through the open windows in full shafts of light, making the room seem even dirtier than it was. There were Vietnamese civilians waiting, and they were seated at places around the windows, guarding children and small bundles and talking quietly. Four ceiling fans whirled and moved the air and the smell was of asphalt and oil and airplane fuel. Across the tarmac were the silver-colored unmarked aircraft of the CIA, ancient C-46s, C-47s, and DC-3s. Some of these same planes had seen duty in China in the 1930s, in Burma and Indochina during World War II, in Korea six years later, and now in Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand. They were the symbols of American involvement in Asia and perhaps significantly, perhaps not, the Far East headquarters of Air America, the cover corporation which owned the aircraft, was said to be located in Taiwan. In one country the planes ferried troops, in another food, in a third money, in a fourth drugs. They dropped bulgur wheat and rice to the Montagnards in Vietnam, agents in the North, money in Laos, and weapons in Thailand. Many of the pilots had been in the Far East since the war, collecting danger pay and outrageous salaries.

We were drinking beer and watching the planes



on the tarmac when two young Marines, an infantryman and an MP, joined us and said they wanted to talk; both were drinking Seagram's whiskey and Coca-Cola and looked as though they had been sitting and drinking most of the afternoon. They were both about nineteen and, in their baggy fatigues, looked pudgy and out of shape.

The private asked us where we had been and when we said Dong Ha he brightened and said that was where he spent most of his time. He had been posted at Dong Ha and now he was going home to California. The private indicated his friend and said that he only had three months to go, and that his job was guarding the two slow transports that took corpses from Danang to Saigon. The planes were loaded at night and he worked an eight-hour shift watching the bodies placed aboard the planes. The MP said nothing, sat slouched in his chair, and pulled quietly at the Seagram's and Coke.

The private talked a bit about Dong Ha and his six months there. He said a lot of men had died in and around the zone and the newspapers weren't reporting it. He himself would be twice dead were it not for his dog, Meatball. It had got so in Dong Ha that he would go nowhere without the dog; the entire country was controlled by the Communists (he said this in the same way that zealots speak of the "Red Menace" in America) and his only protection was the dog.

The problem was in getting the dog back to the United States. The Marines would not permit him to take the dog back because it was a Vietnamese dog, "a gook dog." The private had written to the Mayor of Los Angeles, where he lived, and the Governor of California, and the two California Senators, but had not received replies. Perhaps it was because he did not know the names of these officials. He had addressed the letter to the Governor simply:

Mr. Governor

( )

USA

APO San Francisco 96243

since he figured the Governor, like everybody else, had an APO number to which letters were sent. Now he was drafting a letter to the President of the United States to secure a release for the dog; the story was so unusual that the President could not fail to respond. There was nothing very special in the breeding, the private said. It was just a mongrel Vietnamese dog.

This was all being said in a low, quiet way, between sips of Seagram's and Coke. The private was being very helpful in supplying specifics, and Tuohy was jotting notes; he thought there

might be a story in it for the readers of the *Los Angeles Times*: "HOLLYWOOD GI BIDS HELP FOR HERO DOG."

The private was from Hollywood. The part about the hero dog would come later. He gave Tuohy his street address, which sounded suburban and somehow typical of Southern California. It was a name like Wistful Vista or Twenty-Nine Palms. He said his father was a corporation executive in Los Angeles. The private went on to talk about the difficulty of writing letters to politicians who did not understand the war in Vietnam anyway. It was a disgrace. The trouble with the war was the politicians who ran it.

"We ought to go in there and end it," he said. "End the goddamned war with bombs."

"You know what?" the MP said. "The commandant of the Marine Corps doesn't give a damn what you think."

"It's all right," the private said. "I can have my own opinions."

The friend snorted. "And it doesn't make any difference."

"Well, at least they ought to take care of the dog."

"Tell us about the dog," Tuohy said.

The private was twisting a matchbook in his hand, and put it down and picked up his drink. Meatball was no ordinary gook dog, he said. For one thing, it was a dog that hated Vietnamese and loved Americans. "That dog loved us Marines and hated the gooks," the private said. "He hated the gooks and would do anything to get them; all he had to do was see a gook, and he would begin to growl; I had to restrain him, go around with him on a leash or he would attack." The dog knew about the Vietnamese because it was Vietnamese. "It takes one to know one," the private said.

The dog, in fact, was a hero of sorts. Twice he saved patrols from ambush. The first time, Meatball braved enemy fire to scurry back to the command post to bring forward bandoliers of ammunition; the second time he barked and disclosed the position of a sniper. For that he had been wounded. "Meatball can smell gooks a mile away," said the private. "When he smells them, he barks."

Tuohy wanted to hear more about the bandoliers and the wounding. The private ordered a Seagram's and Coke for himself and the MP, and two beers for Tuohy and me.

"We were pinned down under fire at night," the private said. "And I ran out of ammunition, and the dog went all the way back to the CP and got the bandoliers and brought them back. We had cleared out the gooks by then but Meatball was

great. He got hit by some sort of fragment in the leg. He did a lot of crawling on his belly." The private had been staring across the room and I followed his eye. He was looking at a Vietnamese man who had an enormous growth on the back on his head. It was as big as a grapefruit. "Meatball is in the hospital now," the private went on, "with some sort of growth. It looks sort of like that gook over there." He pointed across the room.

He wanted to take the dog back to the United States but the authorities were forbidding it. He wanted to do it legally, no matter how many forms there were to fill out, or how many letters there were to write; you got used to red tape in the Marine Corps—"the right way, the wrong way, and the Marine Corps way," the private said. But if he could not, he would do it illegally. He would not leave Vietnam without the dog. You wouldn't either, if you knew how terrible life in Dong Ha was; the dog was what made it bearable. He began to talk after a while of life in Dong Ha, and what it was like on the patrols that moved out from camp at dusk and did not return until dawn.

You never knew where you were and you never knew where the enemy was. There was only the darkness and the rain forest, and the heat of the rice fields. The country looked the same from one field to another. He had patrolled the same fields, sometimes at night and sometimes during the day. It was dangerous either way. A booby trap would go off or a sniper kill or wound a man and the platoon would reform into a careful unit. In the afternoon you would be listening to the Tijuana Brass on a transistor radio, and in the evening be scared to death in the middle of a rice field, watching the tree line and hoping nobody was there. In the morning you would be back with the Tijuana Brass. It was worse when the Vietnamese went along on the patrol, as scouts or in the combined action platoons. You never knew what was going to happen, or when. You never knew if the Vietnamese were going to desert, run back to their own lines, or perhaps work with the Vietcong. Maybe they were the Vietcong. None of the American troops spoke Vietnamese so you could never be sure what they were saying.

All of this was endurable with Meatball, the gook dog. Meatball, being a gook, knew all about gooks, could smell them and smoke them out wherever they were. When a patrol went out with gooks, Meatball went along as insurance.

"How did he get the name Meatball?"

"It's just a name," the private said, "like any name."

While the private talked, I watched the tarmac and now saw an ancient Dakota transport with Air Vietnam markings easing into a berth in front of the terminal. I walked outside and verified it was the plane for Saigon. It was brutally hot on the asphalt runway, and I paused under the wing to look over the field and its burden of jet fighters, four-engine transports, and at the far end a Pan American jet loading Marines bound for Rest and Recreation in Okinawa or home. One of the unmarked planes was being loaded with a mysterious cargo by its civilian crew. I was standing in the heat and looking at the planes when I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the MP.

"You know I'm taking him to Saigon," the MP said, motioning to the terminal where the private was still talking with Tuohy.

I nodded and asked what the trouble was.

"Maybe you noticed that I am carrying a weapon, and he isn't."

I hadn't noticed, but it was true. The MP was carrying a .45 pistol without the clip. The private had no weapon. The MP smiled and said almost apologetically that the private was a loony, and had gotten loose in Danang and had gone to Dong Ha. He had disappeared for six weeks. No one knew what he had done in Dong Ha, how he had gotten there, and how he managed to evade the MPs. But he was found, arrested, and taken into custody. The private was a loony, the MP went on, a troublemaker. There was no dog named Meatball, and no letters to the Mayor of Los Angeles, the Governor of California, or the President of the United States.

"You better tell your friend this, before he writes it up for his newspaper," the MP said.

I said I was glad to know it, and thanked him.

"You don't have to worry about him or anything," he said. "He's not violent. He won't cause no trouble."

We went inside and the private was still talking about the dog and the difficulty of getting it to Los Angeles. He was telling the whole story over again. Tuohy was no longer taking notes, just sitting and listening to the private.

"You know something?" the MP said.

"No," the private said.

"The commandant doesn't give a damn about your dog, either."

"I know that," the private said.

"Well, why do you keep talking about it?"

The private shrugged and the MP said they were going. Everyone shook hands all around and wished luck. The two walked out of the airport bar very slowly, the MP behind and slightly to the rear of the private.



Gary Cartwright

## CONFESSIONS OF A WASHED-UP SPORTSWRITER

"Listen, Tojo and Hirohito and you Nomuru and you Kurusu, and all the rest of you heathen sons of heaven, you won't understand this, it'll be far over your pagan heads, but, even so, you ought to hear about it."

—C. E. McBride, *Kansas City Star*, March 27, 1944. Reprinted in *Best Sports Stories 1944* (Dutton).

Crew Slammer never made *Best Sports Stories*. He never got farther than the bulletin board at the Fort Worth *Press*. He was a victim of the industry, for he collided time and again with the mentality ceiling that bears down on every newspaper I know anything about. Nevertheless, I believe that Crew Slammer in his way was a better sportswriter than C. E. McBride, Stanley Woodward, or even Red Smith. He was inquisitive, sardonic, satirical, cynical, opinionated, hedonistic, and what intelligence he had was easily offended. He hated sport. "To watch it," he thought, "is a deadly bore." Baseball was something that the twentieth century had a right to do without. Spectator golf ranked in importance with bridge tournaments and Junior League rummage sales. Football, tennis, hockey, and boxing interested him for aesthetic reasons. Crew Slammer fancied that he wrote like Hemingway. A typical lead describing a junior swimming meet would begin, "In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that . . ."

Crew Slammer was like all my friends in those days. He wanted more. He had a competitive drive to be the best. Why did he become a sportswriter? That is the question we were all trying to answer. Inevitably we turned to the *Best Sports Stories* anthology, there to prosper or rot. I am sad to say that Crew Slammer did not prosper, but pretend you don't know that for a while. For Crew Slammer was a myth, a symbol of our tragic graveyard, a commentary on conditions. He lived only

in our imaginations, which of course means that he lived nonetheless.

When I started writing sports in 1958 at the *Press*, I already knew something about basic reporting. I covered the night police beat for two years at the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, much to the despair of a night city editor named El Capers who used to tell me, "Your trouble is, you fingers are too fast for your mind." I thought he had it backwards, so I quit and joined the sport staff of the *Press*. Instinctively I realized that the only way to move forward was to change newspapers every two years—a pattern I followed to the *Dallas Times Herald*, the *Dallas Morning News*, and finally the *Philadelphia Inquirer* where, like Crew Slammer, I became a victim of the mentality ceiling. But almost every important thing I learned, I learned at the *Press*.

The Fort Worth *Press* is one of those dilapidated brick-box institutions that Scripps-Howar used to stake between the railroad yard and the farmers' market. Its city room with the eras of dirt and the rancid smell of machine oil remind you of a train depot in a college-size town. For years it has been vanishing in a cloud of soot and momentarily it will reappear as a parking lot. It is maintained as you would maintain a shoe box of old letters by a few faithful servants who are nearing retirement age. Good writers have come and gone, and the others have joined the scenery. I cannot visualize the *Press* city room without calling up Delbert Willis, the one-legged city editor who periodically takes a leave of absence to hunt for the Jap who got him; Carolyn Hamilton, a husky, old-maidish feature writer in cowboy boots; or Marvin Garrett, a meek silver-haired farm and county editor. Marvin is sitting at his desk, barely visible behind an enormous mound of publicity releases (which we would sometimes take, turn over and use for copy paper

in times of austerity), and all day he is shuffling papers and clucking.

The *Press* is P.M., meaning that it publishes in the afternoon, and that we had to report at 6:00 A.M. The morning dark does things to the creative man. My friend and fellow sportswriter Dan Jenkins used to complain that it made his hair hurt. His wife would set her alarm for 3:00 A.M., watch his hair from her side of the bed and make notes, but they never isolated the problem. I never made it at 6:00 A.M., but I came close that first day. Twelve minutes late, in a panic, peeling off coat and sweater as I climbed the single flight of dark stairs, I smashed glue-eyed through the swinging gate that separated Sports from the other departments. Suddenly I realized that the only other person in the room was Puss Erwin, a retired postman who had signed on as our bowling writer. Puss was hunched over his typewriter, drinking vodka from a paper cup and puzzling over the previous night's bowling averages. It was the dead of winter, so the heater—the coal chute, we called it—was running full blast. Puss had removed his coat, tie, and shirt, and draped them over the back of his chair. He didn't know me yet, but I guess he had heard I was coming to work at the *Press*. He wouldn't look up. Between sentences he muttered: "You'll never make it, son." I knew he was right. Half an hour before deadline, our slot man, Sick Charley Modesette, arrived. Charley had been out all night, looking for his car. There was a professional detachment about Charley, a combat residual bred in men who have learned to expect nothing. "All the bastards slept in again, huh?" Charley observed, and started plugging the first edition with old pictures and dated syndicated columns by Joe Williams and Harry Grayson. We made deadline with seconds to spare. It was always this way.

Many times I put out the paper alone. All the sportswriters did. We staggered in, tore the night's run of copy from the United Press machine, selected the stories according to the page dummies supplied by the advertising department, assigned headlines and wrote them, clipped box scores and other trivia from the morning *Star-Telegram*, selected pictures and sent them to the engravers, made up the cutlines, then hurried to the composing room where a printer named Max would be waiting to change everything. Like Charley, Max was a professional. All he ever said was, "Who the hell do you think you are?"

We survived on the assumption that no one read our paper anyhow. It is the same feeling you get on a college newspaper or on mind-

expanding drugs. There are no shackles on the imagination; there is no retreat, only attack. One of my jobs was to make up little "brights" or boxes:

John Doughe made a hole-in-one yesterday at Glen Lakes Country Club when a snake swallowed his tee shot, a dog swallowed the snake, and an eagle carried off the dog, dropping him in the cup after colliding head on with a private plane flown by Doughe's maternal twin.

We went heavy on the irony. Under these circumstances you might think we got a lot of letters to the editor, but I don't remember any.

## II

**T**he starting salary for a college graduate was about \$45.67 a week. It went up in pennies. For that reason we ate our meals at the Lavender Cafeteria. Three biscuits soaked in cream gravy cost 26 cents. Cowboy Hardley, a photographer, favored gravy over cantaloupe, which cost slightly more but got results from those of us who had to watch him eat it. Cowboy was a chow hustler. We called him Everman Fats for his hometown of Everman. He would bet his breakfast against yours that you wouldn't finish.

I did not know it at the time, but the *Press* sports staff was ten years ahead of the game. In 1955 the *Press* was perfecting what most, but not yet all, sports staffs believe they have just created: a competitive art form. Significant television competition was years away, but already the *Press* was rebelling against the stiff, bleak who/what/when/where architecture of its predecessors, exposing myths, demanding to know why, and treating why as the only question. It was funny about 1961 when *Newsweek* devoted its press section to the wry progressive sports editor of *Newsday*, Jack Mann. *Newsday* hired good, creative writers. They worked as a unit, pruning clichés from wire copy, peppering up hard news by tracing angles all over the country, barreling over dogma where they confronted it. Was Yogi Berra a lovable gnome, like it said in *Sporting News*? Did he sit around reading comic books and eating bananas? Or was he a noncommunicative boor whose funniest line

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was, "How the hell would I know?" *Newsday*, the magazine pointed out, demanded an answer.

There was no way for *Newsweek* to know it, but sports editor Blackie Sherrod had been preaching a better anarchy at the *Press* in 1950. Sherrod surrounded himself with such men as Dan Jenkins and Bud Shrake, now well-known and excellent writers at *Sports Illustrated*, not to mention the irresponsible Crew Slammer. He let them write from the gut.

What obsessed us all was the species. We could watch for hours out the window of the *Press* composing room which overlooked the New Gem Hotel, where God knows what the Negroes were up to, speculating out loud what the species might otherwise become. Without sport, what would Mickey Mantle do? He would drive a fork lift, Crew Slammer was certain. Joe Kuharich would be night watchman for a company that manufactures caskets. Joe Namath raised carrier pigeons and sold hubcaps. Roger Maris operated a liquor store on the Illinois-Missouri border. Bud Wilkinson was Norman Rockwell's chauffeur, and Vince Lombardi operated an academy for the sons of South American dictators. Rice football coach Jess Neely, a slight, shallow-faced man with a Southern drawl who has since retired, was a kindly Southern scientist who devoted his life to crossbreeding the boll weevil with the bull elephant. He always seemed to be at cross purposes.

It was a great joke, of course, but after a while Jess Neely did suggest something unusual. I remember being assigned to do what we called a jock-strap story after an SMU-Rice game in Houston about 1960. It appeared from the press box that Rice lost the game because Neely refused to gamble on fourth down late in the fourth quarter when the alternative was certain defeat. In the twenty minutes before deadline I had to race to the Rice dressing room to gather some quotes from Neely and write six hundred words. All I could think to ask was, "Coach Neely, what were you thinking out there on fourth down?" Neely gave me a sorry scowl and said, "Why, young man, to score more points than my opponents, naturally." At the time I questioned his sincerity. Now that I am older and wiser I believe that Neely was answering as well as he knew how. Frank Howard, the former coach at Clemson, was one of the best men I ever interviewed. In a situation much like the one Neely found himself in, Frank Howard first talked about the other team ("Those big old fine-looking athletes"), then concluded, "We were gonna get our tails whipped, it was a question of by how much."

In most cases the argot of the sports industry

can be traced to the sports pages. An American Football League player discussing the ability of a rival kickoff-return man observed recently, "He good! He good! He have developed the knack to alter directions on a dime." He read that somewhere. On the other hand, originality and imagination can be trouble, as Darrell Royal frequently discovers. Royal, the University of Texas football coach, thought himself amusing a few years ago when he likened the rival team from Texas Christian to "a bunch of cockroaches." And he was. The trouble started because a few sportswriters stopped short of explaining that while TCU had not won many games, it had occasionally risen to the moment and spoiled a good thing for someone else. This slip is still a psychological spook anytime TCU plays Texas.

Press conferences such as this one are hazardous. Sportswriters are too absorbed by their own questions to understand the answers. Harold Ratliff, sports editor for the Associated Press in Texas, is the dean of the press conference because he has made himself a focal point for years. Harold likes to bait his subject. He is always asking coaches to predict how much they will win by, or better yet say something rotten about the opponent. While he is never successful, he believes that he is. A recent AP story out of Dallas begins, "Coach Tom Landry of the Dallas Cowboys professed concern over his team's future Wednesday although the Cowboys hold a three-game lead . . ." On the face of it, this is a strong story. Good Lord, the entire future of the Cowboys? Well, not quite, as the story goes on to explain. What happened, I am certain, is that Ratliff asked Landry something like, "Coach, your team about has it [the championship] wrapped up, wouldn't you say?" Landry would not. Landry pointed to the difficult schedule in the final weeks of the season, and he said, "We could still lose it . . ."

### III

I remember a discussion that several of us had with Landry one afternoon. The subject was "field position," a term you hear more frequently from college coaches than professional coaches. The concept of the game of football is attack and retreat, the same as war. The ultimate object is to capture the opponent's goal, but a secondary consideration is keeping the ball as far as possible from your own goal line. Professional teams with their superior striking power are less cautious about field position, but no less concerned, as Landry was explaining. After taking some time to ferment his question, Ratliff cornered Landry and asked, "Tell

us, Tom, what do you consider the best field position?" I looked at Landry. He didn't need anyone to remind him to answer with care. He said, "Harold, I am personally attracted to my opponent's one-inch line."

I respect Landry. One reason is that he defended me before a mob of super-fans who wanted to know why Landry had neglected to have me fired for writing terrible things about his team. (It somehow amazes the super-fan to learn that writers are not hired or fired by the teams they are assigned to cover.) Landry told them, "You have to remember one thing, when the game is over and we're all feeling bad about losing, he is the one with the typewriter." I have thought about what Landry said. Especially in the escaping minutes after a night game, plunging into the irretrievable deadline, I have written my story upside down and backwards and then hoped to hell I could find a first paragraph to justify it. Don Meredith, the Cowboys' quarterback, is a good friend of mine, but one afternoon when he failed to rise to the occasion, I started my game story:

"Outlined against a gray November sky, the Four Horsemen rode again: Pestilence, Death, Famine, and Meredith."

Meredith read it and thought it was funny. His fans did not. Fans of Kansas City Chiefs line-backer Sherrill Headrick thought it was funny when I wrote that he had "the face of an Oklahoma chicken thief." Headrick's wife did not. Buddy Dial's wife canceled her subscription to the *Dallas Morning News* when I wrote that he had been benched because Landry felt he wasn't playing well. I didn't even write that. I was drunk. Three friends wrote it for me. I have done as much for them. Sportswriters will pull you out of a ditch.

All of our hearts went out to the old sportswriter from the Rio Grande Valley—I forget his name—who stumbled into the Cotton Bowl Press box one New Year's Day. Someone on the field fired a cannon and he fell out of his chair. I asked him, "Didn't you get to bed last night?" He said, "Damn near. Only missed it about that far," holding his hands to indicate a foot or so.

#### IV

**P**rofessional football players are easily the best educated, most congenial, and most sensitive group of athletes I know. They have a different kind of courage, almost masochistic.

I fell into the habit of dropping by the Cowboys' training room before a game. It was the warmest place in any stadium, but I also needed a B-12 shot or something more stimulating. No one talks about

## ACADEMIC BUSINESS

*by James Steel Smith*

Report filed. Ambiguous shadows  
crawl along report litter.

Outside, the late flutter  
of birds marries the leaf shadows of spring.

Inside, we proceed to another report,  
this one retorting  
to a report  
on the errors of an earlier report  
of an alleged wrong.

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it, but training rooms are portable pharmacies. It is the trainer's job to have his forty men ready by Sunday afternoon. If a player is injured, they shoot him full of cortisone. If his pain threshold is low, they give him morphine or another opium derivative. If his metabolism is skimpy, they give him amphetamine. When Commissioner Pete Rozelle outlawed the free use of amphetamines a few years ago, several players and maybe a few sportswriters were ruined. I suspect the National Football League was on the verge of a scandal. Certainly Big Daddy Lipscomb didn't help the image by taking an overdose of horse. Rozelle got pep pills out of the aisles and under the tables. One trainer got around the rule by putting out two pots of coffee, one straight and the other laced with dope. It was explained to me recently by an NFL player, "Every man lets the trainer know his requirements. When you get to the stadium there is a paper cup of whatever you need waiting in your locker."

Almost any football player would be astonished to have explained to him the deliberate change that football has made to his body chemistry. Ernie Stautner, a wide, strong, innocent, hard-living former defensive end who now coaches for the Cowboys, nearly died from being given the wrong drug before a game in Cleveland. Stautner should have been in the hospital that day, but he was determined to play for the Pittsburgh Steelers. After the team doctor inadvertently stoked him up with 1,200 milligrams of Demerol instead of Novocain, he *was* in the hospital, dying he suspected. "Nurses and doctors were running around like a British comedy," he told me later.



"I kept thinking: I'm just a statistic now. I thought about this testimonial dinner they were having for me in two weeks back in Pittsburgh. Boy, that's gonna be a dead affair! Pittsburgh! Boy! That's the irony—the only team in the league I never wanted to play for, and here I was dying on their time."

Someone called a priest and Stautner made his final peace with The Maker. "Father," he said weakly, "I don't have much time, so if it's okay with you I'll just hit the highlights."

## V

**J**ust as an athlete, if he's any good, will rise to the occasion, so will a sportswriter. That is the essence of his profession, and one of the reasons there are so few good sportswriters. The other reason is editors. Unfortunately, there is not a hint of a parallel between the average coach and the average newspaper editor. There was an abundance of writing talent in Texas at the time when Crew Slammer and the rest of us still considered the impossible dream to be a dateline from College Station. Few sports editors were talented enough to recognize it. The *Dallas Morning News*' Bill Rives had Tex Maule working the slot. His reasoning was that it took more judgment to arrange stories than it did to write them. Maule hated the job. Now he is senior editor at *Sports Illustrated* and one of the top sportswriters in the country. Roy Terrell, SI's assistant managing editor, was stuck away somewhere in Corpus Christi.

The sportswriters everyone heard of in the 1950s were Jesse Abramson, *New York Herald Tribune*; John Carmichael, *Chicago Daily News*; Red Smith, *New York Herald Tribune*; Maxwell Stiles, *Los Angeles Mirror*; Ed Danforth, *Atlanta Journal*; Earl Ruby, *Louisville Courier-Journal*; Milton Gross, *New York Post*; Joe Williams, *New York World-Telegram & Sun*; Jimmy Cannon, *New York Post*; Prescott Sullivan, *San Francisco Examiner*; Tim Cohane, *Look*; Bob Hunter, *Los Angeles Examiner*; Si Burdick, *Dayton News*; Shirley Povich, *Washington Post*.

As E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. spread the word in its anthologies of *Best Sports Stories*, names like Furman Fisher, *Atlanta Journal*; Jack Murphy, *San Diego Union*; Murray Olderman, NEA; and Bill Rives, *Dallas Morning News*, joined the pack. Still later, Blackie Sherrod clamored over the wall of the *Fort Worth Press*, found an outlet at the *Dallas Times Herald* and became—along with two Los Angeles columnists, the *Times*' Jim Murray and the *Herald Examiner*'s Mel Durslag—one of the best day-in day-out sportswriters in the

business. These men worked for the big papers and covered the big stories, and E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., sorted them out each year for recognition. Others, such as Dan Jenkins and Bud Shrake, would occasionally break through on pure ability. The men in *Best Sports Stories* wrote with a diversity of styles and emphasis which only helped to confuse a novice. I can't think of his name but there was an old-timer from Philadelphia who started every game story like this: "Army's powerful Cadets defeated Navy's game but outmanned Midshipmen for the second straight year here Saturday, 14-6, before a crowd of 81,342." The second sentence was always, "Army won the toss and elected to receive." Having created that, he tacked on the play-by-play and got drunk. We could see that this style went nowhere. We were in danger of being replaced by the ape.

As far as I know this exercise is still tacked to the bulletin board of the *Fort Worth Press*:

By CREW SLAMMER

The World's Greatest Sportswriter

*Baltimore, Nov. 27*—Late in the fourth quarter when Army's Black Knights of the Hudson had traveled on their bellies long enough to be mistook for Arlington National Cemetery, and had risen in an agonizing mass and smashed the United States Navy's football team to bobbing bits and pieces, Army coach Red Blaik craned his neck toward the score board clock, whispered to an assistant, and squirmed off in the direction of the men's room. Army had won, 23 to 7, and Blaik was ready to wash his hands of the whole affair.

Conditions conspired to prevent this from being a flawless opening paragraph. After all, it was written for the bulletin board, not the five-star final. Crew Slammer was 1,500 miles away, emptying the wastebasket, when Army defeated Navy. There was something else, though, which Bill Rives (by then assistant managing editor of the *Dallas Morning News*) explained to me a few years later: "You can't use *men's room* in a family newspaper!" I also learned from Rives that you can't use "Jap-a-Nazi Rat" in a family newspaper, even when you are quoting Jules Feiffer's *Great Comic Book Heroes*.

## VI

**R**ives looked like an aging Rudolph Valentino. He was a fanatic for words. The walls of his department were posted with signs ordering KEEP IT SHORT! or WRITE LIKE YOU TALK! The trouble was, neither Rives nor any of the other name writers followed those orders. Maxwell Stiles

would open a story on the United States Women's golf championship: "Last Saturday at the Waverly Country Club in Portland I saw the face of America peer at me through a pair of dark eyes alight with the radiant glory of one who has brought honor and dignity to her native land." Then we would study Sherrod, painting his first impressions of a Kansas sophomore named Wilt Chamberlain: "If they're going to let him play basketball . . . they ought to let the Grand Canyon play ditch." Rives would start: "Julius Nicholas Boros, swarthy-skinned son of Hungarian immigrants, captured the National Open championship Saturday with a score of 281, one over par," and *Best Sports Stories* would leap on it.

Dan Jenkins could mock them all with his sweep and simplicity: "Tommy Bolt, with astonishing ease, won the 1958 U. S. Open golf championship today on a vicious course that broke Sam Snead in two days and wrenched Ben Hogan's wrists." And who was Jenkins? He was our first big-timer from the Fort Worth *Press*. He wrote for *Golf Digest*. He could be counted on to have a pocketful of press-box tickets or parking passes. Any time he passed Ben Hogan on the veranda of Colonial Country Club, Hogan was likely as not to say, "Hi, fella," the only two words Hogan used well. An ex-TCU football player named Red ("How's ya mom and them?") Marable had even confided to friends in high places that he did not want to hit Jenkins, merely "grab him and shake him around."

Bud Shrake followed hard behind Jenkins. He is a giant of a man with a poet's soul and a lumberjack's appetite. He was the accidental winner of a Chili Rice Eating Contest one time while serving as contest referee. Shrake is an enormously talented sportswriter and a keen observer of the species. For a while Shrake and I shared an apartment in Dallas. From time to time a well-known college football coach from a big-time school whose name I will not mention would show up with a bag of groceries, often on the night before a major game. We would eat and drink until about 3:00 A.M., then drive through town looking for girls. We never talked football.

Shrake had a suspicious habit of being with me each time I disgraced myself, my newspaper, and my country. I have always reacted in curious ways to the pressures and exigencies of my profession. It was not Shrake who suggested that I dress up like a waiter, crash the Fort Worth Colonial Country Club's first (and last) annual poolside tux and fashion show, and leap off the three-meter diving board, spraying dinner rolls among the floating orchids.

Yet Shrake had an invitation and I had none. He helped me find a linen closet in the basement, and he was there when Club manager Virgil Bourland intercepted me on the way to the poolside. "What's this?" Bourland asked, lifting a roll from the wicker basket. "Them's rolls!" "What for?" Bourland challenged. "For hungry people." Bourland asked, "Is this some kind of joke?" and I assured him that hunger is never a joke, stomping away indignantly and crouching in the hedges while a search party was organized. It was not Shrake who threw up all over Michigan State football coach Duffy Daugherty when Daugherty told a nauseous joke (punch line: "I don't know what it is! I found it in my nose") in the hotel suite of "Coach of the Year" Murray Warmath. It was me. Yet Shrake was a ready accomplice, I confess, just before that, when we ripped off Warmath's bedding, contrived an effigy and hung it from his transom, much as his students at the University of Minnesota had been doing earlier in the year. Shrake was clear across the room when I took off my clothes and sang "Danny Boy" at Blackie Sherrod's Christmas party. He was there when I swung at and missed Norm Van Brocklin at a night spot in Birmingham. And he had grave reservations the time we found a dead carp on the banks of a gravel pit, and had it cooked and served to Bill Rives, a Catholic. The answers to why we do such things are buried with the minute and uncelebrated details of the events themselves, and maybe too fragile for the Freudian window sash. I know this: in a time my memory cannot identify, in a place I cannot remember being welcome, there is someone's voice, full of respect and anticipation, saying, "For Chrissake, here he comes *again*!"

## VII

**I**nfluenced in part by men like Blackie Sherrod, Dan Jenkins, and Bud Shrake, almost all sportswriters were experimenting with words in the name of literature by 1960. It is impossible to overestimate the damage this has done to subsequent sportswriters, as this lead, selected at random from the October 22, 1967, Dallas *Morning News* suggests:

*Houston*—There was mutiny of SMU's Good Ship Destiny here Saturday night and the Rice Owls found themselves marooned all alone on the Southwest Conference's unbeaten Isle of Desire.

In the fifth paragraph the writer lets you in on the secret: Rice defeated SMU, 14 to 10.

Dan Jenkins is probably the best sportswriter I have ever read, but until he went to *Sports*



*Illustrated* it was difficult to plead his case. Take the creative mind and lash it to a pillar in the city room some Saturday night. Bombard it with the rattle of Western Union printers. Give it headlines to write and other people's stories to read and paste up, and you will understand why from time to time rats have been trained to play the piano. Boredom may be the mother of genius; certainly it comes equipped with its own safety valve.

Boredom is the reason why at the *Dallas Times Herald* in 1960 we came to invent the mythical football power from Metcalf R. The name honors the late newspaper poet James J. Metcalf (the R. stands for nothing in particular, it just sounded better than Metcalf U. or Metcalf Poly). On any Sunday among the agate lines of type telling who won, a *Times Herald* reader was privileged to find the results of the Metcalf R. game. Metcalf R. scheduled such worthies as Indiana McGrunder and Southeastern Oklahoma Central, and always won by three points.

Do not suppose this went unchallenged. On one occasion when the Metcalf R. score was accidentally lost on the composing-room floor, a neighbor of the city editor complained. This complaint was the inspiration for our next move: the invention of the Corbet Comets, a small high-school football power of unspecified classification.

The Comets streaked along on the energies of their twin halfbacks, Dickie Don and Rickie Ron Yewbet—named for TCU football coach Abe Martin's speech pattern ("We gonna play some football, yewbet we are!"). Every Friday night we inserted under a 14-point headline a paragraph celebrating Corbet's newest triumph. Corbet did not lose for two seasons, in which time Rickie Ron got mumps and died. Someone had blue and black Corbet window decals printed, and someone else suggested a story to the editor of the women's page when E. O. (Shug) Kempleman, Corbet Ford dealer, donated the world's largest tuba to the Fighting Corbet Band. Later, when I worked for the *Dallas Morning News*, someone slipped in to print the results of the city of Corbet municipal elections. F. D. Orr defeated E. O. (Shug) Kempleman, 43 votes to 38. Rives, by then an assistant managing editor, blamed me. He called me "flip" and suggested that I read *The Texas Almanac* sometime and grow up.

What is much harder to forgive is what Rives did to my "Study in Black and White" story, the year that the Mississippi State basketball team conquered everyone except its state legislature. There was a law in Mississippi prohibiting integrated sports events. On the day before the MSU

basketball team was supposed to leave for the NCAA tournament in Louisville, this law was stretched to include sports events anywhere in the world so long as they involved state teams from Mississippi.

This was a banner story anywhere in the country. No one had to tell me to place a long distance call to the captain of the MSU team. I don't remember the captain's name, but I remember that he was surprisingly candid. To his way of thinking there was justice in the fact that the Mississippi State basketball team could not claim a national championship until it had played and beaten teams of Negroes. In a touching aside, he told what happened the night of his senior dance in his hometown of Poplarville, Miss. That night some of the town rednecks kicked down the jail door, hauled out a Negro named Parker, tied him with rope, and threw him in the river. The MSU captain could not remember what the victim had done to rile the population, but the lynching dampened his heart where it would never dry. "The night of our senior dance!" he repeated. "Imagine." I wrote the story straight and Rives killed it. He gave this reason: "This puts the *Dallas News* in a position of taking sides." Well, my God, what if it does? Rives could have just dropped it there. Instead, in an amazing burst of rationale, he added, "If it were a wire-service story, maybe it would be different. But this story . . . this story is written by our own man. Our own man!"

Rives wasn't there a few years later when the *Morning News* destroyed another story, this one considerably closer to home. I learned from a friend that Dallas Country Club was discreetly planning to drop its annual invitational tennis tournament rather than open it to Arthur Ashe, a Negro. The friend put me in touch with an influential club member who confirmed the story and added, "We can't very well have an invitational tennis tournament without inviting the best player in the country. And the mossbacks who run this place can't very well bring themselves to let Arthur Ashe in the front door."

For several years running I had been assigned to cover the tournament. I didn't like it, but there it was in my assignment folder. Dallas Country Club is where The Establishment that Dallas claims does not exist runs the city, including both of its newspapers. Hence the annual DCC Invitational Tennis Tournament was displayed by both Dallas newspapers as you would display WORLD WAR THREE . . . right up till the moment when my story that the whole thing had been dropped was dumped in the editor's wastebasket. After a

day and a half of soul-searching, I learned, the rival *Dallas Times Herald* also reached the conclusion that there was no story here.

Then an unfortunate thing happened. *Sports Illustrated* got wind of the story and printed it completely, including the part which made mention of the fact that *Times Herald* executive editor Felix McKnight was a board member at the Country Club. McKnight is a onetime sportswriter and wire-service reporter with a reputation as a no-holds-barred newsman. It was shortly after McKnight took over that *Times Herald* staff members adopted a motto for their paper: "We wait until the bandwagon gets rolling, then throw ourselves under it."

### VIII

By this time I knew I would never be a good sportswriter. Yet to turn away from the only profession you have ever known would not be an easy thing. Especially a profession with all those beautiful conflicts of interest. Sportswriters get in free, to sports events or most anything else. They are fed and liquored and given unusual considerations. There are cocktail parties, and wealthy sportsmen with yachts and planes and private islands in the Bahamas, and moonlight jobs in communications. The pay is poor but no one bothers to live on his salary.

There is no spectacle in sport more delightful than witnessing members of the Baseball Writers Association, who invented the box score, trampling each other at the buffet table. The first time I actually saw Dick Young, the New York *Daily News'* very good baseball writer, he was smearing deviled egg on the sleeve of Arthur Daley's sport coat and discussing Casey Stengel's grammar. Ben Hogan was rude and gruff but he impressed me when I learned that the caviar at his annual press party cost \$45 a jar. Tony Lema had a genius for public relations at least as great as his genius for golf. Champagne Tony! I covered his funeral. It was an assignment that I did not want, but I was there, thinking that it may be years before I taste champagne again. They served some on the flight home. Bear Bryant used to insist that the way to handle a sportswriter was with a fifth of Scotch. Sportswriters deplored this attitude, but no one ever thought to sue Bear Bryant.

Editors across the land dove for their memo pads a few years ago when the trade magazine *Editor & Publisher*, exposed the practice of permitting sports teams to pay traveling expenses for writers assigned to cover them. The practice still exists. Some editors see no special evil in the

fact that their writers accept cash per diem from the team, usually \$25 a day for room and meals. I know a sportswriter who accepts per diem and signs for all expenses. The team pays double, but this is how he keeps a daughter in college.

W. O. McGeehan is credited with drafting the industry's code. "If it's a bribe," McGeehan allegedly told a public-relations man, "it's not enough. If it's a gift, it's too much." Still, ethics is a nebulous question to a profession that has never really defined its purpose. To report? To expose? To speculate? To entertain? To criticize? To subsist and endure? A good sportswriter does it all. I do not know a sportswriter who would accept, say, one hundred dollars to print something he did not believe.

On the other hand, I can believe damn near anything. In 1960 after I had written that their training camp was "A Mickey Mouse Operation," an official of the Dallas Texans (now the Kansas City Chiefs) put an envelope into my shirt pocket. It contained, I learned after I had thanked him and walked off, three one-hundred-dollar bills, the only three I had ever seen. It was an offer in the nature of a living allowance, for we were guests at the training camp. The club was training in the spartan quarters of the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. In keeping with tradition, sportswriters lived there too. Windowpanes and indoor plumbing had not yet weakened NMMI, which I suppose was part of the reason the Texans selected it as a training site, aside from the fact it was cheap. I had been sitting on my cot, sweating and drinking gin from a chipped coffee cup when destiny happened by the open window—Paul Miller, a defensive end who once trained with the uptown Los Angeles Rams. Miller was a constant but authoritative bitcher. He became the source for my Mickey Mouse story. The morning after it appeared in print, this club official pushed the three bills in my pocket. All he said was, "I guess things haven't been too easy on you guys these last few weeks."

Well, it was true: they had not. What is more, I had seen the Texans' owner Lamar Hunt squander that much money warming up the engines of his airplane. The Hunts were perhaps the richest family in the world. Lamar and all of his brothers and all of his children and all of his brothers' children each inherited \$20 million at birth. Bunker, his older brother, is fat and right-wing to a fault, but I liked him and had traveled places with him in his airplane. I think of Bunker now, half-asleep on the team bus waiting outside the Polo Grounds in New York . . . bitter cold, blowing snow, Christmas music, and the blind blue



faces of the people outside in the crowding darkness. An old woman in a stocking cap stomped her feet to keep from freezing. A boy—he couldn't have been ten—pressed close to a burning trash basket. Something stirred Bunker; he started and saw them too. He looked at them a while, then he told me, "Boy hi-dy, that's what I call 'The Great Unwashed.'"

I carried the three hundred dollars with me all morning. I really was broke, having ripped through my expense money from the *Times Herald* in defense of sanity. But I gave back those three bills. I finally realized they were payment for all the Mickey Mouse stories I would ever write.

That is the only time anyone ever offered me money. There is a more subtle practice, however—hiring sportswriters to do program stories or other inconsequential writing jobs for the team they are assigned to cover. It pays well, up to \$50 for a couple of pages. I could nominally consider myself a professional writer, so I accepted this sort of arrangement. It is about the same as baseball writers accepting \$25 a game to serve as "official scorer."

The answer to conflict of interest, Texas E. Schramm used to explain, is to write positive. Schramm is president and general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, but he learned the business as publicity man and later general manager of the Los Angeles Rams. Los Angeles was and still is a sportswriters' holy place. Athletes step softly. Management is generous. Nevertheless, a big game is a big game, and tickets can be hard to come by.

When the Rams' management prohibited passing out free tickets to the 1951 championship games in the Coliseum (in accordance with league rules), local newspapermen talked it over and decided that the event was not worth covering. They stuck by the position until the Rams reassessed their own and purchased at full price from the league office several hundred "complimentary" tickets.

As a publicity man, Schramm sometimes wrote a column under the by-line of a well-known Los Angeles sportswriter. While Schramm slanted the columns in favor of his employers, he wrote nothing that the columnist might not have written for himself, had he been up to it. All Schramm did was accent redeeming qualities. Ex-Tulane publicity man Larry Karl provided a similar service for a New Orleans sports columnist in the 1950s. Karl would write the column, deliver it, fix it with a standard headline and tuck it in the columnist's typewriter. On one occasion Karl appendaged the column with a personal note—"Ed" (or whatever),

"the plane leaves at noon." He discovered how far things had gone when the message appeared in print as the final sentence to the column.

Let me make one thing plain: most sportswriters have no business in journalism. They are misfits looking for a soft life. The worst sportswriters are frustrated athletes, or compulsive sports fans, or both. The best are frustrated writers trapped by circumstances. Westbrook Pegler called sportswriters "historians of trivia," but Pegler learned his craft by writing sport. Scotty Reston, Heywood Broun, Damon Runyon, Ring Lardner, and Paul Gallico wrote about sport. Winston Churchill covered cricket during the Boer War. The *New York Times'* John Kieran was a sportswriter, but he was much more. When students at Yale protested that a *sportswriter* had been invited to address them, Kieran delivered his speech in Latin.

Sportswriting should be a young man's profession. No one improves after eight or ten years, but the assignments get juicier and the way out less attractive. After eight or ten years there is nothing else to say. Every word in every style has been set in print, every variation from discovery to death explored. The ritual goes on, and the mind bends under it. Ask a baseball writer what's new and he'll quote you the record book. Baseball writers are old men, regardless of age. Crew Slammer contended it was the sport that made it so, but all sport has a tedium that eventually gets too heavy for the human soul. Men who have traveled the deadly dull cycle too often are forever deafened to what they started to say. One writer with the Philadelphia *Bulletin* has been with the Philadelphia Eagles Football Club so long that he refers to them as "we." Difficulty with pronouns is a terminal sign for the journalist.

A writer whose ear is gone can become an editor, which is to say he can become a censor and accountant. Newspaper editors pretend to be appointed guardians of the old mentality ceiling ("write to the sixth-grade reader": never mind why he is sixth-grade), yet in reality they *are* the mentality ceiling. Crew Slammer and the rest of us formulated the theory that the higher a man climbs in the newspaper business, the less he becomes. It must be like a pencil sharpener up there.

I never did learn the name of the man in The Tower who had me fired from my last job as sports columnist of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. I saw him once. He was pale and, as I recall, walked with a limp. I believe the last time he came down from The Tower was in '07, to overturn a *Bulletin* truck or something. His reason for letting me go was he couldn't understand what I was writing. I appreciated his position.

# tatus Report

is month: A cool look at organ transplants;  
 nes with parents in them;  
 th vs. profits in the supermarket;  
 monstrosity" becomes a museum;  
 science writers hit the jackpot.

## Too Mortal nains

publicity attending human-heart  
 plants in recent months has in-  
 d in some benevolent citizens of  
 acquaintance a desire to bequeath  
 reusable parts to the living after  
 own demise. Recalling the frus-  
 ns encountered in a like enter-  
 by one of our contributors,  
 beth T. Harris ("On Giving One-  
 away," December 1964), we de-  
 to look into the current state of  
 s.

his end, we called on Dr. John C.  
 ell, II, a young surgeon at New  
 Hospital-Cornell Medical Cen-  
 o has had extensive experience  
 anspanting kidneys. Here is  
 we learned:

an transplantation is still an ex-  
 ental procedure. This is no  
 due to surgical problems; these  
 een largely solved. ("Once you  
 ow to do it and have organized  
 erienced team it's no more dif-  
 han any other major surgical  
 ure," Dr. Whitsell said.) The  
 unsolved problems are immuno-

tendency of the body to reject  
 ally alien tissue remains a  
 hazard. Since identical twins  
 etically identical they are the  
 iving donors; next best, in  
 der, are non-identical twins,  
 s and sisters, parents. Re-  
 deceased highway accident vic-  
 s in the South Africa case) or  
 relatives are two common  
 of still functioning organs.  
 rmore, the donor must have  
 ompatible with that of the re-

spantations from the de-  
 will not become generally fea-

sible until scientists (a) find a way to  
 do tissue typing; (b) discover how to  
 preserve organs for future use.

However, two parts of the body can  
 now be readily passed on to the living.  
 One is the cornea, which contains no  
 blood and is simply a lens. It must be  
 removed immediately after death un-  
 der sterile, operating-room condi-  
 tions. Although it can, theoretically,  
 be preserved for some time in an  
 "eye bank," surgeons generally per-  
 form the transplant—which can re-  
 store sight to the blind—as soon as  
 possible.

The other useful bequest, seldom if  
 ever made in this country, is blood  
 which can be typed and preserved in-  
 definitely. In this, as in several other  
 aspects of medicine, we have some-  
 thing to learn from the Soviet Union.  
 (See "Diary of a Russian Surgeon,"  
 December 1966). In the U. S. S. R., it  
 is common practice to preserve blood  
 taken from cadavers for future trans-  
 fusions. Things are different in the  
 U. S. A., where this potential source  
 of blood is not commonly used. If blood  
 from cadavers were to be obtained, it  
 would have to be under sterile con-  
 ditions immediately after death.

Apart from the many medical un-  
 certainties still involved in organ

transplants, there are legal obstacles  
 to giving yourself (or any part  
 thereof) away posthumously. After  
 death, your body belongs to your  
 heirs, who must give their consent to  
 an autopsy or any other unusual pro-  
 cedure. To those who want to know  
 more about all this, we recommend  
*Give and Take*, an authoritative, lucid  
 little book by Dr. Francis D. Moore of  
 Harvard Medical School (Saunders,  
 Philadelphia, and Doubleday, New  
 York).

## Rescuing Children

In a precedent-making decision a few  
 months ago the Washington, D.C.,  
 Welfare Department permitted two  
 unmarried women in their thirties  
 both teachers—to establish a group  
 home for five small children. Else-  
 where in Washington, a young couple  
 in their twenties have become house-  
 parents to four teen-age girls. All  
 these children had been living in  
 Junior Village, the institution which  
 J. W. Anderson called "a great fac-  
 tory for mental retardation" in his  
 article "A Special Hell for Children in  
 Washington," which appeared in this  
 magazine in November 1965.

At that time, Gordon Cosby, minis-  
 ter of the ecumenical Church of the  
 Saviour in Washington, had just re-  
 turned from the March on Selma de-  
 termined, as he put it, "to find a  
 handle to lift up the city's problems."  
 The challenge he issued to his congre-  
 gation gave birth to an organization  
 called FLOC (For Love of Children)  
 dedicated to the task of "getting the  
 children out of Junior Village." In the  
 Christmas 1967 issue of *Potomac*, the  
 Sunday magazine of the Washington  
*Post*, Vivian Yudkin reported on some  
 of the remarkable people who have

### THE PLACE

by Robert Wallace

Where to hide a leaf, he said,  
 is in a tree

A starling in a flock  
 Water in the sea.

In limbs, in waves, in air—

All of them hidden there!

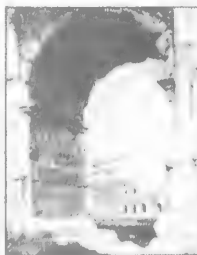


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## STATUS REPORT

persisted in this task over the two years, despite heartbreaking obstacles.

FLOC now numbers some 100 active members who carry on a intensive home-finding effort. This is a wholly volunteer program; the funds raised are used to maintain the five homes and to pay a modest salary to one houseparent who works at it as a full-time job. FLOC has also begun a "Hope and Home Program"; its members become Supporting Friends to destitute families, many of whom have children at Junior Village. At this writing FLOC is making only a but steady progress in setting up additional group residences or half-raised houses for the children it is committed to rescue. In the hope of speeding up its work FLOC has tried to involve the congregation of other churches—there are more than 1,500 in Washington. "So far," Yudkin told us, "the response has been feeble."

## Giant Economy Law

The tribulations of the American supermarket shopper—beset by packages styled to confuse and deceive—are vividly described in a recently published book, *The Thumb on the Scale* (Lippincott). The author, J. Mowbray, reports in detail the struggle of Senator Philip A. Hart for the enactment of a truth-in-packaging bill, the massive counter-propaganda campaign waged by the nation's food industry, and the abject surrender of many mass magazines to pressure from their advertisers.

Back in August 1963, attorney William D. Zabel, as the guest in *Open's* "Easy Chair," presented a 10-minute brief for the truth-in-packaging bill. The most pampered American consumer today, he pointed out, the purchaser of liquor. "There are no 'economy size fifth's,'" he wrote, "just giant half-quarts, and no one fills his bottle a 'full fifth.' The bottles are not 'slack-filled' with hollow bottoms or planned excess airspace. Your favorite Scotch does not say 'five off' one week and '10 cents off' the while the real price remains the same. In short, the liquor store shopper is not dubiously making rational choices based on price comparisons of different brands."

## STATUS REPORT

The federal government recognized the need to confer equal protection on the supermarket shopper in July 1966 when a watered-down version of Senator Hart's bill was enacted into law. Because it relies chiefly on self-policing by the food industry, the measure is disappointing. Political realists, however, argue that—given the nature of life and the legislative process—this is a forward step, if a minimal

As of this writing the Food and Drug Administration has issued specific regulations concerning "slack" and the "cents-off" game, to become operative this July. Hopefully, within the year housewives will note the results on the supermarket shelves. The Department of Commerce, which is charged by the law with working out additional regulations in cooperation with the food industry, has set up a special bureau in the General Counsel's office—with its budget of \$200,000 to carry out its mandate. This function will thus be separated from the generally business-oriented mainstream of Commerce Department activity.

## Phoenix the Hudson

In the autumn of 1964 "Olana," one of the most curious but also one of the most commanding houses built in the nineteenth century in America, seemed about to go the way of most mansions—to the wreckers, or to be gutted and remodeled to house an institution. Its furniture and collection of paintings were tagged and ready to be sold at auction; the trustees of the estate were tired of the usual talk about saving it for posterity and the usual lack of action. The house had been the home of the eminent Hudson River School artist Frederick E. Church, and he had designed it himself and filled it with paintings and curios and his own things. It is a sort of Persian villa and looks down from a high hill across escaped fields and ponds and woods to the Hudson River in the distance. Architectural historians and a few Americana enthusiasts loved it. It was in a state of preservation and whose interiors were exactly as they had been when Church died in 1900 at the

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# COMING IN Harper's

... for the late spring and early summer

## America's Land Boom: 1968

Daniel M. Friedenberg's trenchant appraisal of how land makes money today. Including a nearly complete guide to who owns what—and where.

## The Grand Ol' Opry

In Nashville, Tennessee, one of the nation's most hallowed—and popular—cultural monuments is visited by Larry L. King, who has brought back a hilarious report on how the Opry is changing the sound of pop music.

## The American Civil Liberties Union

How does it work? Who runs it? What are the corrosive problems it faces today from the puritans of the New Left, among others? By Joseph W. Bishop, Jr., professor, Yale University Law School.

## The Sex Crusaders from Missouri

Marion K. Sanders, a Harper's editor, reports on a recent visit with Virginia E. Johnson and Dr. William H. Masters—authors of the most explosive sex study since Kinsey, *Human Sexual Response*.

## Governor Kirk of Florida

by David Halberstam

## Conversations with Konrad Lorenz

by Edward R. F. Sheehan

## Life on a Minor League Baseball Team

by J. Anthony Lukas

## Joseph Alsop

by Merle Miller

## Portrait of New Orleans

by Walker Percy

... and stories by John Updike, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Seymour Epstein, and Jeremy Larner

## Also...

An exclusive Harper's special—an excerpt from the most important book of the year in Europe, soon to be published in America—Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's *The American Challenge*.

age of seventy-four. It had been lie in by his daughter-in-law, an inv until she died in her nineties ju few years ago.

Russell Lynes, in the "After Ho column of this magazine, reporte the house and its threatened dem February 1965. He also reported a holding action had begun, a mittee had been formed, and a go \$2 million set for the purchase of building and land and a fund to er the house as a public museum.

We recently talked to one of the who was most active on this con tee, Raymond Kennedy, publishe the *Hudson Register Star*. ("Ol is located on Route 9G, on the ed the city of Hudson.) The comm he said, "raised something bet \$350,000 and \$380,000." The ar needed to purchase the house. acres was \$470,000, and the Sta New York came to the rescue. I only voted the needed funds but e alished "Olana" under the wing o the State of New York Historic T The house was opened to the p last June.

During the five months it was in the summer and fall (it clos November for the winter) its tree were surprised (and enchanted course) that thirty thousand p came to see the extraordinary and its remarkable collections views and vistas. Its future is se by the State's assumption of th of foster parent and the grati public response to what just : years ago was considered by a many people to be a "Victorian or strosity."

"Olana" will be open to the again in April.

## Stars in Science

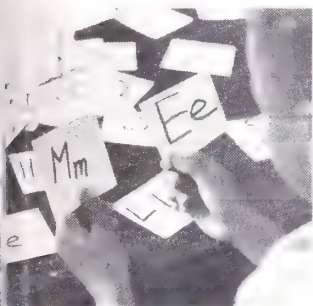
For his article "Over the Ed the Universe" (March 1967), Azimov was awarded the 1967 A Westinghouse Award for I guished Science Writing in zines. He received this honor a sum of \$1,000 at the annual m in December of the American A tion for the Advancement of S and thus became, incidentally third author to win it for wor lished in Harper's. Previous were John L. Chapman (1962 Dean E. Wooldridge (1963).

# In hope of doing each other some good

Kodak

## The efforts of a citizen

We know an alert young citizen from the center of Rochester who can scarcely read the simplest words, though she is almost 9. The school does what it can for Helen.



Some 80 kids from Helen's part of town are bussed 20 miles west each morning to join the other pupils in the Demonstration School of State University College at Brockport. The Demonstration School serves its usual functions in a teacher-training institution and is furthermore examining ap-

proaches to prepare suburban educators for integrated education. Troubles with reading as bad as Helen's can turn up college faculty offspring, even if differently caused.

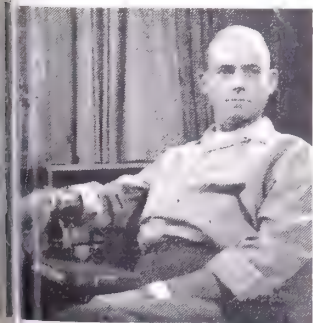
An office in the Demonstration School is occupied this academic year by a man who is on the payroll not of the State University of New York but of the Kodak Research Laboratories, which have been concentrating for the past 55 years almost exclusively on the application of chemistry and physics to photography. The man has been instructed to find projects where Kodak's resources might be further utilized in solving the present-day problems of education. We hope he finds some.

So other men from the Kodak Research Laboratories have successfully completed a more familiar and easier project that has brought forth a new screen material. Changes in the microstructure of aluminum make projected images at least times brighter than on screens currently available.

In a teachers' magazine we advertise "... Brighter than you can imagine. We call it the KODAK Projection SUNSCREEN. Leave room lights on, windows uncovered, and still watch color, bright movies. There'll be no more squirming and giggles in the dark. This high-intensity screen makes both color and black-and-white movies absolutely brilliant. It's slipped into the cover of every KODAK EKTAGRAPHIC 8 and 16 mm Projector. For details, write for Bulletins V3-8 and V3-9 (to Eastman Kodak Company, Motion Picture and Education Markets Division, Rochester, N.Y. 14650)."

The question still remains: will Helen learn to care about the difference between "MEAT" and "BEAT"?

## The enterprise of a customer



Seth C. Hilton, Jr. of Nashville, Tenn. wears a shield he has fashioned to cover the two indwelling shunts in his right forearm. The shunts serve to attach him at least twice a week to a hemodialysis machine, for he has no functioning kidneys of his own. The shield protects from hazards un-

known to those who go about their work with flesh unpunctured by hardware. It resists crazing that would cut down the

## The triumph of an employee

Dr. William Feldman won a NASA Public Service Award with his performance on an assignment. It was Bill who ran the photographic end of Lunar Orbiter, a space project. You may not remember it, since it was in the headlines for only a day or two, quite a few months ago. There were some spectacular closeup shots published of the mountain scenery on the moon. Quite a triumph.

Feldman works for Kodak, a company often regarded as a toy manufacturer because we have long been known by a product that looks toylike in its simplicity and is brought into play on fun-filled occasions. His men made another toy that came in two parts. One part rode in orbit around the moon, taking pictures, processing the film up there, and creating the video signals that were sent to the second part back on earth, from which emerged the finished photographs. In five out of five Lunar Orbiters, this Kodak photographic system proved able to picture at the will of the operator anything anywhere on the lunar surface bigger than a card table. This includes the moon's back side, which turned out to be mysteriously different from the front side.



As a thoughtful man, Bill Feldman can wonder why he should be honored. Is it for raising the level of complexity of the work with which he, his colleagues, and the populace in general occupy themselves? (Tough on those who can't even read!) The thousands of moon pictures that resulted

will be studied by scientists for years for evidence about the origin of the earth and the moon, a subject deemed worthy of attention by the founders of civilization millennia ago. (Those blessed with strong intellects have compelling needs of their own.) Or is Bill being honored here in the shareholders' interests because, in a hundred ways that benefit people who care nothing about the origin of the moon, the project demonstrated that an organization tuned to photography (as structural radiography, as instruction, as a fabrication technique, as documentation, as microfilming) has an advantage available to any management for smoothly marshalling men and materials in a significant undertaking?

transparency Hilton needs in watching for blood clots.

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## The Shade of Thomas Wolfe

by William Styron

**Thomas Wolfe.** A Biography by Andrew Turnbull. Scribner's, \$7.95.

The shade of Thomas Wolfe must be acutely disturbed to find that his earthly stock has sunk so low. All artists want fame, glory, immortality, yet few were so frankly bent on these things as Wolfe was, and no writer—despite his agonizing self-doubts—seemed so confident that they lay within his grasp. The unabashed desire for perpetuity moves in a rhythmic, reappearing theme through all of his works. In a typically boisterous apostrophe to the power of booze in *Of Time and the River* he chants: "You came to us with music, poetry, and wild joy when we were twenty, when we reeled home at night through the old moon-whitened streets of Boston and heard our friend, our comrade, and our dead companion, shout through the silence of the moonwhite square: 'You are a poet and the world is yours.' . . . We turned our eyes then to the moon-drunk skies of Boston, knowing only that we were young, and drunk, and twenty, and that the power of mighty poetry was within us, and the glory of the great earth lay before us—because we were young and drunk and twenty, and could never die!" But poor Tom Wolfe if not dead is presently moribund and the matter of his resuscitation is certainly in doubt. The young, one is told, being gland- and eyeball-oriented, read very little of anything any more, and if they do it is likely to be Burroughs or Becket or Genet or a few of the bards of black humor or camp pornography. Of the older writers, Hemingway and Fitzgerald are still read, but Wolfe seldom. When the literary temper of a generation is occult, claustrophobic, doom-ridden, and the qualified snigger is its characteristic psychic response, no writer could be so queer as the shambling, celebratory hulk of

Thomas Wolfe, with his square's tragic sense and his bedazzled young man's vision of the glory of the world. What a comedown! In Europe, with the possible exception of Germany, he is not very well known. No, the reputation of Wolfe is in very bad shape; I suppose it was inevitable that, a short time ago, when I asked a college English major what he thought of the work of Thomas (not Tom) Wolfe he actually *did* reply seriously, "You mean the Tangerine Streamlined Whatever-it's-called guy?"

Yet it would be hard to exaggerate the overwhelming effect that reading Wolfe had upon so many of us who were coming of age during or just after the second world war. I think his influence may have been especially powerful upon those who, like myself, had been reared as Wolfe had in a small Southern town or city, and who in addition had suffered a rather mediocre secondary education, with scant reading of any kind. To a boy who had read only a bad translation of *Les Misérables* and *The Call of the Wild* and *Men Against the Sea* and *The Grapes of Wrath* (which one had read at fourteen for the racy dialogue and the "sensational" episodes), the sudden exposure to a book like *Look Homeward, Angel*, with its lyrical torrent and raw, ingenuous feeling, its precise and often exquisite rendition of place and mood, its buoyant humor and the vitality of its characters and, above all, the sense of youthful ache and promise and hunger and ecstasy which so corresponded to that of its eighteen-year-old reader—to experience such a book as this, at exactly the right moment in time and space, was for many young people like being born again into a world as fresh and wondrous as that seen through the eyes of Adam. Needless to say, youth itself was largely responsible for this fevered empathy, and there will be

reservations in a moment in regard to the effect of a later rereading of Wolfe; nonetheless, a man who can elicit such reactions from a reader of whatever age is a force to be reckoned with, so I feel nothing but a kind of gratitude when I consider how I succumbed to the rough unchanneled force of Wolfe as one does to the ocean waves.

Among other things, he was the first prose writer to bring a sense of America as a glorious abstraction of a vast and brooding continent with untold bounties were waiting for a young man's discovery—and his less catalogues and lyric invocation of the land's physical sights and sounds and splendors (a sumptuous description of the Boston waterfront, for instance, where "the delicate subtle air of spring touches all the odors with a new and delicious vitality; it draws the tar out of the pavements also, and it draws slowly, subtly, from ancient warehouses the compacted perfumes of eighty years the sweet thin piney scents of packing boxes, the glutinous composts of a century, that have thickly stained old warehouse plankings, the smell of twine, tar, turpentine and hemp, of thick molasses, ginseng, puny vines and roots and old piled sacks . . . and particularly the smell of frozen beeves, slick porks, veals, of brains and livers and kidneys, of haunch, paunch and . . .") seemed to me anything but a cliché or tedious, far from it; rather

William Styron's latest novel, *Confessions of Nat Turner*, has a hotly discussed best-seller since its publication last fall. Born in New News, Virginia, Mr. Styron graduated from Duke University in 1945 and his first novel, *Lie Down Darkness*, came out in 1951.

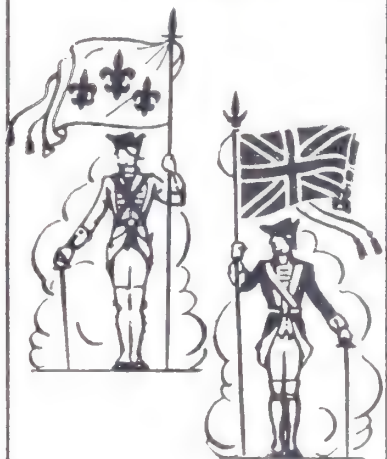
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was as if for the first time my whole being had been thrown open to the sheer *tactile* and *sensory* vividness of the American scene through which, until then, I had been walking numb and blind, and it caused me a thrill of discovery that was quite unutterable. It mattered little to me that sometimes Wolfe went on for page after windy page about nothing, or with the most callow of emotions: I was callow myself, and was undaunted by even his most inane repetitions. It meant nothing to me that some astonishingly exact and poignant rendition of a mood or remembrance might be followed by a thick suet of nearly impenetrable digressions; I gobbled it all up, forsaking my classes, hurting my eyes, and digesting the entire large Wolfe *oeuvre*—the four massive novels, plus the short stories and novellas, *The Story of a Novel*, the many letters and scraps and fragments, and the several plays, even then practically unreadable—in something less than two weeks, emerging from the incredible encounter pounds lighter, and with a buoyant serenity of one whose life has been forever altered.

I think it must have been at approximately this moment that I resolved myself to become a writer. I was at college in North Carolina at the time; it was October, Wolfe's natal, favorite, most passionately remembered month, and the brisk autumnal air was now touched, for the first time in *my* life, with the very fragrance and the light that Wolfe's grand hymn to the season had evoked: "October has come again—has come again. . . . The ripe, the golden month has come again, and in Virginia the chinkapins are falling. Frost sharpens the middle music of the seasons, and all things living on the earth turn home again. . . . The bee bores to the belly of the yellowed grape, the fly gets old and fat and ~~here, he buzzes loud, crackle~~ slow, creeps heavily to death, the sun goes down in blood and pollen across the bronzed and mown fields of old October. . . . Come to us, Father, while the winds howl in the darkness, for October has come again bringing with it huge prophecies of death and life and the great cargo of the men who will return. . . ." With words like this still vivid in my brain, I gazed at the transmuted tobacco-hazed streets of Durham, quite beside myself with

wonder, and only the appearance of a sudden, unseasonable snowstorm frustrated my immediate departure—together with a friend, similarly smitten—for Asheville, over two hundred miles away, where we had intended to place flowers on the writer's grave.

Now thirty years after Wolfe's death, the appearance of Andrew Turnbull's biography marks an excellent occasion to try to put the man and his work in perspective. Turnbull's work is a first-rate study, and not the least of its many worthy qualities is its sense of proportion. Too many biographies—especially of literary figures—tend to be overly fleshed-out and are cursed with logorrhea, so that the illustrious subject himself becomes obliterated behind a shower of menus, train tickets, opera programs, itineraries and dull mash notes from love-lorn girls. I could have done without so many of the last item in this present volume—from Wolfe's paramour Aline Bernstein who, though by no means a girl, often fell to gushing at inordinate length; but this is a small complaint since throughout the book Turnbull generally maintains a congenial pace and supplies us with just the proper amount of detail. One of the surprises of the biography is the way in which it manages to be fresh and informative about a person who was probably the most narrowly autobiographical writer who ever lived. The very idea of a life of Thomas Wolfe is enough to invoke dismay if not gentle ridicule since our first reaction is, "But why? Everything he did and saw is in his books." Yet Turnbull, clearly with some calculation, has expertly uncovered certain facts having to do with Wolfe's life which, if not really crucial, are fascinating just *because* we realize that we did not know them before. The actual financial situation of Wolfe's family in Asheville, for example, is interesting since the impression one gets of the deafening tribe of Gants in *Look Homeward, Angel* is that of a down-at-the-heel, lower-middle-class clan which may not have been destitute but which always had a hard time of it making ends meet. The truth of the matter, as Turnbull points out, is that by Asheville standards the Wolfes were literally affluent, belonging to the "top two percent economically." Likewise it turns out that Wolfe had

a touch of the sybarite in him; an instructor at New York University, he chose to live by himself in lodgings that for the time must have been very expensive, rather than to share quarters with several others as practically all of the instructors did. Such details would be of little interest, of course, were they not at variance with the portraits of Eugene Gant—George Webber, whose careers in the novel are considerably more penurious, egalitarian, and grubby.

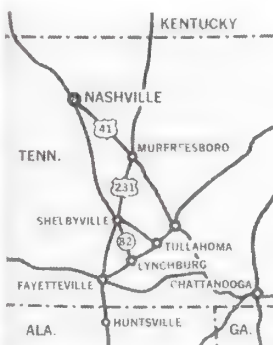
Wolfe was an exasperating man, a warm companion with a rich sense of humor and touching generosity of spirit and, alternately, a bastard of truly monumental dimensions, a figure which is a tribute to the detachment with which Mr. Turnbull has fashioned his biography that the good Wolfe and the bad Wolfe, seen upon separate occasions, begin to blend together so that what emerges (as in the best of biographies) is a man—in this case a man more complex and driven than is usual among those of his ilk: obsessively solitary yet craving companionship, proud and aloof at the same time almost childishly independent, open-handed yet suspicious, arrogant, sweet-hearted, hypersensitive, swinishly callous, gentle—writer, that is, but magnified. In the mid-twenties, on board a ship returning from Europe, Wolfe met and fell in love with Aline Bernstein, a well-known New York stage designer who was eighteen years younger than he was. In the ensuing affair which was bizarre and tumultuous, to say the least, Mrs. Bernstein clearly represented a mother-figure and an image of the Eliza Gant from whom in his first two novels, Tom-Eugene constantly fleeing as from a Freudian, with cyclic regularity, returned home to in helpless and sullen rebellion. (Julia Wolfe nursed her son until he was three-and-a-half and cut off Tom's beautiful ringlets at nine months after he had picked up lice from a neighbor. How Wolfe escaped being homosexual is a mystery, but no one has ever made that charge.) The son's ambivalent feelings he had toward his mother he expressed in his relationship with Aline who though extremely retentive and rather silly did not deserve the treatment she suffered at his hands, which was largely abominable. He was of course capable of great tenderness and it is obvious that

## BOOKS

many happy moments together, one cannot help feeling anything rue for the plight of the poor man, who had to be subjected to rminable grillings by him about former lovers and who, when circumstances forced them apart, still made to endure a barrage of let-in which in the most irrational cruel terms he accused her of beal and unfaithfulness. He also ted at her that she smelled like e grease, adding the attractive vration that "all Jews smell like e grease." It was a hopeless situ- and although it makes for griming the section on Wolfe's stormy with Aline is one of the most ilnating in the book, revealing as es so much of the man's puerile ility to form any real attachment yone, especially a woman—a shal-ess of emotional response, on a in level at least, which caused to be in perpetual flight and h may be a key to both his fail-and his strengths as a writer. ere was also, naturally, his editor ell Perkins—still one more rela-hip filled with *Sturm und Drang* on the part of Wolfe, impositions demands on another's time and y so total as to be positively raising. Obviously Perkins was a fine gentleman, but that a broad k of masochism ran through his e there can also be no doubt; a man born to enjoy terrible suf-g could have absorbed the pure of daily, committed *involvement* i Wolfe's tyrannically dependent nality imposed. It was of course e, as had been hinted during e's years at Scribner's, that Per-rote any part of Wolfe's books ertainly he was instrumental tting them together—maybe not as instrumental as Bernard De-plied in his famous review of *History of a Novel* but a thoroughly ating force nonetheless. There other way that we can interpret larious statement which Turn-perhaps with irony, perhaps not es in a section on the finishing of *Time and the River*: "Early in iber Perkins summoned Wolfe office and told him the book was Wolfe was amazed." Yet if it is hat Wolfe wrote the words of oks and if it is also true, as ne said, that the trouble with was that he put all of his gigan-



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tic struggle into his *work* and not his *art*—a nice distinction—it does look as if DeVoto might not have been too far off the mark after all in asserting that Perkins caused much of the “art” that exists in the sprawling work of Thomas Wolfe. Which is to say a semblance, at least, of form. And it is the lack too often of an organic form—a form arising from the same drives and tensions that inspired the work in the beginning—which now appears to be one of Wolfe’s largest failings and is the one that most seriously threatens to undermine his stature as a major writer. The awful contradiction in his books between this formlessness and those tremendous moments which still seem so touched with grandeur as to be imperishable, is unsettling beyond words.

Rereading Wolfe is like visiting again a cherished landscape or town of bygone years where one is simultaneously moved that much could remain so appealingly the same and wonderstruck that one could ever have thought that such-and-such a corner or this or that view had any charm at all. It is not really that Wolfe is dated (I mean the fact of being dated as having to do with basically insincere postures and attitudes: already a lot of Hemingway is dated in a way Wolfe could never be); it is rather that when we now begin to realize how unpulled-together Wolfe’s work really is—that same shapelessness that mattered so little to us when we were younger—and how this shapelessness causes or at least allows for a lack of

inner dramatic tension without which no writer, not even Proust, can engage our mature attention for long, we see that he is simply telling us, often rather badly, things we no longer care about knowing or need to know. So much that once seemed grand and authoritative now comes off as merely obtrusive, strenuously willed, and superfluous. Which of course makes it all the more disturbing that in the midst of this chaotically verbose and sprawling world there stand out here and there truly remarkable edifices of imaginative cohesion.

Wolfe’s first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, withstands the rigors of time most successfully and remains his best book, taken as a whole. Here the powers of mind and heart most smoothly find their confluence, while a sense of place (mainly Altamont, or Asheville) and time (a boy’s life between infancy and the beginning of adulthood) lend to the book a genuine unity that Wolfe never recaptured in his later works. Flaws now appear, however. A recent rereading of the book caused me to wince from time to time in a way that I cannot recall having done during my first reading at eighteen. Wolfe at that point was deeply under the power of Joyce (whom Wolfe, incidentally, encountered years later on a tour of Belgium. Turnbull relates in an engaging episode, but who so awed him that he was afraid to speak to the great Irishman) and if the influence of *Ulysses* can be discerned in the book’s many strengths it can also be seen in its gaucheries. An otherwise vivid passage like the following, for example (and there are many such in the book), is diminished rather than reinforced by the culminating Joyce-like allusion:

Colonel Pettigrew was wrapped to his waist in a heavy rug, his shoulders were covered with a gray Confederate cape. He bent forward, leaning his old weight upon a heavy polished stick, which his freckled hands gripped upon the silver knob. Muttering, his proud powerful old head turned shakily from side to side, darting fierce splintered glances at the drifting crowd. He was a very parfit gentil knight.

But *Look Homeward, Angel* can be forgiven such lapses precisely because

it is a youthful book, as impressive for its sheer lyricism and hymnal celebration of youth and life as is his Mendelssohn *Violin Concerto*, for which we do not expect profundity either. In addition, the novel is citably extraordinarily *alive*—alive in the vitality of its words (Wolfe wrote a bad sentences but *never* a dead one) in its splendid evocation of small sights and sounds and smells and above all and most importantly in the characters that spring out, fleshed and breathing from the pages. The figures of W. O. and Eliza are as infuriatingly garrulous now as when I first read their acquaintance, and the death of the tragic older brother Ben is like as moving for the simple reason that Wolfe has made me believe in his existence. With all of its topheavy and the juvenile extravagances that occasionally mar the surface of the narrative, *Look Homeward, Angel* seems likely to stand as long as any novel will as a record of early twentieth-century provincial American life.

It is when we run into *Of Time and the River* and its elephantine successors, *The Web and the Rock* and *Can't Go Home Again*, that the trouble begins. One of the crises that any writer of significance has had to endure is his involvement in the search for a meaningful theme, and Wolfe was no exception. The evidence is that Wolfe, though superbly gifted at imaginative projection, was practically incapable of extended dramatic invention, his creative process being akin to the stinging into motion of some marvelous mnemonic tape recorder deep within his cerebrum, from which he unspooled reel after reel of the marvelous, living past. Such a technique served him beautifully in *Look Homeward, Angel*, unified as it was in time and space and from both of which it derived its dramatic tension. In the later works as Tom-Eugene George moved into other environments—the ambience of Harvard New York and, later, of Europe—the theme which at first had been so potent and compelling lost its wings and the narrator became a solipsistic groveling. Certainly the last three books are still well worth reading; there is the powerful, inexorable rush of language, a Niagara of words asto-

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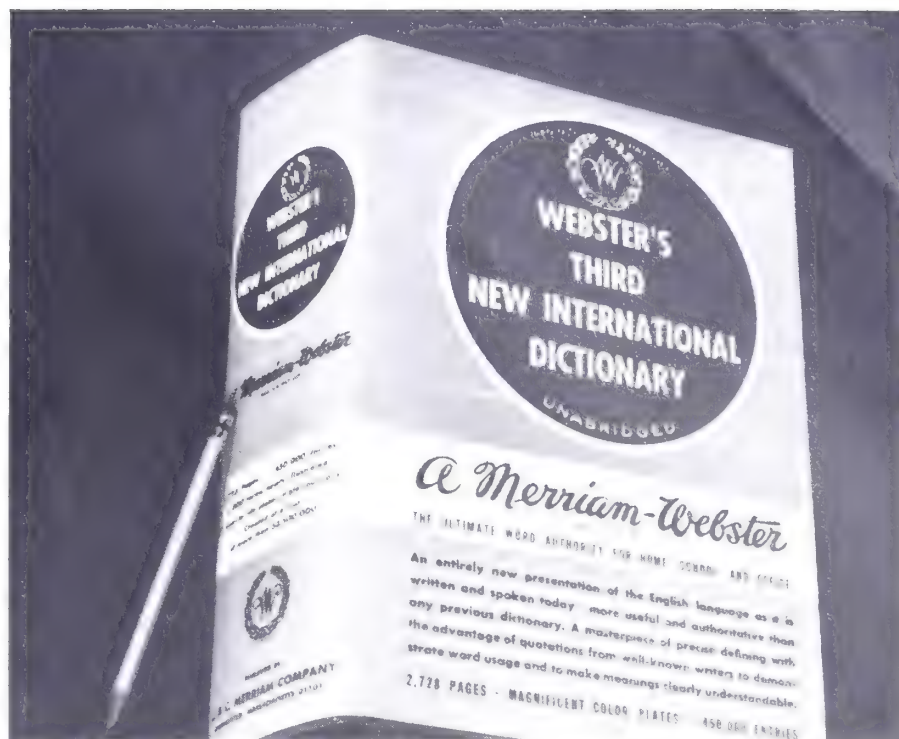
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## BOOKS

g simply by virtue of its primal energy; many of the great set pieces hold up with their original force: Gant's death, the *Oktoberfest* sequence in Munich, the apartment-house fire in New York, the portraits of Eugene's Uncle Bascom, Foxhall Edwards, the drunken Dr. McGuire—there are many more. These scenes and characterizations would alone guarantee Wolfe a kind of permanence, even if one must sift through a lot of detritus to find them. But there is so much now that palls and irritates. That furrow-browed, earnest sense of discovery in which the reader participates willingly in *Look Homeward, Angel* loses a great deal of its vivacity when the same protagonist has begun to pass into adulthood. In *Of Time and the River*, for example, when Eugene has become a student at Harvard, we are introduced to a young student named Francis Starwick:

He spoke in a strange and rather disturbing tone, the pitch and timbre of which it would be almost impossible to define, but which would haunt one who had heard it forever after. His voice was neither very high nor low, it was a man's voice and yet one felt it might also have been a woman's; but there was nothing at all effeminate about it. It was simply a strange voice compared to most American voices, which are rasping, nasal, brutally coarse or metallic. Starwick's voice had a disturbing lurking resonance, an exotic, sensuous and almost voluptuous quality. Moreover, the peculiar mannered affectation of his speech was so studied that it hardly escaped extravagance. If it had not been for the dignity, grace and intelligence of his person, the affectation of his speech might have been ridiculous. As it was, the other youth felt the moment's swift resentment and hostility that is instinctive with the American when he thinks someone is speaking in an affected manner.

In the first place, his voice wouldn't haunt one who had heard it forever after." This exaggerated sensibility, club-footed gawky boy's style, becomes increasingly apparent throughout all of Wolfe's later work, in which the author-protagonist, now out in the world of Northern sophisticates, falls unconsciously into the role of the suspicious young hick from Buncombe County, North Carolina. In the pas-



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sage just quoted the reader, Starwick—indeed everyone but Eugene Gant—is aware that Starwick is a homosexual, but these labored and sophomoric observations have so begun to dominate Wolfe's point of view that much later on in the book, when Starwick's homosexuality is revealed, Eugene's chagrin over that belated knowledge fills the reader with murderous exasperation. The same passage illustrates another trait which crops up increasingly in the later books, and that is a tendency to generalize promiscuously about places and things which demand, if anything, narrow and delicate particularization—especially about a place as various and as chaotically complex as America. The part about voices, for instance. Most American voices, though sometimes unpleasant, are not generally "rasping, nasal, brutally coarse or metallic"; forty or fifty million soft Southern voices alone, including presumably Wolfe's, are—whatever else—the antithesis of all those careless adjectives. Nor is it at all accurate to

proclaim either that "the American"—presumably meaning all Americans—feels resentment and hostility at affected speech or that the reaction is peculiarly American. Many Americans are simply tickled or amused by such speech, while at the same time it is surely true that if resentment and hostility are felt, they can be felt by the French over French affectations as well. Wolfe's writing is filled with such silly hyperbole. Similarly a statement such as "we are so lost, so naked, and so lonely in America"—a refrain that reappears over and over again in Wolfe's work—seems to me the worst sort of empty rant, all the more so because Wolfe himself surely knew better, knew that lostness, nakedness, loneliness are not American but part of the whole human condition.

It is sad that so much disappoints on a rereading of Wolfe, sad that the "magic and the singing and the gold" which he celebrated so passionately seem now, within his multitudinous pages, to possess a lackluster quality

to which the middle-aging heart no longer respond. It is especially sad because we can now see (possibly because of the very contrast with that is so prolix and adolescent and unfelt and labored) that at his best Wolfe was capable of those epiphanies that only writers of a very high order have ever achieved. I am thinking particularly of the death of W. O. C. in *Of Time and the River*, where the cancer-ridden old man lies in bed, lying in and out of a coma as he drowns over the landscape of his youth in Pennsylvania.

Towards one o'clock that night Gant fell asleep and dreamed that he was walking down the road that led to Spangler's Run. . . .

It was a fine morning in early April and everything was sweet and green and as familiar as it had always been. The graveyard was carpeted with thick green grass, and all around the graveyard and the church there was the incomparable green velvet of young wheat. And the thought came back to Gant, as it had come to him a thousand times, that the way around the graveyard looked greener and richer than any other wheat he had ever seen. And beside him on his right were the great fields of the Schaefer farm, some richly carpeted with young wheat, and some ploughed, showing great bronze strips of fertile nobly swelling earth. And behind him on the great sweep of the land, and commanding that scene and casual scene with the majesty of its incomparable day was John Schaefer's great red barn and to the right the neat brick house with the white trimming of its windows, the white picket fence, the green lawn with its rich tapestry of flowers, the lilac bushes and the massed spread of its big maple trees. Behind the house the hill rose, and its woods were just greening in May, still smoky, tender and unfledged, gold-yellow with the newness of young green. And before the woods began there was the apple orchard halfway up the hill; the trees heavy with the blossoms and so there in all their dense still bloom was the credible.

And from the greening trees the bird-song rose, the grass was turning with the dense gold glory of the delirious, and all about him were the thousand magic things that came and went and never could be captured

At this point Gant in his dream

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## BOOKS

ters one of the neighbors, a half-named Willy Spangler, and he s and they chat together for a ment. Gant gives Willy a plug of ying tobacco, then he turns to con- e his walk when Willy says anx- y:

"Are ye comin' back, Oll? Will ye comin' back real soon?"

And Gant, feeling a strange and meless sorrow, answered:

"I don't know, Willy"—for sudden- he saw that he might never come is way again.

But Willy, still happy, foolish, and ntented, had turned and galloped ay toward the house, flinging his ms out and shouting as he went:

"I'll be waitin' fer ye. I'll be waitin' ye, Oll."

And Gant went on then, down the ad, and there was a nameless sor- w in him that he could not under- nd, and some of the brightness had ne out of the day.

When he got to the mill, he turned : along the road that went down by angler's Run, crossed by the bridge ow, and turned from the road into woodpath on the other side. A ld was standing in the path, and med and went on ahead of him. In wood the sunlight made swarm- moths of light across the path, through the leafy tangle of the s: the sunlight kept shifting and rming on the child's gold hair, and around him were the sudden es of the wood, the stir, the rustle, the bullet thrum of wings, the broken sound of hidden water. he wood got denser, darker as he t on and coming to a place where path split away into two forks, t stopped, and turning to the child , "Which one shall I take?" And child did not answer him.

ut someone was there in the wood re him. He heard footsteps on the , and saw a footprint in the earth, turning took the path where the rint was, and where it seemed ould hear someone walking.

nd then, with the bridgeless im- ey of dreams it seemed to him all of the bright green-gold nd him in the wood grew dark somber, the path grew darker, suddenly he was walking in a age and gloomy forest, haunted he brown and tragic light of ms. The forest shapes of great rose around him, he could hear rd-song now, even his own feet e path were soundless, but he al- though he heard the sound of one walking in the wood before He stopped and listened: the



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## BOOKS

steps were muffled, softly thunderous, they seemed so near that he thought that he must catch up with the one he followed in another second, and then they seemed immensely far away, receding in the dark mystery of that gloomy wood. And again he stopped and listened, the footsteps faded, vanished, he shouted, no one answered. And suddenly he knew that he had taken the wrong path, that he was lost. And in his heart there was an immense and quiet sadness, and the dark light of the enormous wood was all around him; no birds sang.

After this passage Gant awakes suddenly to find himself gazing into the eyes of his wife Eliza, who is maintaining vigil at his bedside. There follows then a long colloquy between the dying man and the woman (who has never called him anything but "Mr. Gant")—a disconnected, faltering, fragmented murmuration of words, profoundly moving, in which they re-experience all the old sorrows and failures of the tormented, bitter, yet somehow triumphant life they have lived together for forty years. At last—

He was silent again, and presently, his breath coming somewhat hoarse and labored, he cleared this throat, and put one hand up to his throat, as if to relieve himself of some impediment.

Eliza looked at him with troubled eyes and said:

"What's the matter, Mr. Gant? There's nothing hurtin' you?"

"No," he said. "Just something in my throat. Could I have some water?"

"Why, yes, sir! That's the very thing!" She got up hastily, and looking about in a somewhat confused manner, saw behind her a pitcher of water and a glass upon his old walnut bureau, and saying, "This very minute, sir!" started across the room.

And at the same moment, Gant was aware that someone had entered the house, was coming towards him through the hall, would soon be with him. Turning his head towards the door he was conscious of something approaching with the speed of light, the instancy of thought, and at that moment he was filled with a sense of the prescience, a feeling of triumph and security he had never known. Something immensely bright and beautiful was converging in a flash of light, and at that instant, the whole room blurred around him, his sight was fixed upon that focal image in the door, and suddenly the child

was standing there and looking towards him.

And even as he started from pillows, and tried to call his voice felt something thick and heavy throat that would not let him breathe. He tried to call to her again, no sound came, then something warm began to flow out of his nostrils, he lifted his hand to his throat, the warm wet blood pouring out across his fingers; it and felt joy.

For now the child—or someone from the house—was speaking, calling to him; he heard great footsteps but thunderous, imminent, yet immensely far, a voice well-known, never heard before. He called out, and then it seemed to answer him, he called to it with faith and gave him rescue, strength and life, it answered him and told him of the error, old age, pain, and that life was nothing but an evil dream that he who had been lost was now again, that his youth would be stored to him and that he would not die, and that he would find again the path he had not taken long ago in the dark wood.

And the child still smiled from the dark door; the greatest soft and powerful, came even closer, and as the instant imminent arrived, of the last meeting came into the near, he cried out through the blood of jetting blood, "Here, at here!" and a strong voice answered him, "My son!"

At that instant he was given a rending cough, something wrenched loose in him, the death rattle through his blood, and a foam of greenish matter foamed through his lips. Then the world blotted out, a blind black fog came up and closed above his head, someone seized him, he was helped in two arms, he heard someone's voice saying in a low, piteous terror and pity, "Mr. Gant! Gant! Oh, poor man, poor man, gone!" And his brain faded into night. Even before she lay down back upon the pillows, she knew he was dead.

Wolfe would have to be cherished only for the power he exerted over a whole generation. But even if there were not enough, the clear gift he had at certain moments of a strange, suffering animal beneath the blazing and incandescent would suffice to earn him a name and a jawed but undeniable place.

atherine Gauss Jackson

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

### Fiction

**Three Suitors**, by Richard Jones. This is an extraordinary first novel that simply goes ahead and tells a story, filling out every character in a human and contradictory dimension, with no flashbacks, no winking about past weaving in and out of present except as it actually happens. It is a beautiful story, too, of a family in the lovely county of Pembrokeshire in Wales; of an elderly widow and her daughter; of the daughter of the widow who has been married by another woman; of the widow's own hated daughter and her son, and of three men who come separately—to visit the house—each for a very special purpose. Rarely does a novel become so involved with a family, with the struggles of the generations, and with a sense of time and its way of life. The novel is completely modern, but it is told with a fashioning—almost archaic—flatness that refreshes as it asserts itself. A young man, for instance, is sent to do errands while the woman is in love with him at home with

when he was in the grocery store and bought a box of Anne's favorite chocolate creams and presented them with the newspapers when he returned. It was 11:30 and time to have a glass of port with the beaten in it.

they become engaged like

At the far end of the quay was an open car park. Here they stopped after making sure no one was watching. Patrick and Anne got into the car to play with one another. They looked like dynamos and Patrick

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

with his tongue in her mouth and his hand in her knickers knew that Anne wanted him to ask her to marry him.

Well, I dare say. . . . And the last few pages tell so explicitly what the book is about that the satisfaction is almost physical. One is wrapped around in the story.

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6

### The Wedding Group, by Elizabeth Taylor.

Miss Taylor has always been able to show up ordinary-seeming people as capable of unusual depths of good and evil. In this novel, however, she starts with an unusual group—a Catholic family sect which lives by itself on a little self-sustaining hillside estate within commuting distance of London, doing its own farming, baking, etc., and mingling with other townsfolk not at all. One of the eighteen-year-old daughters finally rebels, goes to the village to find a job, and eventually marries a young reporter who lives there with his charming mother. In the strange relationship that exists among the three—the mother, son, and daughter-in-law—and later with their son, Miss Taylor is at her best. It all seems so matter-of-fact and everyone so delightful right up to the last few pages when suddenly one gets a frightening glimpse of the kind of undercover selfishness which if allowed to run its course can destroy individuals and even families. Setting this ordinary suburban triangle against the religious community where another kind of selfishness exists, masked in holy guise, makes an effective counterpoint, a delicious ironic comment, and a thoroughly engrossing tale.

Viking, \$4.50

### The Tower of Babel, by Morris L. West.

For those who like to lose themselves in novels of international intrigue of a particularly timely kind this should be very special. It is the behind-the-scenes political, financial,

and military background as it might—or may—have been year's war between Israel and told by a master storyteller of imaginary heroes and villains was giving away the secrets of country? Who bought out? Who slept with whom and how did it matter? The author of *Devil's Advocate* and *Shoe* Fisherman makes this—in informal—as complicated and full of suspense as the reality must have been. Book-of-the-Month Selection

Morr

### What Shall I Cry, by Anne

This story of a Californian trial is reported in a literary conventional form. A more or less conventional suburban lady switches back and forth between her own story and that of the man thus making for constant juxtapositions and reaching at the end a high pitch of terrific excitement. It's pretty ludicrous times, but in these days of influence side by side with power very little moral conviction does become at least partial conviction even on the part of a gentle "heroine."

There are a few stylistic touches that set one's teeth on edge "I would talk about their having a new antenna," or: "seeing like she did." But maybe that's a skirmish in the battle of English, and of its genre this is a novel of intensity and conviction.

Harcourt, Brace & World

### Prince of Aesthetes: Count de Montesquiou 1855-1921 by Philippe Jullian.

A biography of the French gentleman, dandy, poet, critic who served as Provost for the Baron de Charlus and Huysmans modeled Des Esseintes in *A Rebours*, who sat for famous portraits by Whistler and Boccioni not lack for brilliant names, a rich anecdote, and scandalous gossamer of all sorts. This is a disappointment in that regard. But in the end of that turn-of-the-century "époque" destined to vanish like as if it had never been, on

Mrs. Jackson grew up on the Princeton campus, where her father was the famous dean, Christian Gauss. She is a contributing editor of "Harper's" and a member of the board of directors of Freedom House.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

ened at the way the members of elite society elaborated their animosities and their ordinary tions; how they venerated their emotions in a welter of narciss- and pretense. Talent there was that world of Whistler, Verlaine, Bernhard, Oscar Wilde, Gus- Moreau, Degas, D'Annunzio, tole France, Diaghilev, Mallarmé name only a few and leave out all titled and beautiful ladies who e up his circle. The names shine rightly as the jewels they wore stentatiously on their persons. A d is reestablished here, but for t doesn't come to life. Whether it ck of imagination on my part, or dence of material (there is cer- y that) but lack of heart on the of the author or his subjects, I l not feel them breathe. He de- es the women in a paragraph: *dè siècle* insects, gorged on a of exaggerated compliments and ous articles, they speak with ongues of Péladan or Rostand, malice perhaps frightening if dges them by the venom of their ds or their enemies..." And in er passage, describing "this of appearances," "The décor is important than the drama; just Montesquieu's poems it becomes t an end in itself." And so it is, ps inevitably, with the book. écor is more important than the

Viking, \$6.50

**Moth Circles the World**, by Sir is Chichester.

the daily papers one caught lic glimpses and bits of news of ely nine-month course of Sir is and his fifty-four-foot fetch d the world—15,500 miles, from uth around the Cape of Good to Sydney, and from Sydney the Horn and across the North ic to Plymouth again. August 6 to May 28, 1967.

in his book we get the day-to- ry of the planning, the deci- is own lively reports of what ys and nights were like, the ad bad adventures, what food nk sustained him: baked beans t and a mug of chocolate after ight's struggle with a storm: gne and/or beer after a long n or for a birthday; cress and against the dreaded scurvy.

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**The French Chef Cookbook**, by Julia Child.

It isn't often that a cookbook evokes a voice, a face, and a very definite character. But this one does. Here are recipes for the complete 119 programs of the six-year-old Julia Child-French Chef television series—beginning with the four that no longer exist. The show was the (1961) purely local New England one. Mrs. Child says in her introduction "before WGBH-TV (Boston) received its license, educational stations throughout the country, the first thirteen tapes were worn out." There is a lot more interesting lore in the introduction about the early history of the show and about its inner workings not told in the author's inimitable straightforward, unhurried but paradoxical free-run manner. The recipes, whether simple or complicated, are explained so that they at least appear simple. And keeping in mind Mrs. Child's undisturbed aplomb in the face of culinary disaster on television, one has the courage to do anything she suggests. Many of the recipes are from Mrs. Child's *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*—some of the TV recipes differ slightly from the book recipes. "There," she says, "more than one good way of skinning a duck or a *ragout*, and occasionally our TV time limitations forced me to eliminate a frill." The rest of the recipes have come from studies for Volume II of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*—I had to cook each dish six, eight, or more times to test or to prepare for my half-hour program, and she has provided an invaluable opportunity for me to prove them out to satisfaction." Well. *Bon appetit*. Knopf, \$8.95.

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# Music in the Round by Discus

## EVEN PIANISTS

*is said that everybody today has a big technique, and there is no truth in the statement. . . ."*

It is surprising how many conductors outside of the French school acted as pianists. In France the tradition, which extended from Habekuk to Munch and Monteux, has been for conductors to spring from pianists. Everywhere else, the position is filled with former pianists, many of them keep up their technique. Arthur Nikisch used to accompany Elena Gerhardt in recital as late as the 1920s, and many around still remember the Lotte Lehmann-Bruno Walter collaborations. Before that, Richard Strauss, one of the finest conductors of his day, used to accompany Elisabeth Schumann. Only this season Herbert von Karajan seated himself before a harpsichord in Carnegie Hall to play the continuo in several of J.S. Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*.

Among the current crop of records are two in which conductors officiate as pianists. Not unexpectedly, one of them is Leonard Bernstein, who conducts the Vienna Philharmonic and plays the solo in Mozart's *Piano Concerto No. 15 in B flat* (K. 450). The disc also contains Bernstein's interpretation of the *Linz Symphony* by Haydn (London CS 6499). On the other disc, George Szell is the pianist, in the Budapest Quartet, in Mozart's *Piano Quartets in G minor and A major* (Odyssey 32160139).

What a difference in these two approaches to Mozart! The disc by Bernstein illustrates the best and worst in protean musician. In the first and most movements of the lovely B flat concerto he is at his best. His playing is marked by a lovely, fluid mechanism—purling scales, elegant passages, tasteful phrasing. He interposes one cadenza, correctly so, and otherwise plays Mozart's own. But in the slow movement, he completely

loses all sense of proportion. Bernstein obviously sees the music as romantic, and it does have elements of romanticism. So he takes a very slow tempo, moons and swoons over it, adopts exaggerated mannerisms, and teases the music completely out of shape. It is all self-indulgent and, to put it bluntly, a disgrace.

Szell, the famous conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, has done very little playing in public since his prodigy days. Nor has he made many piano recordings, and these two Mozart quartets date back to 1946, when they were issued on 78 rpm discs. Those have been the only examples of his work as a pianist on records, though when these lines appear his recordings of several Mozart violin sonatas with Rafael Druian will be on the market. In the two great piano quartets of Mozart, Szell's playing is a revelation, and one has to go back to Schnabel to match it. Technically it is beautifully in order: every note in place, no finger inequality, security at any speed. With that is bracing rhythm, a feeling for line that never permits a distorted phrase, an animating intelligence. The record shows its age and is not hi-fi, but no matter. This kind of playing does not hang on every laundry line, and the performances are phonographic classics.

Szell's is the musician's approach to the keyboard. There are others, including the kind of pianist who blinds with his sheer virtuosity. Two of those are on hand. Alexis Weissenberg plays Chopin—the *B minor Sonata* and the *Scherzos in B minor and B flat minor* (RCA Victor LSC 2984); and Earl Wild plays Brahms' *Paganini Variations* (both books) and the four *Ballades* (Op. 10), topping it off with the *Paganini-Liszt Etude No. 2 in E flat* (Vanguard 10006).

Weissenberg may or may not be a great musician. On the evidence of



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this Chopin disc, one doubts it. The playing is a bit too mannered, too broken up, too reliant on "expressive" devices—long ritards and the like. As a result the playing, ravishing as it is in detail, lacks the long, aristocratic line. But of one thing there can be no doubt. The man can play the piano, and play it on a transcendent level. Nothing seems to bother him—octaves, passage-work of any degree of complexity. Nobody, but nobody, plays the coda in the last movement of the B minor Sonata with such velocity and accuracy, such clarity and finger independence. Playing on this technical level has to be respected. If Weissenberg can grow up, discarding his interpretive excesses and refining his musical mind, he can be one of the elect.

Wild, an American pianist who is universally respected by the connoisseurs but who has never made the big time, is on a technical level that comes up to Weissenberg's. He is a more sonorous pianist who favors heartier dynamic extremes, but his finger work is just as glittering, his command just as awesome. It is said that everybody today has a big technique, and there is some truth in the statement. But there are techniques and techniques, and the Wild or Weissenberg kind is unusual for any age. In the *Paganini Variations*, Wild overpowers the music, yet gives the feeling that he is not playing at full strength, that he has considerable in reserve. With all that, his performance is not a mechanical run-through. He has a good ear for color, and his playing contains many subtleties. He even makes the uninteresting *Ballades* of Op. 10

sound colorful. The early piano music of Brahms can be a bore, and Wild makes it as palatable as any pianist can. The most staggering bit of piano playing on this disc comes with the Paganini-Lizst Etude in E flat. Wild's performance matches the fabled Horowitz one of the 1920s and in one or two respects is even superior.

The pianist who through the years has combined technique with brain and heart is, of course, Artur Schnabel, and the grand veteran has recorded, for the third time, all of the Chopin *Nocturnes* (RCA Victor LSC 7050, 2 discs). Some significant differences between the new and old conceptions can be found. Schnabel is an octogenarian, and the time has arrived when he can no longer play with the fire and freedom of youth. On the whole his playing in this album is much slower and more careful than it was in his previous versions. It is reflective, tonally beautiful, poised and arched at its best, but unfortunately, alas, sometimes a little stodgy these days.

Those looking for out-of-the-way piano discs can consider two. Aldo Ciccolini plays a program of the music of Eric Satie (Angel 36459), and Alfred Brendel turns his attention to little-known Beethoven in a disc named *Variations and Vignettes* (Turnabout 34162). The Satie collection probably can be taken only in short doses, fascinating as some of the music is. Heard at one gulp, the music tends to become monotonous. Satie's vision was anything but epochal, he had his little bag of tricks, and was constantly repeating himself. Individual pieces, though, can be de-

licious. A work like *La Belle Excentrique*, which looks back to Chabrier and Offenbach, and forward to Poulenc, is a charmer, just as the tiny sketches in *Sports et Divertissements* exactly hit the mark. The music was composed between 1911 and 1920, and is an important link with the French style of the 1920s.

Among the sets of Beethoven variations that Brendel plays on his discs are *God Save the King*, *Rule Britannia*, and the *Turkish March* from the *Ruins of Athens*. He also throws in the better-known (though scarcely popular) *Rage over a Lost Penny*, the six *Ecossaises*, the *Andante* from the *Op. 10*, and several shorter works. Some of these are unconsciously funny. Titles like *God Save the King* or *Rule Britannia* carry a specific set of associations and it is somewhat disconcerting to hear them put through the Beethoven workshop. The composer was dead serious about them, and built enormous structures over the slightest material. The seldom-heard Polonaise is a lot of fun (ask any music-loving friends to try to guess the composer), and so is the *Turkish March*, which all of the old-timers including such great ones as Heifetz, Maninoff, Hofmann, and Godovsky were constantly playing. It has dropped from the repertory in our time, more's the pity. And even in America and Europe practices like *Elise* as one of his very first "pieces," but when was the last time it turned up in concert? Brendel plays it very well, as he plays everything very well. The young Austrian is one of the better Beethoven pianists in circulation.



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## Performing Arts by Robert Kotlowitz



### FROM THE FOURTH ROW: AMERICAN TYPES

Ruth Gordon was the first Dolly Levi I saw. In Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*, a rewrite of his early play, *The Merchant of Yonkers*, she ambled around the stage like a caged pussycat, delivering a torrent of scatterbrained advice and moral lectures to the audience, all the time dipping into a huge pocketbook as though her lines were hidden there. Every now and then she'd take a moist swipe at her palm with her tongue, yearning for the taste of the old moola, an ingredient of life about which Mrs. Levi had no false puritanical feelings. Everything Ruth Gordon did as Dolly Levi was a manic surprise. She seemed to have jumped bigmouthed and hotheaded out of a Sunday comic strip, and as with Jiggs' Maggie, the rolling pin was never far from hand. It was an eccentric, funny, and American performance, very friendly but never intimate.

When *The Matchmaker* became *Hello, Dolly!* Carol Channing (and the writers of the musical) sweetened up Dolly Levi. Much of her guile went; so did her orneriness. In their place stood a wide-eyed lady with pink hair and a smile for everyone. Nevertheless, after Miss Gordon, Miss Channing's Dolly Levi managed to be surprisingly endearing as all fake innocents tend to be when they are played with a straight face; but where thorns once grew on the stalk, corn now sprouted.

At this moment, Pearl Bailey is playing Mrs. Levi in *Hello, Dolly!* Miss Bailey is neither as sly as Ruth

Gordon nor always as touching as Carol Channing. What she brings to the role is a kind of experienced complicity with the audience. Dolly Levi's back aches. Whose doesn't sometimes? The world, she indicates (and we can only agree), is filled with time-wasters and hypocrites. Every situation she faces requires a new set of improvisatory gestures, and we recognize them all from our own lives. While the all-Negro cast stirs up an almost incomparable tumult on the stage, all swift, hard-edged movement, noise and do-or-die spirit, Miss Bailey moves across the scene in soft focus, spreading goodwill like fertilizer, slowly rippling her beautiful hands through the air as she fixes up her own and other people's lives, and throwing away lines as though they were empty peanut shells. By the time the famous *Hello, Dolly!* number explodes on stage, she has established an indissoluble bond with the audience, and the audience, on its part, is temporarily willing, even eager, to merge its identity with the performers'. For seven or eight minutes, then, there are no outsiders in the theater, only participants.

I think *Hello, Dolly!* may well run for the rest of our lifetimes if Miss Bailey stays with it. Watching the show is a little like catching a glimpse of Old Glory fluttering in the breeze when the mere sight of the flag could muster sweet American dreams of perfectibility. Dolly Levi is after a second chance in life, indulging an American conviction. She gets it, fulfilling another. No wonder the audi-

ence lets out a yell when Pearl Bailey snaps her girdle into place and comes swinging along the runway with her nostalgic message, which even one in the theater desperately wants to hear again and believe, is that with just a little patience and simple faith on our part, all good things are coming to us.

#### Repertory on Native Ground

It is almost always a bad sign for the theater when the audience crowds around those boards on which eccentric reviews are posted. Too often it means that the audience is looking for clarification of what they have just witnessed inside the theater. During the intermission at the American Phoenix production of Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantaglieze*, at a time when the temperature was near zero, the boards outside the theater were mobbed.

Yet the play is not difficult. History it says, is an accident and we are its arbitrary victims. This thesis is dramatized through the involvement of *Pantaglieze* in a revolution which he unwittingly sets off. De Ghelderode was a Belgian playwright who was infatuated all his life with puppets. Not surprisingly, none of the characters in *Pantaglieze* has a life of his own; they all stand for something.

Mr. Kotlowitz reviewed New York repertory companies just a year ago in these columns, and commented on the APA's performances of Ibsen, Pirandello, and Sheridan.



## PERFORMING ARTS

side themselves, usually a cliché of character. The play, in fact, might not be a perfect show for real actors, but de Ghelderode unaccountably wrote it for live actors; and for live actors it is probably unplayable.

The APA-Phoenix company, directed by Ellis Rabb, delivers the play fever pitch, with most of the performers shouting their lines much of the time at the top of their lungs. He himself plays Pantagleize. He is dressed in a white tropical suit, carries a white umbrella, and flirts coquishly with both the audience and other characters: an Alice-in-Landerson personage lost in a secular Brechtian exercise.

Playing along with *Pantagleize* in the APA-Phoenix repertory this season is Ionesco's *Exit the King*, a death play one hundred minutes long, with intermission. It is a beautiful play, nevertheless, seamed together with long, meandering speeches through which King Berenger the First, Ionesco's royal Everyman, finds his nobly resisting way to death. But it is too long—even cut as it is—filled with moments with dispensable trivia, monotonous exchanges, and Berenger is played as a rag doll slowly falling apart. But Eva Le Gallienne ruthless and steel-like as Berenger's first wife, and Rouben Terakopian has designed a boxlike set composed in transparent cellophane which independently takes on a glow of life when death finally comes to King. It is one of the best things about the production.

George Kelly's *The Show-off*, the company is nearly as comfortable as last season with *You Can't Take It With You*. The Kelly play may be as funny but it is truer, and with the middle-class Americana of George Kelly, Moss Hart, and George S. Kaufman, among others, the APA, at this point, is most welcome. The stylized world of many peasant playwrights seems to bring the worst in many American performers, challenging them to outdo each other in nervous fanciness, as though acting each foreign "classic" like being presented in court. In any case, *The Show-off* may be plain bread in terms of substance and originality, but in it Helen Hayes makes the performance of her life as a self-righteous mother of the

Fisher clan. She has captured an almost perfect American type and, by ringing intelligent changes on her always formidable technique, she has transformed the type into an individual. She has, for example, one voice that she uses for dealing with people and an entirely different one—a kind of coloratura yelp—that she produces for calling in the family dog.

*The Show-off* stands up, for all its careful jigsawing of story elements and its melodramatic, sentimental resolutions. (It's astonishing to realize that it was once looked upon as a more or less plotless theater piece.) This really does look like another America, nearly half a century old, a place where middle-class folk worried about being socially contaminated by "Dagos and Jews" and young men dreamed of hitting the jackpot by inventing something splendid. Kelly had a clear eye for that world (and a taste for writing plays about people who behave compulsively) and the APA has reproduced it with loving authority. It is a little like coming upon an old family photograph album that has been put away and forgotten for years.

### Three Times Seven

The style of the New York City Ballet, I think, has never been so pure, so depersonalized yet so individual as it is now. Mask any one of its ballerinas in a performance of the most "abstract" Balanchine work and she would still be instantly recognizable. By ridding themselves of all interest in conventional dramatic characteristics, these dancers have paradoxically heightened their own personalities in performance. In a real sense, their power and effect on an audience come from what they are, not from what they are pretending to be; the emotion they create springs directly from their own real selves.

The variety they offer is rather astonishing. Melissa Hayden, now at the very apex of her career, is a dancer who has always taken chances on the stage. Her entrances boldly sweep everything before them. She never hesitates, which sometimes leads to exaggeration, a little in the Bolshoi style. No one has greater force as a dramatic dancer, yet the sardonic snap of her attack and the clarity and velocity of her dancing in



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a work like *Agon* cannot be duplicated by any other dancer alive.

Violette Verdy, on the other hand, is all modest gaiety and musical cultivation, while Mimi Paul, who may well be the most beautiful dancer in the company at this moment in terms of sheer movement, constantly suggests that her mind is on higher things to which the rest of us are perhaps blind. It is not a style, naturally, that offers much humor or exhilaration—and it sometimes threatens to degenerate into mannerism—but its charm is perfectly contained. As for Suzanne Farrell, she continues to dance all of Balanchine's most interesting new works and in recent seasons has developed a strongly accented personality that has slowly replaced her former modest adolescent presence. Everything she does, as a result, is stronger and surer and her tall, suave, perfect body—Venus on the half-shell—shapes images in Balanchine's advanced works that seem to stay forever in the mind.

*Metastaseis and Pithoprakta*, a work in two parts to a score by the French-Greek composer Iannis Xenakis, is the latest. (The title is the composer's not the choreographer's; George Balanchine has no head for titles.) In the first part, a large group of dancers, dressed in white, are first seen lying haphaz-

ardly on the floor in a saucer shape. One rises, then another. Soon all of them are on their feet. A few girls are lifted and jackknifed toward the floor. Smaller circles are formed, move sideways, sidle back to their original positions. Girls are turned on their heads. A big circle is formed, then broken up. The music, which has been rising and falling, swelling in volume and quieting, quiets down once and for all and returns to its original statement. The group again lies down on the floor; the first saucer circle is reformed. Blackout. Curtain.

In the second part, the curtain rises on a line of black-clad dancers, fewer than in the first work. Amidst the group on stage left stands Arthur Mitchell; on the other side is Suzanne Farrell in a beaded bikini, her hair hanging long and loose. The music begins to move along, more tentatively than in the first part, looking for its own way, it seems, and the dancers parallel the search. When Miss Farrell begins to move, she looks as though she is improvising. Some of her movements are jazzy, all are basically classic; the classic line, however, is always broken by sharp angles and fragmented gestures. Nothing she does is expected; neither is it a shock. Meanwhile, Mitchell has begun to reverberate happily. He approaches Miss Farrell and they come together,

performing a *pas de deux* through most of which they do not touch. Finally they separate. The dancer in black vanishes; so does Mitchell, reverberating. In the middle of the stage, as the music begins to come down, like artillery at the end of a barrage, Miss Farrell sinks to her knee, her hands quivering passively in front of her face, like an idiot Scheherazade.

This is not, of course, new Balanchine, although it is no less wonderful for that. The particular openness of the choreography he has created for Farrell explicitly goes back to last season's *Variations*, which he made to a Stravinsky score. (That work, only seven minutes long, is performed three times in a row at each performance, each time with different choreography and dancers, climaxing with a solo for Miss Farrell.) But its beginnings go back as far as *Apollo*, one of Balanchine's earliest and most formal works, and can be traced through *The Four Temperaments*, *Episodes*, and *Lesiana*, which it resembles most closely.

The Xenakis scores have almost no pulse but they are fashionably advanced tonal ventures in which the sound is almost everything. The music for the first part is impelled by slithering violins, each one of them playing different glissandi (there are sixty-one parts in the work for the sixty-one-piece orchestra), which gives the choreography its feeling of rise and fall, a peculiar snaky sensuousness. Balanchine is fond of glissandi, violins sliding up and down and sounding as though they were playing a single, unending note without tonal center. They fill the score of *Bugaku*, which Mayazumi composed for Balanchine, and it is probably no coincidence that Mayazumi was a pupil and disciple of Xenakis. For Balanchine they create tension, suspense, distance from reality, and an atmosphere of floating. In *Metastaseis and Pithoprakta*, which is a friendlier ballet than these unpronounceable words might suggest, he has worked in one of his most protective veins, circling closer and closer for the eighteen minutes the work lasts to the object of all this handsome-performed movement. The object, as it always has been for George Balanchine, is to make a final closed circuit with the music itself.



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May  
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magazine

#### ARTICLES

- 25 **America's Land Boom: 1968** Daniel M. Friedenberg
- 33 **Claude Kirk and the Politics of Promotion**  
David Halberstam *drawing by Julio Fernandez*
- 48 **The Sex Crusaders from Missouri** Marion K. Sanders
- 57 **The Rev. Mr. Coffin, Dr. Spock, and the ACLU**  
Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.
- 69 **Conversations with Konrad Lorenz** Edward R. F. Shee  
*photographs by Hermann Kucher*

#### FICTION

- 43 **Yanda** Isaac Bashevis Singer *drawings by Karen Pello*

#### VERSE

- 68 **The Barbarian as Artist** Robert S. Hahn

#### DEPARTMENTS

- 1 **Letters**
- 13 **The Easy Chair—The Perils of Publishing: How to Tell  
When You Are Being Corrupted** John Fischer
- 18 **Winners of the Student Writing Contest**
- 80 **After Hours—Moving through Noguchi** Russell Lynes  
*photographs by the author*
- 83 **Books—First Novels: Sweet and Sour** Irving Howe
- 88 **Books in Brief** Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 92 **Performing Arts—Films: Intellectuals of the World**  
Robert Kotlowitz *cartoon by Charles Barsotti*
- 95 **Music in the Round—The Great B flat Competition**  
Discus
- 96 **Coming in Harper's**

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We try to keep our shiny new Plymouths not only spotless, but bugless.

**Avis tries harder.**





## Take your time abroad. Save \$137 flying to the heart of Europe.

Fly Icelandic to the heart of Europe—picturesque Luxembourg—and you're right in the heart of everything. Liveliest cities, scenic resorts. Save \$137 thrift season and even more in peak season, over jet economy fare. Use the savings for an extra week abroad, more countries, more shopping. 19 flights weekly on comfort class Rolls Royce Jet Props from New York to Europe. You're our guest for full course meals, wines and snacks.

Lowest air fares all year from New York to Iceland • Luxembourg • England Scotland • Holland • Norway • Sweden Denmark • Finland. Major credit cards or Pay Later plan. CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT—WRITE FOR FOLDER H. Icelandic Airlines, 610 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), New York 10020 • (212) PL 7-8585 • Chicago • San Francisco.

**ICELANDIC AIRLINES**  
**LOFTLEIÐIR**

**LOWEST AIR FARES  
TO EUROPE**

## Letters

*Harper's readers have responded to Norman Mailer's article in the March issue—"The Steps of the Pentagon"—with unusual intensity. Unfortunately, space permits publication of only a sampling of the hundreds of letters (all of them passionate) that were still arriving as this issue went to press.*

... I want you to know that one little old Midwestern lady, after struggling at first with Mailer's obscenity, finally found it deeply moving and necessary and important as an expression of the quality of his feelings. ...

I think Mailer may well be the best writer in America today and I thank you for publishing his work.

KATHARINE G. SMITH  
Birmingham, Mich.

I have tried manfully to wade through your experiment in "living journalism"—and failed. The scatological maunderings of Norman Mailer provide neither explanation, interest, nor enlightenment. His private neuroses should be kept so.

What a pity, too, since he can write like an angel.

FRANZ R. DYKSTRA  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Norman Mailer condemns Jules Feiffer, yet Mr. Feiffer, with his sensitive perception, lean satire, and complete integrity, says more about the current scene and the "Establishment" than Mr. Mailer is able to accomplish with all of his pretentious, somewhat precious, pseudo-Proustian prolixity. ...

Mr. Mailer seems to think he is a pioneer. Is he unaware of James Joyce's "great grey cunt of the world" in *Ulysses*, which appeared, as I recall, when the voiding of Mr. Mailer's bladder was of interest only to his nursemaid? ...

WILLIAM P. COUSE  
Interlaken, N.J.

I have for many years felt a vague suspicion of and distrust for the self-conscious earnestness of your publi-

cation. After devouring your issue, I've changed my mind.

THOMAS  
English Dept.  
University of Conn.  
Waterbury

If the true aim of Harper's in publishing Norman Mailer's vituperation was to discredit all America's professed interest in peace in Vietnam, they have realized your aim. As a peace academic-wife-mother-writer, I am more than adequately over-kill.

LOIS PHILLIPS  
North Dakota State Univ.  
Fargo

Speaking as an avowed peace activist, I must say I am very disappointed in Harper's. I had hoped that "The Steps of the Pentagon" would be a respectable and brilliant polemic. I could slyly loan to some of my friends who are on the fence about such issues and hopefully convince them of the seriousness of the situation. Now I wouldn't want to loan it to even the staunchest anti-war demonstrators, for fear the readers of Norman Mailer would drive them to the other camp. I do not doubt that Mailer is sincerely angry at the situation at the Pentagon, Vietnam, etc., but I believe that the situation is so serious it demands more than moral outrage—it demands more thinking, constructive alternatives, and more action than breast-beating and hair-tearing. ...

I would like to accuse you of a zine of having done a great disservice to this country and the cause of peace by having Mr. Mailer be the first to write an account of the very events which took place at the Pentagon and the even more serious events in Vietnam to which the anti-war demonstrations were directed. I believe these events should be explained to the American public, but not in so shocking in themselves that they do not need Mailer's pathetic attempts to shock with his selfishness and obscenities. ...

DOROTHY ROSS  
Rochester, N.Y.

***You might as well turn the page.***

# LOOK



**A Dozen Memories on Every Delightful Page of Allen Churchill's New Book**

## Remember When

**A loving look at days gone by—1900-1942**

brands in one room. They'd be talking about the magnificent new Flatiron Building ("Don't you get dizzy 20 stories up?"). Enoch the Fish Man, who pines for the Flatiron's sea under water. Jim Europe, a Negro band-leader who sired big-band "jass." Flickering fligs and galloping tintypes. Poet Harry Kemp, who made headlines by appearing on the street without a hat (in Greenwich Village, naturally), and again without a tie. Early ad slogans: "Four for the price of three!" "Spring! For everyone else but her!" "Sensible Cigarette." "Even your Best Friends Won't Tell You."

## The Things That Made the Twenties Roar

"Vas you dere, Charlie?" If you vas, it's too precious to let any of it get away. Right now, mail the coupon for your copy of *Remember When*. It's the berries.

Charter Member. Bill 100-1000



## THE 8 AM DEADLINE. HOW TO LIVE WITH IT.

We'll assume you've read the book, made a few notes and have an idea of what you want to say. Now to put it on paper.

If your paper's in a typewriter, you're ahead of the game. A typewriter types your ideas out in front of you. Where they look like someone else had written them. Where you can change, cut and tighten them up. And maybe write a better paper.

Some typewriters, however, can hold you back. By being noisy or clumsy. By having any one of the shortcomings of the usual student's portable.

The Hermes 3000 is hardly the usual student's portable. It costs \$129.50. Although it's as light a portable as you'll find, it's more machine than you think of a portable as being.

The Hermes 3000's keyboard looks and acts like the kind you see in offices. With a central panel of service keys and push-button carriage releases. It has an exclusive gismo called Flying Margins (R) that warns you before you break a word wrong. And a sound-absorbent housing that makes it a far cry quieter than the usual portable.

For all its sophistication, the Hermes 3000 is one of the easiest typewriters to think on and use. In its own way, it can make your life a little easier. Even if it's just knowing you've got a lot of machine going for you at two in the morning.



For literature on the Hermes 3000 and the name of the Hermes dealer in your area write Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036.

**HERMES** A division of Paillard Incorporated, makers of Bolex movie cameras.

## LETTERS

Clearly the ranting of a show-off belching forth lustful obscurities, which you publish, I ask the editors of this once honored show why you think this reckless display of public offense and disregard of common decency, as attributed to Norman Mailer in the March issue of *Harper's*, will go down? While averting the reaction of the Postmaster General, and that of the principal stockholders of *Harper's*, burn the further copies due me under my contract. Also, if you will look up the building code, you will find that there are a requirement for bathrooms.

I challenge you to publish this outraged response.

MARY FINE  
Washington,

... I started reading "The Steppe the Pentagon" at 10:30 last night and read till 5:00 this morning. Great! Remarkable! Brilliant writing, brilliant reportage, much the best thing he has done since *The Naked and the Dead*. You have shown imagination and courage in devoting the issue to it.

HERMAN K...  
Chicago Sun-T...  
Chicago

Thanks to Mr. Mailer for writing the greatest work of nonfiction to be written in America.

Thanks to *Harper's* for demonstrating the intelligence and perceptiveness to devote an entire number to its publication.

MARTIN SCHIR...  
Ozone Park,

... Norman Mailer has also been extremely articulate, and his writings suggested he might have equally keen insight. Perhaps, I thought, the editorial ability of *Harper's* has been able to prune the puffery and vulgarity of his expression.

I wonder if you can fathom the depths of my disgust when I began to realize you expected me to find literary merit, some sense of shared camaraderie with Mailer's maverick defense of his act of pissing on the wall. You permitted Mailer to exult on the satisfactions of round, mouthed obscenities in a crowd theater. I plowed on through a half the article, hoping to find justification for what you had asked me to endure at the start. But it was no use. You asked your reader





**Hold this page at arm's length.  
Now, quickly bring it up to your face.**

ve just gotten the picture. The last one you'll see before a head-on collision. It's not a pretty picture.  
one we're familiar with, here at State Mutual. We deal with the resulting unpleasant statistics. We hope  
ng the picture will do some good. That a lot more people will drive a lot more carefully, more defensively.  
way we deal with fewer unpleasant statistics. And you stand a better chance of not becoming one.

**STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA**, Worcester, Massachusetts 01605. Founded 1844. Life / Health / Group

*merica Group*

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • WORCESTER MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • GUARANTEE MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • CITIZENS  
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN VARIABLE ANNUITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY • BEACON MUTUAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • AMERICAN SELECT RISK INSURANCE COMPANY



# Vandermint. The 60 proof chocolate after-dinner mint.



All the way from Holland, a very cordial new cordial: Vandermint Minted Chocolate Liqueur.

root through garbage for pearls, and you substituted uncut rhinestones. . . .

RICHARD F. TOOF  
Columbus, Nebraska

Reading "The Steps of the Pentagon" was a deeply moving experience for me, one of the most stirring experiences in my life. Mr. Mailer is brilliant, perceptive, and deeply sensitive. . . .

HARRY S. MOORE  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Fantastic is the only word for Norman Mailer's "The Steps of the Pentagon." Mailer has always been interesting but rarely so relevant.

MARION LOVETT  
San Diego, Calif.

. . . This publication is the most disgusting thing I have ever seen. Mr. Mailer is obviously ill. I respect his right to write whatever trash he wishes. I even respect your right to publish whatever trash you wish. I hope that you respect my right not to be forced to pay for trash.

Please cancel my subscription. Any magazine that accepts such trash for publication cannot receive my support. . . .

BETTY JO HANDY  
Detroit, Michigan

. . . We subscribe to *Harper's* in order to receive a representative group of significant articles on a range of opinions, written by good authors, perhaps a short story in each issue, and some other features. The March issue aside from Mailer's long presentation is thin indeed. If you feel impelled to print other book-length manuscripts, could they not be presented in a supplement in the manner *Harper's* has used in the past?

GEORGE C. FELIZ  
San Mateo, Calif.

As often happens when Norman Mailer writes about something, we learn more about the author than we do about the event.

"The Steps of the Pentagon" is a splendid self-portrait, beautifully honest, superbly styled. It is hardly a "documentary" of the October march, during which some 48,000 of us kept our cool in the North Parking Lot while some 2,000, Mailer among them, ignored "Keep Off the Grass" signs at the Pentagon.

Mailer says of Mailer, "The sum of

what he had done that he considered good outweighed the dull sum of his omissions. . . ." Surely we can agree as much for the piece of work he has given us here. PETER L. SANDERSON  
Marblehead, Mass.

I WOULD HAVE READ NORMAN MAILER'S BEST WORK IF IT PUT ME TO SLEEP.

TRO HALL  
San Francisco, Calif.

Although politically I disagree with him about everything he stands for, Mailer is absorbed and titillated by the unbridled exuberance of Mailer's politics. He's hilarious. . . .

GARY J. TRIPLETT  
Charleston, West Virginia

This is not a documentary report about the famous Washington weekend. It is the egotistical, vengeful whining report of one publicity hungry man who mistakes the glare of sensationalism for the rewards of accomplishment. His story will do more to harm the cause of the workers for peace than any other item. What idealistic youth could possibly be attracted by such a puerile display of emotion? What WASP can he influence? What kind what the Black Powers ever will it do anything to stop the war? What could possibly have been the motives in such a publication? . . .

EVE HORN  
Aspen, Colorado

What hath Norman Mailer wrought? I was dismayed, amazed, outraged by turns. Is "The Steps of the Pentagon" his "best work" as he says? It is anyhow a fine study of human folly and human dignity, a compelling expression of anger, passion and love . . . cleansing and revivifying. . . .

BRUCE L. WING  
Pennsylvania State University  
University Park, Pa.

. . . As a contribution to Norman Mailer's psychic ease I hereby pronounce him not to be a nice Jewish boy. Nice he decidedly is not. Jewishness is antipodal to his egomaniacal grossness. And as long as We does not synonymize monster and he's no boy.

RABBI SAMUEL M. SHANLEY  
Stamford, Conn.

# It's all over between us, Rose Marie.



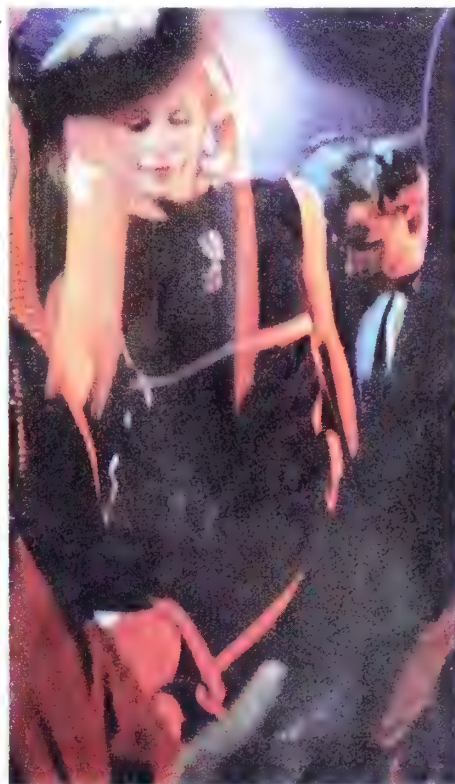
For years, you and your barrel-chested boyfriend have made us look relentless. Canadian Mounties in hot pursuit over the trackless wastes, and all that nonsense? Rose Marie, we are *finis*. ☹

Oh we do have Mounties. Even some trackless wastes. But what we really have a lot of are hot pursuits! Sophisticated supper clubs with big-name entertainers. Intimate "boîtes", bars and cocktail lounges. Exotic restaurants of every description.

And discotheque-wise, you may be delighted to learn that it is now as easy to slip a disc in Montréal, Toronto or Vancouver as it is in good old New York City.

☹ Each Canadian city is a little different in personality. Vancouver nightclubs tend to soar to roof-garden altitudes, the better to admire the Rocky Mountains. Montréal digs wine cellars...

although Montréal does offer a



sky-scraping bar-restaurant known as Altitude 737, featured attractions being a 90-mile view and a 5-ounce martini. In that order. ☹ Drop up to Canada some evening soon, and see it like it is. With no apologies to Rudolph Friml.

## Canada

Canadian Government Travel Bureau,  
Ottawa, Canada.

0012-01

Please send me the Invitation to Canada Package

Mr./Mrs./Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_





# If these kids don't make

These are big city school children. They are partners of all who try to build and keep our cities alive with hope and promise of personal dignity. If we fail these partners, they will fail, as finally will we all.

To the Bell System, they also are customers and,

prospectively, many are fellow employees. Their hire will bring with them attitudes and skills produced by city life and city schools. Their quality will help shape the quality of our service. And service is our product.





# either do we.

System companies and people are increasingly  
d to help meet the problems of the cities, especially  
concerning education and employability. In these areas  
lls and other business resources may have extra  
We shall try to keep our deeds outrunning our words.



**AT&T**  
and Associated Companies

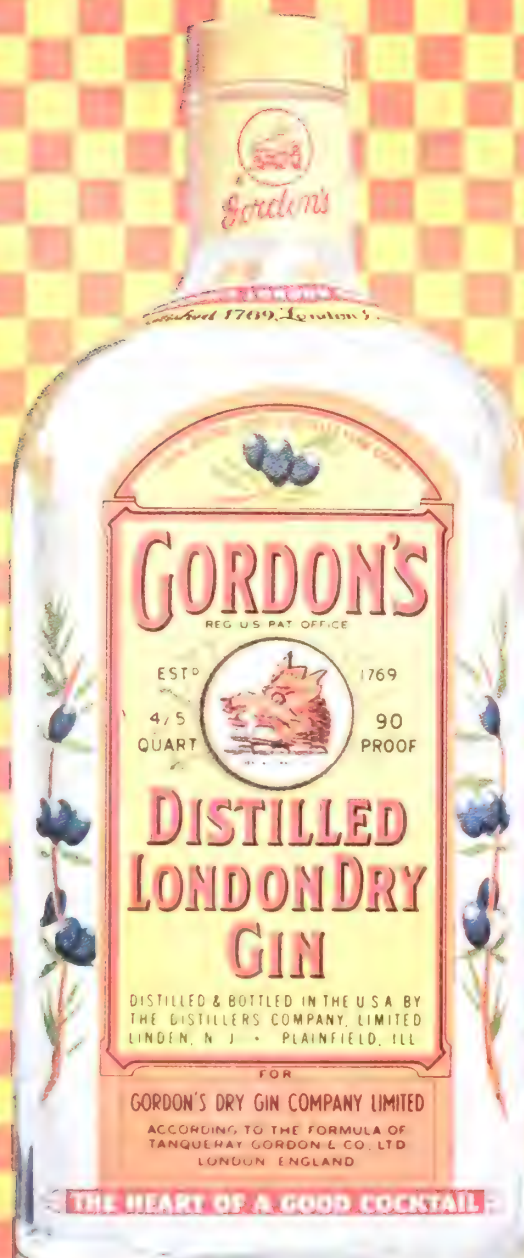


## 1769: Gordon's Gin

A snappy young Britisher named Alexander Gordon decided to concoct the driest gin possible. And so he did. Little did he know it would come to be the gin to make martinis with. (Because, you see, the martini hadn't been invented yet.) Biggest seller in England, America, the world.

## 1968: Gordon's 'John Bull'

Leave it to the English to devise a drink that cools and refreshes in the summer, and equally refreshes in the winter. A most palatable paradox. To 1½ oz. Glorious Gordon's Gin, add 3 ounces of condensed beef bouillon, the juice of ½ a lemon, a dash of Worcestershire, and freshly ground pepper. Pour over ice cubes and stir. Garnish with a sprig of mint.



# What will the English think of next?

PRODUCT OF U. S. A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN 90 PROOF GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LONDON



# the Easy Chair by John Fischer

## THE PERILS OF PUBLISHING: HOW TO TELL WHEN YOU ARE BEING CORRUPTED

...ing man walked into my office weeks ago and announced that he was ready to sell out. What he had discovered eventually, was a man who had been out of college for a year, making the scene, as it were, around New York. Recently his parents had stopped sending him money; so now, strictly for want of money, he had to go to work.

...publishing, he confided, struck him as more distasteful than any other occupation he could think of. Consequently he was prepared to sacrifice his integrity to the sordid demands of book or magazine publishing—he knew the rare which—but since he valued his integrity he trusted that *Harper's* would pay him handsomely for it. In our further conversation it turned out that he had nothing else to sell, but that he had a marketable skill. Like many of those who have a hard time deciding what to do with their lives, he had majored in English literature. He knew virtually nothing, it seemed, about the contemporary world, aside from the rumors he had picked up from his students and his teachers, most of which were almost equally innocent. He was convinced, however, that work in publishing, like any business firm was certain to be both dull and debasing, and that corporations were by definition corrupt institutions. Only after much thought and wrestling with his conscience had he decided that it was better to let himself be co-opted and corrupted than to starve.

...upted how? On this point he was a little vague, but he assumed that he would have to write and publish at the behest of advertisers and be a cog in the military-industrial complex—or on demand of the dishonest characters (whoever they might be) who owned the joint.

I never was able to persuade him that this danger was illusory. Neither could he comprehend that a man so ready to surrender his own convictions would be of no use to a publisher.

**C**orruption is a real danger to a publisher, but it rarely comes on in the simple guise of bribery or coercion. All during World War II, I kept alert for some beautiful blonde spy in a black satin dress who might try to worm her way into my confidence; but none ever did. Nor in more than thirty years of editing and publishing have I ever been offered a bribe, or a promise of advertising in return for editorial favors. On the one occasion when I was offered money—a dazzling sum—for partial surrender of the editorial control of this magazine, the man who tendered it had no thought of bribery. On the contrary, his motives were lofty and (as I shall explain in a moment) he sought to gain nothing but the public good, as he saw it.

Coercion is seldom a bother, either. A long time ago when I was editing the undergraduate daily at the University of Oklahoma, I was threatened by a gang of campus toughs—a cross between a secret fraternity and a juvenile Klan—which wanted to suppress news about a local abortion mill. As a consequence I borrowed a .32 Colt from a friendly deputy sheriff, and for a few weeks after the first of the anonymous telephone calls I actually wore it in a spring-clip shoulder holster while walking home from the print shop in the early hours of the morning. Nothing ever happened, so the gesture probably was unnecessary—if not a little silly—although Oklahoma was a rough place in those

days and I did not feel overly melodramatic at the time. Never since then has anyone tried to coerce me, if you don't count the occasional poison-pen letters which are a standard occupational annoyance.

The legend that advertisers dictate the policy of newspapers and magazines is deeply embedded in American folklore, and apparently has become an article of faith with the New Left. In fact, advertisers seldom attempt anything of the kind, and virtually never succeed. Only three times in fourteen years of editing this magazine did I run into anything that could be called advertising pressure, and in each case it was trivial. A European travel bureau once canceled a small advertising schedule because we called its country's dictator a dictator. The tourist agency of a New England state did the same, when the late Bernard DeVoto noted that billboards were ruining the state's once lovely countryside. And the Knights of Columbus withdrew its advertising because its then Supreme Knight resented our publishing an author who had criticized Senator Joe McCarthy. It may be significant that none of these instances involved a corporation. There may be businessmen who refuse to advertise in *Harper's* because they don't like its editorial policy—but if so, they don't tell the editors. My impression is that most of them, and their advertising agencies, couldn't care less; what they are in-

---

*Mr. Fischer was top trade-book editor of Harper & Row before being appointed editor in chief of this magazine in 1953. He is now a contributing editor and is also working at Yale on a book about coming changes in American government.*



Avianca jet tour—  
unique in South America

# On the Inca Road.

25 days of escorted adventure—scenic, historic, pre-Columbian gems of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Argentina. Inca fiestas, pageantry. Jet Avianca from New York, \$1,735 inclusive. Small groups. Departures: April 9, Sept. 10, Oct. 15, 1968.

Call your Avianca travel agent—mail coupon for special 16-page brochure.

To <b>AVIANCA</b> First Airline in the Americas	
6 West 49th St., New York 10020 • 586-6041	
Send me illustrated booklet ON THE INCA ROAD.	
Mr. _____	
Mrs. _____	
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street _____	
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## Doing Europe?



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**citroen**

Order your Citroën now for delivery upon arrival. Place your order through your Citroën Dealer, or through Citroën Cars Corporation. It's your assurance of getting the most reliable European Delivery plan, the biggest Factory-direct tax-free savings. Send coupon for full information.

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East: 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022	
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Beverly Hills, California 90211	
Please send your European Delivery brochure.	
Name _____	
Address _____	
City _____	
State _____	Zip _____

## THE EASY CHAIR

interested in is the size and character of a publication's audience, since they want to place each advertising dollar where it will produce the maximum results.

A notable case history of the relationship between a publisher and a powerful corporation began on December 4, 1899, when Harper & Brothers went into receivership. It had been bankrupted by a depression, loose management, and the withdrawal of capital on the death or retirement of some of the partners. In desperation the remaining partners turned to J. P. Morgan, the nation's leading financier and also the Boss Demon in the hagiography of all sound liberals at that time. He bailed the firm out with a big loan, put his men on the board of directors, and helped reorganize the management. As a natural result, according to the conventional wisdom, the company's books and magazines should promptly have become mouthpieces for political reaction and The Trusts.

It never happened. So far as I can discover, J. P. Morgan & Co. never tried to exert any editorial influence whatever during the following quarter of a century when it held the financial strings. On the contrary, the Harper firm continued to publish a lot of authors who must have given old Mr. Morgan acute colic—for instance, Henry Demarest Lloyd, whose *Wealth Against Commonwealth* was one of the earliest and most effective salvos of the muckraker era. Another example is William Dean Howells, for twenty years (Morgan years, all of them) the writer of this column; his editorials now sound painfully genteel, but in his day he was considered a pioneering social critic. Moreover, *Harper's Weekly* first proposed the Presidential candidacy of an unorthodox academic, Woodrow Wilson, whose political ideas tasted like rat poison to Wall Street; and the house published sixteen of his books without a peep from the Morgan partners.

These facts are worth mentioning only because they are, I believe, quite typical of American publishing in general. It is true that some of the weaker newspapers do run publicity stories for big advertisers, particularly in their real-estate sections. A few travel writers will accept free plane trips and hotel accommodations with the tacit promise of saying something nice in return. And I have

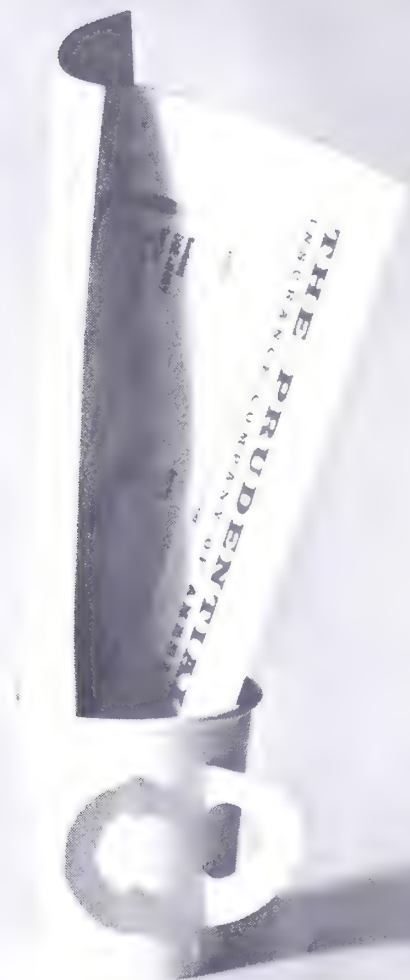
heard rumors that certain venerable magazines will gush a little breathlessly over a new fashion plump advertising contract in prospect. Fifty years ago, according to timers' tales, all these forms of may have been fairly widespread, but today I am convinced that they are relatively rare.\* The truly great dangers of corruption are more subtle and harder to resist.

The most insidious is built into the power, such as it is, of the editor in comparison with elected officials, corporate managers, or university presidents. An editor commands only a small quantum of power—usually far less than he thinks. To writers, however, it is a power of considerable importance, because he stands like a gatekeeper between them and the public. Every day he confers on them access to the printed page. He turns away hundreds of other decisions, moreover, are essential to an authoritarian. However careful he listens to the views of his assistant editors and literary advisers, he ends every editor in chief—of a newspaper, magazine, or book publisher has to make up his own mind for print. As our libel laws so often demonstrate, the final responsibility cannot be delegated. Neither a

Rare, at least, in the case of magazines such as *Harper's*, *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *Commentary*, *The Republic*, *Fortune*, and a half-dozen others with which I am most familiar. There is some evidence, however, that mass-circulation magazines occasionally do get a good deal of pressure from advertisers. For example, A. C. Mowbray in his book about the struggle in Congress over "truth-in-packaging" legislation, entitled *Thumb on the Scale* (Lippincott), reports a vigorous and apparently successful campaign of the Grocery Manufacturers of America to influence media against the bill. Indeed, Willis, president of GMA, summoned publishers of sixteen national magazines (according to Mowbray) to "show them the facts of life covering advertising-media relationships." Frequently Willis noted that eight magazines carried articles favorable to the food industry. None of the mass-circulation magazines, Mowbray says, published articles supporting Senator A. Hart's "truth-in-packaging" bill. *Harper's* article on the subject by William D. Zabel appeared in August

If your employees get their coffee breaks.  
But there's a special kind of break you can give your  
people with a Prudential Split Dollar Plan.

An insurance break.



Now how it is with many fringe  
benefits. If you give them to some  
employees, you feel you should give  
to all. But not a Prudential  
Split Dollar Plan. It's a way to show  
your people you regard them  
as people.

With this plan you advance them  
the money to buy more life  
insurance than they could otherwise  
afford. You can call it a loan because  
the amount will be paid back. And not  
from the men's pockets but out of the  
value of the insurance itself.

Your people are happy about a

Prudential Split Dollar Plan because  
it gives their families more protection.  
And you're happy about it because  
it's a way to show interest in your  
employees' personal goals. And you  
can arrange it so that the money  
you put in can still figure in your  
assets. And can even be borrowed on  
if you need to.

Your Prudential man will be glad  
to show you how the "split" figures out  
in dollars and cents. When it comes  
to helping you strengthen your  
employer-employee relationships,  
Prudential understands.



PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

**Prudential understands**



Nine dollars  
or so will  
buy you  
our fifth.  
For \$1200  
we'll roll  
out the barrel.



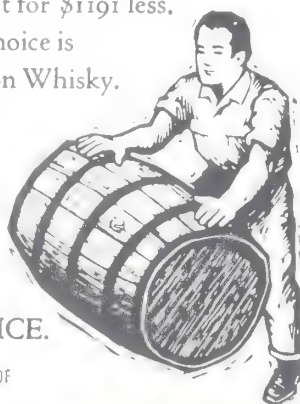
We mean it. We've been rolling out the barrel for corporation presidents for a lot of years. \$1200 a roll. And we'll do it for you.

Unless you'd rather taste what we're all about for \$1191 less.

A flavor so extraordinary The President's Choice is our president's choice as the ultimate in Bourbon Whisky.

By the fifth, it comes in a Colonial bottle, in a carton of plush velour.

So when your guests arrive, if you can't roll out the barrel, at least you can roll out the red carpet.



THE PRESIDENT'S CHOICE.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)  
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • LOUISVILLE, KY. ©1967.

## What kind of a car would you pick for your kid to have an accident in?

We won't apologize for asking the question. We asked it first of our engineers. (They have kids, too.)

Their answer: "A car he can walk away from—*alive*. And, hopefully, *unhurt*."

We told the engineers to build one, and the car they came up with was the Rover 2000. It isn't perfect, but we've been told it's close. It isn't cheap either—but there are things we can think of that are dearer. Your own kid, maybe?

Write: Leyland Motor Corporation of North America, 111 Galway Place, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666, and we'll tell you all about it.

**The Rover 2000.**

## THE EASY CHAIR

be diffused among any sort of r  
cratically constituted group.

The authority of any editor, of the most ephemeral public tends to corrupt, just as surely as more awesome forms of political sacerdotal power which Lord had in mind when he wrote his famous letter to Bishop Creighton the editor can, in some petty measure help his friends and hurt his enemies. Indeed, he is under constant pressure or temptation, to do both.

For example, one of the duties of a magazine editor is to cultivate friendship, or at least the good will, with authors. A lot of them write books as well as articles; and when they are quite likely to hint that they would appreciate a friendly review. Or, at least a review. Since 25,000 books are published in this country every year, and since no publication can cover more than a per cent of them, the pressure for review space can become pretty fierce. Some authors, or their agents, bluntness: If the magazine doesn't give up with a good review, I'll never submit another manuscript.

A few years ago I turned down an essay by a distinguished professor of literature, because it struck me as tedious and pedantic. Next week a letter arrived from one of his former students, a writer whom I had been trying hard to persuade to contribute to *Harper's*. He pointed out that the professor was on the verge of retirement; that publication of the essay would brighten his declining years; that *Harper's* had printed similar stuff; that any editor with a spark of kindness in his breast would do a decent thing; and that if I did not reconsider my decision he would never speak to me again. I didn't, but he hasn't.

It is fortunate that lady authors are seldom as glamorous as film stars, because every now and then one of them suggests that if a distinguished editor would accept her hitherto unappreciated manuscripts, a warm and beautiful relationship could be established practically instantaneously. For example, H. L. Mencken posted a notice in the waiting room of *Smart* magazine to warn portresses that they would interview them only if they were chaperoned by an ordained clergyman. The literary female who tries this gambit must have been

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## ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS IN HARPER'S STUDENT WRITING CONTEST

<i>College Division—Name</i>	<i>School</i>	<i>Teacher's Name</i>
First prize: Susan J. Tracy	University of Massachusetts Amherst, Mass.	R. E. Stanfield
Second prize: William McIlwaine Thompson, Jr.	Yale University New Haven, Conn.	Daniel Howe
Third prize: David Schendlinger	University of Wisconsin Madison, Wis.	David M. Keller
Honorable mentions: Robert Alan Segal	Wesleyan University Middletown, Conn.	Robert J. Weber
Neal A. Raisman	University of Massachusetts Boston, Mass.	Martha C. Finney
Carol Truesdell	University of Massachusetts Boston, Mass.	Dan Wakefield
<i>High-school Division—Name</i>	<i>School</i>	<i>Teacher's Name</i>
First prize: Rene Diane Rabideau	Los Alamos High School Los Alamos, N. M.	Jean M. Campbell
Second prize: Stephen Ellman	Evanston Township High School Evanston, Ill.	Barbara Pannwitt
Third prize: Laura Lukash	Conard High School West Hartford, Conn.	Dennis C. Carrithers
Honorable mentions: Lanneau D. Lide, Jr.	Phillips Exeter Academy Exeter, N. H.	Robert A. Grey
Ed Moore	Buena High School Ventura, Calif.	Phillip M. Padellford

admirer in his time; nowadays, alas, most of them seem to be about as resistible as, say, Gertrude Stein.

What is more tempting is the possibility of punishing one's enemies. An editor would be less than human if he didn't have an impulse now and then to dig somebody an impulse which can be especially dangerous for inexperienced editors who have not yet learned how hurtful the printed word can be. A precocious friend of mine once became sports editor of a small New Jersey paper just after his graduation from high school. One of his first columns was a funny but scathing attack on the local basketball coach, who had a few months earlier dropped the author off the high-school team. It was, I think, intended in a spirit of mischievousness rather than malice; at any rate my young friend was drenched in remorse when it resulted in the coach's losing his job.

More often than I like to admit, I suspect that my opinion of a manuscript may be colored by my dislike of

the jerk who wrote it. In such cases, I have come to believe, one ought to depend heavily on the judgment of colleagues who don't know the man. It would be better yet to stick firmly to a cardinal rule of publishing: When you are wearing your editor's hat,\* you have no friends and no enemies. Unhappily, I'm not always sure that I have that much strength of character.

(I should note that this rule evidently does not apply to Little Maga-

\*This is not merely a figure of speech. George Leighton, a one-time associate editor of *Harper's*, had a railway conductor's cap with a brass plate in front bearing the inscription "Editor" in two-inch letter. He was wearing it on the hot July day when I first met him. Since his cubbyhole was not air-conditioned, he had tripped off his shirt and undershirt; and, sitting behind his desk, at first glance he looked naked except for his editor's hat. That ended any suspicion I might have had about publishing being a conformist profession.

zines and some scholarly quarterlies. On the contrary, their chief fault often seems to be the evisceration of the editors' enemies.

Another temptation lives presently just down the hall from the editor's desk, in the offices of hirelings who are responsible for manufacturing and selling the publication, and producing enough revenue to keep it alive. Nearly every day one of them is likely to try to persuade him to short-ration the readers a little bit.

This doesn't mean that they are wicked fellows. Usually they are as honest as the editor, and his friends to boot. But their job is quite different from the editor's; inevitably they sometimes conflict. For instance, it is the duty of a manufacturing man whether of a periodical or in a book publishing house—to get the end product at a lowest possible cost. This can be in a lot of ways: by narrowing

## THE EASY CHAIR

ins of the printed page an eighth of an inch, by using paper a few pounds lighter per roll, by squeezing over a hundred words on the page, cheapening the binding where anybody would notice. Probably no one of these changes would matter much; but if the editor keeps along with these suggestions, the spirit of amiable cooperation, he will find one day that he is turning out a shoddy product—and the fault will be not the manufacturing department's.

In similar fashion, a magazine's advertising salesmen always want a publication which will be more interesting to their potential customers. They are not even aware that the advertisers' interests, or the salesmen's, may be considerably different from those of the particular readers in the editor is trying to reach. Frequently a salesman's suggestions are offered in good faith, and with a deep conviction that all he is doing is a better magazine. The editor, however, had damn well better line every one of them as carefully as a horse trader looks at an old horse's teeth. The tip-off is the fact that most advertising salesmen refer to their publication as "a consumer's magazine." When the editor begins to think of his readers simply as potential consumers of advertised products, he is in bad trouble; and so, in the long run, is the publication.

A book salesman, naturally enough, will try to argue for a jacket design that is a trifle sexier than the text of the book actually justifies. The newspaper dealer yearns for more sensational titles. The business manager's suggestions would look better if the editor would accept a lower ratio of editorial content to advertising. All of these people are doing their jobs as conscientiously as they know how. And it is the editor's job, a good deal of the time, to resist them. I have been there, during most of my time in publishing, in having colleagues with whom such conflicts could be resolved on reasonable terms; but they are all over there.

Robert Colborn, editor of *Science and Technology*, recently observed of the conflict between the editor and the business associates "is present, whether concealed, on every magazine, the good ones and the bad ones. . . . It is simply a fact about the publish-

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## THE EASY CHAIR

ing business. Every business, of course, has to endure some sort of tension between its long-term health and its short-term advantage. But it is not as temptingly easy in most other businesses to forget what business you are really in. That easy confusion is what makes it constantly necessary, in publishing, for someone to guard the future of the business against its present. . . . To be guardian of the future is a permanent and important part of any chief editor's job. . . . He *must* be a tough, suspicious son of a bitch. If he isn't, he is cheating his employer and had better take up teaching or social work."

The trickiest booby trap in the editor's path probably is the Temptation of Good Causes. His friends, eminent citizens, and his own conscience exhort him without respite to give more of his space (always pitifully limited) to the promotion of some worthy cause. It may be peace or birth control or the American Cancer Society or the reelection of a statesman he reveres. The editor is genuinely interested in the subject; if he published one more article about it (even a piece that is not quite first-rate) he would be striking a blow for mankind. He also would gratify some influential people, and feed his own ego with that most intoxicating of hallucinogens: the feeling that he is an Important Influence. In this heady state of mind he is all too likely to forget that worthy causes seldom make interesting copy—and that a publication which harps on one subject too often is sure to sound like a stuck phonograph record.

Only once in my experience were these seductions accompanied by hard cash. It was proffered by—of all people—Dr. Robert Hutchins, sometime president of the University of Chicago and perennial guardian of the public morality. At the time he was head of the Fund for the Republic which he described as "a wholly disowned subsidiary of the Ford Foundation," devoted to furthering the ideals of a democratic society.

Over lunch Dr. Hutchins explained that the thoughts of the Fund's staff and its grantees were not getting the public attention they deserved. Indeed, the pamphlets it issued sometimes were ignored entirely by the American press. To remedy this la-

mentable situation, he proposed that the Fund should take over each month a section of *Harper's*—say thirty-two pages—and fill them with articles of its own production. In return it would pay *Harper's* \$500,000 the first year and if the results were satisfactory the arrangement might be continued.

Did Dr. Hutchins mean that the Fund would like to buy thirty-two pages of advertising space each month? No, no, that wasn't the idea. The space to be filled by the Fund would not be labeled as advertising. In fact the name of the Fund would not appear at all. The articles it provided would seem to be a normal part of the magazine, so the readers need never know that they had not been developed by the regular editors. The impact, he suggested flatteringly, might be greater that way.

As I remember it, I assured Dr. Hutchins that I was in favor of both ideals and a democratic society, and probably would agree heartily to most of the causes he wanted to promote. But, I added, the primary responsibility of all editors was to their readers. In good conscience, therefore, an editor could not surrender control over the editorial content of his publication, even for the best-intentioned of purposes. Neither could he offer the readers somebody else's product under the guise of his own.

All this sounded pretty stuffy, I'm afraid; but I still believe that the deal is a sound one. It is some protection, moreover, against all of the dangers mentioned earlier. So long as an editor remembers that he is working first and last, for his readers—are, ultimately, the people who hire him—he usually should be able to resist most temptations, even those of his own ego. And in so doing, he best serve the long-run health of publication and the financial expectations of its owners.

Apparently Dr. Hutchins has continued to yearn for a publication we would pay adequate attention to thinking of himself and his associates. I have just received a circular announcing the launching of *The Center Magazine*, a bimonthly published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, which is the present metamorphosis of the Fund for the public. Anyone wishing to subscribe should write Box 1546, Santa Barbara, California 93103.



# If you've seen the traffic in Paris, you ain't seen nothing yet.

to be seen: the country roads of Queensland where cars have the right of way.

Dubbo, where kangaroos hop to it at more than 30 m.p.h. Not to mention the kookaburra bird who laughs like a man. And the lyrebird who can imitate anything—even a ringing bottle of beer.

How about the platypus? You'd think it was designed by a committee—it's got a duck bill, a beaver tail, fur, webbed feet, claws, builds a nest in a tunnel, lays eggs,

suckles its young, and feeds at the bottom of a stream. And beyond Alice Springs you can still spot wild camels plodding across the endless plains.

But then Australia is like that. Unexpected.

Are you ready for it? From the West Coast, tours start at \$995. That price includes just about everything: your round-trip by jet, sightseeing, first-class accommodations. And you still ain't seen nothing yet. Turn the page for more. **AUSTRALIA.**





# If you've seen the action at St.-Tropez, you ain't seen nothing yet.

Still to be seen: the body-English at Bondi Beach. (You don't need subtitles.)

Or King's Cross, the swingiest square mile. Anywhere.

You'll hear half-a-dozen languages before you stroll half a block. You can buy a cup of Arabian coffee or a Cantonese dim sim. Dine on Oysters Kilpatrick, richer than Rockefeller. Or munch a saveloy on a bun at a sidewalk stand.

You can blow your mind to the big beat uptown. Cool it in a candlelit cavern downtown. Dream to a Brahms symphony

played under the Southern Cross in Sydney's Hyde Park.

At a waterfront repertory theatre George Bernard Shaw's wit still crackles and snaps. While in an Outback pub all schooners of gutsy beer accompany the tall stories.

Action.

Lovely, lively action in Australia. And we'll let you in on it for only \$756 round-trip economy excursion airfare. And you still ain't seen nothing yet. More on the next page. **AUSTRALIA**



# If you've seen the Rock of Gibraltar, you ain't seen nothing yet.

to be seen: Ayers Rock, this planet's greatest monolith. It rises a thousand feet or more over a sun-splashed plain. Around its base lie secret caves with painted walls telling the story of the aboriginal dreamtime.

Australia's Outback is waiting. And \$190 will get you there and back from Sydney.

Head south to Australia's Alps where Mount Kosciuszko punctuates a snowfield larger than all Switzerland. Because the seasons are upside down Down Under, you

can ski there this summer. For \$125 a week. For everything.

Or this winter, fly away to summer. Minutes away from the big, booming Sydney you can hang ten off any one of a dozen beaches.

And then there are the beaches on the 600 tropic isles of the Great Barrier Reef. You can cruise among them for four days for only \$75. It's one of the world's best buys. And you *still* ain't seen nothing yet. Turn the page for more. **AUSTRALIA.**





# If you've seen the gondoliers in Venice, you ain't seen nothing yet.

Still to be seen: brawny crews battling waves two stories high in a surfboat race off Curl Curl Beach.

Or a chorus one hundred thousand strong carolling by candlelight in the Myer Music Bowl.

Or the personal vision of Australian painters like Drysdale and Dobell. They may change your perspective on art.

Still to be seen: Sydney's Opera House with its billowing concrete sails reflected in the improbable blue of the harbor.

Just across the water you can see an island fortress

named Pinchgut for the short rations that were doled out to hard-case convicts more than a century ago.

And have you ever seen a city stop? It happens on the first Tuesday in November when they run the Melbourne Cup. Everything in Australia stops. Then, as the thoroughbreds thunder home, a nation cheers itself hoarse.

Until you've seen the wonders Down Under, you ain't seen nothing yet. Go ask any travel agent, he'll tell you. **AUSTRALIA**

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# Harper's

magazine

*Daniel M. Friedenberg*

## AMERICA'S LAND BOOM: 1968

*The rush into land development today seems to be nearly universal. Yet preferential tax treatment for speculators continues to create serious imbalances—encouraging urban sprawl, enriching slumlords, and penalizing homeowners.*

**L**and is a prime buy. Year after year surveys of growth items spotlight the rise in value of a small group of steady winners: old paintings and graphic art, rare books and manuscripts, and antique furnishings. Only after these comes the stock market: rarely does the Dow-Jones average of thirty industrial issues come near the upward thrust of art objects. Invariably, however, such surveys end by pointing out that land prices equal or top the rise in all other speculative investments. In a special issue devoted to land several years ago, for instance, *House and Home* stated flatly that "since World War II land speculation has created more millionaires than any other form of business investment." The simplest and most obvious reason for this is that the quantity of land is fixed while the population grows and grows. The population of the United States in 1920 was 106 million; in 1960, 180 million; at present it is 200 million. According to the projections, by 1980, it will be 246 to 260 million, and by the year 2000, some 300 to 380 million. Thus within the twentieth century the number of people occupying the same number of square miles will have trebled. Actually, the amount of land being inhabited by

this growing population is shrinking, because urban growth swallows a million acres a year, and highways and airports absorb still more. In addition, both the government and private corporations have been engaged in stockpiling, which, while it does not diminish the actual amount of land, removes it from the domain of speculation.

The sheer growth in affluence by itself has put great pressure on land use, for it has led to such things as early marriage, larger families, early retirement—all of which involve the spreading of people into space.

Perhaps even more significant is the social revolution through which America has been passing: that is, the accelerating flow of people from rural to urban centers.

Another feature of this revolution has been the large-scale shift in the work force from blue-collar workers to white. The U. S. Department of Labor calculates that during the 1960s with a population increase of 15 per cent, there will be a 30 per cent increase in the national clerical force and a 40 per cent increase in professional and technical personnel. Already one out of seven employees is a clerical worker. One crucial result of the revolu-



tionary new emphasis on consumer goods and services has been the construction of larger and larger office buildings, often packed together for convenience of business. Another is the parallel construction of high-rising residences nearby for the management elite—both bringing land values up at a dizzying rate.

Despite these recent spurs to the growth in value of land, however, that growth in itself is nothing new. Indeed, in an important economic sense, the history of America can be said to be the history of the rise in land values.

An exemplary case of the land boom is, of course, Florida. Before the turn of the century, Henry M. Flagler, who was an original Rockefeller partner, made many additional millions speculating in Florida land. The islands comprising Miami Beach, however, did not even begin to assume their present condition until after World War I. In 1920, the assessed valuation of all real property on Miami Beach was only \$225,000. By 1925 permits for construction had been issued amounting to over \$17 million. Today there are individual estates on the small islands in Biscayne Bay—such as those of Norman Woodworth of the 5 & 10s and William McKnight of Scotch Tape—valued at a million dollars apiece.

Since World War II Florida real-estate speculation has drawn, as flies to a honey pot, the richest men in America. Arthur Vining Davis, after retiring as board chairman of Alcoa, concentrated on South Florida real estate. When he died at the age of ninety-five in 1962, he owned one-eighth of Dade County, shopping centers, and ocean-front property in Miami and Sarasota. He was considered the fifth-richest man in the U. S., with a fortune estimated at some \$350 million. Davis was only one of many: John MacArthur, the Murchison brothers, John Hay Whitney, Gardner Cowles, the Mackle brothers, and William and Alfred Vanderbilt all hold or have held enormous land interests in the state. Some of the profits realized by these men make the land trading of John Jacob Astor in early Manhattan or the activities of Marshall Field in late 19th-century Chicago look petty by comparison.

Florida is only one of the more spectacular instances of a trend operating throughout the nation. Since 1945 average land prices have more than tripled. Even farmland has been booming: during the past ten years, according to the Department of Agriculture, its average value has risen 70 per cent. The greatest jump has been in states enjoying a benign climate; next have been suburban areas close to large cities; and third in size have been the downtown areas of certain cities.

In terms of physical size, the leader is California, which once created the realty fortunes of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, and Crocker, and is still an El Dorado for speculators. Some one thousand persons a day stream into the state, and daily births in the young population add several hundred more. Manufacturing jobs since 1950 have increased 80 per cent or eight times the national rate. Land prices in San Francisco are second only to New York City. Southern California with its ideal climate, has seen the price for suburban land rising at an annual rate of about 880¢ an acre.

J. Paul Getty and the Tishman interests are strong in California, particularly in and around Los Angeles. There is also a new young generation of speculators. Arthur Carlsberg, not yet thirty-five, hit upon a technique to "harvest the farms" of Southern California, and at last report had made over \$5 million by buying outlying farm land for subdivision. Joan Irvine, no older than Carlsberg, is an even more impressive case. She is principal heiress to over one-fifth of the Irvine Company, a ranch welded out of three Spanish land grants. The Irvine Ranch, some 138 square miles, and reaching from the Pacific Ocean to the Santa Ana Mountains south of Los Angeles, may be the world's most valuable remaining feudal fief. Dreary waste short years ago, the Irvine land, if sold intact, would probably fetch half a billion dollars—and twice that if liquidated piecemeal.

What is true for California is true for the Southwest in general. In 1962 a New Mexican real-estate broker put out a brochure asserting that over the previous twenty years Albuquerque land had increased annually in value an average of 25 per cent. Phoenix—where an estimated 30 per cent of the land within city limits is held by speculators—experienced a jump in population from 107,000 in 1950 to 439,000 in 1960; the city expects to hit the million mark by 1980. The population growth of Tucson is even more fantastic. Its population was 46,000 in 1946, 250,000 in 1961, and is slated to approach two million in the late 1970s.

Innumerable land millionaires have been the result. Perhaps the one who has received the most publicity is David H. Murdock, operating from Phoenix, whose interests extend through the Southwest and into California. Then there is Thomas E. Hull, a Californian who thought of building a hotel in the desert on the run between Salt Lake City and California, near a small town in Nevada by the name of Las Vegas, population 8,000 in 1941. He bought 57 acres at \$100 an acre. This land was valued in 1961 at over \$5 million.

Recently the eccentric multimillionaire Howard Hughes has put down more than \$40 million in cash to acquire four Las Vegas casino hotels and seems intent on buying out the rest of the city (not so coincidentally, Nevada has no state income or inheritance taxes).

An adjunct of the Southwest and California, psychologically speaking, is Hawaii. Here it is the Rockefellers\* and the Kaisers who have taken hold. Like the Irvine Ranch, Hawaii more closely resembles a feudal barony than a state of the Union. Almost half of it is owned by sixty large landowners, closely knit families who preempted the best land when America took over the island group. These landowners have consistently leased rather than sold; a measure of their current worth is the fact that land around Honolulu which sold for \$1,200 an acre before statehood shot up to \$20,000 an acre within the decade.

Back East, too, population growth is having much the same effect. In *The Great Gatsby*, published in 1925, F. Scott Fitzgerald describes Long Island's Nassau County: "About halfway between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. This is a valley of ashes . . ." In the ten years from 1953 to 1963, the population of this county leaped from 700,000 to 1,500,000—and the pocketbooks of men like the Levitts, Alfred L. Kaskel, and Samuel J. Lefrak swelled accordingly.

## What Creates Land Values

It is essential to bear in mind that land itself is useless; what creates its value is what is done to it. Frequently land is "improved" by factors quite extraneous to it, such as the construction of nearby roads, bridges, railroad sidings, or jet airports. Staten Island was only fifteen years ago a bucolic retreat boasting no more than 3 per cent of New York's inhabitants. Now the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge which connects the island with Brooklyn, completed in 1964, has helped to double its population in less than five years. Land values have jumped a minimum of 400 per cent over the past decade, and certain large blocks of farmland have

jumped even more: farms selling for \$3,000 to \$6,000 an acre in 1959 went up to \$20,000 to \$30,000 an acre. Even the municipal government, which once owned the greater part of Staten Island, got on the bandwagon and began to sell off its holdings as fast as they could be mapped.

The same thing happens each time a major artery is added to an urban center. The taxpayers of New York State spent more than \$400 million to build the New York Thruway, and the immediate effect was to add much more than that amount to the land prices along the route. The Tappan Zee Bridge—connecting the White Plains area with Nyack on the other side of the Hudson River—was first opened to traffic in 1955. It had been predicted that after twenty years the bridge would be used by some twelve million vehicles per year, but as it happened, within the first decade fifteen million vehicles were crossing annually; Rockland County, on the far side of this bridge, is now the fastest-growing area in all New York State. Yet another example is that of the Long Island Expressway, which made accessible an area in Babylon Township where land prices then tripled in four years.

The federal government has long played a major role in this sort of land improvement. The great boom in Western land after the Civil War was a direct consequence of Washington's having subsidized the transcontinental railroad. Today, the government's space program is having much the same effect on the thousand-mile crescent which stretches from Florida's Atlantic coast to the Texas panhandle. The space industry, of course, is focused on three points, Cape Kennedy, New Orleans, and Houston, but the benefits are seeping out on all sides. Washington expects to spend \$2 billion a year—more than the entire \$1.2-billion cost of the Tennessee Valley Authority—for twenty years on space projects. What these plans have already done to realty values will seem obvious. At Cape Kennedy, for example, the same tract was sold three times in three years: first at \$500 per acre, next at \$1,250 per acre; and then at \$1,850 per acre. The property is worth much more today.

The major U. S. corporations are also deeply involved in the land boom. In some instances they

\*It has very recently been reported that Laurance Rockefeller (Rock Resort) has sold to Eastern Airlines an enormous package, consisting of the Dorado Beach development in Puerto Rico, Caneel Bay Plantation in St. Johns (the U. S. Virgin Islands), and his Hawaiian hotel project completed a few short years ago.

Daniel M. Friedenberg's article in "Harper's" in 1961 on "The Coming Bust in the Real-estate Boom" had a rocking effect on the New York real-estate business, in which the Friedenberg family has been active for 49 years. Mr. Friedenberg received a B.S. degree at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, and served in the Army in World War II. He writes for many magazines, literary as well as professional, and is president of several real-estate corporations.



are stockpiling against future demand in a dwindling market, in some they are purely speculators, and often they are serving as developers. Real estate has always been a side occupation of the life-insurance companies, one that follows naturally from the nature of their mortgage investment holdings. Many other companies, however, only vaguely related, or related not at all, to mortgage holding and land ownership, have come to occupy themselves with it. The railroads still own enormous tracts from their original land grants, and the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central Railroad (recently merged) have both been developing their own land and cosponsoring enormous projects in various cities, especially Dallas and Atlanta. The Pennsylvania is a partner in the new \$116-million Madison Square Garden Center in New York City, the Penn Center commercial development in Philadelphia, and owns a majority interest in separate operating realty corporations amounting to over \$200 million. Southern Pacific and Union Pacific are also active.

The oil companies, with fat depletion allowances to invest, are becoming major land developers. Standard of California is investing many millions in 1,500 acres near Los Angeles. Humble Oil is developing 22,000 acres near Houston, already having invested \$30 million. Gulf Oil has taken over the tremendous new residential community of Reston, Virginia. Sunset International Petroleum is so deep in real estate, mainly in California, that its oil business might be called secondary.

The rush into land development in fact seems to be nearly universal: Union Carbide has set aside a multimillion-dollar fund to acquire acreage in what the company defines as "strategic areas." Bethlehem Steel invested \$13 million in 1964 in land near San Francisco and an undisclosed sum, more recently to buy thousands of acres in Maryland. General Motors has actually established its own real-estate division, Argonaut Realty; the company is also a partner in its new headquarters building, now rising at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street in New York City. Sears, Roebuck is a heavy land investor.

Alcoa, perhaps the most deeply involved, took over the major Zeckendorf properties in Philadelphia and New York City, and has been called one of the largest landlords in America. Alcoa has a \$500-million project in Los Angeles, a "city within a city" of some 180 acres. Alcoa's rival, Reynolds Metals, already has over \$300 million invested in various projects in Philadelphia, Syracuse, Providence, and Hartford. Westinghouse acquired one of the largest land developers in Florida. And, as if to settle the matter once and for all, Wall Street

is now entering the field, principally the banking house of Lazard Frères and the august firm of Eastman Dillon.

All of these factors have come together in a unique and yet broadly revealing way on the island of Manhattan. Unlike many other places, Manhattan has been a land investor's haven for 150 years. Being the principal port for shipping from Europe, the reception center for wave after wave of new immigrations, nerve center for the corporate life of the entire nation, and headquarters for the United Nations, Manhattan's relatively meager land supply has proven to be a never-ending source of wealth. The early speculations of the Rhinelanders, Beekmans, Phippses, Stuyvesants, Goellets, Roosevelts, and especially the Astors still keep their descendants rich. The grandchildren of the speculators of the early twentieth century—the duPonts and the Rockefellers—have enlarged their inheritance. Post-World-War-I land plungers such as the late William Randolph Hearst and Joseph P. Kennedy retain gilded properties, though the Kennedy family has sold much of its Manhattan real estate and concentrated on Chicago. And the children of the crop of the 1920s, the Tishmans, Rudins, Roses, Dursts, Minskoffs, and Urises, have now been joined by the post-World-War-II group, John Galbreath, Peter B. Ruffin, and the Fisher and Tisch brothers.

Although the city has lost actual population in the flight of the middle class to the suburbs, office space has increased by some 40 per cent during the last decade. Indeed, it is claimed that there has been more new office space built in Manhattan since the end of World War II than exists in any other city of the world. This one small island houses headquarters for thirty-eight of the top one hundred industrial corporations in America. In the five years from 1957 to 1962 the number of clerical workers in Manhattan grew by around 200,000 (thus, if you add their families, the mere increase in clerical workers is equivalent to the population of a medium-sized city). Nor do even these statistics keep pace with the tremendous daily expansion in this area.

But the boom in offices is only one side of the story. The almost equally rapid shift in the city's social and ethnic composition is the other; and the two together have created an explosive speculative compound—one that can give off large-scale failure as well as success. (The misfortunes of Louis J. Glickman, the former top realty syndicator, and of the by-now fabled William Zeckendorf will illustrate.) It is not generally realized, but the larger part of Manhattan's land is priced today below its value forty years ago. Much of the

upper part of the island, all of Harlem, the West Side above 72nd Street, the East Side below 8th Street and above 96th Street, is decaying and/or subject to some form of subsidized urban-renewal projects.

## Manhattan's Favored Enclaves

**W**hen people talk of the amazing rise in Manhattan land values, they are really referring only to four areas. The first is the mixed residential and business strip from 34th Street north to 86th Street, and at some points to 96th Street, extending east from Sixth Avenue to the East River. The second is the financial district east of Broadway and south of Fulton Street, now being extended west by the World Trade Center and north by the Brooklyn Bridge Southeast project. The third is the residential sections in Greenwich Village and around Lincoln Square, site of the new Center for the Performing Arts. And the fourth, only now coming into its own, is the area between Sixth and Eighth Avenues, from 32nd to 59th Streets. Fingers of heightened land value, of course, string out from these nuclei, but in the main they are white ghettos of apartment houses and office buildings surrounded by a setting of urban decay.

Within these favored enclaves, land values are breathtaking and seem to keep on going up. Well-located Lincoln Center land was valued at \$20 to \$30 a square foot when the cultural center was announced a decade ago. Though the entire project is not yet complete, the best unimproved Broadway sites today command a price close to \$100 a foot. Land in that peculiar narrow belt that comprises the financial district has without question risen in value at least 50 per cent in the last ten years. As for Greenwich Village, many years ago a certain Captain Randall left \$7,000 and 21 acres of land extending irregularly from 8th to 10th Streets east of Fifth Avenue to help establish a retired sailors' home in New York City: leased out by Sailors' Snug Harbor for apartment construction, these acres have a present value of close to \$100 million.

Manhattan's real gold mine, however, is in the Grand Central area. Commodore Vanderbilt by a clever bit of legerdemain acquired for his New York Central Railroad the land running on both sides of Park Avenue from 42nd to 50th Street. In 1942 this land was valued at \$70 a square foot; today it leases on an equivalent basis for \$500 a square foot, the highest valued land in the world. There is some evidence that all those battles waged for control of the New York Central

have more to do with this real estate than with the profits from its railroad system.

Throughout the rest of this area extending north of 42nd Street and east of Sixth Avenue, fortunes have been made since World War II. The Astor estate—which for purposes of the death tax largely liquidated most of its holdings—still holds certain parcels, particularly on Sixth Avenue. And all the most aggressive builders have bought or leased land here: the Dursts on Third Avenue, the Urises on Park Avenue and Sixth Avenue, Tishman Realty on Park Avenue and Third Avenue, and the Minskoffs on Lexington Avenue.

As a result of demand, almost all the major land sites have been acquired for office buildings on these main streets, and this in turn has driven up the value of the remaining land. There now seem to be symptoms of a real-estate frenzy similar to that which seized Florida in the mid-1920s. Park Avenue, Madison Avenue, and Fifth Avenue have almost no sites available between 42nd and 57th Streets. First Avenue and Seventh Avenue, and to a lesser extent Second Avenue, are still considered fringes, though a westward movement began with the Minskoff's acquiring the old Hotel Astor on Broadway and 44th Street for a fifty-story skyscraper and the Urises' plans to build a fifty-one-story tower on the site of the Capitol Theater at Broadway and 50th Street. The result is that every storekeeper who years ago bought his small building to protect his store lease on the ground floor (usually with \$5,000 cash and a string of mortgages), as well as every speculator who holds "a piece" of a decayed brownstone off these key streets, is convinced that just six months more, just holding out another year, and he will come to fortune.

## Speculators vs. Homeowners

**F**renzied or not, land speculation is an integral part of American economic activity. The courageous speculator is a dynamic force in our nation. Without risk capital devoted to future expansion, without daring and optimistic projection, the American people would never have conquered a continent and created a standard of living the envy of the world. But certain problems are created by this land speculation which must be dealt with in the immediate future or the very daring which created our dynamism may, in a new climate and a new age, do the reverse and paralyze national growth.

To understand why this is so, we must under-



stand the difference between land and other commodities. Unimproved land is distinct from other private property. It has not been created by any of its owners. Moreover, as we pointed out earlier, its value is often enhanced by what others who do not own it do to it. As John Stuart Mill once remarked, "Landlords grow rich in their sleep." What he meant, of course, was precisely what we have seen: that the increase in population automatically makes land more valuable. Thus the distinction between a successful and an unsuccessful land speculator often has more to do with the ability to interpret and predict the movement of population than with sagacity about how to improve the land itself.

A further difference between unimproved land and all other commodities in our society is that it is subject to lower taxes than they. This fact has its roots in history. Present tax policy was established at a time when most Americans were farmers and when the society's foremost problem was to get the nation settled. The age-old distrust of the city dweller by the freehold farmer—in America intensified by the fact that the farmer tended to be white and Anglo-Saxon old American, while city immigrants were of different ethnic and religious backgrounds—blossomed into the kind of tax policy that could automatically be supported by rural-dominated legislatures. Nationally the result has been that, according to the last statistics, raw land is assessed at less than 20 per cent of its true market value while single-family homes are assessed at 32 per cent. The speculator thus need pay only 62 cents in real-estate taxes as compared to the dollar paid by the homeowner next door. When farmers made up the vast majority of the population, this made sense. Today, however, they are only a small minority (even among these, many are fully mechanized, big-business farmers at that). The sense—at least for the society as a whole—has departed.

Homeowners have also continued to support this policy—although for a different motive than the farmers. For even though the homeowner is at a distinct disadvantage vis-à-vis the land speculator, he is still better off in this regard than the owners of multiple dwellings and commercial structures. He is therefore afraid that any change in taxation will hurt him. Within any given community homeowners comprise a significant political bloc; their fears can be played on to muster support for tax policies whose main thrust is to serve the interests of speculators.

In 1961 Eugene Nickerson, Nassau County Executive, started a campaign to raise assessed valuations on vacant land. Mr. Nickerson pointed

out that land speculators were taxed much lower than homeowners. He also showed that the value of vacant land had shot up far higher than improved land since the obsolete tax system had been put into effect many years before; to little avail—the furor raised by whipped-up homeowners made the headlines in all the New York newspapers. Such misguided agitation on the part of homeowners very often results in the exact opposite of what they intend. Land speculators deliberately keep land idle because of the low taxes. The homeowner, along with apartment and commercial property owners, pays higher taxes on his improved land, in effect subsidizing the land speculators who simply wait for the entire community to push up the price of their land.

In fact, the political marriage of convenience between big land speculators and homeowners has, if anything, helped to reduce the proportionate weight of taxes on land. Fifty years ago land carried nearly one-half the total tax load. Today, while it constitutes one-third of our total national wealth, land carries less than 5 per cent of the total tax load. Preferential tax treatment makes land that is vacant a top investment for speculators; why shouldn't they keep this precious, dwindling commodity off the market as long as the annual increase in market value exceeds the property taxes? Particularly since, when they finally do sell the land, they are only subject to a capital gains, or 25 per cent, tax on the profits.

It should be obvious, then, that land speculation tends to price single homes out of the market—indeed, it would seem to be the largest single factor in the meteoric rise in prices of single-family dwellings. According to the latest available statistics, the proportion of land cost to total product cost rose from 10 per cent in 1950 to 23 per cent in 1962. Land values in the suburbs have tripled during the past decade and would appear to be repeating this performance yet again—while the homeowner's average real income is estimated to have risen by no more than 30 to 40 per cent. A study conducted in 1963 indicated that the same three-bedroom house would cost about \$35,000 within fifteen miles of Times Square and \$14,000 fifty miles away.

The preferential treatment of speculators is also the major cause of what has been called "urban sprawl." Because land is held out of use until rising population forces the price up, developers are forced to leapfrog over large vacant tracts, creating those jumbled suburbs which are so typical of our major cities. The social costs of servicing these communities, such as bringing gas and water and electric lines to them, or creating

autonomous police and fire forces, are greatly raised as well.

Within the central city, the undertaxing of land has also directly served to enhance the enrichment of slum owners. Since tax increases are mainly levied against improvements rather than land, slumlords can find it more profitable to do nothing. It pays them to let their property deteriorate and take advantage of lower assessments. Moreover, in addition to the cost in discomfort and demoralization to those who must live in them, slum buildings also cost the community a great deal more in the way of services such as fire and police protection. Thus the property least taxed costs the general taxpayer most. Slum clearance, then, is in fact cheap in the long run, paying for itself by increasing taxable sources and reducing the social cost. Current tax policy, on the other hand, tends to work just the opposite.

Municipal authorities, who are perpetually in need of money, compound the difficulty by loading more and more taxes onto improvements. And the buildings which are a credit to the city are taxed far out of proportion to its disreputable slums. This policy sometimes reaches insanity, as in the famous case of New York's Seagram Building, whose builders were taxed at an outrageous rate precisely because they had put up such a brilliant piece of architecture. Therefore it not only pays off immediately to cut corners in the design and construction of new buildings, it continues to pay off in favorable carrying charges. Making it advantageous to put up inferior structures is not exactly sound social policy for American cities.

### Who Profits from the Subway?

**H**ow then can contemporary society sensibly resolve the problem of land values? The answer to this question is twofold. First, by increasing the assessment on land in proportion as its value is increased by extraneous factors, such as improvements in transportation. And second, to tax it in relation to its actual value rather than to its unimproved market value—that is, on the basis of its use when it is improved rather than standing idle.

The effort to assess land in relation to local municipal improvements is an old question in America. Almost half a century ago the City Club of New York made a study of the cost of the Interborough subway system, completed in 1908. The study showed that the subway had cost \$43 million while the rise in property values amounted to over \$80 million for only the stretch from 135th Street north; in other words, property owners in the

northern section of the city received a gift almost double in value to the entire cost of the subway. The City Club argued that these property owners should pay an extra assessment rather than have the entire city population taxed for their private benefit. Not surprisingly, the proposal was successfully vetoed by pressure from the interested parties. A recent study in Montreal came to the conclusion that if local landowners were required to pay the city 5 per cent interest on its investment in the improvements which increased the value of their land, Montreal would be able to run its government without collecting any taxes at all.

In the matter of such improvements as the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the Tappan Zee Bridge, the Long Island Expressway, and the New York Thruway, the entire taxpaying public subsidized the cost, with local individuals and speculators reaping great profits. If the system were changed so that those who particularly benefit from the improvement were to bear some part of the cost, the beneficiaries would still come out ahead with profits and the tax burden would be reduced for the rest of the community.

As to the problem of assessing land on the basis of use, there have been several intelligent attempts to deal with it, mostly in the more advanced Anglo-Saxon countries. Australia has gone furthest. In Sydney, for example, land is taxed as though fully improved in accordance with the district zoning. This drives out both land speculators and slum owners, neither of whom can afford to pay the full-use tax. A variation of this formula is used in Brisbane, which forbids taxes on improvements but has a uniform 9 per cent tax on land regardless of what is constructed on it. In addition to Australia, many provinces in New Zealand and Western Canada subscribe in one degree or another to the basic idea of "site-value taxation," which increases the tax on the unimproved land and diminishes or exempts from taxation the improvement.

The approach taken in Denmark, somewhat less radical, is obviously better suited politically to America. In Denmark both land and improvements are taxed, but land at a steeper rate. In fact, one American city, Pittsburgh, has already adopted a similar formula. Pittsburgh taxes land at full value while improvements are taxed at half value. The tremendous building activity in that city, undertaken by the Mellon interests with the backing of the largest life-insurance companies, would seem to indicate that this policy encourages rather than inhibits growth. As it was intended to do, it forces the improvement of land.

Henry George, a most original nineteenth-



century American economist, went so far as to propose the abolition of all taxes but land taxes. His "single tax" was intended to force land into its highest and best use, offsetting the worst effects of land speculation and obviating high profit from slums. Such an oversimplification of a very complex tax problem as George's, of course, cannot stand up as the cure-all he claimed. In an economy where leasehold arrangements, long-term tenant commitments on fixed rentals, and heavy mortgages are quite common, the introduction of a "single tax" would be discriminatory and even confiscatory to an important class of capitalistic investors.

Nevertheless, the fact that both *Life* (December 24, 1965), and *Fortune* (October 1963), highly esteemed conservative magazines, endorsed a modified approach to the "single tax" theory, would seem to be evidence enough that the call to adjust an inequitable tax policy is hardly flaming radicalism. Indeed, from an historical view it can be said that it was the narrow feudal policy of East European capitalists—holding land and refusing to permit its development—that helped to create an environment hospitable to the Communist take-over. This is even more true in Latin America today.

Any study of land value must ultimately deal with the question of what is our economic future. In a slump, everybody loses—the speculator as well as the careful investor, the corporation that behaves rapaciously as well as that which behaves prudently, and of course the municipal authority, which suffers a decline in tax revenue.

Nor is the question of the future one that can be answered with total confidence, for capitalism has not yet invented techniques to ward off depressions. We know that wise policies do serve to level off the usual cycles of boom and bust: for instance, those devices that go by the name of Keynesian economics which enable the government—through interest control, public works, and tax inhibition or relaxation—to influence the course of events. Unfortunately there is almost no such policy of control with respect to land prices. One purpose of this article is to suggest that creating an equitable land-tax program will encourage more stable growth.

As a matter of fact there is a new stabilizing factor today in land speculation—albeit one whose contribution to the life of the greater community is highly questionable. Much idle land of consequence is in very strong hands, mainly certain rich families and corporations that hold on despite temporary fluctuations. The bite of the capital-gains tax discourages them from selling on a limited rise, and the power of their purse enables

them to resist dumping when the market declines. They feel, with some reason, that rising population and the low taxes they pay (which are fully deductible as expense items) must eventually create a more favorable situation no matter how much they may initially have overpaid for the land. Though this may be pernicious in the social sense, it does at least to some extent help to inhibit the wild swings in price that formerly characterized American land speculation.

That these families and corporations can remain in their advantaged position forever is open to doubt. Even assuming that there will be no change in current land-taxation policy, the history of American capitalism offers little reason to believe that there will be an "eternal ascending plateau" of values. This theory is attractive, but historically it is, I am afraid, bunk, as can be shown by the following table.

### Historic Land Price Swings

	Population increase	Time interval	Land bust	Time interval
1810-1820	33 per cent	10 years	1812	
1830-1840	33	10	1837	18 years
1850-1860	36	10	1857	20
1870-1880	30	10	1873	16
1890-1900	21	10	1893	20
1920-1930	16	20	1929	30
1950-1960	20	20	1960	18
			bust	

If the last 150 years of land values were graphed in relation to subsequent readjustments, it would seem to indicate that intervals of land bust are merely wider apart in the twentieth century and—judging from 1929—come with more violence as a result.

Of course, land values in the larger sense reflect the general movement of the economy both in prosperity and depression. The fact is that land seems to be a sensitive barometer, anticipating both future declines and future rises. For example, 1929 was preceded by a sharp farmland decline in 1920, a Florida land bust in 1925, and a retreat in 1927 from the highest land prices. Similarly today, the weakness of land prices in both the Southwest and Florida, and continued sluggishness in California may anticipate a more serious contraction. But given a vigorous government which does not hesitate to enter the domestic picture with programs of aid, research, and direct capital expenditure—given the aggressive international policy of the Johnson Administration, it would be foolhardy to prophesy. Anything can, and does, happen in land prices.

David Halberstam

## CLAUDE KIRK AND THE POLITICS OF PROMOTION

*"I am not a hawk and I am not a dove or an owl," says the flamboyant Governor of Florida as he courts national prominence. "I am the American eagle."*



This was our year for saviors, and not without good reason, for as we went down the velvet path to the apocalypse there were many things to save us from. Martin Luther King was trying to save us from ourselves. Lyndon Johnson was trying to save us from the yellow peril and crime in the streets. George Wallace was trying to save us from the yellow peril, crime in the streets, and Lyndon Johnson, and Claude R. Kirk, the first Republican Governor of Florida in ninety-four years ("Claudius Maximus I," to critics), was trying to save us from the yellow peril, crime in the streets, Lyndon Johnson, and George Wallace, though Kirk's sacrifice might mean leaving the statehouse at sweet Tallahassee and coming to Washington as Vice President—a thought which crossed his mind about the instant he was elected Governor—so that he traveled more and more throughout America (and was introduced at a Tampa luncheon as "Governor Kirk, who has come by to see us during one of his frequent visits to Florida").

An invitation to lunch with the editors of the *Times*, which he hastily accepted, meant not as one might expect the *St. Petersburg Times*, but the *New York Times*, and it would probably go

reasonably well, since for their part Kirk was likely to prove more joyous and more irreverent than most of the men so solemnly summoned to that chamber, and for his part the food would probably be no worse than that normally served in Tallahassee. Besides, as he was fond of saying, "I haven't picked up a check since I was elected."

Claude Kirk was a man of many parts, brash, irreverent, audacious, but immensely likable, so that the corps of statehouse reporters, always in hot and often successful pursuit of petty scandals, keeping close track of his vast personal expenses, frequently annoyed by his indifference to state government, liked him nonetheless since *their* jobs had become more fun too since he had arrived. He was a man with far greater skill than his opponents realized, his opponents often being men of another time entirely. Some of these opponents were older, drier men who would like to be Governor, and who, when they saw reporters assembled, would give long sweeping epic speeches designed especially for the reporters, never noticing that the reporters' pencils seldom moved. Their disappointment would turn to chagrin the next day when they discovered that not only were they not in the paper, but there would be a giant



photograph of Kirk, wearing a new and unique hat, or perhaps not even wearing a hat, but photographed nevertheless and headlined, *Kirk Says, Kirk Does, Kirk Is*.

But in addition to skill, and this was more important, Kirk was *lucky*. His star had arisen at the right time and place, not just in Florida, since being a lucky Governor of Florida is not necessarily being *that* lucky, but in the nation as well. The fever currently burning for the Vice Presidency (one sensed he would soon be bored with that job, just as he seemed a little bored with much of being Governor) was not entirely to be trifled with. His luck was in his stars, and his stars had presented him with George Wallace.

Claude Kirk, a friend noted, had promoted himself into a semi-millionaire in the insurance business when everyone else in Florida was trying to sell insurance. Now he was selling himself as a Republican Governor of Florida at a time when there were not many Republican Governors in the South. The Republican party, sensing a possible victory, needed the South and felt a right to it—and indeed might carry it except for George Wallace. For the fear was there—that Wallace with that mean and knowing little wink, that vulgar leer, might siphon off just enough very conservative votes to throw some states to Lyndon Johnson.

So blessed with Wallace, who was making him a more serious figure than, say, his performance as Governor of Florida, Kirk was running hard, selling the idea, that he, the new modern Governor of Florida, could handle Wallace. Armed in his national travels with an expensive public-relations firm's speech, he took Wallace apart, neatly and effectively, something rare in American politics since normally to engage in a pissing match with George Wallace is to come out smelling a little the worse for it. But Kirk understood Wallace, they were not that different in origin, and needled him deftly, with a cartoonist's fine knack for the weakness—mocking the accent, mocking the demagoguery, portraying Wallace as a Johnson operative, a big *liberal* ("George is a big spender"), hinting at Wallace scandals in Alabama. In all this Kirk remained undisturbed by the fact that both his parents work for Wallace, his mother as clerk of the Alabama house of representatives, his father as the state's coordinator for federal funds—"which is why I know George is so liberal

because my father's a past master of going through that labyrinth called Washington and pilfering from this shelf and that shelf—he's the best there is at it."

Kirk was welcomed across the land at wealthy Republican cocktail parties and at big fund-raising dinners, for both his political success and his flamboyance had preceded him. He was a man of the party, he was for party unity, and he said nice things about all the Republican candidates, with the exception of Nelson Rockefeller, never forgetting to needle Rockefeller wherever he went, particularly when it was a conservative fund-raising cocktail party. "What do you think of Nelson Rockefeller?" he would be asked, and he would answer, "I think he's Governor of New York." He would give, in addition, his views on such topics as Vietnam: "I am not a hawk and I am not a dove or an owl. I am the American eagle."

There was the joyous extravagant side of Kirk. "Having Claude Kirk stop off at this chicken-shit Chamber of Commerce dinner is like having Charles de Gaulle go to a ladies' tea," he would tell an aide, or he would tell a friend looking at his chair, "That is the throne and you may approach it, but it is not the throne of a king, not of some decadent royal person who made it only through succession, but of an emperor, a Caesar who has made it himself." Still, he was deadly serious about the Vice Presidency, he and his bright young aides, and perhaps there was more than a slim chance to this dream. For after all the Republican convention would be held in Miami, and Kirk would have as good a chance as anyone to pack the galleries.

And so in February while the sun shone and the teachers struck in Florida, Kirk was running just as hard as he could in New Hampshire, attempting to arrange that he would be the surprise winner of the primary, that on election night people would discover that the dark horse of the primary, the heir of Kefauver-Lodge in 1968, was Claude Kirk, who would get 45,000, yes 45,000, write-in votes for the Vice Presidency.\* For Kirk had taken polls of New Hampshire, and his people were smugly pleased. "Our polls are a damn sight better than anyone else's," a Kirk aide said. "The others want to know who's running ahead. We want to know what's on people's minds and we do—crime in the streets and public-service unions." Supported by a public-relations firm in Manchester, and the endorsement for Vice President from five New Hampshire papers, and the best of New Hampshire mailing lists, he was quietly deluging

*David Halberstam covered the long tracks of Governor Kirk for some weeks earlier this year, and logged almost as many miles as on his trip to Vietnam last fall. Mr. Halberstam's latest book is a novel, "One Very Hot Day."*

Disappointment. He got only 4,800.

the people with his stands on crime (he waged a war against it, that's what) and unions (no Florida teacher would push him around). He was planning the same thing for Oregon, and then this summer, on to Israel, Italy, and Ireland, just like all the Florida Governors before him.

## The Escape to Florida

**T**he first time I saw him at his weekly press conference, he seemed a little smaller than life. He looks something like one of those once-hand-some college football stars who went on to own restaurants, to sell cars or insurance, running a little more to beef each year. (When the *New York Times* called him an overweight ladies' man, he quickly countered that he liked thin ladies too.) He is almost like someone playing the role of Governor, perhaps an actor from a Perry Mason-type show playing a pol. He seemed a little more tired than he should, the bags under his eyes making him look older than his forty-two. Nor was it a successful press conference. A very tough local press corps asked a number of specific questions about what seemed an imminent teachers' strike, and finally this rattled him. He was weak on specifics (specifics are not his strong suit anyway) and he argued with the reporters, telling one, "If you want to debate with me just pay \$1,350 to file for Governor and then we'll debate up and down the state."

But he was not interested in all this, his heart was miles away, and he was anxious to board the Lear Jet, to shake hands and make speeches. The next day he zoomed off in his private jet at 40,000 feet, leaving his critics behind to debate both his role in the teachers' crisis and the Lear Jet itself. But things like this did not bother him; the press, he said, had not yet learned that it could not impeach him, and he was always one step ahead of its reaction. When an enterprising young reporter named Don Pride discovered that Kirk and his German-born wife had charged their glamorous and expensive European honeymoon to the good citizens of Florida, Kirk did not panic, nor did he accuse Pride, as his predecessors might have, of being unethical. Instead, he applauded Pride as a servant of the people, said that this was the type of reporting which should be encouraged, and presented the reporter with a handsome inscribed plaque and a pen-and-pencil set (though Pride was not often seen on the Lear Jet).

Now he was out promoting himself, his state, and his dream, dedicating new buildings and shopping centers, lunching with businessmen, touring

the state fair. (At a rally at Pompano Beach to send the high-school band to the Mardi Gras, a young majorette in spangles and little else came up to present him with a baton, and the school principal said, "This young girl is going to give you a baton." Kirk replied, "She's going to give me a heart attack.") Then off to Naples, Florida, where the face of Florida flashed by, a meet-the-people session in a trailer house, and on to a posh country club, one of many in town, a new center for the wealthy of America, where he chided the assembled people for making only \$100 contributions to the party, "those of you who can afford more."

That night he went to a Lincoln Day rally, an incredibly wholesome evening. One sensed himself in the heartland of the Midwest, especially when a clean-scrubbed choir appeared, yes, one Negro right there in the front, singing Up With People songs ("what color is God's skin . . . every man's the same as God's . . ."). Florida as a whole is not very Southern anymore, but more like the new post-Midwest America. Even the legislature has changed; once it was the home of the pork-choppers, the quintessence of the county courthouse mentality. Reapportioned, it has lost its seedy courthouse appearance, and now it looks Jaycee, modern young men on the way up, all part of a new political profile as this Republican state surfaces for what it really is.

For Florida is a giant suburb, with all the forces which are at work in America, in smaller degrees, and not all of it pretty by a long shot. What you have is a suburb mentality without the leavening influence of the cities which support them. The same things which drive whites to suburbs drive them in greater numbers to Florida—the good air, a place for the kids away from the raw angry nerves of the cities. They are getting away from an America they do not like and problems which they do not accept, down to this unpolluted haven with lots of land, good clean air, and weak labor unions. (Florida's garbage men will not strike because *they need* those jobs, I was told.) Florida, being unable to find enough jobs for its young Negro men, exports them to the North; off they go to Rochester and other cities, to reappear on television screens in their contorted anger at their new dark ghettos. All this does is convince the good people in Florida that, yes, it is good to be far away from the North because they have all that crime, and *they* are out of control, and the politicians are afraid to handle them.

This attitude, of course, is not that of just the rich of Florida (who are very very rich, and who



provide a fine base for a young and ambitious and upcoming politician), nor the old (who are conservative and worried about inflation and vote against virtually everything because they have no children in school). It is the attitude of the young ones too, who pack their families into their station wagons and set off to Cape Kennedy and the new electronics suburbs, where they elect their highly conservative young legislators (and where private polls show the inhabitants look warily on federal spending except for space shots and improved social facilities on the moon). Thus Florida is the politics of the prosperous, of the growing and expanding. It has little concern for social issues; indeed it is a society which has largely rejected them. It is not the mean politics of the dying sections of America, areas of an aging white Protestant population, of an out-migration of young people of economic depression—not the politics of hate, but the politics of escape.

### All in the White Papers

**I**t is against this Florida that Kirk should be seen, for it is a generally accepted part of Florida's politics that Kirk's victory was a fluke. To a degree it was, but Kirk is an easy man to underrate; he often sees things and senses things that wiser, better-read men do not, and he has sharp intuitive political instincts. And he arrived at the right time: he followed up his own victory with an even greater Republican victory in subsequent legislative races.

Florida's Republican politics are unique. It was a Republican state which dressed in Democratic clothes, coming out every four years to vote Republican in the Presidential races, but registering Democratic, since the good Republicans of Ohio and Indiana and Connecticut as they came South were told they should register as Democrats—otherwise they would be voiceless in the important local elections. (Florida's registration is four to one Democratic, though down from about twelve to one since World War II.) All this they have dutifully done, though the times are changing, there are more Republicans, and they know it. Kirk's victory symbolized this, and now the Republican party is being built down, top to bottom, encouraged by Kirk's victory.

Kirk himself was the beneficiary of a bitter and divisive Democratic gubernatorial primary in 1966 between Haydon Burns, the Governor, and Robert King High, the Mayor of Miami, a violent campaign which tore at every nerve in Florida's

political fabric, urban-rural, North-South, liberal-conservative, leaving in the wake of High's eventual victory a party which was a shambles, a victory more severely wounded than he realized. Still Kirk seemed nothing; he had run unsuccessfully for the Senate two years earlier, performing the unique feat of running to the right of Spessard Holland; now he was being advised to stay out of the race.

In he went, conducting a smart campaign, as for constable, with few speeches, much handshaking, a few pat phrases—"A man's home is his castle." And when questioned a little more closely about *them*, he answered, perhaps as good an answer as any Southern politician has ever given, well, *he* wasn't afraid of them, which is right. Kirk is genuinely good on race, he appears to have no prejudice; the word Negro comes as easily to him as to any Northern politician. He talks on occasion with some eloquence about the Negro bean pickers; it is all right for them to work a day for nothing, for no dream, but if their children must do the same thing, then they have lost their dream. When an aide discovered that the annual Red Cross ball in Tallahassee, a major function for the Governor, accepted Negro money but not Negro dancers, he refused to go.

But mostly he talked in the Governor's campaign about the American dream. He believed in it, and so did they. The dream, of course, contained few specifics, and reporters, who are notorious for not dreaming the American dream, kept asking about specifics; Kirk kept saying that all this would be dealt with in his white paper. The papers they doubted they ever would see. They were wrong, because very late one night, long after deadline, out they came, white paper after white paper, big and fat, long and complicated, difficult to digest, and the reporters were overwhelmed. They never really got through the white papers (which contained even more generalities) and so for the rest of the campaign whenever they asked Kirk about specifics, he would point out that it was all in the white papers, hadn't they read them? Such tactics gained him a substantial victory over Robert King High.

### Madam X and Wackenhut

**K**irk has arrived and he was right for Florida: a businessman, with a belief in his own inevitable success and the inevitable success of positive approaches and viewpoints. His view of the world is that it can all be *done*, that it is not a matter of great social issues and hungry people and pow-

erful nationalist forces, but that it is a lack of planning and selling and promoting. "He reminds me very much of these big land boomers of the twenties," one Florida politician said. "One of these extraordinary men who could look at deserted land, and see the whole thing building up in front and see themselves building it. He has the same kind of evangelical belief in himself, even the same style and the same speech, he likes to live a little and they liked to, too. He even dresses like them, a bit elegant for this state. They all talked the same way, about the American dream and because it works for them they're sure it works for everyone else. I think if he betrayed even the slightest doubt to himself about his ability to do the whole thing, it would all collapse, the whole thing would come apart."

In a state caught up in the mythology of its own growth, he talked the platitudes of the future. He was, it would turn out, probably a little more liberal (there are those who think he is a good deal more liberal but with Kirk it is very difficult to tell) than his election indicated. Sometime after the election as he was riding in a plane, talking about his plans, someone reproached him about what he was doing, contrasting his actions with what he had said during the campaign. What about all those campaign promises anyway, Claude? the man asked, and Kirk would answer, with a huge grin on his face, mocking himself and everyone else, "Lies, all lies!"

He began as soon as he could to attract national publicity, such as showing up at his inaugural with a beautiful blonde whom he described as Madam X. She was a German-born divorcee, he married her, and she turned out to be a strong-minded woman with little taste for politics. If he spends too much time working on politics, she will repay him the courtesy by showing up late for some vital political function.

Even more calculated was his war on crime and his hiring of the Wackenhut security force to wage it. Florida was without a statewide police force, and there certainly was a good deal of crime in Miami, which has long been a center for racketeers. But in hiring Wackenhut with private financing, Kirk moved toward deliberate controversy. Wackenhut is a former FBI man with strong right-wing views; he looks somewhere between a tough ex-cop and an airborne sergeant-major, and he has built a private security force which guards federal and private installations throughout the country. The Wackenhut crime drive was highly publicized and brought Kirk to his first national prominence. It stirred a good deal of fear among political opponents of the

Governor, and there were rumblings of shake-downs by the Wackenhuts in the state press. Despite Kirk's claims, the campaign was largely a bust. It did shake up some county sheriffs' offices which badly needed shaking up, but crime went on largely as before.

Hank Messick, a former crime reporter for the Miami *Herald* who went to work for a brief time with the Wackenhuts, has described the early months: after precious little action, Kirk decided to visit the troops at their Coral Gables headquarters, expecting to see the special office for his war on crime: So the Wackenhuts whipped into action, a big room was cleared and painted, desks and chairs hauled in, and after "a great debate" an empty but locked filing cabinet was added. With the paint still wet on the walls, and the ranks swelled by secretaries and clerks, Kirk then visited the office. It was all a charade for Kirk's benefit. Finally, under pressure from some of his advisers that the national publicity was becoming counterproductive, the Wackenhut drive was dropped, leaving Kirk with a debt of \$300,000 (only a part of which has been filled). Wackenhut, however, was not a loser, since the shares in his company, two-thirds owned by his wife and himself, went up from \$7 million to \$20 million with all the publicity.

## Rap Brown's Spirits

**T**he man who advised Kirk to ease off on the Wackenhuts is a man who has never run for office and probably never will, but who is an important man nonetheless in the changing politics of America. His name is William Safire, and at thirty-seven he owns his own New York public-relations firm. He specializes in the politics of promotion. He is smooth, very bright, ("terrifyingly bright," one colleague says), and he has written three books, the most recent an impressive anthology of political terms which Random House is about to publish. For \$90,000 a year, he promotes Florida as well as Kirk, producing a salable substance on the national market and in the action-hungry televised politics of the 1960s.

Recognizing Kirk's natural extroverted skill, Safire in conjunction with his client has authored a kind of politics which they call the politics of confrontation, a brand which began at a trade fair in Moscow in 1959 when Safire helped promote the famous Nixon-Khrushchev kitchen confrontation. Safire was representing neither Khrushchev nor Nixon in those days; he was representing the *kitchen*, and he managed to steer



both Nixon and Khrushchev into his model home for that debate. In one of his books he tells how he was the only non-official in the room, and he claims that in order to get credence for what happened, he smuggled in Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times*, who spoke Russian, in the guise of a refrigerator demonstrator, to be a witness. (Salisbury violently disputes this, arguing that he is no blushing violet and simply pushed his way through.) As they were leaving the kitchen, by Safire's description, one of the men referred to the event as "Sokolniki Summit," in honor of the park in Moscow. "I saw Harrison Salisbury jot that down. That was no good. We weren't publicizing the park in Moscow, we were supposed to fix attention on the house, specifically the kitchen. 'The Kitchen Conference,' I said aloud and Salisbury jotted that down too. . . ."

Since then Safire has worked more and more with politicians, and he has been close to Nixon ever since. It is Florida political gossip that somehow Safire can influence Nixon to put Kirk on his ticket if nominated, though few outside the state believe it. In 1960 Safire met Kirk, then the Nixon-Lodge state chairman in Florida, and they have kept in touch since.

Nominally Safire's role would be to teach Kirk how to play to the crowds, how to get publicity, but in the case of Kirk the job is slightly different. It is somehow to refine the natural product and teach him the ways of the faster Eastern cities, and also to help develop contact between Kirk and the national press. Safire has helped to surround Kirk with some bright out-of-state people, including an exceptionally skilled young press officer from New York named Jim Wolf who is as able at handling national reporters as anyone I have ever seen.

But in a real sense Safire does not teach Kirk public relations. Kirk is a natural, with animal instincts for the game; when the crowd appears his adrenaline starts pumping, and he rises to the challenge, occasionally with a fine and almost classic use of the language. This is something he says he learned from William Styron, the writer, a former roommate at Duke: "Styron taught me about language, about balance and words and how to put them together and get the most out of them." (Kirk, who talked a great deal in those days about his philosophy of life, recalls Styron as having very little appreciation for his viewpoint, a judgment Styron concurs in.)

Thus in crowds, in showdowns when most men are at their worst, Kirk is often at his best, and from this Safire and Kirk evolved their politics of confrontation—seeming action and seeming

motion, issues seeming to be resolved (particularly if the opponent for confrontation is correctly chosen); the Governor seems to be standing up to *them*; or it. That there is often little substance in the issue, that the problems will be the same tomorrow, does not matter, for something dramatic has happened, and the Governor is credited with an unusual action.

The best confrontation so far was Kirk and H. Rap Brown last year. (Safire is credited with thinking this one up, and disclaims it, but this is not believed in Florida; sell one kitchen and you've sold them all.) Kirk drove around the Jacksonville ball park, where Brown was having a rally, for a few minutes, then decided to go in. He greeted Brown, welcoming him to Florida: "Are you here in good spirits, are you here in good spirits?" This was Kirk's finest hour, because as all the world knows old H. Rap is never in good spirits, and thus to Floridians, he saved them from the Rapper, and to the nation tired of the whole thing, the ugliness and violence and threats, there was the delight in Brown being un-staged and being left speechless.

Kirk and Safire would now like to confront George Wallace, for there is much here to gain and little to lose. In the eyes of the nation a few low Southerners nailing Wallace would go over well. Those who are already for Wallace will not be changed anyway, and so a good confrontation could enhance Kirk considerably. So Kirk waits ready to spring the moment Wallace enters his state. "Is George Wallace planning an appearance in Florida soon?" goes a private Safire memorandum. "You ought to welcome him as part of your confrontation politics. Larry Spivak said he would probably follow that up with an invitation for a joint Kirk-Wallace appearance on Meet the Press. Crux of the challenge: 'You talk about crime in the streets, George, what about crime in Alabama? What have you done about it? Compare to what we have done to combat crime in Florida—deeds, not words!' Needed: some analysis of crime in Alabama (your home state) that will catch Wallace unaware."

## The Jet Path to Glory

In late February of this year Claude Kirk flew out for some Vice Presidential wars to Nebraska, California, and Arizona. He flew in great style and though he was in heavy debt on the Lear Jet—the Republican party of Florida was, for the bills were being charged to them, rather than to the taxpayers of Florida—he was in a bigger and

ter plane, a Lockheed JetStar which costs out \$1.9 million. Lockheed was letting him look over the plane, and it was believed that a group of Florida businessmen were thinking of buying the plane for him.

It was the kind of trip he liked, and he was in good mood, needling Wolf, the press secretary. He was busy churning out cards with bright and hopefully memorable quotes on them. "Wolf keeps looking for one that says the only thing we have is fear is fear itself," Kirk said. Behind him were the school fight and the Tallahassee press corps, neither of which he liked. But the Tallahassee press corps did not faze him too much; rather it was good training for the national (which was usually a bit softer), and besides there was television at home in Tallahassee, and like General de Gaulle Claude Kirk considered the writing press an enemy, but television his own. Each day after a press conference he would repeat separately his statement for each of the four television teams. Indeed the new Cabinet room being built in the Capitol has a television room elevated above it, so that the cameras could look right down at the Governor, missing of course the democratic Cabinet seats on the way.

But now he was gathering publicity, generally good, generally free local radio and television interview shows—that most penetrating instrument of electronic journalism:

*Reporter:* "Governor Kirk of Florida: Welcome to station WWWW and I wonder if you could please tell us what a hell of a guy you are."

*Kirk:* "Well that's interesting that you asked. I'm a hell of a guy because . . ."

*Reporter:* "Well, Governor, we want to thank you for taking the time to come by here and explain to our listeners what a good job you're doing down there . . ."

But when finally the Florida teachers went out on strike, things turned a little sour. He went to a press conference at Los Angeles and he had not done his homework. The reporters were very knowledgeable; they seemed offended that the teachers were on strike and that the Governor was in California promoting himself. They were probably more of the world of the teachers than of the world of the Lear Jet, and they rattled him. ("You seem to know more about Florida than I do.") At one point he said he did not mind working with the teachers but they did not have the right to unionize. But the reporters kept coming at him and so he changed; anyone can unionize, he said, it was the American way; it was not, all in all, a velvet performance.

When he returned to Florida he ran afoul of all

the hidden problems that beset this country's state government, for Kirk is in many ways more serious than he seems, and in many ways he is a good man, shorn of meanness and the old hard-dying hatreds and passions of the past; he is more a man of the future. He understands computers and what they can do, he has the ability to rally talented young men to him, and he knows that education in his state must be reorganized, modernized, and upgraded.

But he is also a prisoner of Florida's past, for there is a long tradition of economic venality here, of gilded protection of special interests, of small rural legislatures perfunctorily bought by big easygoing lobbyists—charming rogues with great nicknames and expense accounts, good old boys.

As the result of all this, of politics mired in racial hate, and of one-party factionalism through which the special interests have moved easily, Florida has perhaps the narrowest tax base of any state in the union. It has no state income tax, no corporate profit tax; the citrus industry and the phosphate industry go virtually untaxed. There is nothing really but a sales tax, and even that is a rich man's sales tax. (Since there was a \$5,000 ceiling over which no tax was paid on construction equipment, and since heavy building materials can run into millions of dollars, here again is a virtually untaxed industry.)

Kirk is modern enough to know how antiquated the system is; yet he is also a prisoner of the system, more than he realizes—not just because he ran with and still needs the support of many of Florida's fat cats, but also because the state like the country itself is in a condition of tax shock. Because of this country's budget, its enormous defense bills, and its curiously inverted values, America is already saturated, or at least feels itself saturated, with taxes, and so it cannot abide taxes, the words, the sound, the smell, even if in the long run the taxes are beneficial. No one can run for Governor without pledging himself against new taxes, and Kirk made that pledge, swore it in hamlet after hamlet, and once he was elected, it tied his hands.

In addition, because of his national ambitions he needs the planes and the big-money boys; because his political style is gaudy he is always dependent on big money to bail him out. Typically, when \$300,000 was needed to pay off the Wackenhut debt, Kirk asked for voluntary public contributions, and got little. The big push came from the big interests. (So that he visited the state's auto dealers, with the head of their association, who told the dealers, "The Governor needs one



thousand dollars from each of you . . . and remember he's been a good friend of ours and promised to veto the sales tax.")

Florida is not so unlike the rest of the country, though perhaps it is a little more raw and open. The rich have gotten much richer, the tax base has stayed the same, and the product is a dreary conservatism, based on a mythology of growth, that the tax structure must be maintained, that it encourages industry, that industry brings jobs, that this enriches Florida and solves all of Florida's problems. Of course this posture solves nothing, it only compounds the problems, because more people need more services, and finally there is only impotence and immobility.

If Kirk was a prisoner of this, so too were the teachers of Florida, angry, bitter, and surprisingly well-organized. They are the stepchildren of a wealthy society, and in February 23,000 of 58,000 went on strike, a strike which by the time it happened, did not upset Kirk at all. He had seen it coming, the teachers were too militant for him, the legislature was not anxious to meet their demands, and he himself was bound in by his own tax pledge. Probably by the time the strike came he almost wanted it, for he had decided that putting down public-service strikes was in the national mainstream, that Rockefeller had hurt himself with the New York garbage strike. And confrontation was what he got, one cold night in Miami three days later.

### Facing the Teachers

**T**eachers' strikes are a symptom of our time; the teachers of America are far from the smooth executive world of Kirk; very few of them have ever eaten on an expense account or participated in a world where you can have your fun and not be taxed for it too. In a society which has grown rich and powerful and rewards its achievers, they are not achievers, and their faces and their clothes show it. They have steadily, in this urbanized country, lost the status they had in smaller towns. Though their salaries were very low, and they were college graduates, one of the arguments being used against them in Florida was that they made their salaries on only *ten* months work. That night, as the Kirk people were setting up the meeting, they expressed annoyance with the teachers. "They're all second-raters," one Kirk man was saying. "It's become a second-rate profession. No man goes into it if he can do anything else." The Kirk people were further annoyed with the cockiness of the teachers' leaders who were

running the meeting, and who kept arguing that it was *their* meeting, that Kirk would play by their rules.

"Why that little bastard," a Kirk man said to one official. "It's the biggest thing that's ever happened to him. He's strutting around telling us what to do and how to do it. Why he's *pleading* about all this. He's never had it so good."

Another Kirk aide, noting the intensity of the teachers, warned Wolf, the press secretary, that they had better be careful that night because the teachers were angry and might throw things. "All the better," Wolf said. "We want them to throw things and shout and yell. It's much better for us."

There was a religious fervor to the meeting. The teachers could not really tell you one single reason why they had walked out; you asked seven teachers the question and you got seven answers. There was a sum of grievances—the bad pay, the men who had gone to college and were making \$130 a week take-home or less, the fact that some of them bought school supplies out of their own pockets. Probably more than anything else, they felt they cared more about education than anyone else; the parents, they felt, didn't give a damn if the teachers were really just baby-sitters, and as long as the children could be parked for a full day the quality of the education didn't matter.

They could not pinpoint their real enemy, for Florida's governmental structure is too complicated for that. Since they failed to make a frontal attack on the tax structure itself, the dialogue was poor, the points vague; but the anger was real.

Kirk joined them, but not everyone is Robert Brown or George Wallace, and they were on to him. He walked in to an almost total silence. He took the microphone and asked them to relax, to let the tension out of the evening, and nothing relaxed people more than to boo, so how about a big boo for the Governor. Silence. Now how about it, one great big boo. Silence again.

The rest of the evening was long and grim. They accused him of filibustering, and he accused them of presenting him with an ultimatum, and he would not be pressured. But confrontation in politics should not be dull; life is dull and the whole idea is to take politics out of the drabness of everyday life and give it glamour. This confrontation was merely boring, it smacked too much of the frustrations and ugliness of real existence of people who have lost the ability to understand each other. It was not Kirk's finest hour. One longed for Rap Brown. Perhaps the trouble with America in the late 'sixties was that reality, though slow, was too often catching up with us.



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# YANDA

*a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer*

Translated by the author and Dorothea Straus



The Peacock's Tail stood on a side street not far from the ruins of a Greek Orthodox church and cemetery. It was a two-story brick building with a weather vane on its crooked roof, and a battered sign over its entrance depicting a peacock with a faded gold tail. The front of the inn housed a windowless tavern, dark as dusk on the sunniest mornings. No peasants were served there even on market days. The owner, Shalom Pintchever, had no patience with the peasants, their dances and wild songs. Neither he nor Shaindel, his wife, had the strength to wait on these ruffians, or later when they got drunk, to throw them out into the gutter. The Peacock's Tail was a stopping place for squires, military men who were on their way to the Russian-Austrian border, and for salesmen who came to town to sell farm implements and goods from Russia. There was never any lack of guests. Occasionally a group of strolling players stayed the night. Once in a while the inn was visited by a magician, or a bear trainer. Sometimes a preacher stopped there, or one of those travelers about whom the Lord alone knows what brought them there. The town coachman understood what kind of customers to bring to The Peacock's Tail.

When Shalom Pintchever, a stranger, bought the hotel, and with his wife came to live in the town, they brought with them a peasant woman called Yanda. Yanda would have been a beauty but for a face as pockmarked as a potato grater. She had black hair which she wore in a braid, white skin, a short nose, red cheeks, and eyes as black as cherries. Her bosom was high, her waist narrow, her hips rounded. She was a woman of great physical strength. She did all the work in the hotel: made the beds, washed the linen, cooked, dumped the chamber pots, and, in addition, visited the male guests when requested. The moment a visitor registered, Shalom Pintchever would ask, slyly winking an eye under his bushy brows,

"With or without?" The traveler understood and almost always answered, "With." Shalom added the price to the bill.

There were guests who invited Yanda to drink with them, or go for a walk, but she never accepted. Shalom Pintchever was not going to have them taking up her time, or turning her into a drunk. He had once and for all forbidden her to drink liquor, and she never touched a drop, not even a glass of beer on a hot summer day. Shalom had rescued her from a drunkard father and a stepmother. In return she served him without asking for pay. Every few months he would give her pocket money. Yanda would grab Shalom's hand, kiss it, and hide the money in her stocking without counting it. From time to time she would order a dress, a pair of high-buttoned shoes, or buy herself a shawl, a kerchief, a comb. Sunday, when she went to church, she invariably threw a coin into the alms box. Sometimes she brought a present for the priest, or a candle to be lit for her patron saint. The old women objected to her entering a holy place, but she stood inside the door anyway. There was gossip that the priest was carrying on with her, even though he had a pretty housekeeper.

The Jews accused Shalom Pintchever of keeping a bawdy house. When the women quarreled with Shaindel, they called her Yanda. But without Yanda Shalom would have been out of business. Three maids could not have done her work. Besides, most servants stole and had to be watched. Neither Shalom nor Shaindel could be bothered with that. Husband and wife were mourning an only daughter who had died in a fire in the town in which they had previously lived. Shaindel suffered from asthma, Shalom had sick kidneys. Yanda carried the burden of the hotel. Summertime she got up at daybreak, in the winter she left her bed two hours before sunrise. She



scrubbed floors, patched quilts and sheets, carried water from the well, even chopped wood when a woodchopper was not available. Shaindel was convinced Yanda would collapse from overwork. Husband and wife also feared that she might contract a contagious disease. But some devil or other impure power watched over her. Years passed, and she did not get sick, never even caught cold. Her employers did not stint on her food, but she preferred to eat the leftovers: cold soups, scraps of meat, stale bread. Shalom and Shaindel both suffered from toothaches, but Yanda had a mouth full of strong white teeth like a dog. She could crack peach pits with them.

"She is not a human being," Shaindel would say, "she's a beast."

The women spat when Yanda passed by, cursing her vehemently. Boys called her names and threw stones and mud at her. Young girls giggled, dropped their eyes, and blushed when they met her on the street. More than once the police called her in for questioning. But years passed and Yanda remained in Shalom Pintchever's service. With time the clientele of the inn changed. As long as the town belonged to Russia, its guests were mainly Russians. Later, when the Austrians took over, they were Germans, Magyars, Czechs, and Bosnians. Then, when Poland gained independence, it served the Polish officials who arrived from Warsaw and Lublin. What didn't the town live through—epidemics of typhoid and dysentery; the Austrian soldiers brought cholera with them and six hundred townspeople perished. For a short time, under Bolshevik rule, the inn was taken over by a Communist County Committee, and some commissar or other was put in charge. Yanda remained through it all. Somebody had to work, to wash, scour, serve the guests beer, vodka, snacks. Whatever their titles, at night the men wanted Yanda in their beds. There were some who kissed her and some who beat her. There were those who cursed her and called her names and those who wept before her and confessed to her as if she were a priest. One officer placed a glass of cognac on her head and shot it down with his revolver. Another bit into her shoulder and like a leech sucked her blood. Still, in the morning she washed, combed her hair, and everything began anew. There was no end to the dirty dishes. The floors were full of holes and cracks, the walls were peeling. No matter how often Yanda poured scalding water over cockroaches and bedbugs, and used all kinds of poison, the vermin continued to multiply. Each day the hotel was in danger of falling apart. It was Yanda who kept it together.

The owners themselves began to resemble the

hotel. Shaindel grew bent and her face became as white and brittle as plaster. Her speech was unintelligible. She no longer walked, but shuffled. She would find a discarded caftan in a trunk and would try to patch it. Shalom protested that he didn't need the rag, but half-blind as she was, she would sit for days, with her glasses on the tip of her nose, trying to mend it. Again and again, she would ask Yanda to thread the needle, muttering, "It isn't thread, it's cobweb. These needles have no eyes."

Shalom Pintchever's face began to grow a kind of mold. His brows became even shaggier. Under his eyes there were bags and from them hung other bags. Between his wrinkles there was a black excrescence which no water could remove. His head shook from side to side. Nevertheless, when a guest arrived, Shalom would reach for his hotel register with a trembling hand and ask, "With or without?" And the guest would almost invariably reply, "With."

## 2

**I**t all happened quickly. First Shaindel lay down and breathed her last. It occurred on the first day of Rosh Hashanah. The following day, the oldest woman in the town gave up her shroud, since it is forbidden to sew on the Holy days. The women of the burial society treated themselves to cake and brandy at the cemetery. Shalom, confused by grief, forgot the text of the Kaddish and had to be prompted. Those who attended the funeral said that his legs were so shaky, he almost fell into the grave. After Shaindel's death Shalom Pintchever became senile. He took money from the cashbox and didn't remember what he did with it. He became so deaf that even screaming into his ears did not help. The Feast of Tabernacles was followed by such a rain spell that even the oldest townspeople could not recall its like. The river overflowed. The wheel of the water mill had to be stopped. The roof of the inn sprang a leak. The guests who had rooms on the top floor came down in the middle of the night, complaining that water was pouring into their beds. Shalom lay helpless in his own bedroom. It was Yanda who apologized to the guests and made up beds for them down-

*Isaac Bashevis Singer was born in a rabbinical family in Poland, studied in a seminary, and came to New York as a journalist in 1935. An American citizen, he writes in Yiddish and English for an international audience. The latest of his many books is his novel "The Manor," and his next will be "The Scance," to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

stairs. She even climbed a ladder up to the roof and tried to plug the leaks. But the shingles crumbled as soon as she touched them. In the morning, the guests left without paying their bills. Early Saturday as Shalom Pintchever picked up his prayer shawl and was about to leave for the synagogue, he began to sway and fell down. "Yanda, I am finished," he cried out. Yanda ran to get some brandy, but it was already too late. Shalom lay stretched out on the floor, dead. There was an uproar in the town. Shalom had left no children. Irreverent people, for whom the sacredness of the Sabbath had little meaning, began to search for a will and tried to force his strongbox. Officials from the City Hall made a list of his belongings and sealed the drawer in which he kept his money. Yanda had begun to weep the moment Shalom had fallen down and did not stop until after the funeral. She had worked in the inn for over twenty years, but was left with barely sixty zlotys. The authorities immediately ordered her to get out. Yanda packed her belongings in a sack, put on a pair of shoes, which she usually wore only to church, wrapped herself in a shawl, and walked the long way to the railroad station. There was nobody to say goodbye. At the station, she approached the ticket window and said,

"Kind sir, please give me a ticket to Skibica."  
"There is no such station."

Yanda began to wail, "What am I to do, I am a forsaken orphan!"

The peasants at the station jeered at her. The women spat on her. A Jewish traveling salesman began to question her about Skibica. Is it a village, or a town? In what county, or district is it? At first Yanda remembered nothing. But the Jew in his torn coat and sheepskin hat persisted until Yanda finally remembered that the village was somewhere near Kielce, between Checzyn and Sobkow. The salesman told Yanda to take out the bank notes that she kept wrapped in a handkerchief and helped her to count the money. He talked it over with the ticket seller. There was no direct train to that area. The best way to go was by horse and buggy to Rozwadow, and from there on to Sandomierz, then to Opola, where she could either get a ride in another cart or go on foot to Skibica.

Just hearing the names of these familiar places made Yanda weep. In Skibica, she had once had a father, a mother, a sister, relatives. Her mother had died and her father, not long before he died, had married another woman. Yanda had been about to become engaged to Wojciech, a peasant boy, but the blacksmith's daughter, a girl called Zocha, had taken him away. During the years

Yanda had worked for Shalom Pintchever she had seldom thought of the past. It all seemed so far away, at the end of the earth. But now that her employer was dead, there was nothing left for her but to return home. Who knew, perhaps some of her close ones were still alive. Perhaps somebody there still remembered her name.

Thank God, good people helped. No sooner had Yanda left the town where she had lived in shame, than they stopped laughing at her, making grimaces, spitting. The coachmen did not overcharge her. Jews with beards and sidelocks seemed to know the whole of Poland as well as they knew the palms of their hands. They mentioned names of places which Yanda had already forgotten, and looked for shortcuts. In one tavern, someone took out a map to find the shortest way home for her. Yanda marveled at the cleverness of men; how much knowledge they carried in their heads and how eager they were to help a homeless woman. But despite all the good advice, Yanda walked more than she rode. Rains soaked her, there was snow and hail. She waded through ditches of water as deep as streams. She had grown accustomed to sleeping on pillows with clean pillowcases, between white sheets, under a warm eiderdown, but now she was forced to stretch out on the floors of granaries and barns. Her clothes were wet through. Somehow she managed to keep her paper money dry. As Yanda walked she thought about her life. Once in a while Shalom Pintchever had given her money but it had dwindled away. The Russians had counted in rubles and kopecks. When the Austrians came the ruble lost its value, and everything was exchanged for kronen and hellers. The Bolsheviks used chervontzi; the Poles, zlotys. How was someone like Yanda, uneducated as she was, to keep track of such changes? It was a miracle that she had anything left with which to get home.

God in heaven, men were still chasing her! Wherever she slept, peasants came to her and had their way with her. In a wagon, at night, somebody seized her silently. What do they see in me? Yanda asked herself. It's my bad luck. Yanda remembered that she had never been able to refuse anyone. Her father had beaten her for her submissiveness. Her stepmother had torn Yanda's hair. Even as a child when she played with the other children, they had smeared her face with mud, given her a broom and made her take the part of Baba-Yaga. With the guests in Shalom's hotel, she had had such savage and foolish experiences that she sometimes hadn't known whether to laugh or cry. But to say no was not in her



nature. When she was young, while still in her father's village, she had twice given birth to babies, but they had both died. Several times heavy work had caused her to miscarry. She could never really forget Wojciech, the peasant boy to whom she had almost been engaged, but who at the last moment had thrown her over. Yanda also had desired Shalom Pintchever, perhaps because he had always sent her to others and had never taken her himself. He would say, "Yanda, go to number three—Yanda, knock at the door of number seven." He himself had remained faithful to his old wife, Shaindel. Perhaps he had been dis-



gusted by Yanda, but she had yearned for him. One kind word from him pleased her more than all the wild games of the others. Even when he scolded her, she waited for more. As for the guests, there were so many of them, that Yanda had forgotten all but a few who stuck in her memory. One Russian had demanded that Yanda spit on him, tear at his beard, and call him ugly names. Another, a schoolboy with red cheeks, had kissed her and called her mother. He had slept on her breast until dawn, although guests in other rooms had been waiting for her.

Now Yanda was old. But how old? She did not know herself—certainly in her forties, or perhaps fifty? Other women her age were grandmothers but she was returning to her village, alone, abandoned by God and man. Yanda made a resolution: once home, she would allow no man to approach her. In a village, there was always gossip and it usually ended in a quarrel. What did she need it

for? The truth was that all this whoring had never given her any pleasure.

3

The Jews who showed Yanda the way had no fooled her. She reached Skibica in the morning and even though it had changed considerably, she recognized her home. In a chapel at the outskirt of the village God's mother still stood with a halo around her head and the Christ child in her arms. The figure had become dingy with the years and a piece of the Holy Mother's shoulder was chipped off. A wreath of wilted flowers hung around her neck. Yanda's eyes filled with tears. She knelt in the snow and crossed herself. She walked into the village, and a smell she had long forgotten came to her nostrils: an odor of soggy potatoes, burned feathers, earth, and something else that had no name, but that her nose recognized. The huts were half-sunk into the ground, with tiny windows and low doors. The thatched roofs were mossy and rotting. Crows were cawing; smoke rose from the chimneys. Yanda looked for the hut where her parents had lived but it had disappeared and in its place was a smithy. She put down the sack she was carrying on her back. Dogs sniffed at her and barked. Women emerged from the dwellings. The younger ones did not know her but the old ones clapped their hands and pinched their cheeks, calling,

"Oh, Father, Mother, Jesu Maria."

"Yes, it's Yanda, as I love God."

Men, too, came to look at her, some from behind the stoves where they had been sleeping, others from the tavern. One peasant woman invited Yanda into her hut. She gave her a piece of black bread and a cup of milk. On the dirt floor stood bins filled with potatoes, beets, black radishes, and cranberries. Chickens were cackling in a coop. The oven had a built-in kettle for hot water. At a spinning wheel sat an old woman with a balding head from which hung tufts of hair as white as flax. Someone screamed into her ear:

"Grandma, this is Yanda. Pawel Kuchma's daughter."

The old woman crossed herself. "Jesu Maria."

The peasant women all spoke together. Pawel Kuchma's home had burned down. Yanda's brother, Bolek, had gone to war and never returned. Her sister, Stasia, had married a man from Biczew and died there in childbirth. They also told Yanda what had happened to Wojciech her former bridegroom-to-be. He had married Zocha and she had borne him fourteen children. Nine of them were still alive, but their mother

had died of typhoid fever. As for Wojciech, he had been drinking all these years. Zocha had worked for others to support the family. After her death three years before, he had become a complete derelict. Everything went for drink and he was half crazy. His boys ran around, wild. The girls washed clothes for the Jews of the town. His hut was practically in ruins. As the women spoke to Yanda somebody opened the door and pushed a tall man inside. He was as lean as a stick, barefoot, with holes in his pants. He wore an open jacket without a shirt, his hair was long and disheveled—a living scarecrow. He did not walk, but staggered along as though on stilts. He had mad eyes, a dripping nose, and his crooked mouth showed one long tooth. Somebody said, "Wojciech, do you recognize this woman?"

"Pockmarked Yanda."

There was laughter and clapping. For the first time in years Yanda blushed.

"See how you look."

"I heard you are a whore."

There was laughter again.

"Don't listen to him, Yanda, he's drunk."

"What am I drunk on? Nobody gives me a drop of vodka."

Yanda gaped at him. Could this be Wojciech? Some similarity remained. She wanted to cry. She remembered an expression of Shaindel's, "There are some in their graves who look better than he does." Yanda regretted that she had come back to Skibica. A woman said,

"Why don't you have a look at his children?"

Yanda immediately lifted up her sack. She offered to pay for the bread and milk but the peasant woman rebuked her, "This is not the city. Here, you don't pay for a piece of bread." Wojciech's hut stood nearby. The roof almost touched the ground. Elflocks of straw hung from its edges. The windows had no panes. They were stuffed with rags or boarded up. One entered it like a cave. The floor had rotted away. The walls were as black as the inside of a chimney. In the semidarkness Yanda saw boys, girls. The place stank of dirty linen, rot, and something rancid. Yanda clutched her nose. Two girls stood at the tub. Half-naked children, smeared with mud, crawled on the floor. One child was pulling the tail of a kitten. A boy with a blind eye was mending a trap. Yanda shrank. She was no longer accustomed to such squalor. At the inn, the sheets had been changed each week. Every third day the guests got fresh towels. The leftover food had been enough to feed the whole family. Well, dirt has to be removed. It doesn't disappear by itself.

Yanda rolled up her sleeves. She still had a few

zlotys and she sent one of the girls to buy food. A Jew had a store in the village where one could get bagels, herring, chickory. God in heaven, how the children devoured those stale bagels! Yanda began to sweep and scrub. She went to the well for water. At first the girls ignored her. Then they told her not to meddle in their affairs. But Yanda said, "I will take nothing from you. Your mother, peace be with her, was my friend."

Yanda worked until evening. She heated water and washed the children. She sent an older child to buy soap, a fine comb, and kerosene which kills lice. Every few minutes she poured out the slops. Neighbors came to look and shook their heads. They all said the same thing, Yanda's work was in vain. The vermin could not be removed from that hut. In the evening, there was no lamp to light and Yanda bought a small kerosene lamp. The whole family slept on one wooden platform, and there were few blankets. Yanda covered the children with her own clothes. Late in the evening, the door opened and Wojciech intruded a leg. The girls began to giggle. Stefan, the boy with the blind eye, had already made friends with Yanda. He said,

"Here he comes—the skunk."

"You must not talk like that about your father."

Stefan replied with a village proverb, "When your father is a dog, you say 'git' to him."

Yanda had saved a bagel and a piece of herring for Wojciech, but he was too drunk to eat. He fell down like a log, muttering and drooling. The girls stepped over him. Stefan mentioned that there was a straw mat in the shed behind the hut that Yanda could use to sleep on. He offered to show her where it was. As soon as she opened the door of the shed, the boy pushed her and she fell. He threw himself on her. She tried to tell him that it was a sin, but he stopped her mouth with his hand. She struggled but he beat her with a heavy fist. She lay in the dark on wood-shavings, garbage, rotting rope, and the boy satisfied himself. Yanda closed her eyes. Well, I'm lost anyhow, she thought. Out loud, she muttered, "Woe is me, I might have been your mother."





Marion K. Sanders

## THE SEX CRUSADERS FROM MISSOURI

*The authors of the most explosive study since the Kinsey reports are broadening their efforts and experimenting with a therapeutic technique based on their laboratory findings.*

Paris was full of those unhappy, overanxious, oversexed Anglo-Americans, middle-class people who staffed the various stooge-military and sham-cultural organizations. Most of them had frustrated, unoccupied wives, nothing of significance to do, and no recreations but adultery and nuclear weapons. . . . We would make no attempt to compete with the teachers of yoga, Moral Rearmament, relaxation, or right thinking, and we wouldn't expound a philosophy. We would give these people, if they were able to take it, their first real experience of pleasure and see if it helped them or civilized them.

The passage is from *Come Out to Play*, a satirical novel about a biologist who—with the help of a voluptuous lady partner—undertakes to instruct his less gifted contemporaries in the more advanced techniques of physical love. The author, Dr. Alex Comfort, is a scientist blessed with literary skill and that special British flair for joining ribaldry with a high moral—and generally anti-American—purpose. The book was published in London in 1961. At the time Dr. Comfort had no notion that in real life a comparable enterprise was under way deep in the barbarous heartland of the United States. His ignorance was understandable. For the Sex Research Project which Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson were conducting in St. Louis was then still cloaked in quasi-martial secrecy. Five years later, when their report, *Human Sexual Response*, was published, Dr. Comfort praised it highly. On a subsequent trip to America, he visited the authors and was even more favorably impressed.

International politics aside, the empathy among the three is natural. They are all apostles of the sexual revolution which started out as a revolt against Victorian prudery and the political and economic subjugation of women. In due course its

doctrine held that men and women are equal (if different) not only intellectually but sexually, that women enjoy intercourse, and that inability to achieve orgasm is as distressing to them as impotence is to men. These ideas, of course, were not twentieth-century inventions. Even in puritan America, as early as 1842 John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the utopian Oneida Colony, instructed his followers, known as Perfectionists, in the practice of "amative" as opposed to "procreative" intercourse. The time, however, was scarcely ripe for such eccentricities and the movement was soon forgotten.

But by the 1930s the concept of female sexuality was part of the received wisdom at least among people who had read or read about Havelock Ellis, Krafft-Ebing, and Freud. In 1953 when Kinsey published his account of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* the thesis was shored up by an imposing array of statistical evidence.

Meanwhile the sexual revolution—like other upheavals—bred disillusionment, as the psychically liberated human race failed to perform up to expectations. Marriage counselors, psychoanalysts, and divorce courts were busier than ever. In countless bedrooms, anxious men determined to provide physical delight to their mates were frustrated by their inability to do so despite their demonstrated virility and the abundance of expert advice available to them. Conversely, women were embittered by the denial of their Freud-given birthright.

Thus was triggered what might be called the sexual counterrevolution. Its spokesmen are not old-fashioned moralists but avant-garde thinkers. They downgrade the physical aspects of love, dispute the importance (or sometimes even the existence) of the female orgasm, and call for a retreat

om the "stampeding behaviorism" which, they say, has robbed human sexuality of meaning. In their view the Kinsey reports were irrelevant and the St. Louis project outrageous. Along the way they made quite as much trouble for Masters and Johnson as the latter-day Puritans (about whom they had worried mightily for a decade). Puritans, when roused, cancel their subscriptions, have books banned from the mails, and badger their congressmen who, in turn, can cut off federal grants and scare private foundations. Like Kinsey, Masters and Johnson were able to fend off such attacks thanks to influential backers and their own dogged zeal. Finally, having failed to halt the project, the Puritans—as is their custom—retreated in shocked silence. Counterrevolutionists, being intellectuals, behave differently. They wait with sharpened knives for the opportune moment to interpret, evaluate, and damn. And since their views often mold the opinions of the opinion molders, what they say counts.

Such was the strategy of Dr. Leslie H. Farber, a psychoanalyst. Four years ago he read one of the papers which Johnson and Masters had periodically presented to the medical profession as their study progressed. Dr. Farber's response was a barbed essay titled "I'm Sorry, Dear," which appeared in the November 1964 issue of *Commentary*. In it he blasted the St. Louis project with more passion than precision, engaged in free-wheeling "speculation" and "imaginings" about the nature and motives of the investigators and their subjects. The lesson, he said, was that "sex for the most part has lost its viability as a human experience." A graphic description of some films shown to the medical audience made Dr. Farber's essay a juicy item of highbrow pornography.

To Masters and Johnson the Farber critique was an ominous danger signal. By speaking only at "closed" scientific meetings they had thus far managed to shield their highly vulnerable work from all but a single press leak. Now—before it was completed—it stood prejudged by a reputable physician who was also a card-carrying psychoanalyst. They counterattacked by shelving some of their current research and writing their book at top speed. It was published—a year ahead of schedule—by Little, Brown in April 1966, and promptly moved to the top of the best-seller lists despite the turgid scientific jargon in which it was deliberately written.

Here then was the whole story. Masters and Johnson had done what—according to his associates—Kinsey was dreaming of at the time of his death. They had brought sex into the laboratory. There 382 women between the ages of 18 and 78

and 312 men from 21 to 78 years old had masturbated and copulated while their respiration, blood pressure, heartbeat, and other physiological responses were monitored and the visually significant aspects recorded on color film. In this fashion, Masters and Johnson had documented—among other things—the reality and intensity of the female orgasm, demonstrated that there is no physiological difference between a clitoral and a vaginal orgasm, proved that many postmenopausal women have a strong sexual drive and that a man in his late seventies can be sexually effective, providing—as Dr. Masters puts it—"he enjoys reasonably good health and has access to a really interested partner." A corollary to their findings was the conclusion that a good deal of the advice which the marriage manuals had been dishing out these many years was, in diplomatic parlance, counterproductive.

## How in the World?

All this was startling news to doctors, psychiatrists, and others professionally concerned with things sexual. But the explosive question for the average citizen was not so much *what* had been found out but *how* it had been done. What manner of human being could have designed such a project and taken part in it? Masters and Johnson decided they could only answer these questions by presenting themselves in person. This they did at a week-long seminar for science writers held in Boston just prior to the book's appearance. An unusually able group attended, and their reports—notably those of Earl Ubell then of the *New York Herald Tribune*, John Corry of the *New York Times*, Arthur J. Snider of the *Chicago Daily News*, and Albert Rosenfeld of *Life*—were models of objective, sophisticated journalism. That amazingly diligent husband-and-wife team, Edward and the late Ruth Brecher, within the next few months put together a paperback book, *An Analysis of the Human Sexual Response*,\* which remains the most comprehensive and lucid available summary of the project. The book also includes a well-chosen sampling of comment of the study.

Who then are these people? Born in Cleveland in 1915, Masters was research-minded even in his student days at the University of Rochester

\*Signet, New American Library, 75 cents. Several less friendly exegeses have also appeared, the latest being two fictional spoofs of the project, *The Experiment*, by Patrick Skene Catling, and *Venus Examined*, by Robert Kyle. Both are undistinguished, raw even by current standards, and intermittently funny.



Medical School. Quite early he decided that his specialty would be the virtually unplowed field of sexual physiology. Aware of the travail Kinsey had suffered, Masters sought the advice of several gray eminences of medicine on how to proceed. They counseled that no doctor should tackle such an inevitably controversial project until he had reached a reasonably mature age, and completed serious research in some other area. The work, they added, must be done under the aegis of a major medical school. By 1954, Dr. Masters—now married and the father of two—was a board-certified, practicing obstetrician-gynecologist and an associate professor at Washington University Medical School in St. Louis. He had done respected research on hormone therapy and published twenty-five papers in medical journals. With the approval of the university's Chancellor Ethan A. H. Shepley, he decided to launch his Sex Research Project. The university made space available for the experiment in the medical-school building and agreed to finance it for two years. (The U.S. Public Health Service also supplied a small grant.)

Since it seemed at this point unlikely that any other human material would be available, Dr. Masters began by interviewing and studying prostitutes—both male and female. Along the way he decided that “no male really understands female sexuality” and that he needed a woman collaborator. The university placement office sent him several candidates, including Virginia E. Johnson, a recently divorced mother of two. She had majored at college in psychology and sociology. More importantly, she is endowed with exceptional sensibility, nerve, and persistence. She and Dr. Masters have worked together ever since on an egalitarian basis rare between M.D.s and laymen. Symbolically, her name comes first in all their collaborative writings.

Early in their partnership the two decided that prostitutes were too abnormal, physically and psychologically, to serve as valid research subjects. “Normal” people must be found. (Whether they succeeded in doing this will remain a subject of permanent debate, there being no scientifically established norms for physiological responses to sex outside the laboratory.) As word of the project spread on the medical-school grapevine, volunteers

did emerge. In due course, 1,200 were interviewed and from their number the 694 subjects of the research were chosen. Masters and Johnson make no claim to having worked with a typical cross section of the population. These were all men and women who could—as they phrase it—“respond effectively to sexual stimulation.” They were also well-educated people who had the capacity for putting their feelings into words. Though they were paid for participating in the program, Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Masters are convinced that their primary motive was the same as that of anyone who offers his body or his blood for research purposes—the desire to contribute to a humanitarian cause.

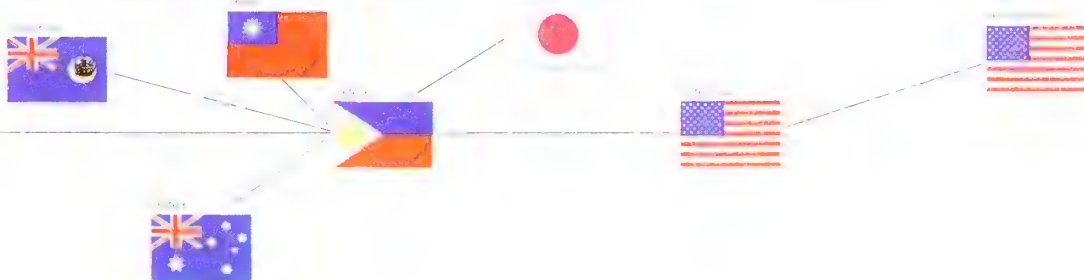
Whether deeper unconscious currents played a part is a matter for conjecture. Clearly, however, the project met the accepted ethical standards for research involving human beings: the subjects knew precisely what they were doing, understood the purpose of the investigation, and—so far as is known—none was harmed by it. On the contrary, according to the four individual case reports published so far, several felt they had benefited from the experience.

## On the Road

**D**r. Masters' and Mrs. Johnson's face-to-face confrontation with the nation's science writers in April 1966 yielded an extraordinarily favorable reaction to their book. After the avalanche of publicity they were showered with invitations to address all sorts of groups, lay and professional. Shedding a decade of total reticence (“They were recluses,” said a Washington University colleague. “You never saw them, really, on the campus, at cocktail parties, anything like that.”) they decided that personal appearances were one of the best ways not only to spread the gospel but to dispel the aura of the bizarre and indecent which still hovered over the project. Accordingly they embarked on an eighteen-month speaking tour which would surely have debilitated individuals of less iron stamina.

I first met Dr. Masters last fall as this whirlwind schedule was drawing to a close. During that same month he and Mrs. Johnson had appeared before the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex and the Academy of Medicine in New York; Duke University in Durham, North Carolina; the Southern Illinois Medical Association in Belleville; Women's Medical College, Hahnemann Medical College, and the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry in Philadelphia; the Student Medical

*Marion K. Sanders, an editor at "Harper's," who has often written on women and doctors and their roles in American society, interviewed the authors of "Human Sexual Response" in St. Louis as part of her preparation for this article. Her most recent of many contributions to this magazine was "The Doctors Meet the People" (January).*



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Association of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore; Notre Dame in South Bend; and Tufts University in Medford, Massachusetts.

Masters and Johnson are polished and engaging performers. Now fifty three, Dr. Masters is a tall, ruggedly built, nearly bald man who looks rather like a retired football coach. Mrs. Johnson, in her early forties, is dark-haired, personable, and speaks in the elegantly modulated style which reflects her early training as a singer. The accents of both are pure middle-America and together they radiate the kind of urbane innocence which -I am told-quickly puts visitors to a nudist camp at ease. ("People are surprised that we don't have two heads," Mrs. Johnson said in a wistful aside.)

After working together for more than a decade on a seven-day, eighty-hour weekly schedule, the two have developed a symbiotic mode of discourse both in conversation and on the platform. They do not interrupt but rather amplify and supplement each other's remarks through some mysterious unspoken signal system. For example, at Tufts University last November -where a tape recording of the proceedings was made-they led off with a breezy, even jocular joint review of the project's history and assorted incidents along the way. Then Dr. Masters, veering into the subject of fertility, told an anecdote about a couple-incredibly, graduates of the University of Illinois in the mid-1950s-who were unable to conceive because neither knew that the process required anything more than occupying the same bed.

Then he went on to describe another couple barren after six years of marriage, despite the fact that they claimed to have had intercourse three times a day with absolute regularity. "The fascinating part of the story," Dr. Masters went on, "was that it was true. These two people had obviously gotten together very quietly and comfortably before marriage and decided this was a wonderful thing; so they vowed they would always have intercourse three times a day. Well it seems they did every morning and, of course, every night, and he arranged his place of employment so he could get home for lunch. . . ."

The trouble, the doctor explained to the couple and to the audience, is that the male sperm count is greatly reduced after ejaculation and requires about thirty-six hours to return to normal. "Finally I got them down to a thirty-six-hour schedule," he said. "She has since had three babies . . . each one planned. . . . Then they go back to their original scheme. Well, this is a rather unique form of contraception. . . ."

Picking up the theme from a different perspective, Mrs. Johnson then talked about why The

Pill reduces sexual responsiveness in some women. By this time the audience was sufficiently thawed to fire explicit questions at the speakers. Here are excerpts from the dialogue that followed:

**Question:** *Is there any way one can tell at the time of intercourse whether one is actually turning his partner?*

**Mrs. Johnson:** Sure. Ask her or him. Communication remains the only effective way to interpret another human being. Communication doesn't have to be verbal of course. . . .

**Dr. Masters:** Let me tell you, gentlemen, or gasm in the female is absolutely as identifiable as ejaculation is for the male. . . . If you find that your particular partner . . . has a big smile on her face when she tells you how wonderful it was, don't believe it. The woman in orgasm and the male in orgasm has a tortured face . . . because he and she are under a great deal of strain. The respiratory rate goes up to around forty respirations a minute. Heartbeats run anywhere from 110 to 130 beats a minute in orgasm as opposed to the usual 60 or 80. . . . A woman in orgasm is a woman in labor. . . .

**Mrs. Johnson:** The equivalent of . . .

**Question:** *Could you comment on the effect of alcohol and psychotropic drugs on sexual response?*

**Dr. Masters:** Shakespeare did it years ago much better than I can. He said that a little chocolate and a lot depresses and he's right.

**Question:** *How can the male and female learn to coordinate during orgasm?*

**Mrs. Johnson:** I'll hit that with my hatchet. One of the gifts -and I mean this in a sarcastic way -of the marriage manual . . . that the agreed goal in everyone's life should be simultaneous orgasm. . . . To impose another type of unspon-taneous intellectualized goal upon a naturally occurring phenomenon is to distract and distort the experience. In other words, you're trying to watch, become an observer of your own response. . . . This concept that there is nothing achieved if it isn't simultaneous is nothing but a distracting, divisive thing. . . .

**Question:** *Would you please discuss variations and positions in the sexual act and the enjoyment involved.*

**Mrs. Johnson:** As far as what's effective, again it's the individual preference. For those people who feel that only the female supine is -you know -the all-American position -if they label this a important or effective, then indeed it is.

**Question:** *What difference does the size of the penis make in terms of the male's ability to satisfy the female?*

**Dr. Masters:** There are hundreds of men



spending thousands of hours on the psychiatric couches of this country being taught to live with their affliction when in truth they don't have one. Size of the penis doesn't make the slightest bit of difference in terms of the male's ability to satisfy the female. . . . The smaller penis engorges much more in the act of erection than the larger penis does. . . . The other side of the coin—and this is something that really hasn't been appreciated before—is the fact that the human female has the incredible ability to enlarge just sufficiently and no more. . . . The vagina in its unstimulated state is a potential rather than an actual space, the anterior and posterior walls collapsed right down together. From a clinical point of view, the vagina is an "infinitely distensible organ." . . . It can enlarge from a potential space to being large enough for a baby's head to move through without trauma. Under sexual tension the female has no conscious knowledge of this or control. . . . The vagina enlarges just sufficiently for the particular size of the penis and no more. . . .

**Question:** *About premature ejaculation—how can the male delay his orgasm?*

**Dr. Masters:** We have been working in the field of human sexual inadequacy—we're just finishing our ninth year. . . . At this stage we can make this statement. Any male that we have encountered—we've had only one exception—can be oriented to ejaculatory control sufficient to satisfy his partner. . . .

This kind of candid interchange took place before virtually all youthful audiences. (Adult groups were sometimes reserved and skeptical.) Understandably, Masters and Johnson found the experience bracing. Nonetheless, at the end of 1967 they said goodbye to the lecture circuit and returned to the unfinished work whose results will be reported in their next major book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, scheduled for publication in 1970. When I visited them in St. Louis last winter they gave me an informal preview of things to come.

### Treatment and Exploration

**T**he Reproductive Biology Research Foundation—as the project is now known—is based in a medical office building a few blocks away from the Washington University campus. In the waiting room of a second-floor office suite, a man and a woman, ignoring each other, are placidly reading *Time* and *The New Yorker*. Presumably they are here for treatment of a fertility problem. Or they may be participants in the clinical research pro-

gram now under way. ("Laboratory" research "subjects" use different entrances and come at different hours.) Consulting rooms are carpeted in tweedy blue, furnished in executive-modern teak, and equipped with specially designed tape recorders. Here Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson interview—separately and jointly—the husbands and wives (known in their special argot as "marital units") referred to them from all over the country for problems of "sexual inadequacy"—that is, frigidity, premature ejaculation, and impotence. The treatment that follows consists of "re-orientation of attitudes toward sexuality and the mode of sexual activity," with both husband and wife acting as cooperative members of a "therapy team." A few psychiatrists and marriage counselors elsewhere have made tentative use of similar treatment methods. There are, however, several novel aspects to the Masters-Johnson approach. In the first instance, they accept only couples who have been referred by an authority—clergyman, physician, or psychotherapist. Some mutual desire to salvage the marriage must be evident, and they will work only with couples who will agree to keep in touch with them for at least five years—which they consider the minimum time necessary to pronounce the treatment a success or failure. The course consists of two or three weeks of intensive therapy. "That's long enough," Mrs. Johnson said. "If reversal of the acute stages of distress is not achieved in that time we'll probably never succeed. Besides, if a couple spends too much time concentrating exclusively on the sexual component of their relationship, it distorts the whole thing, puts it out of context."

"We make no claim to cure deep-seated neuroses," Dr. Masters said. "Our view is simply that a neurotic man who is no longer impotent is better off than he was before. The same is true of a woman who is no longer frigid. The number of people afflicted with problems of sexual inadequacy today is staggering. Even if it were desirable to treat all of them with deep psychotherapy, there is not a fraction of the necessary number of therapists available to do the job."

A unique feature of the Johnson-Masters experiment is the man-woman "team" concept which is central to all their work. They will also gather data on an unprecedented scale—the results of therapy with three hundred couples documented over a five-year period each. To expedite and enlarge the program they are currently planning to add to their professional staff a second "therapy team." The male member will be a social psychologist, Dr. Alexander P. Runciman. His female opposite number is still being sought.

Also under way is a program, now long past the experimental stage, for the treatment of infertility. And in the physiology laboratory—housed in an adjoining suite—some of the work interrupted in 1964 is moving forward, including studies of cardiovascular physiology in relation to sexual activity.

We talked of this and other matters as Dr. Masters led me on a swift conducted tour of the place, including a brief glimpse of the celebrated hallmark of this endeavor—a tidy green hospital bed with a cluster of instruments and coils neatly sheathed in plastic at its base.

"Nowadays after a man has recovered from a coronary," Dr. Masters said, "he asks his doctor, 'How about sex?' The doctor really doesn't know the answer. He may say, 'Cut it out,' or more likely, 'Take it easy.' Well, what does that mean? We hope our work will supply some sensible concrete answers."

An automatic elevator whisked us up to the third floor, site of a recently developed biochemical laboratory. Here, under the direction of Dr. Gelson Toro, a Puerto Rican biochemist, and his associate, Dr. Philip G. Ackerman, a program coordinated with the physiological studies on the second floor is investigating some largely unexplored territory including the male menopause and female homosexuality.

Dominating the laboratory is a table laden with a network of plastic tubes and coils in which pale fluids seethe and bubble. This is one of the marvels of latter-day technology—the SMA 12 (Sequential Multiple Analyzer); in twenty minutes it can perform and print out the results of twelve sophisticated tests which in preautomation days would have required a day and a half of a technician's time. Over the next few months, and in years to come, the SMA 12 will examine blood samples drawn from one hundred men and one hundred women who are volunteers in a pilot study of the aging process. The purpose is to find out with real precision what changes occur with time in the male hormone (testosterone) and the female hormone (estrogen), which are found only in very low concentrations in the bloodstream. By means of another remarkable piece of equipment—an atomic absorption unit—a study will also be made of those mysterious elements known as trace minerals—minute quantities of copper, zinc, chromium, and manganese—whose physiological role is only beginning to be understood.

Dr. Masters has long been a student and advocate of hormone-replacement therapy for women, which is now widely accepted. In a paper published in the 1950s he called for active medical

intervention to treat both men and women after their sex glands have slowed down. He called the group the "neutral gender," a phrase he no longer favors.

"Still we know," he said, "that you cannot have a proper protein balance after you are placed in a relative state of castration by the aging process, which is what happens at menopause."

"There is very little value," Dr. Toro added, "in studying the end product of the aging process. Once it happens, it is irreversible. We want to learn how to start replacement therapy before the damage is done."

Following the pilot study, data will be gathered from a group of ten thousand men representing a wide social and ethnic cross section. Conceivably the results will show that hormone replacement for men should begin at the age of thirty.

Another pioneering study is concerned with biochemical analysis of the vaginal secretion, a substance first identified by the Masters and Johnson physiological research. Now the biochemists have found that the vaginal secretion contains a minute concentration of prostatic acid phosphate enzyme (the same enzyme found in the male prostate). Since fertilization requires ideal conditions, this may explain, in part, why the vaginal secretion is a compatible medium for spermatozoa in fertile couples. Conversely, this study may offer a new clue to one cause of infertility. In test-tube experiments, live sperm will be subjected first to normal vaginal secretions; then the concentration of prostatic acid phosphate will be varied and the results charted. The eventual goal of this investigation is to identify the "lethal factor" in the vaginal secretion which makes some women sterile. Long years of tedious and difficult research—in which Dr. Toro hopes many other investigators will join—still lie ahead. If it should succeed, this might pave the way for the development of a new universal inexpensive contraceptive.

Still another long-range piece of biochemical detective work is concerned with homosexuality. At this point in history no one knows whether or not there is a biochemical and genetic difference between homosexuals and heterosexuals. Society might be won over to a more humane acceptance of homosexuality if one cause proves to be a biological difference rather than simply a psychological variance.

Though its tools are the products of modern technology, the Masters-Johnson project belongs to a very old tradition—that of the lone investigator pursuing his solitary goal despite all obstacles. From the beginning, Dr. Masters has had to scrounge for funds; he still does, although the



proceeds of the book have helped considerably. "We need between \$250,000 to \$500,000 a year to do the job we want to do," he said. "We've never had nearly that much." This is, of course, a pittance compared to the multimillion-dollar budgets of such establishments as the Salk Foundation and other lavishly endowed research centers. Nor can Masters and Johnson afford—if they desired it—the public-relations apparatus of the large-scale research empire. This has been, from the outset, a purely personal crusade. The decisions made have all been their own, the mistakes, if any, the product of their own evangelical zeal.

### Going Public

**F**orced for years, by the controversial nature of their project, to lead what was virtually an underground professional life, they surfaced with the publication of the book and its generally favorable press reception. A milestone in lifting the long-standing taboo was a lead editorial in the *Olympian Journal of the American Medical Association* pronouncing the project worthy. Assured a respectful, if not necessarily enthusiastic, hearing from doctors, Masters and Johnson became increasingly concerned with a larger audience—the marriage counselors and clergymen whom many troubled couples consult, and, in the end, the troubled couples themselves.

"Doctors are entitled to receive medical information directly," Dr. Masters said. "They shouldn't read about it first in *Reader's Digest*. So we have always reported our findings first to the profession. But now we have a duty to get the facts out to everyone who needs them."

In support of this view Masters and Johnson cite the torrent of mail they have received since their book was published—more than 15,000 letters, to date, from every corner of the globe, including the Iron Curtain countries. The statistical breakdown has remained almost constant. Four per cent are what Dr. Masters calls "drop dead" letters, unsigned and pornographic; another 4 per cent condemn the project on moral or aesthetic grounds; 22 per cent are simply congratulatory. And the balance—well over 10,000 so far—are from unhappy people asking, in one way or another, "Where can I get help?" Apart from answering their mail, which they have done, Masters and Johnson were seized with a new mission—to spread the word far and wide.

To this end they made themselves readily available for interviews to the mass and news magazines. ("Playboy," Dr. Masters remarked, "is

probably the single most important source of sex information in America today. We are glad to help them make it accurate information.") This fall they will publish a small popular book, *Facts and Fallacy*, in hardcover and paperback.

Convinced that it is the message rather than the medium that matters, Masters and Johnson chose to present in the *Ladies Home Journal* the only statement they have made of their philosophy (as opposed to their findings) in an ingenuous article titled "A Defense of Love and Morality." In effect they have bypassed the customary route whereby new ideas are usually disseminated in our society—the accepted path being from the learned or scientific journals, to the serious publications read by intellectuals generally, and finally to the mass media. By going public so quickly, Johnson and Masters skipped the intermediate step.

One consequence has been that a surprising number of sophisticated people who take their direction from more or less highbrow periodicals scarcely know who Johnson and Masters are. For the truth is that the medium does matter. By the time ideas are bandied about under the nation's hair driers they are no longer discussed at the faculty club. Intellectuals like nothing better than talking about sex; but Masters and Johnson have given them very little of substance to talk about.

This seems unfortunate. For their work is serious and merits serious discussion. Although their book is confined to stark physiological facts, they are well aware that human sexuality cannot be considered apart from its psychological and social implications. Over the years they have themselves worked closely with social agencies and with juvenile courts; they are compassionate people much more concerned with the human tragedies that result from distorted sexual concepts than with the mechanics of sex.

Possibly they will find a way to focus the discussion of their next book more on ideas than on facts and investigative methods. If so, it may turn out that there is not actually such a very great distance between them and the counterrevolutionaries. For their basic message—if I read it correctly—is that if men and women can be freed of their twisted attitudes and of the frustrations that arise from their own ineptitude in the physical performance of sex, they may become less rather than more obsessed with sex itself, less enthralled by pornography, less susceptible to the appeal of commercialized sexuality which so pervades our contemporary culture, and at the same time more tolerant of the many variations of sexuality which are part of the human condition.

*Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.*

## **THE REVEREND MR. COFFIN, DR. SPOCK, AND THE ACLU**

*Passions kindled by the Vietnam war  
have raised new and agonizing issues for an organization  
dedicated to defending the Bill of Rights.*

On January 5, 1968, a federal grand jury indicted Dr. Benjamin Spock, author of the Bible's only real competition as an all-time best-seller, and the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., University Chaplain and Pastor of the Church of Christ in Yale University. These two, along with three smaller fry, were charged with conspiracy to counsel evasion and violation of the Universal Military Training and Service Act. The government's decision to confer the honor of martyrdom on the alleged conspirators naturally ignited an ammunition dump of political and legal problems. It also set off some of the most ferocious hair-pulling, scratching, gouging, and kneeling in the clinches ever heard of within the American Civil Liberties Union. The Union has a rather uncharacteristic policy\* against public reference to "any differences which arise within the Union's organization," but since some of the parties to the row were ignorant of the dirty-linen rule, and others too outraged to pay any attention to it, the warring factions filled the press with denunciations and counter-denunciations. As the Union's harassed Executive Director, John de J. Pemberton, aptly phrased it, "The fact that so many stories have highlighted the differences between the national position and the affiliates on *Spock* is an excellent example of our commitment to free speech and the right and value of dissent." It is all of that.

Pemberton, a Quaker lawyer from North Carolina via Minnesota, obviously does not enjoy the brawl. He is a good organizer and fund raiser who

deserves much of the credit for the Union's phenomenal recent growth, but he seems not to be as rugged and tough a character as his predecessor, Roger Baldwin, who founded the ACLU almost fifty years ago. Like most executive secretaries, his instinct when caught in a crossfire seems to be to appease whichever side looks the more intransigent. He reminds one of U Thant during the events leading up to the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Part of Mr. Pemberton's troubles are implicit in the structure of the ACLU, which is loose even by the standards of liberal organizations. In theory, at least, the Union's constitution vests control in its National Board of Directors, a more or less self-perpetuating body whose members are nominated by a Nominating Committee, whose members are appointed by the Union's Chairman, who is elected by the National Board of Directors—a process generally similar to that by which the management of General Motors selects itself. But there the resemblance to General Motors and its subsidiaries ends. The Union has some forty-three state affiliates and several times that number of local chapters, many of them operated by individualists about as amenable to order and discipline as so many jackrabbits. In theory the affiliates and chapters march to the beat of the National's drum: the constitution provides that the affiliates "shall act in accordance with the policies of the Union, with the understanding that the purpose of this requirement is to obtain general unity rather than absolute uniformity." This is reinforced by policy-book statements forbidding affiliates and chapters to take positions on national legislation or issues except in accord with the national organization's position, and forbidding them to file pleadings in the Supreme Court without consulting the national office. Moreover, an affiliate can be suspended or expelled by a two-thirds vote of the National Board. Despite all these pious declarations, the

\*This and other policies referred to in this article were taken from the Union's *Policy Guide*, published in 1966 in recognition of the rapid proliferation of the organization's local affiliates and chapters, many of them of highly independent and volatile temper, and the resultant need of "unity and consistency of policy."



Union has never been noted for "general unity." The National Board has never disciplined an affiliate and, despite considerable provocation, is very unlikely to do so in the present case. In fact, the affiliates on this occasion appear to have compelled the National to jump through their hoop.

The present controversy is merely the most recent manifestation of a schism which has plagued the Union since its birth. On the one side are the zealots, who believe that the Union's mission is to throw its considerable weight into the total defense of virtue in distress—*i.e.*, to uphold the right, because it is right, and to do so by any legal or polemical means at hand, including in this instance contentions that the Selective Service Act is unconstitutional, that the war in Vietnam is not only unconstitutional but illegal and immoral, and that Lyndon B. Johnson and his myrmidons are war criminals unrivaled in atrocity since the demise of Adolf Hitler and the SS. They dominate most of the big affiliates—for instance, those of New York, under the direction of Aryeh Neier, and New Jersey, under the presidency of Emil Oxfeld. They are vigorously represented by such key members of the National Executive Staff as Melvin Wulf, its Legal Director. They showed their strength on March 2, when they forced the National Board to reverse the stand which it had taken on February 1. Then the National had voted to limit its aid to Spock, Coffin, *et al.* to the defense of their constitutional rights, by the filing of briefs as *amicus curiae*, not as counsel to the accused. A month later a majority (26 to 20) voted to furnish money and counsel to the accused. The distinction is no mere legal technicality. Counsel for the defense do not represent the Union, as do the counsel who prepare a brief for it in the role of friend of the court. They represent the accused, and it is their obligation to raise any available defense, whether or not that defense has anything to do with the Bill of Rights. This may well mean participation in efforts to convert the proceeding into a propaganda trial of the Johnson Administration. It is true that the minority managed to secure an amendment to the effect that the Union itself takes no position on the legality or morality of the war in Vietnam, and it is also true that the lawyers furnished by the Union will speak for their clients and not for the ACLU. These subtleties are pretty certain to be lost on the public, which will take the Union's action as an endorsement of the political merits of the Spock-Coffin crusade—which is what its sponsors intended.

The other school, represented by the minority of the National Board, is typified by David Isbell,

a youngish graduate of the Yale Law School who practices law in Washington. It clings to the old-fogyish notion that the Union's duty is to see that the defendants' constitutional rights are observed and treats as irrelevant the rightness or wrongness of their political views. The zealots very naturally regard the constitutionalists as "narrow-minded and backward-looking," at best Laodiceans, neither cold nor hot, and at worst "supporters of the war." The quoted phrases were fired off by the above-mentioned Emil Oxfeld and reported by the *New York Times* when the story broke three weeks later. An even better example of the heat of the debate is an article in *The Village Voice*, written in *propria persona* by the *Times* reporter who wrote the original story. Characterizing Mr. Oxfeld's language as "carefully chosen," he himself described the then majority of the National Board as "old-guard" and "reactionary" and their action as "the American Civil Liberties Union's latest cop-out." Their opponents, of course, are "open-minded" and "liberal."

While the controversy between the Union's two wings is constantly simmering, no ordinary cause could have brought it to such a rolling boil. It did not publicly erupt when, for example, in 1967 Charles Morgan, the Director of the Union's Southern Regional Office, acted as defense counsel in the court-martial of Captain Howard Levy. Levy, a medical officer, was charged with refusing to obey a lawful order of a superior officer to establish and operate a dermatology training program for Army Special Forces medical corpsmen destined for Vietnam. Morgan based the defense in large part on the argument that since the students would use their expertise in the cure of jungle itch to perpetrate crimes against humanity, the orders were not lawful—a defense whose connection with the Captain's constitutional liberties was not very obvious to the traditional civil libertarians on the National Board. But not even the imaginative Mr. Morgan could make a really inspirational martyr out of poor Captain Levy, who had no more charisma than the average dermatologist. In the present imbroglio, much of the bitterness within the Union is due to the personalities of the accused.

### The Apostle to the Ivy League

Of good Dr. Spock there is not much to be said that is not already known to anyone who has had an infant (or, in the last couple of years, a TV set) in the house. He has about him something of the Henry Wallace of 1948, with perhaps a touch

of Dr. Pangloss. He is evidence (if any evidence besides the American Medical Association were needed) that political sophistication is not a necessary concomitant of medical education and experience. But the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., is rather more interesting and, through no fault of his own, rather less familiar to the public outside the Ivy League.

Coffin is handsome, articulate, charming, humane, sincere, and courageous. His only weakness of character seems to be a certain appetite for publicity, a relish for press conferences, headlines, and appearances on television—a weakness which he shares with at least 90 per cent of the sacerdotal caste. The same innocent and even amiable vanity prompts him to habitual use of all three of his names, in the manner of Henry Ward Beecher, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Norman Vincent Peale, and many another eminent Protestant divine.

Coffin is also the bluest of Old Blues. His family tree is full of Yale graduates, including at least one Presbyterian clergyman of flag rank. He is himself a product of furniture-store money, Andover, Yale (B.A. and B.D.), and even Skull and Bones, the world's best-publicized secret society. This impeccable background does not, of course, keep other Old Blues from filling the columns of the *Yale Alumni Magazine* with infuriated letters demanding that he be fired *instantly*. (He probably *could* be fired, if the President and Fellows were so inclined, for he does not teach and so lacks academic tenure. But President Brewster has thus far shown himself to be far too astute a politician—and too good a believer in academic freedom—to do anything so foolish.)

Except for a stretch in the World War II Army, and another with the CIA in the early 1950s, Coffin has spent all his working life in the academic chaplain business—first at Andover, then at Williams, the last ten years at Yale. He is thus by experience, as well as aptitude and inclination, magnificently equipped to activate the consciences of youth, particularly the Ivy League variety, and to administer to their moral natures stimulants of the highest potency. He rouses his clientele as Billy Sunday roused his. The more febrile among them are the political equivalents of an old-time revival audience; their eyes roll, they develop the gift of tongues, chant slogans, struggle with

devils, and blockade the recruiters of the Dow Chemical Company. (It should, however, be emphasized that to the best of my knowledge Coffin himself has not advocated violent interference with Dow recruiters or anyone else.)

William Sloane Coffin shares with most of his brethren in holy orders (and with most of his brethren in the human race) another trait, having nothing to do with character: by inclination and training he is averse to hard, complicated thinking about hard, complicated problems, and, as a corollary, he instinctively rejects the tiresome concept that most human institutions and activities come not in black and white, but in lighter and darker shades of gray. Faced with a problem, he is pretty sure to find a simple, forthright, readily comprehensible solution of the Yea or Nay variety, based not on painful analysis but on an efficacious substitute which he calls conscience (twenty-one times in one two-and-one-half page sermon). The *New-speak* of 1984 called it bellyfeel. Does the government of the United States pursue a policy which is pronounced by his conscience to be wrong? Then the government's authority ceases *ipso facto* to be legitimate, and he is privileged and indeed obliged to disobey its laws—"confront" it, in the cant of the movement. (Here, lest all my ideas be dismissed as those of a purblind reactionary, I must explain that I believe American policy in Vietnam to be mistaken, although not immoral. Indeed, my objection to it is precisely that it has been based more on moral than on practical considerations. It is a conscientious, though imprudent, effort, devised by people whose ideas on international policy were set like concrete by the violent traumas of Munich and Korea, to keep the Communists from imposing a repressive regime by force on people who might well, if they had any choice in the matter, prefer even the present government of South Vietnam. My disagreement with the Spock-Coffin position is *not* based on belief that the United States' crusade in Vietnam is a good idea.)

It is often difficult to determine the details—even very important details—of Coffin's positions, for his conscience is likely to reach those positions in one soaring bound without wasting time on their implications. One of his most brilliant headline catchers was his offer of Yale's Battell Chapel as a sanctuary, in the medieval manner, for violators of the draft law. Only a pedant would object to his failure to dig out the considerable disabilities which the common law of the Middle Ages attached to assertion of the right of sanctuary. (The fugitive had, among other things, to take an oath of abjuration of the realm, *i.e.*, to leave the country and stay out, to forfeit all his goods and

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*Joseph W. Bishop, Jr. is Richard Ely Professor of Law at Yale; and was once denounced by name by Senator Joseph McCarthy. He went to Dartmouth and to Harvard Law School, served in the Justice Department, and in 1952-53 was general counsel of the Army Department.*



to suffer attainder and corruption of blood. This last, while less horrid than it sounds, was still fairly unpleasant; the person so attainted became incapable of holding or inheriting land or of transmitting a title by descent.) But it is not mere pedantry to remark that he forgot that the chapel was not his. By the same token, he omitted to consult its deacons, in whose dovecote there was, you may be sure, a fine fluttering—which offended him greatly and which he seems to have attributed to personal prejudice against him. It is not probable that he deliberately slighted the deacons; the point simply did not occur to him. Nor, when he quite sincerely renounced the role of Pied Piper and began his successful campaign to get himself indicted, did it occur to him that there would be available to him defenses (which he has decided to utilize) which would not be available to young men who refused to report for induction. His unqualified denunciations of American policy in Vietnam have not been accompanied either by analysis and refutation of the Government's reasons, or by suggestion of alternative policies. His most illuminating statement to date reads, *in haec verba*: "I am in favor of America staging very carefully negotiated withdrawal. The implementation can be very carefully phased and deliberate, but intent must be very clear." Personally, I shouldn't want to be the negotiator who was handed such terms of reference.

### The Omnicompetent Clergy

**T**otal reliance on conscience is by no means a new method of arriving at a position, especially among the reverend clergy. One famous historical instance is the attitude of the nonjuring clergy in the time of William and Mary. Their consciences told the nonjurors that James II was King of England by divine right, that the authority given William by Parliament was therefore illegitimate, and that the subject was under no duty to obey his laws. One of the most talented and moral of them, Jeremy Collier, pronounced it no sin to plot the assassination of King William. (A grand jury indicted Collier for high treason, but the British government of 1696, wiser in its generation than the American government of 1968, never brought him to trial.) Another, more modern, example is the mental process which fifty years ago converted most of the men of God into red-hot Prohibitionists. One had only to look around to see miserable victims of the Demon Rum, wasted lives, broken families, neglected children. Therefore, booze was evil. From this premise only one conclusion was

possible; booze must go. *Deus vult*. The same predilection for the simple, clear solution made them sturdy anti-evolutionists; Genesis is clear and simple, easy to understand and to preach. Darwin and Mendel are not.

Coffin is in truth a best-in-show specimen of the New Breed of Clergy. Though a minority, and probably a fairly small minority, of the American clergy, the New Breed's congregations tend to be the richest and best educated, and its publicity is greater than that of the rest of the servants of God put together. It has very little interest in religion in the ordinary sense. Coffin makes frequent and generally favorable references to God, but his God strikes me as an amorphous and elusive fellow, more like the Third Person of the Trinity than the First. I suspect that Yale's Chaplain, though nominally a Calvinist, would be hard put to it to expound offhand more than one or two of the five basic principles of Calvinism. He might get as far as predestination and even total depravity (with the thought of Lyndon Johnson to help him), but would probably stumble on limited atonement, irresistibility of grace, and perseverance of the saints. This lack of interest on the part of the Pastor of the Church of Christ in Yale University may result from the fact that his very literate flock has lost the capacity (and perhaps the need) for belief in a glorious hereafter and that hereafter's proprietor, the old personal, sparrow-watching God.

But, of course, the priesthood has a second bow-string. Though deprived of their magical functions—i.e., of their franchise to ingratiate the communicant with the Deity and get him past the celestial Immigration Service—the New Clergy can still hold themselves out as *ex officio* first among the guardians of morality, in all its forms. They say, in effect, what God would say if He understood the situation as well as they do. For all its self-confidence, however, it is very doubtful that the New Breed numbers in its ranks any Wolseys, Richelieus, or Mazarins. The painful truth seems to be that the ministry, lacking its nimbus of supernatural power, no longer attracts intellects of the first order. It is impossible to imagine in a modern pulpit an Aquinas, a Maimonides, a Calvin, a Pascal, even a Jonathan Edwards or a Cotton Mather. Such men are found today in the law school, in the medical school, in the natural sciences. To find one in the divinity school would be as startling as to find him studying embalming.

The New Clergy intersects the New Left, which is viewed with a very tolerant and even affectionate eye, like spoiled but favorite children, by a type of civil libertarian particularly numerous in

# Why is it food tastes better at sea?



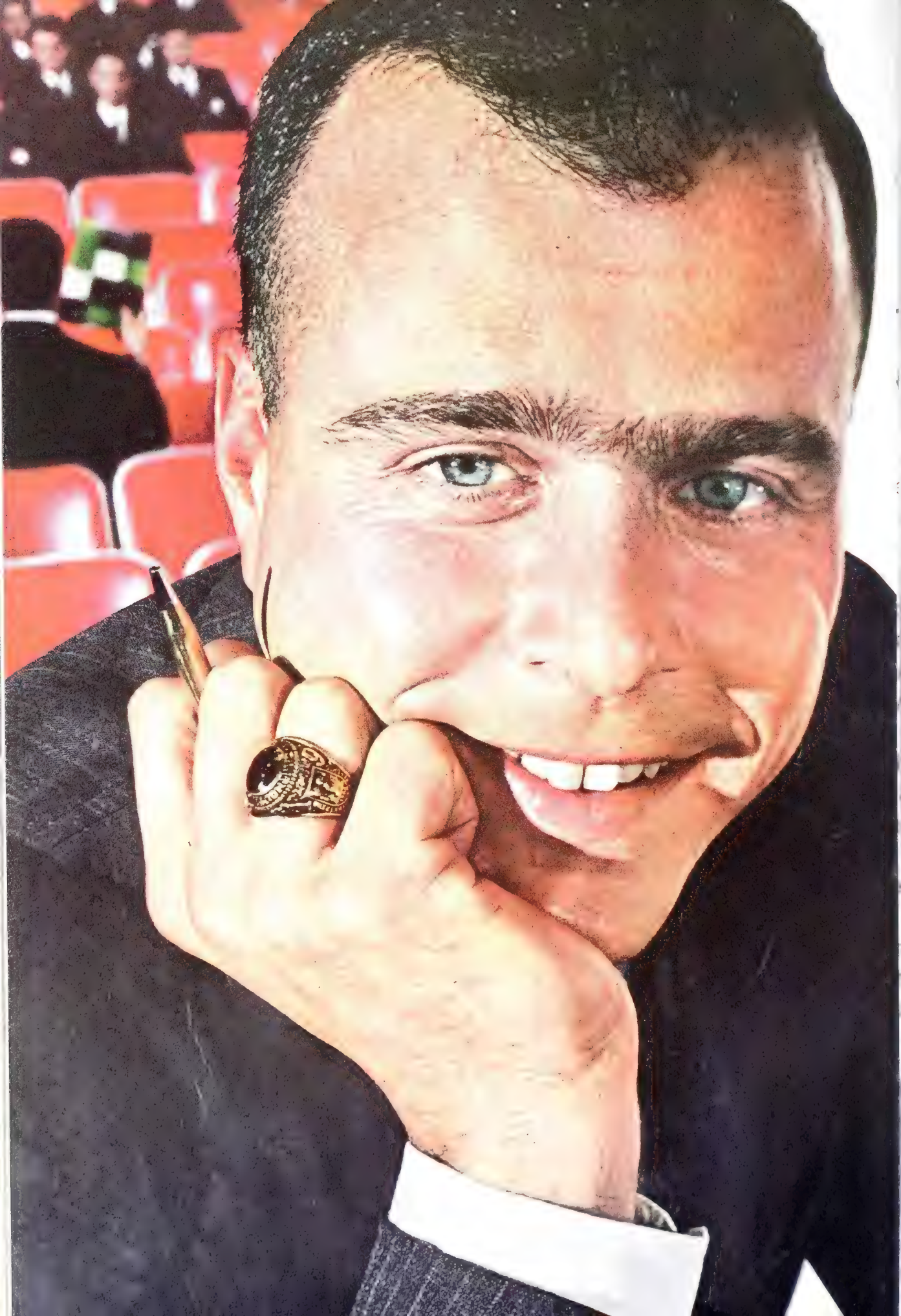
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From its very beginning less than two decades ago, the data processing industry and its customers have constantly come up with new ways to use computers. Bill Kramer is one of the many men and women in the industry who help bring these advances to more and more people every day.





## Our Young People Are Coming Home....

What happens to a small rural town when the local rural electric system helps start an enlightened and progressive industry?

In Congaree, South Carolina, what happened has been described as "an economic and sociological miracle."

Ten years ago Congaree was going nowhere, but its young people were—to New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Los Angeles, Chicago and Washington. Many of them were untrained for productive jobs and most of them added to the burdens of the cities.

Then a new local industry, the Congaree Iron & Steel Company, began operations with the help of the Tri-County Electric Cooperative and a Small Business Administration loan.

Now the company employs more than 400 people, most of whom once fit precisely the definitions of "unemployables" or "hard-core unemployed."

"We have reversed the trend," says President Frank Threatt, "and our young people are coming home. . . ."

The town of Congaree and its surrounding area reflect the progress of the people. Two new schools and 27 classroom additions have been built, 75 new homes, three filling stations, a bakery, a small shopping center, a new post office, a machine shop, two new laundries, two new churches, a restaurant, several country stores. Property values have tripled, the tax base has increased five times over, and the company feeds two million dollars a year in payroll and local purchases into the economy.

All over the country the rural electric systems are making the development of the areas they serve a number one priority. The job they're doing has beneficial results far beyond their own borders.

For it is inescapably true that the crisis in the cities and the economic decline of rural areas have the common denominator of poverty and lack of opportunity.

Congaree is just one example of what the rural electrics are doing about it. We like to have our young people come back home.

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some of the Union's affiliates, such as those of Southern California, New York, and New Jersey, and also among the younger members of its staff. It would be unjust to describe Coffin as a New Leftist; although he was one of the sponsors of the 1967 New Politics Convention in Chicago, he seems to have been bewildered and ultimately repelled by the brainlessness and brutality there displayed. But Dr. Spock is a tribal hero of the New Left, and its members are as united as they ever are in supporting the Spock-Coffin position.

## Zeal Equals Political Virtue

**T**he New Left is, of course, an enormously diverse group, ranging from slightly disguised representatives of the Old Left to political fauna so bizarre as to defy classification. Its ideas and goals range from the eminently reasonable, or at least defensible, to notions unmatched in the annals of lunacy since the sixteenth-century Anabaptists converted Münster in Westphalia (an unlikely spot) into the City of God. But the New Leftists have in common certain traits which seem to justify their being described as the latest manifestation of classic American Puritanism. Not many of them, to be sure, share the old Puritan's views on sex, work, religion, and personal hygiene; they might place cleanliness next to godliness, but not because they thought of either as a virtue. What they do share with him are certain habits of mind which are still more fundamental aspects of the quintessential Puritan: in Mencken's words, "his unmatchable intolerance of opposition, his unbreakable belief in his own bleak and narrow views, his savage cruelty of attack, his lust for relentless and barbarous persecution." The type has always been prominent in American politics. In 1918, if you were against American participation in the war in Europe, you were in favor of raping nuns, spitting babies on bayonets, and crucifying prisoners of war. In 1968, if you doubt that Lyndon B. Johnson is a Fascist aggressor and Stokely Carmichael a thoughtful reformer, you are not merely wrong, you are *immoral*, a murderer of little children, in intention if not in fact, and you ought to be suppressed. Since the government is itself the fount of evil, it is the duty of the enlightened to suppress the government. The New Left, of course, has never been numerous enough to suppress anyone; but the bloodthirsty fulminations of many of its charter members (*e.g.*, the astounding platform produced by the New Politics Convention), their readiness to silence dissenters by slogan chanting, locked-arm

picketing, car rocking, and similar debating tactics, and their morbid infatuation with the "burn, baby, burn" school of black statesmen, are good indicia of what they would do if they had the chance.

Such Fifth Monarchy Men, no-compromise, root-and-branch eradicators of Evil, naturally invite persecution by the Establishment. Equally naturally they arouse the fiercest protective instincts of those civil libertarians who conceive of the Bill of Rights as intended to give virtue more protection than vice and tend to equate noble ends, sincerity, and "commitment" (*i.e.*, zeal) with political virtue. Civil disobedience, they believe, when directed against the evil executors of evil (though constitutional) laws, is virtuous and moral; no other or better reason is needed to justify the Union's total defense of those who practice it. But the Union's National Board has so far taken a rather more cautious stand on civil disobedience, although the policy is now under attack. It defines civil disobedience in a pedantic, lawyerlike way as "willful, nonviolent, and public violation of valid laws, either because the violator deems them to be unjust or because their violation will focus public attention on other injustices in society to which such laws may or may not be related." No legal difficulty is presented when the violator, like Gandhi, freely concedes that the government is entitled to punish him. The problem arises when the Christian, though eager for the crown of martyrdom, demands that Nero be enjoined from throwing him to the lions. Only if he plausibly argues—as Spock and Coffin probably will—that the law under which he is charged is an invalid abridgement of his constitutional freedoms would the Union support his defense.

"For us," said a majority of the National Board in its 1967 statement on civil disobedience, "the single question is whether the act involved can reasonably be defended as an exercise of a constitutional right. If it can, then we will defend it; if not, we will not." The main constitutional question in the Spock-Coffin case seems in essence to be whether, in terms of Justice Holmes' famous test, "the words used are used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent"—whether, to adopt Holmes' still more famous illustration, they are equivalent to "falsely shouting fire in a theater, and causing a panic." This is not to be confused with the notion that somehow or other the First Amendment confers on every citizen a right to disobey any law whose purpose is not to his liking, if only he dis-



likes it so much that he can label the dislike a product of his conscience.

Until this March 2, the Union's position was that, if it believed that the defendants' advice to young men created no clear and present danger to the Republic, then it would argue—not as the lawyer for the accused, but as *amicus curiae*, a friend of the court—that to punish them for what they said would be to violate their First Amendment right to freedom of speech. It would not argue the merits of Spock's and Coffin's consciences or attempt to put the Administration on trial. Such a limited role in the defense was quite consistent with the Union's constitution, which states its object as "to maintain and advance civil liberties, including the freedoms of association, press, religion, and speech . . . wholly without political partisanship." But it produced yells of execration from those who believe that the Union's function is to defend Dr. Spock and the Reverend Mr. Coffin, not because they have a right to say what they think, but because what they think is right.

### Affinities on Left and Right

As I suggested a while ago, this difference of opinion has plagued the Union from its very beginning. It can explode, of course, when the Union defends Evil as well as when it is lukewarm in the defense of Good. Thus, Freda Kirchwey, for many years the presiding genius of *The Nation*, flounced out of the Union in World War II because it defended a few Fascists. It erupted more recently when the late George Lincoln Rockwell sought and got the Union's help. But the defense of Fascists has never been a serious problem, largely because most right-wing fanatics regard the Union as a Communist front and indignantly refuse to have anything to do with it. Although several of the Union's policies bracket Communists and Fascists for the sake of symmetry, only one of the more than two hundred policy statements is really addressed to the problem of the ultra Right; that one explains, in an embarrassed way, the obvious fact that "in dealing with the problem of ultra-Right organizations the Union is confronted with the difficult dilemma of having to defend the civil liberties of groups whose activities do fundamental injury to civil liberties."

The ultra Left, of course, presents ACLU with an identical problem. Moreover, it has done so very often, for, unlike the Nazi Bund, Silver Shirts, Ku Kluxers, and John Birchers, the Old and New Lefts have never minded identification with the Union. Prior to 1940, indeed, Communists were

fairly prominent in its ranks. In that year (when, it will be recalled, Communists and Nazis were formally aligned in international politics) the Union announced its opposition to "police or single-party states, Communist or Fascist," and barred from its directing groups and staffs (both national and local) persons who are members of "any group under the control of any totalitarian government, Communist or Fascist." At least a dozen other policies wrestle in one way or another with the Communist problem.

Most of these policies, including the key one which excludes Communists from any role in the Union's direction, are now marked "Under Review" in boldface type, perhaps at the instigation of those who believe that the Cold War never existed—that it was merely a fiction invented by the Establishment as a cloak for neo-colonialism and imperialism.

The Union's preoccupation with the liberties of the far Left rather than those of the far Right is easy to understand. In modern times, at least, and in the United States, the assaults on the Bill of Rights have usually been mounted by conservatives and reactionaries. The members of the House Un-American Activities Committee are typical specimens. It is inaccurate and unfair to label HUAC's members "Fascists," but it is true that until recently they viewed Ku Kluxers very tolerantly, and even now they regard the ultra Right as game much inferior to Communists. HUAC, it may be noted in passing, is almost an obsession with the Union, which tends to regard it as more dangerous than it really is. Though its proceedings are certainly calculated to bring representative democracy into disrepute, most of its recent victims have been as fraudulent and as eager for publicity as the Congressmen themselves. Stuffed Christians are being thrown to stuffed lions. But for the past half-century, ever since the Union's birth, it has generally been superpatriots who have done violence to the civil rights of left-wing and even moderate dissenters.

It is also generally true in America that Communists have been far more attractive to intellectuals (a category which, in its broadest sense, includes most of the members of the ACLU) than Fascists or even ordinary conservatives. I cannot, after some effort, call to mind any American egg-head who could fairly be called a Fascist, or even sympathetic to Fascism, with the solitary exception of Ezra Pound—and Pound, if not actually cracked, is at least exceedingly peculiar. There are very few who are even sympathetic to non-totalitarian right-wing politics—witness the pathetic failure of Barry Goldwater's (and even Dwight

Eisenhower's) efforts to round up intellectual supporters, efforts which, to be sure, were neither energetic nor long-sustained. On the other hand, there are some Mandarins who are professing Communists of one sort or another and many more who can see no serious harm in Communism. A striking example of the scarcity of right-wing intelligentsia, and also of the intellectual's tendency to discriminate between the Fascist and Communist varieties of absolutism, is to be found in a recent essay by George Steiner on Louis-Ferdinand Céline, who was certainly a Fascist and possibly a major novelist. Steiner, searching for other exceptions to J.-P. Sartre's "confident identification of literature and freedom" finds exactly three, Yeats, T. S. Eliot, and Pound. To include Eliot and Yeats in a list of enemies of freedom is to stretch the facts, to say the least. He could easily have found more and better specimens by glancing to his left. Apparently the name of Bertolt Brecht, who composed panegyrics not only on J. V. Stalin but even on Walter Ulbricht, did not cross Mr. Steiner's mind in this context. For that matter, Sartre himself is not a very happy example of libertarian commitment."

In part, no doubt, the intelligentsia's affinity for left-wing politics results from the fact that American conservatism is an intellectual wilderness, populated not by fascinating Proustian aristocrats and Medicean robber barons but by babbitts and ex-plebeians who have acquired split-level ranch homes, hardtop convertibles, and color TV. It is also obvious that the ends of Communism are far more attractive to men of parts and good will than are those of Fascism. By the same token, American Communists have been infinitely more appealing human beings than the likes of George Lincoln Rockwell or the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, whatever his name is. Bar a few careerists, lusting for absolute power, limousines, and dachas, American Communists have been so transparently full of good intentions that it is nearly impossible to see them as sponsors of such heirs of Himmler and Kaltenbrunner, such masters of organized terror, as Yagoda, Yezhov, and Beria.

Their weakness, of course, has always been that their wide eyes are too firmly fixed on the Delectable Mountains and the Celestial City to perceive the torture chambers of the Lubyanka or the Siberian death camps, let alone such minor blemishes as the total suppression of freedom of speech. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, whose expulsion from the Union's National Board marked the decisive battle of the 1940 version of the present crisis, was assuredly as honest and philanthropic a fool as ever

scraped the caked blood from J. V. Stalin's boots. It would be unjust to doubt the sincerity of her belief in civil liberties for Americans; the necessary doublethink would have been well within her capacity, or that of any other experienced American Communist.

## Right for A, But Not B

Such considerations account for the view that the pure hearts of the Old and New Lefts make *their* civil liberties particularly precious. A handsome, blond, six-foot conscience like that of William Sloane Coffin seems to deserve a far more enthusiastic and less qualified defense than a deformed and ugly one, like that of the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. But Joe McCarthy asserted the rights of conscience quite as fervently as does William Sloane Coffin. For some reason the precedent has not been cited in the present controversy, but it is a fact that McCarthy in 1954 argued that a higher patriotism obligated government employees to disregard the law and turn over to him the loyalty and security files of other employees whom they thought subversive.

Thus, while the emotions of the Union's Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey affiliates are very human and understandable, I find myself in accord with the mossback minority of the National Board. The fact is that the Divinity's built-in conduct regulator is sadly unreliable; even the best consciences do not all point in the same direction at the same time. Conscience is certainly a worse guide to conduct than the Constitution of the United States; it may be even worse than Congress. It is practically impossible to say that A, but not B, should have a right to be guided by his conscience and thus to practice civil disobedience whenever the conscience points in one direction and the law in another. What would the Union's Legal Director say if, for instance, President Johnson's conscience were to tell him to emulate Abraham Lincoln by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, throwing the leading opponents of the war in Vietnam into jail without trial, and disregarding the Chief Justice's order to release them? The question is, of course, rhetorical.

The Bill of Rights (*i.e.*, the first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States) is to this day the best solution ever devised to the dilemma expressed in Lincoln's famous question, "whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies." It descends from the English Bill of Rights of 1689.



## THE BARBARIAN AS ARTIST

by Robert S. Hahn

*Why are we waiting in the marketplace?*  
—Kavafi, "Waiting for the Barbarians"

We came to help ourselves—a harmless horde  
Of conquerors—we filled the marketplace  
With foreign tongues and strung the stalls  
with our  
Ideas: how could we have known the sun  
Would plunder us and bleach our dyes, the earth  
Would drink us dry of thought? We might  
have seen  
That all who stoke their kilns with temple-beams,  
Dismantling Corinth's roofs to cook the bricks  
For gaudy baths, may be relied upon  
To disappear. We go like Romans. All  
We leave behind are faint impressions, those  
That show at last as grinning rude mosaics  
Or translate into solecistic verses  
A rough provincial rhymester made. While Greece,  
The unmysterious egoist, endures,  
A nude in sun, submissive, unimpressed.  
Voracious. If some spoil of our defeat  
Is hung one day against a Delphic wall,  
In bright ironic show like Persian trophies,  
We should not be surprised. The puzzle is what  
Becomes of old barbarians. They learn  
Their barbarism here; where do they go  
To count the cost, to learn how spent they are?

—

That Bill of Rights followed a half-century in which Puritans and Cavaliers, Whigs and Tories, had been killing each other, sometimes on the battlefield, sometimes (more barbarously) according to the forms of law. The old Puritans, like the new, recognized no law that went against what their hyperactive consciences told them was God's will. Bunyan put the seventeenth-century version of civil disobedience in words which William Sloane Coffin might well have borrowed had he been familiar with *The Pilgrim's Progress*: Faithful answered to the indictment brought against him in Lord Hategood's court in Vanity Fair, "That he had only set himself against that which had set itself against him that is higher than the highest. . . . And as to the King you talk of, since he is *Beelzebub*, the Enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his Angels." It is impossible not to admire this, as it is impossible not to admire the Reverend Mr. Coffin's earnestness and courage;

but it proved to be a hell of a way to run a country. After Judge Jeffreys' Bloody Assizes, even the stubbornest Dissenters were willing to concede some rights to Beelzebub in exchange for some rights for themselves.

The function of the Bill of Rights, which in the English-speaking countries ended the alternating persecutions of temporary minorities by temporary majorities, is to set bounds to the power of the majority to coerce the minority—and, as the price of this protection, to delimit the outer boundaries of the minority's freedom to disobey with impunity the majority's laws. I will defend the proposition that it is the best governor ever invented for the democratic engine and that, indeed, it is the principal reason why our democratic engine has lasted nearly two hundred years.

The balance between the security and survival of the democratic state and the liberties of its people is delicate. In this country, at least, the great dangers to that balance have not come from domestic Stalins and Hitlers. They come from what Justice Brandeis called "insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding." The government is not the only habitat of those men of zeal.

The American Civil Liberties Union has been the most influential and effective protector of the citizen's freedoms under the Bill of Rights. Until March 2, it had by and large managed to do so without making moral or political judgments as to the rightness or wrongness of that citizen's ideas and without identifying itself with any political philosophy other than a devotion to personal freedom. The Union's stand had been (and must still be) that there is no privilege to disobey constitutional law, no matter how unwise, or even immoral, that law may be, without paying whatever price is attached to that disobedience. I personally believe that Dr. Spock and the Reverend Mr. Coffin have not exceeded those freedoms which the First Amendment allows them. The Union could have argued that point with all vigor and authority—not as counsel to the defendants, but as a friend of the court and a friend of the Bill of Rights. To go farther, to endorse their political views (as it will surely be taken to have done) is to recast the saying of Voltaire, so that it reads: "I approve of what you say, and I will therefore defend to the death your right to say it." I know of course, that not many men have ever really shared Voltaire's willingness to stand up for the right to express any idea, with a vigor which is unaffected by the defender's view of the merits of that idea. But it is peculiarly sad to see it abandoned by the American Civil Liberties Union.

Edward R. F. Sheehan

## CONVERSATIONS WITH KONRAD LORENZ

*One of the world's great scientists—and author of “On Aggression”—talks about animal behavior and man's, instinct and evolution, and the roles of art, psychiatry, and humor in helping to create a more humane life.*

Professor Lorenz came downstairs wearing an old windbreaker, corduroy leggings, and a pair of rubber boots. Not even a costume as casual as that could diminish the distinction of his appearance, his rich white mane and bearded chin themselves sufficient to persuade the visitor that he walked with a wise man. The Professor carried a bucket of barley grain and cursed his aching tooth; as we pursued the gravel path past the gray lake a helicopter chopped across the drizzly heavens. “Damned airplanes!” he exclaimed. “They scare the geese!”

He unlocked a rusty gate; we trod in the raw Bavarian mist over rolling autumn meadows by a forest of pine until we reached a large clearing; the Professor picked up a metal megaphone standing in the field, pointed it in the direction of his Institute, and shouted, “*Komm! Komm-komm! Komm!*” We waited, but the geese did not come. Through the drizzle of the darkening afternoon I could perceive only the distant buildings of the Max-Planck Institute for the Physiology of Behavior, all constructed in the style of Bavarian peasant houses and half-hidden among clusters of birch and willow trees, where colleagues of Dr. Lorenz were working with computers to decipher the song patterns of bullfinches, the smelling mechanisms of butterflies, the cybernetics of praying mantises. The Institute is situated well off the main road in a forest at Seewiesen, at least an hour's drive from Munich, but its remoteness has not prevented it from becoming a place of pilgrimage for naturalists from all over the world.

“*Komm!*” In a while we heard a wild honking from afar, until, at a high altitude, some of the geese began to glide above the meadow. Eventu-

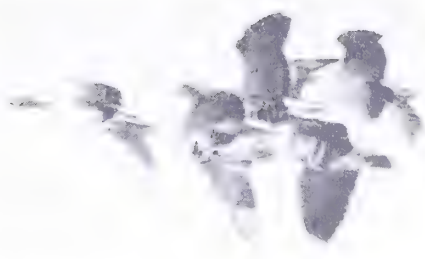
ally a few graylags landed; the Professor dug into his bucket, scattered some barley grain about, and started to scribble notes. More and more geese, scores of them, glided toward the ground, hovering like helicopters just before they landed—graylags, Canadians, barheads, white-fronted geese. “At present I'm studying communal fighting between families,” Dr. Lorenz remarked. Some snow geese waddled up to the Professor; bending over, he fed them from his bucket. “I call these ‘my five,’” he said. “They are very unpopular because I hand-reared them and I pamper them. There, see them snap at those graylag ganders. Now, we walk away from them and—just as the son of a rich man gets a beating when he is caught without his big brother—the graylags attack my five.”

“How is rank established among geese?” I asked.

“By previous fighting, of course. Geese are great status seekers. They have their own language and signal codes. Families always stick together. *Komm! Komm-komm!* I just made a magnificent observation. Those two families of graylags there, A and B let's call them, just ganged up and vanquished family C. Then family C met family A alone and beat them. The joke is that they all know it. Look at that old gander there—he's lost an eye. His wife is very courageous. She may even be a gander.”

“A gander!”

“I'm not quite sure, but homosexual pairs do occur and such an alliance is always very high-ranking, because no man and wife can stand up against two ganders. Homosexual pairs try to engage in the sex act but they can't. They both try to mount, but nothing functions. Nevertheless,





they remain together for a long time. Here come a couple of mallards. They're sexually perverted."

"Homosexuals?"

"No, they think they're geese. They were reared with geese and will respond only to geese."

"What lesson do you draw from that?"

"There's no *lesson*. We're just curious. What we've found may be of interest to psychopathologists: the fact that even in birds early childhood experiences may cause a permanent kink. There's a gay little goose: she's trying to steal someone's husband. Look at his wife go after her—peck as she might, she can't get that flirt to go away. Geese can be great flirts, but in principle they are monogamous. There are divorces—sometimes gradually, sometimes sudden and dramatic."

We were surrounded now by nearly two hundred noisy geese; presently we were joined as well by three lovely *fräulein*, assistants of Dr. Lorenz, who proceeded to dictate data on goose behavior into tiny tape recorders. Dr. Helga Fischer, another of his colleagues, emerged from the misty grass of an adjoining meadow; just as she did she lost her footing and fell to the ground, quite harmlessly. But the geese were terrified; in an instant, in an eerie honking chorus, they all took flight. We ducked, or rather I did—Professor Lorenz was well-splattered with goose *merde*. "Come on," he said. "Let's go home. You haven't learned nothing today."

As a layman, I imagined that I had already learned a great deal, for if any living scientist was qualified to interpret the bellicose behavior of the goose—and of man—it was Konrad Lorenz. Among many other things he is a biologist, zoologist, and a psychiatrist; probably no contemporary empiricist knows more about the kingdom of animals and its parallels to human action. Dr. Lorenz has been described by Sir Julian Huxley as "the father of modern ethology," a branch of the "new biology" which may be defined in its most elementary sense as the study of the behavior of animals in their natural environment, with particular regard to the role of instinct. This definition conveys no notion of the ethologist's sophisticated techniques, which in Arthur Koestler's words "make the classical naturalist look hopelessly old-fashioned."

Until two years ago Konrad Lorenz possessed a modest but enthusiastic body of admirers in America and Britain as the author of *King Solomon's Ring* (1952), a charming account of the comportment of various beasts, birds, and fishes; *Man Meets Dog* (1955), an equally delightful sequel to his earlier work; and *Evolution and Modification of Behavior* (1965), a highly technical

critical study of the concepts of "innate" and "learned" elements of behavior. It was not until 1966, however, with the publication in English of *On Aggression*, that Dr. Lorenz displayed to a wider audience the full scope of his scientific insights and literary skill, combining a remarkable gift for anecdote and humor with awesome empirical erudition—all of which made very credible his declaration that "I have something to teach mankind that may help it to change for the better."

The argument of *On Aggression* proceeds from a base of almost pure Darwinism to expound what amounts to a revolutionary view of the instinct of aggression in beasts and man, an instinct which Dr. Lorenz defines as being primarily "intra-specific"—predominantly directed against members of the same species. It is only in man that the aggressive urge becomes disruptive. In animals, it often serves an extremely constructive purpose which is essential to the preservation of the species. Aggression, quite to the same degree as the drives of hunger and sexuality, is an innate aptitude in its own right. In coral fish, for example, by balancing the distribution of individuals over the available "territory," by selecting the most rugged members to do the reproducing, and by defending the young, innate aggression helps to propagate and protect the species. Furthermore, evolution and natural selection have endowed many animals with special mechanisms and rituals which derive from aggression but which in the nick of time inhibit and redirect the instinct from lethal use against members of the same species. This applies not only in the "triumph ceremony" of the relatively harmless graylag gander, when the gander symbolically vanquishes an imaginary competitor for the edification of his goose and his gosling; the more savagely armed the beast—the wolf, for one—the stronger his built-in barriers to intra-specific slaughter.

Moreover, in a remarkable paradox, only aggressive animals are capable of close personal relations and the bond of love, since it is precisely from the aggressive instinct and from its inhibiting rituals that these emotions are phylogenetically derived. But unlike other animals, man has developed the powers of conceptual thought and verbal speech, faculties which have enabled him to invent weapons so effective that his instinctual inhibitions against killing fail to master the dangers arising from his inventions. Indeed, Dr. Lorenz postulates that "an unprejudiced observer from another planet, looking upon man as he is today, in his hand the atom bomb, the product of his intelligence, in his heart the aggressive drive

inherited from his anthropoid ancestors, which this same intelligence cannot control, would not prophesy long life for the species."

Dr. Lorenz makes an ardent plea that the insight which natural science provides into the causes of aggression in animals may endow us with the power to modify its effects in man. But first we must understand that man himself is an animal, perhaps first and foremost, and that—before it is too late—the analogous behavior of animals must be recognized by other disciplines as indispensable to any sane effort to analyze and thus to temper the errancies of human conduct. As Dr. Lorenz has written elsewhere: "It is high time that social and group psychology began to occupy itself with the physiological side of behavior and more especially with the innate processes. Hitherto it is only the demagogues who seem to have a certain working knowledge of these matters."

Dr. Lorenz's diagnosis is dazzling; he is much less convincing when he proposes remedies which would sublimate and redirect—not eliminate, since that is impossible—man's aggression against his fellow. He suggests an accentuation of peaceful competition between nations in sport and space, the exchange of more students between diverse cultures, the rechanneling of "militant enthusiasm" for the benefit of the young, the disavowal of jingoistic nationalist ideologies, and so on. He admits the inadequacy of such measures and expresses the hope that natural selection will favor the evolution of a higher and better being whose built-in inhibitions against aggression will be stronger than those we presently possess. Perhaps "the long-sought missing link between animals and the really humane being is ourselves!"

Such are the bare bones of Dr. Lorenz's argument, which is of course virtually bottomless in its moral and philosophical implications—implications which prompted me to return with him to his goose field on several subsequent afternoons to engage in leisurely chats. His books are stimulating—but not as stimulating as an hour of his conversation.

## Analogies from a Squid's Eye

**Question:** *Your probings into the depths of instinct seem to possess a certain affinity to the studies of Jung and his theory of "the collective unconscious."*

**K.L.:** I've tried to read Jung. He was a genius, and his thoughts contain a great amount of truth. But then I lose him in a labyrinth of mysticism.

I miss in him the desire to provide a natural physiological explanation for his conclusions. We are far from being able to bridge the gap between neurophysiology and the behavioral sciences. But at least the approach ought to be from the side of the natural sciences, and that's where I feel much more in sympathy with Freud than with Jung. These symbols of Jung's, the mandalas and so forth—I refuse to accept them. I just don't grasp them. I think they're eyewash, honestly. That's speculative philosophy—neither susceptible to proof nor to falsification. One has to be able to *disprove* an hypothesis.

*You mentioned Freud.*

**K.L.:** If he had discovered nothing else but the dynamics of drives he would have to be considered a great man. Freud discovered from an entirely different basis and approach that drives, or instincts, are sources of motivation which without any outward stimulation actively impel the organism to do something. In other words, he discovered spontaneity, for which we now think we have physiological explanations, and although I don't agree with all of present psychoanalytic doctrine I do consider Freud to be a great discoverer. He depended upon empirical evidence, even if it was one-sided.

*Didn't he overemphasize sexual motivation?*

**K.L.:** I couldn't give a simple answer to that. I wouldn't know. He may have been quite right. I do know more about animals than Freud or Jung did—that's my business—and more about evolution. I think that the problem of behavior, motivations, and the like can be approached only by strictly scientific methods, ones which have been used in the science of evolution in the days since Darwin. What Jung says about archetypes is very brilliant speculation, but on the whole it's not scientific.

*Some of your critics contend that you push your own conclusions too far. Arthur Koestler, for example, accuses you of offering us an "anseromorphic view" [anser = goose] of man, of taking flights on the treacherous wings of analogy by exaggerating the parallels of behavior between the goose and human beings.*

**K.L.:** I don't think I go too far. They harp that I draw false analogies. False analogies do not exist. An analogy of form or function can go more or less far, can be more or less detailed. If in an

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octopus or a squid I find an eye, with lens, an iris, a nerve—I need not even observe the animal—I need only to state these formal analogies to know it is an eye, which has evolved to see with. It has the same formation as my eye, my vertebrate eye, which has evolved independently of the octopus eye, but a detailed similarity informs me it has the same function, and nobody balks at calling it an eye. If I find some much more specialized forms of behavior, which presuppose a sensory and nervous organization which is infinitely more complex than that of a mere eye, then my assertion is perfectly justified that this behavior, which evolved independently in two entirely different groups of vertebrate animals, must indubitably serve the same function. Construct a computer model of an animal being jealous—one system having a social relationship with another, resenting a third one doing the same and interacting with both and trying to break up their relationship. This function would presuppose an enormous complication, much more so than the functioning of an eye. You can speak of jealousy with respect to dogs and ganders, certainly. Assertions that these are false analogies or anthropomorphizations betray a lack of understanding of functional conceptions. To call the animal jealous is just as legitimate as to call an octopus' eye an eye or a lobster's leg a leg.

*So much for jealousy. How far can you go in predicting animal and human behavior?*

**K.L.:** In certain respects you can predict how man will act. If you put a certain number of boys together in a classroom, you can predict there will be some striving for supremacy. You can predict the "pecking order." Some boys will be respected and dominant, others will be picked on and underdogs. This always happens when you put together five boys, five cockerels, five canary birds, five cichlid fish—you can see the same phenomenon. There is no doubt about the analogy of this be-

havior. When I gave a lecture on aggression at Honolulu University recently, I started by reading three or four pages of *Tom Sawyer*. Tom meets a new boy. "I can lick you," he says. One might call this syndrome "I-can-lick-you" behavior. This kind of behavior represents not merely a reaction to environment, it has the spontaneity of a true instinct, just like sex, which can be proved experimentally.

This was something Freud was perfectly aware of despite his theory of the death-drive, which incidentally I agree with only in part. What I mean is that repressed aggression may result in self-destructive behavior. It is now known to psychiatrists that a great number of suicides result from repressed aggression. Freud didn't really think so. But when he was in a depressed mood himself, he said that aggression was a self-drive originally and primarily directed at one's own self, deflected on one's own self, and then redirected against one's social environment. In my opinion, it's the other way around. Repressed aggression may turn back on one's own self and result in self-destructive behavior. My example of the death-drive is the man who is himself driving his automobile too fast in dense traffic, gets angry because others are inconsiderate, and drives still faster, endangering his own life.

Freud had a good excuse for his opinion because his model of an instinct is the sexual drive, which is really directed primarily at the self and then reflected outwards; no doubt there is some truth in that. But this does not apply to aggression. What Freud says generally about sex contains much truth—I don't believe that the sexual drive is quite as important as Freud contends; there are other drives we must contend with as well. But at least Freud knew that a drive is something that wants out. The repression of a drive requires a constant supply of energy. A better way of dealing with an unassuaged drive is to sublimate it. Man's

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE L. O. LORENZ



great struggle today is to find the correct and most constructive sublimation for his aggressive drives. My suggestions as to how he should proceed are anything but comprehensive, and to imply that I have pretended so is an unfair reproach of me. I have no pretensions to a universal system. I never said I was Doctor Know-It-All.

*But there is a cult growing up around your writings.*

**K.L.:** Such a cult would be a dangerous thing. I'd be the first to discourage that. A scientist may have pupils, but the most dangerous thing for a discoverer is to have disciples instead of pupils. Psychoanalysis, one of our most promising branches of science, has suffered because some of Freud's pupils turned into disciples.

## Science and "Free Will"

**S**peaking of your disciples, what is your opinion of Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative*, which has been all the rage?

**K.L.:** Ardrey started with an interesting theory and then went out and found convincing evidence for it, rather than the other way around, which would have been the more scientific. I admired his *African Genesis*. But in *The Territorial Imperative* he pushes his deductions too far and explains several things on the basis of territorial aggression. I found myself always saying "Yes—but." You can't explain everything in terms of territory. Geese, for example, except for defending a tiny nesting area before and during incubation, manifest no territorial behavior. But Ardrey is much more scientific than Arthur Koestler, because he confines himself to the population of what he really knows. Koestler, in his *The Act of Creation*, is guilty of several crude misrepresentations of my own and other people's work. At least Ardrey quotes me accurately.

*What of the impact of your discoveries about aggressive drives, in animals and humans, on the classical conceptions of free will?*

**K.L.:** I don't know anything about free will. The problem of free will is one that cannot be approached scientifically. I can observe myself when I am making a decision out of my own free will. I cannot doubt the reality of my own act, but I can only describe this as a phenomenologist, and how subjective phenomena correlate with physiological phenomena is a problem that cannot be solved by science.

But as a scientist I am absolutely convinced that everything I do is physically determined. I wouldn't necessarily say *causally* determined because the science of physics has lost its belief in the absolute applicability of causality everywhere. Causality loses its meaning in atomic physics. But the unpredictability of atomic events is not in my opinion an acceptable explanation of free will, nor is quantum physics. It is certainly possible that the sudden decision to some act could be the result of a quantum jump. A quantum jump cannot be predicted by causality but only statistically. However, to explain human acts in that light would give us only the freedom of chance, of the falling dice—just as has been proposed by the great German physicist and philosopher Pascual Jordan.

*Aren't members of an advanced culture intellectually freer of compulsive behavior patterns than primitives are?*

**K.L.:** Freer than primitives? Hardly. We of technological Western society are bound up intellectually in our taboos, cultural rituals, culturally determined norms of behavior, habits of thought, probably no less inescapably than the savages of the forest. Our norms and taboos are so much a matter of course with us that we don't notice them as we do the habits of strange cultures. Your "primitive" is a happily lazy man who would prob-





ably find the compulsions of structure in our culture very crazy. We are much more in danger than they. We are certainly nearer to self-extinction, to cultural suicide, than any primitive people ever were.

*You seem pretty much of a determinist.*

**K.L.:** In science I'm strictly a determinist. I see the evidence for free will only in myself. It would be ridiculous to deny it. To say that my perception of color is only subjective, an illusion, is stupid. All our supposedly objective knowledge comes to us through subjective experience. That others have the same free will proves it exists—practically it does. Philosophically there are objections. Solipsism—the belief that everything is a dream, that only I have existence—can't be disproved. On the other hand philosophers who profess not to believe in the reality of the extra-subjective world admit the existence of other men and that they have the same subjective experience as themselves. Physiologically you cannot find any proof that your brother man has a soul. Nevertheless, you end up by accepting as truth many things which command no scientific evidence.

I am confronted with two facts: One, I have to regard myself as a physical mechanism as strictly determined as physics are, as anything in the physical world is, otherwise I cease to be a scientist. Two, I have to face the fact that inside, subjectively, I experience free will. Am I exercising free will when I make a decision on the side of morality? This free will of the highest order is not the freedom of arbitrariness, it's a freedom to obey some very predetermined and complicated laws which are the laws of ethics. This is a description, not an explanation of free will. In any event, it is probably predetermined that I believe in my free will.

## Man on the Upgrade?

**B**ut I do not at all believe in what some theologians and philosophers call "fallen man" and "fallen nature." I believe in rising nature. Plato is the perfect believer in fallen nature. Like many Eastern philosophers, he yearned for man to rise again to a perfection he supposedly once possessed. I reject the doctrine of original sin. Sin signifies a deviation from the progressive development of man.

I do have a great sympathy for some of the ideas of Teilhard de Chardin. He sees redemption in the progress of evolution, which is aimed upwards. In a way, Christianity's belief in redemption makes it the most evolutionary and biological reli-

gion I know of because it believes in the rising of man. On the other hand, human history has been too brief to indicate definitely whether or not it represents an appreciable evolutionary progress. The span of written human history is really awfully short, and in terms of evolution it may represent an unhappy period. In fact, for all my optimism, man may be on the downgrade at this moment. Man hasn't really evolved that much within the period of recorded history, and neither have animals—unless dogs have, perhaps. But on the whole, taken from the beginning, evolutionary history is indubitably progressive. The higher animals have more essential value than lower ones. I think we can see some progress in human history but I don't think we can prove it. Man is subject to progressive evolution.

*Many Christian theologians would of course object that you miss the point of the doctrine of original sin. They call it the *felix culpa*—the starting point for man's drive upwards toward redemption.*

**K.L.:** I only object to the doctrine of *re-demption*. I believe in *demption*, if I may mint a word, not *re-demption*. Furthermore, I object strongly to all the cyclic theories of history: the idea that the rhythm of history is a constant repetition of the same inexorable patterns. History never repeats itself; it is sometimes similar to the past in its development but it is also constantly new and changing in its progress. What is utterly unique in human history during the last few centuries is the knowledge explosion, and all of science has participated in that.

*Of course the life cycle repeats itself.*

**K.L.:** It does indeed, but not exactly. Were it not for the little deviations from exact repetition, there would be no evolution. Evolution is slower than cultural development by powers of ten—a million times slower, perhaps. Cultural development progresses quickly, but its very speed is dangerous. Thus the great question is: will man gain sufficient knowledge of himself before he destroys himself? We are witnessing a race between self-knowledge and self-destruction. I don't accept any appreciable genetical differences between peoples and races. The barbarism of the Nazis could have happened anywhere. It was a sort of mass psychosis, like burning witches, or war itself, which I regard as absolutely pathological. The "territorial imperative" does much to explain the causes of war, such as the Arab-Israeli dispute, which I consider almost purely territorial. In a review of *On Aggression*, Margaret Mead made an excellent criticism of my work. As regards human aggression generally, she said, poor Lorenz forgot that

there is also a strong element in predatory instinct. Human aggression cannot be explained simply in terms of territory. The predatory instinct is neither territorial hunger nor pure aggression. And to that I say, yes indeed, Margaret Mead is right; I forgot about that.

*In your earlier work, Evolution and Modification of Behavior, you made a searching distinction between the concepts of "innate" and "learned" behavior. Evidently you believed that a great many of the modern psychologists badly needed to be put in their place.*

**K.L.:** Yes, I consider *Evolution* my most important book, and I hoped it would settle the argument. Some psychologists believe that everything in human and animal behavior is "learned" and can therefore be controlled by nurture. Marx made the same error. He didn't consider the instinctive side of human nature. He thought in terms of stimulus and response, believing that if only we could remove cruelty and oppression—and all the other stimuli that supposedly produce aggression—man would turn into an angel. He was wrong, because aggression doesn't depend on stimulus or environment. It's built in. Man is programmed that way.

*In that case can we hope that man will find some way to avoid destroying himself?*

**K.L.:** Only if he discovers more intelligent and less harmful outlets for his innate aggression. Much more clever and effective techniques of sublimation can be evolved; don't ask me exactly what or how. But the answer is more complicated than just having all of us go out and play some football. For example, consider "redirected activity." If a furious woman smashes crockery instead of hitting her husband—that's not sublimation, that's redirected activity, which can be very useful and at times even necessary. If you want proof, consider the notion of "non-frustration" children: the belief that by never frustrating a child you will produce a non-frustrated man. This was a disastrous experiment. The "non-frustration" hypothesis caused incalculable damage to mental health. Struggle is necessary for everyone. You cannot achieve success without working hard for it, which always involves some frustration. Imagine the angry child who draws only a placid response from his parents at all times: this is the greatest frustration of all, and it's dangerous.

*Speaking of aggression, I'd like to hear a little of your experiences during the last world war. Perhaps you'd prefer to start even earlier.*

**K.L.:** You mean about my career?

Yes.

**K.L.:** My greatest debt is to Darwin. I learned

my Darwin from a Benedictine priest in high school in Vienna, the city of my birth. I was fifteen when the first world war ended, and after spending a few months studying biology at Columbia in New York I entered the University of Vienna, where I studied medicine and acquired my medical degree. I was qualified as a comparative anatomist but I didn't practice as an M.D. until the second world war. Zoology was what interested me, and I started studying that. In 1935 I was offered an unpaid lectureship in comparative anatomy and comparative psychology at the Zoological Institute of Vienna. Daringly I chucked my paid job at the Anatomical Institute of Vienna to take the lectureship. Incidentally, my wife—who is a physician, too—held a paid position as a gynecologist in a hospital. I was very successful as a lecturer.

At the Zoological Institute I collaborated for a time with Professor Niko Tinbergen, and between the two of us we founded the science of ethology. I was good with intuition, hunches, and observation, he was the experimenter *par excellence*. We complemented each other perfectly, and we still do. He's now at Oxford, and still my closest friend. In 1940, one year after the war came, I accepted an appointment as professor of psychology at the University of Königsberg, the citadel of Kantian philosophy. At Königsberg I acquired a deep admiration of Kant but a hatred of German idealistic philosophy. The consequences of that philosophy were so unfortunate. It contributed to Germany's ills, particularly the notion that history has a *purpose*—that it's not causally determined—and a mission. Then I was drafted into the army. For me the only good thing about the war was that it forced me into psychiatry.

*Hadn't you ever met Freud earlier in Vienna?*

**K.L.:** No, never, and I repent it deeply today. I could have met him so easily! But at the time I was a very intolerant young scientist and I despised Freud for his inexactitude. Freud was slightly demagogic. On page five he would present some speculation. On page fifteen he would say of the same thing, "As we have shown to be probable." On page twenty, it would become, "As we have already proved." I distrusted him. Even though he was right there in Vienna I never attended his lectures. What a pity, for his style was so crystalline, and no one could write better German than Freud, not even Thomas Mann, the acknowledged master of the language. It wasn't until I got deeper into my own behavioral work and realized the parallels that I really became interested in Freud. I started reading him intensively just before the war, and by that time he had fled to London. Even during the war—when I was



a prisoner of the Russians—I managed to get some of his books. This was a feat, because the Russians hated Freud as much as the Nazis did.

*How did you happen to practice psychiatry during the war?*

**K.L.:** I was recruited into the German army in 1941 from my professorship at Königsberg. I was thirty-eight years old. They made me a common G.I. It was overlooked that I was an M.D. At first I was employed as a motorcycle dispatch rider in East Prussia—I'd done a lot of motorcycle racing in my younger days. Then it was discovered that I was a medical man, and I was assigned to a hospital in Poznan as a psychiatrist and neurologist. I worked there from 1942 to 1944, when they sent me to the Russian front as an army doctor with the grade of sergeant; I never became an officer. I was taken prisoner three months later in June 1944 near Vitebsk in White Russia.

The Russians put me to work as a prisoner-doctor in one of their military hospitals. I was the neurologist in charge of six hundred beds. I went on to become camp doctor in thirteen different prisoner camps ranging from White Russia to near the Urals to the Upper Viataka River, down to trans-Caucasia—Armenia—and back to Moscow before I was liberated.

## An Aristocracy of Gangsters

**W**hat were the main lessons you learned from your experience in Russian camps?

**K.L.:** One of them was that a POW camp was such a remarkably self-contained model of human society. There you could observe crystallized the whole range of human weaknesses. You had a status system, a rigid ranking order as in geese, an aristocracy of gangsters. At its best it could serve as an ideal of human society, at its worst a grotesque caricature. And I can assure you that at all times it was far from being a classless society.

During the war, very many of my patients were hysterics, schizophrenics, and psychotics. The term "shell shock" was unknown then; we called them "breakdowns." In many of my camps I saw men dying of starvation. That's the softest and least painful death you can imagine: the men die in their sleep.

*Some of the saints have told us that starvation can induce mystical experience. Aldous Huxley agreed, and attributed this to chemical changes in the body brought on by the starvation process. Did you see any evidence of that?*

**K.L.:** The mystical phase is experienced only

by the well-fed man who is starved suddenly. But when a man is gradually starved, in the initial and middle phases he becomes by turns absolutely bestial, asocial, apathetic, irascible, and completely egotistical. So Huxley's observation is not true of gradual starvation. No one could care less for mysticism than a man experiencing the final phases of prolonged starvation. He even ceases to care for eating.

*When were you liberated?*

**K.L.:** Not until 1948. I returned to Vienna where I started a small private institute and continued my ethological studies. Later the Max-Planck Gesellschaft invited me to establish my present institute, at first in Westphalia, and, since 1955, here in Bavaria.

*I'd like to pursue a few more implications of your writings since then. In *On Aggression*, you state that the expert teaching of biology is the one and only foundation on which really sound opinions about mankind and its relation to the universe can be built. Isn't this claiming a bit too much for biology? Can't others learn as much about mankind in their own disciplines and perceptions?*

**K.L.:** No, this isn't claiming too much for biology. Ordinarily, intelligent people must learn more about the essential biological facts, in order to acquire the proper perspective with which to assess themselves and others as human beings. The younger generation today tends to be very irreverent, and this is a dangerous state of affairs. A general lack of reverence toward the deep traditions of a culture, and even toward the order of the universe, such as we witness so much of presently, means a blindness to real values. If you bring up a young man in a big city where he sees only man-made things, he senses how impermanent it all is, how easily it can be destroyed and built up again. Tear down that old building there, get rid of that rusty Cadillac—better ones are being made. Young people in urban society are bored to tears because they observe nothing in the world that's really worthwhile; they are ignorant of a whole universe of life and order and values which deserves their veneration. But if you were to teach young men and women biology in the interesting manner it merits—and not just to impart technical knowledge—you might awaken their subconscious sense of beauty.

*Can't art do that?*

**K.L.:** A real education in art or music might produce similar results. In fact, gifted young artists are about the only young people today who are not irreverent. But there are many people who have no aptitude for art. My point is that if you

take a child out into the woods far from the city, and teach him about nature, you'll never get a Teddy-boy. In biology the quests for beauty and knowledge go so splendidly hand in hand.

*You've also written that the danger to modern man arises not so much from his power of mastering natural phenomena as from his powerlessness to control sensibly what is happening today in his own society. I certainly agree with that—particularly in view of the Vietnam war and the urban riots in America last summer—but then you go on to say that this powerlessness is entirely the consequence of the lack of our insight into the causation of human behavior. I wonder. Isn't this the same sort of hyperbole that Freud and some of his disciples have practiced? I really wonder whether it's enough to know what's wrong in order to achieve a cure. A great many of us know what is wrong within ourselves—but we don't change because we don't really want to change.*

**K.L.:** I am simply insisting that even with the highest moral principles you cannot manage human sociology without knowledge. The recognition of what's wrong in man and his society does not remove the evils there, but scientific evidence and precise data are prerequisites for doing something about them. I don't know, with believers perhaps prayer can achieve the same result.

## If There Is a God...

*In your writings you've disavowed the belief that man is "nothing but" an ape; you add that he is essentially more. Without getting into the scholastic conceptions of the soul, as between apes and men do you at least see any room for the intervention of a divine spark?*

**K.L.:** Yes. Every step of evolution is the divine spark. Every step of evolution is of a different dimension and importance—but behold the spark, spark, spark all the time. Admittedly the spark which intervenes between anthropoids and hominids is one of the bigger sparks, but even that is not half as interesting or as much a riddle still as the origin of life itself. As for who or what God is, I do not try to conceive of Him. If there is a God, He exists entirely beyond the power of human conception.

*Nehru once remarked that the more we discover of the forces of nature and the universe, the less we look for supernatural causes.*

**K.L.:** That is an entirely mistaken conception of religion. It is a fundamental error to believe that even a complete explanation of the universe would have any dismantling influence on the phi-

losophy of values and religions. That notion of Nehru's was something which is typical of German idealism: the belief that you dethroned God by explaining nature. All of the sciences put together couldn't constitute a convincing argument to push out the possibility of God. But I say that it's a very primitive belief to think that God, if He exists at all, exists only in miracles and not in natural phenomena. Confining God to events in which the laws of nature are suspended or don't even apply is the worst possible blasphemy. He needn't suspend the laws of nature; if He did, He would contradict Himself. I think He would contradict Himself if He really made the Eucharist His own body and blood. The idea of the Eucharist wasn't meant to mean that in the beginning; I'm convinced that it was intended only to be a symbol, but it was taken too literally. One mustn't treat the statements of mystical writers as if they were the pronouncements of a modern physicist.

*I know that you agree with G. K. Chesterton that—to a considerable extent—the religion of the future will be based on humor. And I agree with you that we do not as yet take humor seriously enough.*

**K.L.:** Humor somehow enforces absolute honesty with oneself. A humorous man cannot be pompous, or take himself too seriously. This is very fundamental to the scientist's honesty and to the ethics of science generally. One must always be ready to say ha-ha-ha when one is proved entirely wrong.

*Have you ever been proved entirely wrong?*

**K.L.:** Yes. I was totally mistaken when I believed that all behavior, all instinct, was based on chain reflexes, which is what I was brought up on. I still believed that in 1936, when I wrote a paper on the conception of instinct.

*You've stated somewhere that you intend to tell the life history of a goose in one of your future books. A whole book about one goose?*

**K.L.:** No, I don't intend to write a whole book about one goose. I might write one whole chapter, or one whole nice short story with some embroidery and fantasy—or one could make one novel out of one goose.

*The Zen philosophers have a saying, "The wild geese do not intend to cast their reflection. The water has no mind to receive their image."*

**K.L.:** That's beautiful. It's true that geese don't see their reflection in the waters. They don't look for it. Perhaps some primates do.

*Could it be that the reflection does not exist at all—unless there's a man there to see it?*

**K.L.:** Poor fellow—you're a solipsist if you believe that.



**"I do not believe the greatest threat to our future is from bombs or guided missiles. I don't think our civilization will die that way. I think it will die when we no longer care. Arnold Toynbee has pointed out that 19 of 21 civilizations have died from within and not by conquest from without. There were no bands playing and flags waving when these civilizations decayed. It happened slowly, in the quiet and the dark when no one was aware."**

**—Laurence M. Gould  
President Emeritus, Carleton College**

## **W**hat can business and industry do?

The job of rehabilitating our cities, of making them fit for all to live in, must rest primarily with government. But it's a job too big for government alone.

It's everybody's problem. Business, labor, private citizens. Negro and white alike.

So everyone is needed to solve it. Help is needed in building and improving housing, creating job-training centers, re-evaluating hiring practices, participating in community programs of health and education.

Here are some efforts already under way:

As a start, Detroit auto companies have hired some 30,000 ghetto residents.

As a start, Aerojet-General Corporation bought an abandoned plant in Watts, staffed it with 430 unskilled employees and secured a 2.5 million-dollar Defense Department contract.

As a start, United States Gypsum Company has rehabilitated 12 slum tenements (250 units) in Harlem and is now engaged in other projects in Chicago and Cleveland.

The Avco Economic Systems Corporation recently opened a printing plant in Roxbury, Massachusetts, with 69 employees. The operation marks the beginning of a training and permanent-employment program for an eventual 232 hard-core unemployed.

The Fairchild Hiller Corporation, working with the Model Inner City Community Organization, is establishing a wood products plant in Washington D.C. that will eventually be community-owned, with newly employed slum residents sharing in profits.

A group of life insurance companies has made a commitment to invest 1 billion dollars for housing and jobs in slum areas. More than one-third of this has already been earmarked for specific projects.

Many other businesses throughout the country are taking up this call to action. But it's only a beginning. To make a truly effective beginning all businesses and industries must help. For the cost will be huge.

## **W**hat can the individual citizen do?

First, the private citizen must educate himself to the dimensions of the problem. By reading. By listening to what his

own civic leaders have to say. By pondering what responsible broadcast and newspaper leadership recommends.

He can take a further step in joining citizens' organizations, working with local educational and planning boards, and lending his support to community efforts to lick the problem.

And there are things he can do personally.

As a start, interested groups are working in cooperation with local labor unions in helping young ghetto residents of Newark, Cleveland, Buffalo and Brooklyn to enter the building and construction trades. By recruiting, screening, counseling and tutoring, they have already helped 250 men from the Brooklyn area alone to gain union membership.

As a start, a former auto worker has formed a committee which will soon have Watts citizens farming some 30 acres for themselves for profit.

As a start, individuals, local businessmen, and corporations in St. Louis have contributed over \$150,000 to a neighborhood organization to rehabilitate slum dwellings and make possible resident ownership.

## **I**t's up to all of us.

Our cities have now become one of the greatest challenges facing this country. We feel America has the means to face this challenge and win.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

*For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you, your business, religious, social, or civic organization can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."*

**Institute of Life Insurance**  
277 Park Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10017  
On behalf of the Life Insurance Companies in America

## **C**ould this happen to us? To our families? To our way of life? Could this happen to America the beautiful?

Well, look around. You can see signs of it this very moment in every major city in this country. You can see it in the slums, in the jobless, in the crime rate. In our polluted air, in our foul rivers and harbors and lakes. You can see it in our roads strangled with traffic.

You know the problems confronting our cities. Now we must all do something about it. While there is still time. Before our cities become unfit places in which to live.

## **W**hy are the life insurance companies so concerned?

Our business involves people. Our service is security for their future. Unless the problems of our cities can be solved, we are dismayed at the prospect of greater personal tragedy and at the economic consequences.

The alarm has already been sounded. By the President of the United States. By concerned people all over America. America's life insurance companies—so long a part of the American scene and quite probably of your own life—are adding their voices to a call for action. We hope that call can help persuade men of good will, as businessmen and as private individuals, to act and act now.

Concerted action *now* can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unmatched anywhere else in this world. Now it is up to all of us to see to it that these resources are put to constructive use.



## After Hours *by Russell Lynes*

### MOVING THROUGH NOGUCHI

Seven years ago this spring I flew back to New York from the Canadian Conference on the Arts in Toronto with Isamu Noguchi, sculptor, stage designer, architect of playgrounds and gardens, fashioner of lamps and furniture—half-Japanese and half-American. He told me that he was engaged in writing a book that had started out to be a collaboration with a literary man, but that the collaboration had fallen apart because Noguchi thought that the book did not seem to be a reflection of himself. He was struggling with it on his own. It was not his medium, but he thought he had got somewhere with the text, and he had made a dummy of how it should be laid out and illustrated. He was uncomfortable about what had happened to his relationship with the

collaborator, and he did not know what to do next with the manuscript and the layouts.

I asked if I might see them, and several days later he sent them to me. The text, which was under ten thousand words, I would guess, had a poetical elegance, directness, and clarity; it was partly autobiographical in the born-where, moved-when, studied-how-and-with-whom sense as well as in the sense of how a boy who had no intention of becoming a sculptor (for a while he studied to be a physician) found himself engaged in creating a three-dimensional world, different from the one which for most people in our time is, at least visually, two-dimensional. (We are more used to looking at pictures of objects than at objects themselves; and only when

a photographer or a painter has made a selection and a focus for us) are we likely to look with discrimination at our world. Other people's legends come over our eyes and our sensibilities.

My efforts to get the book published were of no avail, and as it has since come out, that is probably just as well. The book that has just appeared (unless my memory is at fault) is a book in every respect than the manuscript and layouts that I saw. The text is a great deal fuller, but it retains its economical and its quality and its elegance. The layout of the book, which was printed in Japan, is far more luxurious

\*Isamu Noguchi, *A Sculptor's World*. Foreword by R. Buckminster Fuller. Harper & Row, \$20.

*Noguchi's studio, a converted factory in Long Island City across the East River from Manhattan, is a scene of controlled chaos.*



"Any material," Noguchi says, "any idea without hindrance born into space, I consider sculpture." A retrospective show of his work is at the Whitney Museum in New York this spring.

## AFTER HOURS

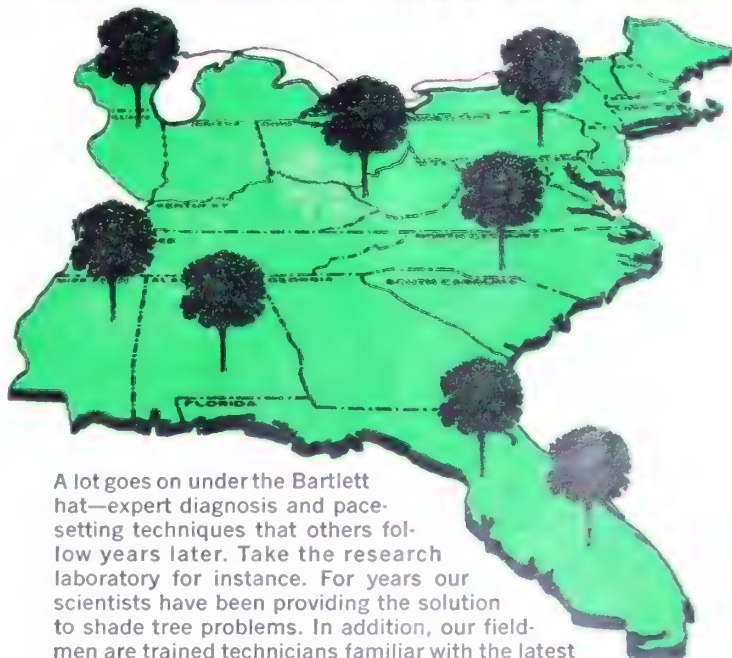
s 255 black-and-white illustrations and 13 color plates, comments on each of the works illustrated, and in some cases working drawings. Most of the work is sculpture, but there are ballets, Noguchi's famous *akari* lamps, models and drawings and photographs of gardens and playgrounds—the works,” you might say, if not the complete production of the artist.

Isamu Noguchi was born in Los Angeles in 1904; his mother was Irish and his father, of whom he was never to see a great deal, was a celebrated Japanese poet. He spent most of his childhood in Japan, where when he was about ten he stole a stone from a neighbor's wood to put in a little garden he was building next to his mother's house. It was, he says, “my earliest feeling of guilt. . . . Each time Haruhiko san came to call, I expected him to recognize his rock. He never did.” His first sculpture was a sea wave in clay with a blue glaze.” He came to the United States in his early teens, went to high school in Indiana, did odd jobs for the sculptor Anton Borghum (who assured him he would never be a sculptor), went to Columbia University to take “pre-med,” and worked in the evenings at a restaurant. His mother suggested to him that he go to an art school in a converted church in what is now called the East Village (and was then “the Lower East Side”). It was run by an Italian artist who was impressed with his talent and offered to employ him for the same amount he was making in the restaurant. “I became a sculptor,” he writes, “even against my will.”

The evolution of Noguchi is not, as is with many less restless and talented men, the evolution and refinement of a style. He professes to be suspicious of style as an entrapment of the artist, a pose in which the art-freezes into a recognizable and marketable commodity at the cost of losing the truth which can be approximated (if not ever fully attained) only by constant searching and experiment. Sculpture can be made of anything that will stand still long enough to be subjected to the artist's intention, he believes. “Everything was sculpture,” he writes of the 1930s. “Any material, any idea without hindrance born into space. I considered sculpture. I worked with wood, bones, paper, strings,



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other guy. (or gal)



## AFTER HOURS

cloth, shell, wire, wood, and plastics; and with magnesite which I had learned to use at the World's Fair. The way it works thin with burlap re-enforcing permits shell-like hollow structures. One day I put an electric light bulb inside, marking the birth of light-sculpture."

But sculpture was by no means all he did: there were excursions into industrial design—he invented a gadget called the Radio Nurse, "a device for listening into other rooms within a house, as a precaution against kidnapping (such as the Lindbergh case)," which was manufactured by Zenith in 1937; design furniture (including the famous sculptured wood and glass coffee table which was made by the Herman Miller Furniture Company and sold by the thousands); and lamps of sculptured paper manufactured in Japan. His ideas were continually being stolen and imitated. "Plagiarism, of which I have been a constant victim," he says, "is not as painful when a thing is copied outright as when it is distorted and vulgarized in an attempt to disguise the theft."

Fame did not come slowly to Noguchi, if fame that matters is the recognition of one's peers. Fame that was converted into material rewards, however, came slowly. Like many artists who lived in America a century before him, he had to set aside the pursuit of his experiments with form and make portraits, for which, human vanity being always in good supply, he had a ready market. "In the meantime," he writes, "I entered every competition that came along. I even thought up projects. I was willing to do almost anything to get out of my rut—to find the means to practice an art I did not have to sell." His luck changed in 1938, "The real danger of competitions," he said, "is that one might some day win one. Then there is the time-consuming job of execution—and one is stuck with its reputation." He had won the competition to do a bas-relief over the entrance of the Associated Press Building in Rockefeller Plaza in New York.

Noguchi's reputation is now as universal and seemingly as secure as that of any sculptor of our time—always with the exception of Picasso, who seems to make sculpture just for the fun of it and is incomparable. Noguchi

is a hero in Japan, not surprisingly, and designed the approach to two bridges in Hiroshima. He turned just a few months ago to Israel, where he had gone, he said, "to attend to my garden," a sculpture garden at the National Museum in Jerusalem. There are Noguchi gardens, it seems, almost everywhere, in places as disparate as New Delhi and Paris (at the UNESCO building). In some respects the gardens are the most satisfactory of Noguchi's work, instead of being sculpture to look at and through and to touch and to walk around (and they contain such sculpture) they are in themselves sculpture to inhabit, to walk through, to become part of. Human figures standing or moving in such gardens are absorbed as mobile elements of the garden's composition.

On a day this February when the air was filled half with rain and half with snow I drove out to Noguchi's studio in Long Island City to see some pictures. He lives and works in a small converted factory in a warehouse and industrial section. Chunks with hooks on them hang from the ceiling for moving heavy stones. The main part of the factory is divided by a partition and the effect is one of quietly controlled chaos . . . corridors filled with finished pieces, open spaces with work in progress, stonecutting tools, and plaster models. One end of the factory is Noguchi's living quarters, a living-room kitchen and a bedroom up a short flight of stairs. When I saw him he was getting ready for the retrospective exhibition of his work at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, which is on show from April 17 to June 17.

Some weeks before it opened I asked the Museum's director, J. H. Baur, if there was any likelihood that the show would travel to other museums. He was sorry, but "many of the most important pieces are so heavy that it wouldn't be practical." Noguchi's important books are no means too heavy either in bulk or in readability, and though not a dimensional substitute for sculpture can be more than a whetting of the appetite, one can move through the pages with almost the same delicacy as one might move through one of the author's gardens.

# First Novels: Sweet and Sour

Irving Howe

**Creep**, by Jeffrey Frank. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50.

**Suit of Happiness**, by Thomas E. Morris. New American Library, \$3.95.

**Once All But He Had Fled**, by J. P. Davis. Viking, \$5.75.

**By Ronald Sukenick**. Dial, \$4.95.

**Faithful**, by Nancy Kline. William Morrow, \$3.50.

For a period of weeks I have been looking at a batch of first novels and, for the most part, the effect, I must report, isn't quite as delightfully bewildering as it ought to be. The vivid novelties, the freshness of outlook, the assertion of literary power that one might expect of new writers isn't really very much in evidence. Of talent there is plenty, and of technical expertness more. These young writers have usually been trained in the university; they are briskly professional in approach, they seem to have been indoctrinated from the very onset of their ABCs. But something is missing. They possess neither the passionate interest in the details of social life nor the belief that the novel can be as an agency of moral reform, which has characterized great writers of the past. And lest I seem, in the phrase now goes, to be "putting it down," let me hurry to add that I don't think it's their fault. They are, for young novelists, at a bad

time. Now it is hard to approach the writing of fiction with that open-eyed wonder and enthusiasm one encounters among students who announce they are "making movies." To write a novel at this late date is to take one's place in a fully developed, perhaps an overdeveloped tradition; it is to crowd into an arena of the imagination where only a few decades

ago the giants of literary modernism were producing one experimental masterpiece after another; and it is to begin work at a time when neither the nineteenth-century tradition of conventional realism nor the twentieth-century tradition of modernist innovation seems still to be fruitful.

What is a young writer to do? He can neither escape the influence of yesterday's masters nor turn back to those of the day before. He comes at a moment of literary crisis—that is, a moment when there is no operative tradition or confining agreement among serious writers as to the formal and thematic directions the novel should take. By contrast, if you decide to "make movies"—a decision sometimes made by young people out of a wish to drop the burdens of intellectuality and even knowledge—you have only a few "masters" to acknowledge, and these probably figures who have been raised by the film cult to a premature apotheosis. You can then indulge yourself in all sorts of pleasant amateurism, and you can shake off those complex historical and cultural associations which the written word is likely to carry.

Now, as far as the movies go, this seems all right. We don't really bring to the film the expectations that we do to literature, and we are much more likely to accept bouncy simplifications and charming improvisations on the screen than on the page. Perhaps we are in a position somewhat like that of cultivated readers in the early eighteenth century who were not so unreasonable as to expect from Defoe what they expected from Pope.

Yet one immediate difficulty with recent American fiction has been that, in response to the styles of "swinging," black humor, and neo-primitivist romanticism, it has also decided

to shake off the complexities that seem inseparable from modernist literature. And in fiction the new sensibility, the sensibility of the "youth culture," doesn't look as good or as fresh as in the film—for pretty much the same reason that a lady of forty-eight doesn't look as good or as fresh in miniskirts as a girl of eighteen. That cultural style which consists of a mishmash of hippiedom, New Left, popular music, and drugs is obviously of social importance; it expresses authentic moods of rebellion and despair, as well as the kinds of mind-blown falsities which play directly into the hands of the mass media; but so far, at least, it has not really lent itself to the production of serious writing. It is too narcissistic, too hostile toward the idea of history, too fixed programmatically on notions of unprogrammed spontaneity, and too infatuated with simple-lifeism for the kinds of moral awareness and social tough-mindedness which the novel as a genre seems to require.

As it happens, most of the first novels I've been reading don't entirely or uncritically yield themselves to this cultural style, and one or two even try to resist. But all, perhaps unavoidably, are implicated with it.

Jeffrey Frank's *The Creep* seems, at first glance, to derive from the post-Kafka atmosphere of American fiction as it prevailed in the years directly after World War II. A minor *tour de force* displaying genuine gifts, *The Creep* records the suffer-

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Mr. Howe has written widely on politics, society, and literature. He is the editor of the magazine "Dissent," professor of English at Hunter College, and bimonthly book critic of "Harper's."



ings of Bartholomew, twenty-five, who comes to a big city and finds himself swallowed up by loneliness. There are many literary echoes and resemblances: Sherwood Anderson's grotesques, Camus's stranger, Kafka's clerks, Singer's *schlemiels*. But at some point Mr. Frank's story does connect significantly with the new "youth culture," in that Bartholomew seems the figure many young people fear they really are or will become, that half-hidden double behind all their advertised zaniness and vigor.

No jobs, no girls, no friends, not even a crumb of conversation—that's Bartholomew's story. All he can find are an evening with a ghastly teenybopper, an "arranged" party of the sort you see advertised every Saturday in the *New York Post*, and a quick hop into a prostitute's bed. Yet a good while before Bartholomew plunges into the depths of his psychic vacuum we have lost interest, for *The Creep* is a novel rigidly fixed in its own premises and we soon discover that nothing but more and more pain will follow. What's the point, we then ask; why subject oneself to further exercises in humiliation?

Mr. Frank is very skillful, but his novel remains airless, claustrophobic, locked into a ruthlessness of perception. In real life Bartholomew might indeed be a hopeless case, but in a novel there has to be some contingency, some surprise, some variation. Even if you don't believe the human lot has more to offer than this prospect of wretchedness, you must write *as if* you do. Otherwise, liquor is quicker.

Thomas Roger's *Pursuit of Happiness*, by contrast, seems to come from the very center of the new sensibility, a pure fable of alienation and distrust. If the publishers can get the word around to the right universities, this book ought to be a commercial success, for it seems so thoroughly to express the sentiments of a certain brand of campus radicalism—innocent, egocentric, middle-class, and apolitical—that younger readers will feel that here is a book which really speaks for them.

*Pursuit of Happiness* stays in one's memory, perhaps because it contains a structured action, something like a plot, intended to reveal a cluster of

meanings. Its central figure is a young rich boy, William Popper, living at the edge of the University of Chicago, involved with campus radicalism in a free-lance sort of way, and enjoying an affair with a likable girl, Jane Kaufman, daughter of an academic liberal. At once pleasing and feckless, generous and unreflective, they are figures recognizable to anyone who has spent some time on the American campus.

Mr. Rogers entraps them by having William accidentally run over and kill a pedestrian. By refusing the customary little hypocrisies which gain indulgence from judges, William gets himself sentenced to a year in prison. He breaks out, gathers up his Jane, and takes off for Mexico, where they will now lead the uncorrupted life. Williams feels no regret at having left the U. S. behind him; it's not his kind of country.

As a plot this has a glaring weakness: it makes the clash between William and American culture, meant to suggest an irreconcilable opposition of values, dependent on a mere automobile accident. But as a fable exhibiting the style of alienation, *Pursuit of Happiness* seems entirely attuned to the current emotions of "youth culture." When William gets into trouble his very rich grandmother supports his decision to flee the country, while Professor Kaufman, the stuffy liberal who keeps muttering about social responsibilities, proves hostile to the young people. Mr. Rogers never says much on his own, being cool to the point of caginess, but he arranges his material so as to make certain that the liberal—cast, of course, as the main enemy—is never allowed to declare the reasons for his dismay or even to say anything coherent at all. Mr. Rogers is thereby likely to endear himself to those young people who regard liberals as all but indistinguishable from finks; but as a novelist he is taking the easy way out. For he has failed to see that, in a novel dealing with a clash of ideas or political outlooks, it is necessary to endow the opposition with some powers of articulation.

Yet one can't be entirely sure that Mr. Rogers fails to see through the amiable young prig he has created in William. Exiled in Mexico, William soon makes certain that the family

trust fund will keep him in groceries and luxuries—and one can foresee a future in which he reads *Regis* and bray, sneers at the compromises of his social-democratic father-in-law, and keeps a sharp eye on the stock market quotations. This too seems emblematic of a certain strand of New Leftism, and surely Mr. Rogers is too shrewd a writer not to realize that this final and very amusing touch calls into question his novel as a paradigm or defense of youth estrangement.

(To which I anticipate two responses: one from certain young readers deciding that in the end Mr. Rogers, like his Professor Kaufman, sells out, and the other from William Buckley that there's just no getting away from the glories of capitalism, e.g., young Popper's trust fund.)

Apart from some silly dialogue passed off as student humor, *Pursuit of Happiness* is neatly written. It is likely to "bug" adult readers, whether Mr. Rogers really wished to settle for so modest an outcome or not. Perhaps, like many of our academics these days (he teaches at the University of Pennsylvania), Mr. Rogers wanted to identify himself with the "swingers" yet at the same moment, needled by his intelligence, he had to toss a bone to the big goddess of Maturity.

L. J. Davis's *Whence All But He* is a novel about the East Village, written in a spirit so amiable that one finds oneself reading it in the same relaxed, even collapsed, way one watches an old Hollywood musical on late TV. The locale of this novel rouses associations with drugs, hippies, and racial clash; the narrative voice is that of an utterly good-natured American boy ready to take things as they come, including a rejection of sex and hijinks in bohemia while preparing himself for the outside "real" world of money, fame, and jobs. It is a narrative voice quite free from self-pity or ideological signs; it cozies one along through nicely shaped sentences, friendly jokes, small-town kindness.

Mr. Davis sets his hero Probish Penrod in bluejeans, adrift in the East Village, but Probish never finds there those complicating or alarming experiences everyone else seems to have. He has a bit of fun with a girl who

## BOOKS

atite for sex doesn't equal her ap-  
te for food; with a Jewish land-  
who smothers him with advice,  
ng-kindness, and sandwiches; and  
some wacky friends who set  
a sequence of troubles about  
h one is never really troubled.  
plot, some amusing lines. In the  
Probish moves toward "matur-"  
is it? or the prison of salaries  
regular hours? No matter; he'll  
e out.

ehind this sunny little novel is an  
ication rather disheartening:  
the subculture of rebellion  
n't have a chance against the  
wd innocence of that all-Ameri-  
boy, Probish-Davis. It also sug-  
s that some of the young accept  
patronizing view of those elders  
say that current styles of activ-  
are merely a prelude to a life of  
iescence. Mr. Davis's book would  
a prime candidate for adapta-  
as an off-Broadway musical:  
y *Mixed-up Kids on St. Marks*  
e. Might even replace Charlie  
vn.

at Mr. Davis nevertheless has  
makings of a serious writer is  
in in one first-rate section where  
peedy Jewish landlord goes off on  
eternal tour of the Lower East  
to mourn its faded glories. But  
e is indeed to become a serious  
er, Mr. Davis will have to curb  
alent for being so utterly ingrat-  
ing; otherwise, I foresee nothing in  
career but success.

d now, here comes the virtuoso  
he season, Ronald Sukenick, a  
g man who can do just about  
hing with words. He can turn  
a parody, a burlesque, a pastiche,  
t of genre realism, a modernist  
iece; he has a fine gift for mim-  
; he knows literature backward  
forward—imagine, in 1968 a  
g writer modeling the structure  
is *Up on Laurence Sterne's Tris-*  
*Shandy!*; he has absorbed the  
ns of Joyce and the influence of  
ow; he has done just about every-  
g except write a good novel.

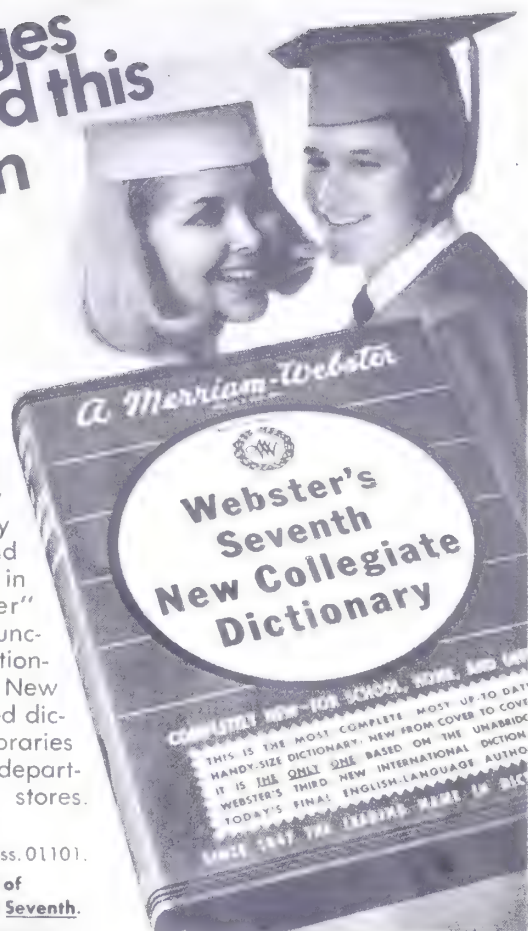
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tting, a group of characters, an  
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present into a skein of vignettes, *Up* presents a promising lad named Sukenick, prisoner of Brooklyn, lover of the recalcitrant Nancy, future author of *Up*, and soon a teacher of English. The grubbiness of lower-middle-class Jewish life is again put on display; the once enchanting schoolmates sink into dismal employment; and somehow Strop Banally, a pop-cult fantasy figure, weaves his way in and out of *Up* with feats of manly sadism.

Some parts are funny. A cowed Jewish boy from Brooklyn transforms himself into an authentic folk singer: "I'm an oedipal cowboy from Brooklyn/I'm tall and I'm handsome to see/The girls they all say I'm good lookin'/But that ain't why my mother loves me." Another joker from Sukenick's school set begins publishing a new quarterly *Secession*: "We're going to Cuba for our first issue." An Ivy League Wasp tries to spice up his personality by donning a mask of Yiddishkeit: "I like to go down to Delancey Street for a nosh and a kibbitz with the nudnicks in Yonah Schimmel's." There's an amusing scene in which Sukenick, now draped in academic brown tweed, gives a lecture at a place resembling Hunter: "Thus the confessional and auto-therapeutic nature of Wordsworth's poetry stands as a great paradigm," and one of his students asks, "Will this be on the mid-term?"

It really ought to be great fun, an exuberant outpouring of comic genius, mocking the banalities of the age and the pretensions of the young. But alas, no. *Up* cannot rise very high above the level of its materials; effective satire cannot be written about a world that is silly rather than evil, characters who are pipsqueaks rather than ominous.

The necessary review of *Up* appears in *Up*, masked as a review of Sukenick's *Adventures of Strop Banally*:

This first novel by an obviously talented and intelligent young writer is another one of those tales in the manner of what has aptly been termed "rebellious farce" . . .

The novel employs the by now quite conventional artifice of the plot narrative that no longer believes in itself as a means of approaching reality, and is not, therefore, meant to be taken seriously. The main device

is the hero whose impossible sex exploits (do we discern some echoes of Augie March?) is used to test and expose society. It is necessarily on the characterization of Strop Banally that the book stands or falls. One regrets to say that it falls.

Nancy Kline's *The Faithful* is a short novel, unstained by the fingerprints of the *Zeitgeist* and in a grave and gawky way, a lovely piece of work. Entirely unfashionable, won't get much critical attention, but slowly, I hope, it will gain some appreciative readers.

The dewy eighteen-year-old Hildie, a literary granddaughter of James Daisy Miller, visits a convent in France, to meet, adore, and struggle with an aging nun, La Révérende Mère Marie des Anges. Hildie is innocent and brash; she has read Shakespeare and bought a diaphragm; she is imbued with skepticism yet filled with a touching and ignorant yearning for some sort of transcendence. "I come to talk about the cosmos. . . I'm American," she tells the Reverend Mother. And the old nun, charmed by the freshness of the girl and trembling at the prospect of conversion, replies, "You have been looking for God. . . . Welcome, my child." At which Hildie plays her devastatingly American trick. "Really, I came looking for you. I'm glad you're in."

There follows an entanglement of affection, in which the injustice of life is poured into all human relationships appearing as a clash in modes of eagerness. The girl wants wisdom, penetration, a relationship, but no final bond; she sees her encounter with the nun as a step in life's progress, even as she learns the chasm of her disbelief, that belief is somehow an ever-possible miracle. But the nun wants something else. She wants from Hildie a finality of God.

Largely seen through Hildie's eyes, the aging nun comes to dominate the book. She loves the girl in her youth and fresh actuality, but also in her potentiality, as a soul to be won for God. She is never quite clear in her mind whether it is an appetite for sanctity or commonplace needs for companionship that keeps her persistently tizing. Yet when she speaks to Hildie, it is not merely with the vocabulary of persuasion, it is also

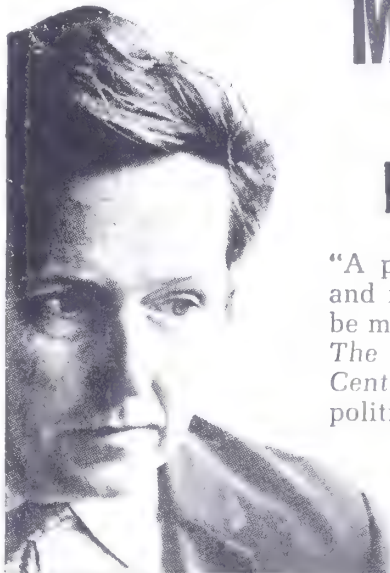
depths of a tradition that has passed more human experience in American girl can even imagine. "There is something greater draining the cup dry," she tells me, and "that is to take the cup and overturn it. To let its contents be the very last drop." The wisdom of these words, if wisdom it be, surely be taken as of an ultimate and meanwhile how can they be tested by an eager American girl around her sophisticated diary or barely used diaphragm in a desire to accumulate experience? Whatever faults *The Faithful* has from the purity of Miss Kline's fiction. She has tried to write a fiction with a large resonance, sometimes she falls into an undue gravity, a style in which one can hear the echoes of earlier women writers—Woolf, Bowen, Porter—never vibrating in their own sensibility, it does not matter, since for the most part *The Faithful* is combined with lucidity, control, and independence, virtues notable at any time in this age of noisy exhibitionism, and to be cherished.

Conclusion? Perhaps no more than each of these young writers has distinctive talent, the current literary atmosphere does not provide them much help in the way of discipline and direction, and the future of careers is neither assured nor predictable. Yet I do have a few general observations, drawn—I'm not sure—from my reading of their books or presuppositions I brought to

Certain kinds of subject matter are virtually certain that a novel will slip into triviality. Saying this against current critical opinion, I declare that everything in a novel of literature depends on the skill of the writer, and that the subject he chooses is mostly a matter of geographical accident or compositional convenience. But if the very subject you write about is bent upon blowing or living in a state of vegetable hedonism or dismissing the premise that man's life involves moral complications, then it becomes extremely difficult to write a novel about this world which will not succumb to its crippling qualities and limitations. At the very least, you

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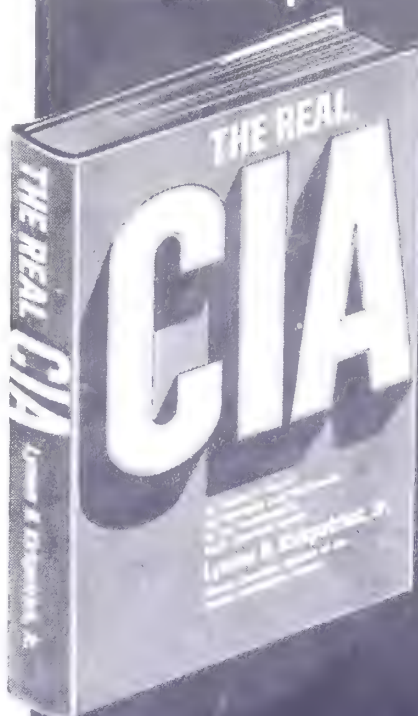
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need to have available some standard or sense of opposing possibilities in order to create a moral and dramatic contrast.

• A novel written to express the distinctive outlook of a generation is likely to prove unimpressive in content and transient in interest unless that outlook happens also to express an independent historical or cultural value—and in that case it has already outgrown mere generational complaint. I suppose one could say that *The Red and the Black* expressed the outlook of a generation, or at least that Julien Sorel embodied it, but had this great novel done no more than that, it would have neither been great nor long remembered. None of the books I have discussed here, with the

possible exception of Mr. Rogers' fully submits itself to the parochialism of "youth culture"; but none, except Miss Kline's, establishes a sufficient dramatic distance from it.

• By now the search for novelty in literature has become utterly commonplace. Only a return to the experience of the commonplace will constitute a literary novelty. But the overwhelming problem is how to make the commonplace once more available, once more fresh and alive, in literature; or whether that can, in fact, be done at all. And before this problem the critic must withdraw, it is a problem beyond his scope of competence; only the writers of tomorrow will be able to deal with it—if, as is, they choose to confront it at all.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

### *Biography and Autobiography*

**Lytton Strachey: A Critical Biography**, by Michael Holroyd. Vol. I, *The Unknown Years 1880-1910*. Vol. II, *The Years of Achievement 1910-1932*.

This is bound to be the most newsworthy biography published in a month that offers several. It has been chosen by three major book clubs—a record, so far as I know—and it was an immediate best-seller in England. It is a giant in size, too. Volume I has 460 pages and Volume II 720, so that one can live with it for a goodly number of hours.

The first volume tells of the turn of the century Victorian family life of the young and frail Lytton at their house called Lancaster Gate in London—an "admixture of heavy punctilio and extenuating farce"—and his life at Cambridge with its agonizing relationships and love affairs involving numbers of young men later to become famous—Maynard Keynes, Rupert Brooke, the painter Duncan Grant. It includes also the beginnings of the friendships with the Stephen sisters, Vanessa and Virginia (who became Virginia Woolf) which were

to develop, with their friends, into the "Bloomsbury" group—a circle which started to meet in 1904 and broke up at the beginning of World War I, though its name has continued to be used as a handle for almost any London literary-Bohemian group.

The second volume encompasses 15 years of Strachey's writing success—his critical reviews, his *Emilia Victorians*, which created such furor with its new concept of biography, his *Queen Victoria*, his *Elizabeth and Essex*, and contains most stimulating discussions of the works themselves. But it is difficult to sum up briefly such a stupendous five-volume work. Here is a literate and comprehensive assessment of an important writer's entire literary output plus a brilliant—and for the first time honest—personal portrait (since the private papers of this complicated, unhappy homosexual have never been available before), as well as a rich portrayal of life among the literary and artistic Victorians and Edwardians.

Mr. Holroyd also tells in detail the story of the establishment—John Spray House which Strachey shared with Dora Carrington near the De-

en Newbury and Hungerford they lived for the last eight of their lives (she committed when he died). Her husband sometimes there (Strachey was with him too), and later her and his, under the same roof—seemed somehow to work, albeit with tension, and one marvels at the strange but workable relationship which can be established in the of human love. And in "Victor times too. . . . A book to read, to savor in all its fascinating and scholarship, and to wonder at and deeply.

olt, Rinehart & Winston, \$21.95

**at the Door**, by V. S. Pritchett. The volumes on Lytton Strachey are the most impressive biography of the present season, surely this is the endearing autobiography. And the learning sounds to you like a soft may I say that in this context not. This is as honest and tough as the of reporting and self-appraisal you're likely to find. Happily, it's too. The distinguished novelist critic writes here about the first twenty-one years of his life—what he is in an article in the *New York Times Book Review* the "pre-writing". "At twenty-one they ended," he writes. "After that, being a writer, and myself being met by what I already written."

rough all the vicissitudes because of his father's business or troubles, the constant movings (the title), the family quarrels and separations for financial and reasons, there is never any coming, but only a wry, semidetached, clinical building up of characteristics, attitudes, and happenings. But never cold. His understanding affection for his mother and her father, and for his father, with whom he had almost nothing in common, comes strongly and as a tribute to all, though he was far from being kind to their faults or his own.

odd and varied schooling, his in the leather business till finally he could bear it no longer and fell gravely ill—all seem strange background for the making of an author. That is, except for one teacher who encouraged him to write, and a fortuitous discovery of Barrie's *When We Were Single*: "Twenty years later," he says, "when I read H. G. Wells's

autobiography, I discovered that Barrie's book had taught Wells how to become a professional writer. It taught me instantly." And, of course, there was his voluminous reading. But what one feels, reading the book, is that Mr. Pritchett was born watching and feeling and remembering whatever happened to him. Terrier-like he seems to hang on to every experience, sharpening it down to the bone, and yet at the same time his involvement is that of the observer. In this connection the last paragraph of the book is revealing. When finally he got to Paris on his severance pay from the leather business, he says, "I saw very little of England for seven years. I could not bear the sight of it. . . . I became a foreigner. For myself, that is what a writer is—a man living on the other side of the frontier."

Random House, \$5.95

**T. H. White: A Biography**, by Sylvia Townsend Warner.

If there's anybody who can read who doesn't know who T. H. White is, there can't be anybody who doesn't know *Camelot*, the musical based on his four-volume book *The Once and Future King*, which he wrote from his deep absorption in the Arthurian legends. His passionate interest in the legends was only one of many passionate intensities—falconry, painting, hunting, flying—interests into which he threw himself, as Miss Warner shows, to drown the melancholy of a bitterly lonely and frustrated life. From the time his parents were divorced, when he was fourteen, he spent his life "arming himself against disaster."

The biographer, a talented novelist in her own right, never knew him but he was a prodigious writer of letters and journals as well as of books and she has had access to them all. On the basis of these very personal documents she has constructed a sympathetic but not sentimental portrait of a tortured man, beset by demons. A friend of mine, a critic who knows a great deal about T. H. White and who also read the review galleys has written me:

The biography is strangely suitable. White himself is as difficult to bring into focus as he found the *Camelot* lot to be, but the effort is, in its way, as rewarding. I don't think Miss Warner is half as "literary" as she ought to be. She ought to spend much more

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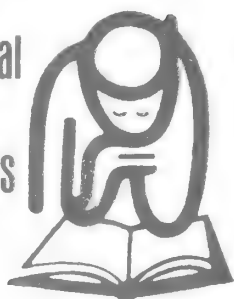
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Granville Hicks,  
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## poetry

ROBERT BLY

*The Light Around the Body*

Harper and Row

Judges: Donald Hall, Harvey  
Shapiro, Theodore  
Weiss

## arts and letters

WILLIAM TROY

*Selected Essays*

Rutgers University Press

Judges: F. W. Dupee, Hilton  
Kramer, Wylie Sypher

## history and biography

GEORGE F. KENNAN

*Memoirs: 1925-1950*

Atlantic-Little, Brown

Judges: Daniel Bell, Quincy  
Howe, Justin Kaplan

## science, philosophy and religion

JONATHAN KOZOL

*Death at an Early Age*

Houghton Mifflin Co.

Judges: Rene Dubos, Philip  
Morrison, Edward  
Shils

## most distinguished translation

HOWARD AND EDNA HONG

*Søren Kierkegaard's*

*Journals and Papers*

Indiana University Press

Judges: Martin Malia,  
Walker Percy,  
Willard R. Trask

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

time on the "White" characters in his books—Merlyn, the Professor in *Mistress Masham's Repose*, and the "Mr. White" in *The Elephant and the Kangaroo* (this contains the best picture of the Irish character outside of Sean O'Casey). All this contrasted with the fact of his drunkenness, his latent sadism, and his literally hopeless love life would have made it a real book instead of a highly competent record of the life of a novelist.

Yet he adds, "As a fan, I enjoyed it." I quote it at length because I find it stimulating criticism though perhaps not quite fair to the book Miss Warner set out to write. I who only know *The Sword in the Stone* and *Camelot*, read this biography avidly as the story of a fascinating, driven, self-destructive man whose brilliant mind and talent were, in a way, only another torment to him for they wouldn't let him go. I read it with pity and admiration. Now I want to read more of his work.

Viking, \$6.50

**Twiggy and Justin**, by Thomas Whiteside.

This is the story of the multimillion-dollar New York visit of Twiggy, (née Lesley Hornby), the astonishing teen-age cockney model and her surprisingly young manager, Justin de Villeneuve (né Nigel Davies), about a year ago. Through all the brouhaha and sometimes violent adulation that followed them everywhere the author makes one feel a remarkable simplicity and natural poise on the part of both young people and an extraordinary business acuity on the part of the young manager. An account of Twiggy's posing for the photographer, Avedon, is both interesting and strangely touching. Whatever mark these two young paragons will leave on our decade, Mr. Whiteside has caught a sharp reflection of it here. If it isn't a contradiction in terms, I had a sense of a kind of innocent and beneficent Bonnie and Clyde. Much of this material appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50

**Notes from the Frontier**, by Hugh Nissenson.

In this book with its unpretentious title and deceptively simple story line of life in a kibbutz on the Israeli-Syrian border, a small miracle hap-

pens. Somehow, here in capsule in everyday language (Mr. Nissenson and his wife spent a month this summer of 1965 living the daily life in the kibbutz and Mr. Nissenson returned there during the summer of 1967), the whole history of the people is reviewed—all hopes and doubts, reenacted in the lives of a few but infinitely various people from all parts of the world and in the lives of their children who have never known any other. The question hangs over them all—dedicated to life but nonbelievers almost to the point of despair: Can this way of life, in this place, survive without faith in the Jewish religion? In the time of intense emotion after the war, the taking over of Jerusalem and the Wall, it was a question that was going away.

But this is no tract. The fresh feeling that these lucid pages convey is great; the people who come to life in their daily occupations, food, the sights and sounds and smells of the country become known in finite detail and the picture emerges of the author's wife, Merlyn, is engaging to a degree—the figure of joyous comic relief. But she works as hard as anyone at the things the author himself is doing; she's always asking the hard questions, laughing in the wrong places (though not insensitively)—a playful doubting Thomasina. When you start this journal don't be deceived by the easy, quiet tone of voice. The passion here, and excitement, and relief which in the end is completely almost hypnotic.

Dia

**Gone: A Thread of Stories**, by Miss Godden.

Miss Godden is one of a very few novelists (Jessamyn West is another) whose short stories seem to have not only the same quality as the novels but the special perfection of the short-story form as well. Here she has added still another dimension—that of autobiography. Each story or group of stories is prefaced with an autobiographical note explaining why or how the story was written in terms of her life and writing. Many of them are about

some are terrifying ("No  
ndians") because of the dread-  
sequences of the loneliness of  
s mind. Many of them are pre-  
d, as their titles indicate and  
t of her novels are, with the  
moment and mood—"Telling  
me by the Starlings," "Time is  
um"—and with the unabiding,  
s quality of both. All of them  
s if plucked from the heart of  
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oy Lawrence Durrell.  
c" (it will be remembered?)  
n means "then" or "next" and  
vel is the next after those in  
*Alexandria Quartet*. It is, in  
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*quartet* and even from *The*  
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a mind and style as can be  
n contemporary English writ-  
ne novel is as rich as a plum  
a its loaded paragraphs—too  
me to read more than a couple  
oters at a time—and requires  
attentive readers" the author  
of to savor all the exotic  
being offered. . . . In brief, the  
or in this novel is an inventor  
adventures with his time-pene-  
computer and other machines  
m to a cheap hotel and a little  
prostitute as well as to all the  
ites of Athens and roundabout,  
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al, to a strange marriage and  
gain to London. The book is  
ious and funny—some would  
arre—but it contains enough of  
nan's experience to be reason-  
oving and the little prostitute  
comes a Hollywood star is a  
g and memorable character.  
r. Durrell seems to be saying  
ing quite serious about man's  
or freedom and this particular  
search for it. His writing is, I  
not everyone's dish—an ac-  
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# Performing Arts by Robert Kotlowitz

## FILMS: INTELLECTUALS OF THE WORLD

Midway through *Bye, Bye Braverman*, Sidney Lumet's movie version of Wallace Markfield's novel, *To an Early Grave*, I suddenly heard the sound of my own laughter: an unfamiliar noise. It wasn't exactly an explosion of sporadic ha-has, either. I was really barking away in quick spasms, with that curious overlap between the laughing voices of my neighbors and my own echoing in the theater as we responded to what was happening on the screen.

What was happening was a burial service in a Brooklyn funeral parlor, from which Leslie Braverman, a young writer of brilliant promise and staggering integrity, is going to his premature grave. In the last row of the chapel are seated four of his friends, there to say their farewells. They are worth a bit of special attention because they are not exactly the kind of heroes we are used to in the

movies. As a matter of fact, I'm not even sure that they have ever been seen in a movie, except perhaps as peripheral types, flattened and diminished beyond all recognition, or as historical ideals, such as Emile Zola in the painfully noble and feisty thinking man's posture of Paul Muni. In short, they are intellectuals, urban ones, New York boys with graying hair from immigrant homes; missed Talmudic scholars and escapees from the Yeshiva; poets of pop culture; sociological sages; doom-ridden prophets; our gang with pot bellies and athletic brains; the non-made-its and never-wills.

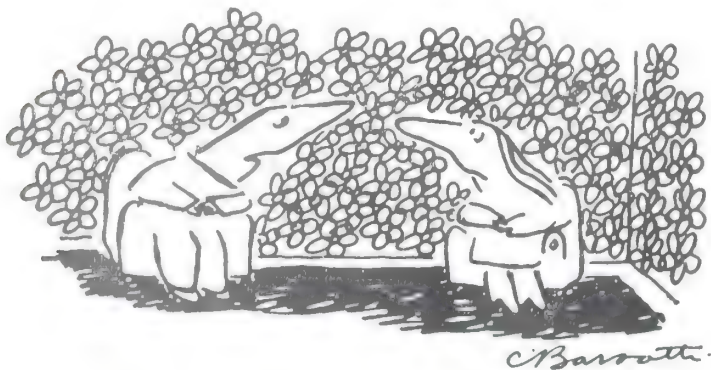
From right to left, then, in the funeral parlor:

*Barnet Weiner* (Jack Warden)—Our Barnet lives down on the Lower East Side, where his Bronx girl friend, Myra Mandelbaum (Phyllis Newman), shares his bed and board

on Saturday night and Sunday morning. Myra likes to lounge around in sexy underwear and she's now in the intelligence department, having dipped into a textbook on psychology. Barnet is a *little* who looks like a phys-ed inst. He wears a red toupee which he uses on for making love but removes at the first sound of bad news. He is getting flabby around the middle for all his intellectual and academic pretensions ("And who," he asks Myra, "will do the definitive portrait of Lawrence?" "You and you and you," comes the answer), is surprisingly literal minded.

*Morroë Rieff* (George S. Morroe (Morroe?)) writes technical literature for a fund-raising organization. He is very sweet and likes to have fantasies about his death, which Leslie Braverman's departure encourages. Next is Morroe's wife Etta (Zohra Pert) says, ever goes quite right. Morroe, even or especially in his fantasies. When Braverman dies, Morroe is the first friend to visit his divorced wife Inez (Jessica Walters). He is also the first friend to try to seduce.

*Felix Ottenstein* (Joseph P. Moran): A generation older than the other three friends, Felix lectures to the *dassah* ladies. His English is a direct of literal translation from a Yiddish to which he was born. Felix was created in the image of the Old Testament Jehovah, identifying so closely with Him that he carries on his conversations with God as an intimate. He is a bitter moralist, one of those intransigent, rebellious parents who destroy their families whole and the name of honesty and integrity.



*It was on a Thursday, much like this one, that Father went completely bananas.*

do the same to his friends, too, a fact precisely defines the emotional vacuum that overcomes them before Leslie's funeral is over. He could cry when the planes shot Kong off the Empire State Building. . . . You could cry when Lew reached for that butterfly. But one of you goes away forever . . . too soon . . . what happens?"

ly Levine (Sorrell Booke)—Fat bald, Holly lives in a Greenwich Village pad filled with the paraphernalia of Pop Art. Everywhere it's new-styled telephones, crazy fixtures. Inside Holly's head, it's comic strips (he can tell you about Bim Gump's nemesis and the life of Don Winslow of the Navy), old movies, and dead shows. Holly drives his friends through Brooklyn in search of Leslie Braverman's funeral in a red Volkswagen. He is, of course, a terrible writer, a terrible street fighter, in fact, of all the karate classes he's attending. Holly wears a beret and horn-rimmed glasses.

At the funeral service well under way, the rabbi (Alan King) is hating them all about the meaning of life, his eyes opening wide from time to time to emphasize his own stance. Holly, Morroe and Barbra are convulsed with laughter; they are very sardonic. The dead man, the rabbi tells them, may he rest in peace, was a wonderful human being. He took nothing for granted. The rabbi pulls out a package of king-size cigarettes and matches, waving them at the mourners. "With the death," he says, "you had a great, a considerable interest in people and women. . . . He buys a pack of cigarettes and when the cashier asks him the matches he says isn't it strange . . . isn't it strange how I buy a pack of cigarettes in Manhattan and get with it a match from a diner in Milwaukee." Her perceptions follow, just as his. Holly is starving; he could eat Chinese food." Felix is very funny. Morroe and Barbra alternately cry and laugh. The family itself is on emotionally. The rabbi hates. Finally they are all disallowed to pay their last respects to the corpse of Leslie Braverman. Holly is to be forcibly hustled into the room where the coffin stands.

This scene in the funeral parlor is about as long as the film ever settles down at any point. For the rest, it is a fairly dizzying tour of the streets of Brooklyn, some of it shot from the air. From there we can see Holly Levine's little red Volkswagen scurrying along the expressways and bridges, sometimes in the wrong lane, moving against traffic regulations, a lightly armored tank looking for a rendezvous with death. The four friends have little sense of direction. North, east, south, west, it's pretty much the same to them. They drive through Williamsburg, all Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Hasidim, still as exotic-looking as the day they first landed in America. Thomas Wolfe's rhapsodic prose accompanies them on the screen: only the dead really know Brooklyn. They pass through middle-class Flatbush on grand bourgeois boulevards. In the end, loaded down with egg rolls, they finally make their way to the cemetery, where Leslie Braverman's death makes its point amidst endless rows of identical granite tombstones.

There is plenty wrong with *Bye, Bye Braverman*. It is often excessive and obvious. The story—what there is of it—is all spine without a skeleton. The women, moreover, are parodies, speaking in a flattened New York accent, unlike the men, that suggests that the English language is really their enemy. A semi-vaudeville bit by Godfrey Cambridge, playing a taxi driver who turns out to be a Jewish convert ("too much, too late," Felix says in quick, harsh judgment) never becomes more than that, although Lumet has filled the scene with details completely idiosyncratic to the characters. When Cambridge, for example, asks the four friends, "Any you guys Jewish?" Barbra Weiner immediately assumes he is being challenged and slyly removes his glasses, ready for the pogrom.

And there is no question but that this soft, amiable, and, best of all, unimportant, movie focuses on a small corner of New York life that may be totally unrecognizable to anyone beyond the boundaries of certain neighborhoods in Brooklyn and Manhattan. But I hope not. Everybody had his gang once and carries around its code like a burr for the rest of his life. For me, *Bye, Bye Braverman* is one of the funniest comedies of the year.

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so far. It also has an intelligent screenplay by Herbert Sargent and a perfectly crafted musical score, filled with baroque flourishes, by Peter Matz; and the jokes in it—and Sidney Lumet's direction has never been known for its delicacy—never quite swamp the intellectual lives that produce them.

The hero of *Charlie Bubbles* is also involved in a journey. His takes him from London—from the cleverer and far more abrasive world of English intellectuals—north to Manchester. There his roots lie half-mangled and knotted but still bound up with his first wife and a son who considers Charlie Bubbles (a writer of nearly incomprehensible celebrity, to an American, anyway) with a steady cocked eyebrow and a certain amount of manipulative contempt. He knows how to get at his old man.

Before Charlie Bubbles heads for Manchester, however, his London world is shown to us in a few quick brushstrokes, carefully designed to highlight its boredom and cynicism.

The film—which has been directed by Albert Finney, who also plays the title role—opens in a vulgar London restaurant where sybaritic Englishmen are downing enormous quantities of homegrown beef and Continental pastries. You've seen the faces before: inbred, languid, tired, and very horsey, the heroes of Trafalgar, Waterloo, the Somme, and Tobruk. Of them all, curiously, only Charlie Bubbles gives the slightest indication of intelligence. His eyes may be glazed with mysterious misfortune (he is, at the moment, discussing with his accountants how rich he is) but we in the audience are left in little doubt that he is entirely superior to all those constipated types sitting at adjoining tables. We know he is superior because he alone is good-looking, cavalier, sensitive, candid, put-upon, and suffering; besides, he is also a free-wheeling creative type.

At the restaurant, Charlie Bubbles runs into an old buddy, a little rough-hewn and drunk, maybe, but another creative type, for all that, and straightforward and honest, as a re-

sult. Out of boredom and respect for old times, I guess, to say nothing of alienation, fatigue, as well as drunkenness, they dump on each other the fancy food they can get no hands on. The rest of the diner, inferior types all—watch in well-nerved horror. The maitre d'hôtel, really is a superior type, sends them on their way with a perfect, but contained smile. "It's always good to serve you gentlemen," he says. But the smile says something else: You don't really have to eat in grand restaurants if you don't want to. The choices in life can be that simple.

What ails Charlie Bubbles? Money and success have done him. The film is unable to tell us how, why. Personal petulance and a parent inability to engage another human being in a direct confrontation somehow offer a more reasonable set of answers. In the end—in order to escape the reserves of strength and humor his first wife musters at a visit to his old home—Charlie Bubbles indulges a wistful fantasy and literally cuts the cord that binds him to the good earth and vanishes from our eyes: up up and away on a yellow balloon.

Finney has directed his film with an attractive modesty that keeps himself as a performer neatly tucked away amidst the other actors. He looks so weary in the role, so that my bones began to ache at 11. And he's been wonderfully fortunate with his women, getting beautiful performances out of both Liza Minnelli and Billie Whitelaw. Miss Minnelli perfectly captures an American girl with literary ambitions as a kind of restless hummingbird character. As Charlie Bubbles' first wife, Liza Whitelaw gives the film what reality it has. Her playing slowly the screen with a growing sense of real life, of energy wasted, love given, chances missed. For the chances the movie itself missed I would guess that Miss Delaney is to blame. It seems to be one of those writers who cannot bear a thing that is well-made and to avoid the demands of craft and structure, will settle for a colorless, vivid but ersatz product: a lyrical fake.

Note: *Charlie Bubbles* is overdone with in 92 minutes. *Eye*, *Braverman* in 91. I hope this means a trend.

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# Music in the Round by Discus

## THE GREAT B FLAT COMPETITION

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Years back, say about thirty years ago, Columbia Records brought out a recording of the Tchaikovsky B flat minor Piano Concerto with Egon Petri the soloist. In certain quarters the release of this album raised a storm. Nobody had anything against Petri, a great pianist. But how did Columbia bring out a recording of the Tchaikovsky when there already was a recording available, the Rubinstein recording on Victor? With so much great music unrecorded, why this senseless duplication? The critics were angry. Time went on, and the LP record was introduced in 1948. Stereo followed some ten years later. About anything that could be recorded was recorded, in greater and greater gobs. Duplication became a way of life. Even the Tchaikovsky B flat minor. The purchaser today has his choice of many versions? Five? Eight? Twelve? Wrong. There are twenty-five versions to make if you want to buy a B flat minor. On the one hand, this is ridiculous. What is the purchaser to do? Flip a coin? Stick to the Big Name Pianist? But on the other hand, looking at it in the long run, future scholars and music lovers will be able to go to an archive and hear how a certain section of pianists within a certain decade approached this popular concerto. Historically this is of immense importance. Thus the critic in the 1930s may have been right in recommending duplication when there was much yet to be recorded; but today, when virtually everything of importance has been recorded, there is a limit to having every great musician have a permanent record, giving his ideas to posterity or that masterwork.

Which brings us to London Records' new release, *Backhaus and Ashkenazy*, *Ever's Magazine*, May 1968

and the **Piano Concerto No. 2** by Johannes Brahms. As of February 1968, the Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog listed fifteen separate recordings of the Brahms B flat. Now there are seventeen, because London Records has done something no company has previously done. It has issued two versions simultaneously. This flies in the way of normal business procedure. Most companies bring out a recording of a big piece of music, promote it, wait until its market is exhausted, and then bring out another version. What motivated London to bring out a pair together is anybody's guess. The chances are that both were sitting in the London "icebox" for some time, and there was a meeting to decide what should be released when. "Hell," it is easy to imagine somebody saying, "why not bring 'em out together?"

So here they are—two recordings of the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2. One of them is played by Wilhelm Backhaus, the oldest active player before the public. He is eighty-four years of age and still going strong, though he has not made an American tour for some years. The other version is played by one of the more discussed youngsters of today, the thirty-two-year-old Vladimir Ashkenazy. Backhaus is accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic under the veteran conductor Karl Böhm (London CS 6550). Ashkenazy has a conductor of his own age, the thirty-two-year-old Zubin Mehta, who leads the London Symphony Orchestra (London CS 6539).

### *When Backhaus Began*

**I**t is fascinating to study both performances more or less simultaneously. They represent two completely different styles as well as two generations. Backhaus is a German pianist who, incidentally, was one of the

earliest pianists in history to record. He started making records as early as (approximately) 1910. He always has been representative of the German school, in that he approaches music weightily, rather soberly, with the stress on architecture rather than color. Unlike some pianists of the German school, he has been a formidable virtuoso, a pianist with infallible fingers and enormous technical equipment. Anything in the repertoire fell easily under his hand, and his recordings of the Chopin Etudes (around 1928) and Schumann C major Fantasy (around 1935) are milestones in the history of recorded music.

Ashkenazy illustrates the Russian style with an international overlay. The Russians tend toward color, emotion, flexibility, romanticism. Several years ago Ashkenazy married a girl from Iceland and left Russia. He has been making his home in England. Like many Russian artists exposed to Western thought, he has modified some of his romanticism and in recent years a more objective quality has entered his playing. But essentially he remains a romantic, and one of the most gifted of all pianists in his age group.

In the Brahms B flat, Backhaus starts out briskly, powerfully, even monolithically. There seems to be absolutely no deterioration in his technical command; the man is a geriatric miracle. The Brahms demands stamina and its awkward stretches take a lot out of a pianist, but Backhaus plays as though he were fifty years younger—as he has always played, in fact. It is not very colorful playing; it never was. But it has untold authority, and big blocks of tone are hurled. He takes 16'52" to go through the first movement. Ashkenazy takes 17'23." Ashkenazy uses much more in the way of agogics. Backhaus drives relentlessly ahead, while Ashkenazy pauses here and there, uses rubato, shapes phrases in a more romantic manner, employs a much more varied dynamic palette. He is consistently more "pianistic"; whereas, when Backhaus plays, the listener is less conscious of the piano as such. Ashkenazy is more flexible, Backhaus more massive and assured.

Throughout the concerto, Backhaus is a shade faster. The timings for the other three movements are 8'33", 12'01", and 9'31" (Backhaus, for a to-



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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

tal of 46'57"); 9'07", 12'26", and 8'43" (Ashkenazy, for a total of 47'39"). But these timings are misleading. Backhaus seldom varies his tempo, while Ashkenazy, with his more romantic approach, plays some sections faster than Backhaus, some sections slower. Neither pianist is ever unorthodox in his tempos, however. Few living pianists are, in the Brahms concertos. There seems to have developed a sort of international approach to the music. Give the B flat to twenty pianists, and it is odds-on that all will take between 46 and 48 minutes to play the work. But give them the Schumann A minor, or the Tchaikovsky, and you will get as much as 10 per cent variation in timings.

In these two Brahms recordings, both orchestras are superb. The conducting is a function of age and experience. Böhm is solid, big in concept, always the musician. Mehta is more temperamental, more impulsive, and as good a partner for Ashkenazy as Böhm is for Backhaus. There is a pronounced difference in the recorded sound, however. The Backhaus disc is not as good as the Ashkenazy. The piano tone has some shatter in fortissimo passages, and the orchestral playing is not as detailed or colorful as it is in the Ashkenazy disc.

### Do It Yourself

So which to choose? In an ideal world everybody would be able to have all seventeen recordings of the Brahms B flat Piano Concerto in his collection, if he so desired. Seventeen, plus a dozen or so that have been discontinued. (Many years ago, before the war, Backhaus and Böhm collaborated on a famous recording of the Brahms. And about ten years ago Ashkenazy recorded the work. Both performances have been deleted.) But if a choice of the Brahms B flat Piano Concerto must be narrowed to one performance, the customer has a real problem. Of these two recordings, the Backhaus and the Ashkenazy, the choice is between maturity and romantic youth, between a great pianist of an older generation, and a great pianist of the younger generation. If I were forced to choose between the two, I would select the Ashkenazy, which to me has more spirit and poetry. But at the same time I would miss the logic and authority of Back-

haus' playing, and his expert, thoughtful account of the third movement.

But then one considers the alternatives. There is the Cliburn recording, sensitive and assured, beautifully planned, impeccably executed. There is the wonderful Gilels performance, a little dated in sound but full of drive, passion, excitement. There is the old Horowitz-Toscanini collaboration, somewhat despised by the noscenti but thrilling for all the performance in which the piano is the thing, a performance in which bravura elements of the concert are emphasized, a performance that has shock value. There is a disc by the fabled Sviatoslav Richter, an intimate performance, rather small-scale, full of nuance and individuality. There is the ardent, athletic, national-sounding Rubinstein performance with its juicy tone and sprightly rhythm. There is the magisterial, kin version, all power and sweep of tradition, backed by the conducting of the great George Szell. And anybody who feels the need of further investigation can study the performances by Arrau, Anda, Fleishman, Istomin, Katchen, Mrazek, Richter, Haaser, and Sandor before getting into the deleted versions of the Brahms B flat. Suggestions, anyone? One possible solution: get a tape recorder, plenty of reels of raw tape, program announcements of the classical music stations, and tape various performances of the Brahms B flat as they occur.

### And Also...

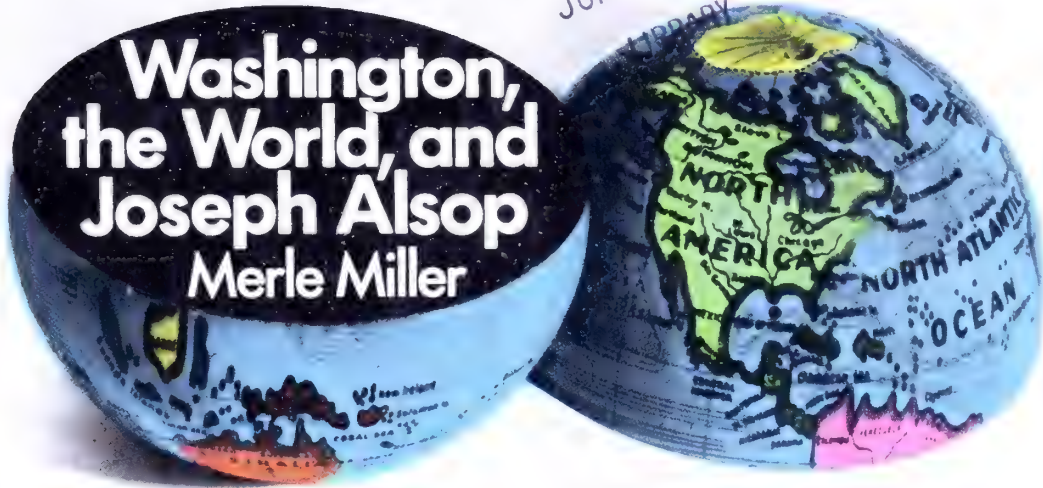
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Often the movements of this symphony are played (and have been recorded) as separate pieces. They are George Washington's Birthday, Election Day, The Fourth of July (Clark's Army and the Forefathers), and date from 1909, 1917, 1913, 1904 respectively. Ives put them together with a note, "Recollections of a holidays in a Connecticut country..." The music is typical—bracing, tonal, exuberant, full of the feeling of Americana so representative of American music. Good performance and recording, highly recommended.

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# Harper's®

magazine

June  
1968

## ARTICLES

- 33 **The Iowa Republicans: Politics Without Passion**  
John Corry *cartoons by Charles E. Martin, Al Ross*
- 40 **Notes from the Bottom of the Mountain**  
David Halberstam *drawing by Joseph Papin*
- 43 **Washington, the World, and Joseph Alsop** Merle Miller  
*cartoon by Edison Kavan*
- 69 **Down and Out in the Minor Leagues** J. Anthony Lukas  
*cartoons by Mort Gerberg, Louis Nitka*
- 78 **The Court-martial of Captain Noyd: A Confrontation that Never Happened** Jeremy Larnier
- 86 **Predicaments of Peace** Albert G. Hart,  
Hans J. Morgenthau, Christopher Green,  
Joseph A. Pechman, Leonard C. Lewin

## FICTION

- 59 **Eros Rampant** John Updike *drawing by Seymour Chwast*

## VERSE

- 29 **A Call for Islands** Maxine Kumin
- 42 **Early Rising** Charles David Wright
- 56 **Internal Injuries** Robert Penn Warren

## DEPARTMENTS

- 1 **Letters** *cartoon by Chon Day*
- 12 **The Easy Chair—Western Intellectuals vs. Myrdal's Brutal Facts** John Fischer *cartoon by Henry Martin*
- 24 **After Hours—Flicks for the Fastidious** Russell Lynes  
*drawing by N. M. Bodecker*
- 29 **Status Report—Turmoil at Berkeley, Accommodation at Ann Arbor** Roger Rapoport
- 92 **Books in Brief** Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 96 **Performing Arts—The Fragile Ego: A Tenor Named Corelli** Robert Kotlowitz
- 99 **Music in the Round—Bommarzo** Dore Schary  
*cartoon by Ed Fisher*
- 100 **Coming in Harper's**

Cover by Lawrence Ratzkin

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# Cutty Sark

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## Letters

### Liberal Fatigue

The article by Midge Decter ["Anti-Americanism in America," April] offers a fine analysis of what has been going on in the decade of the 'sixties. A decade born in liberal hope has indeed turned to a "radical, despairing nihilism"—in many cases.

What bothers me is that Midge Decter reveals her own liberalism in her ability to assess the past and bemoan the present while despairing of the future. Unfortunately, this is not very helpful, especially when the job of the liberal always lies in terms of the future. Her analysis . . . is good, but only insofar as it is an example of the current practice of liberals to engage in self-dagellation.

There is much to despair about, but she has few kind words for those who despair. This seems, at the least, unfair. Perhaps those "nihilist" activists are less despairing than at first seems to be the case. Any action is predicated upon a hope, somewhere along the line, of getting a meaningful response. And their hope seems more hopeful than Midge Decter's aloof pox upon both houses, that of the radicals as well as that of all those lumped in the less-than-liberal house.

Her assessment of the future and the pessimism contained is likely to

calls to work against it, since it seems the liberal imagination has exhausted itself.

PROF. RAYMOND ROHRBAUGH  
West Virginia Wesleyan College  
Buckhannon, West Va.

. . . All that the "anti-Americans" of the Left have done is to borrow from their Radical Rightist counterparts the image of hidden devils in the form of a sinister and subterranean "Establishment" that befouls all it touches. They then proceed to dress up their essential paranoia in vague doctrines of social and political upheaval.

Because of their dogmatism, violence, disrespect for the rights of others, intellectual rigidity, belief in class hostility and social insurrection, and animosity toward the American

political system, the "anti-Americans" of the Left have severed all connections with the accommodative, cooperative nature of American liberalism. . . . Like their kindred spirit on the Far Right, they ignore their obsession about being a "phetic minority"; what Zecher Chafee observed in his distinguished *Free Speech in the United States*: "Any plan formed by a few leaders, however wisely, will fail unless it responds to widespread thought and desires of us ordinary men and women."

DAVID F. RUDOLPH  
Arlington, Va.

This is the sort of lucid, objective article which has kept me for so many years on your subscription list. I am sure it will draw forth some of the hysterical, vituperative letters which always seem to come from the faithful of that new religion—American anti-Americanism. Recent attacks by George Kennan and others were dared to find fault with the nihilism of campus radicals—both student and teacher—drew forth letters which were characterized by such outbursts and incoherence as to be almost funny if only they hadn't seemed so sad.

As a liberal who came to political maturity during the 'thirties, I find it depressing to see this generation of would-be intellectuals fall into the same error as those of my generation who fell victim to the charm of that Russian-erected chimera—Western imperialism. But like so many of my contemporaries of that other generation of self-delusion, I can only hope that the young intellectuals of today will not waste as many years pursuing that false dream of nirvana by drug and or state socialism or by any other path than the most difficult—hard work and objectivity. . . .

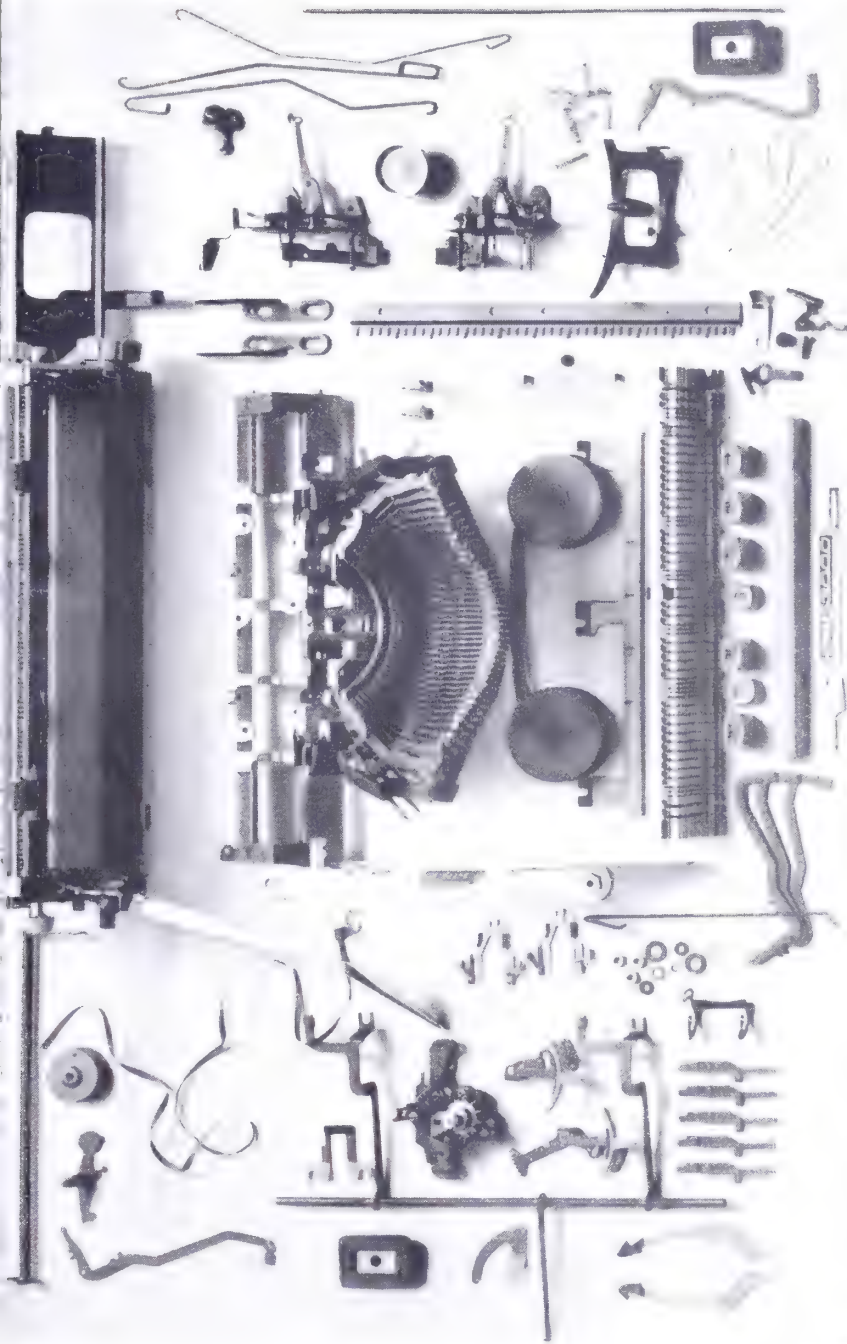
MRS. L. Z. TAYLOR

Against the Gr

I have been an almost lifelong admirer of *The Easy Chair*. Larry K—the bearded one, as he seems to want to refer to himself—has departed from



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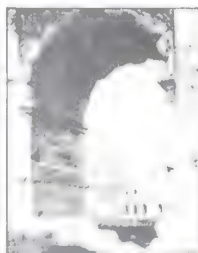
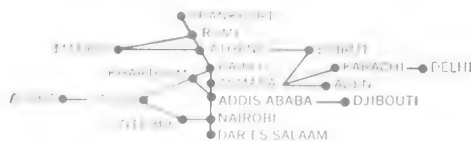


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## LETTERS

the tradition of the column, which I believe to have been one of the best opinion-making forums of the nation on many a subject. "An Epitaph for LBJ" in the April *Easy Chair* is simply not in the fine tradition of controversy and difference of opinion out of which come both change and progress. It is a skillful personal polemic written by a smarty-pants who has an admirable command both of language and the techniques of personal attack; it is close to a model slander this side of the law. . . .

More than that, though, is against the grain of history. In this way the polemicists of the Ape Jackson wrote against him, and later Lincoln, "the Ape of Washington" and later Grover Cleveland. *Harper's* is surely too sophisticated for the kind of juvenile and utterly self-serving writing.

WILLIAM SLOAN  
New Brunswick,

Polemicist Larry King's occupation of "The Easy Chair" has him dealing with a "formerly liberal friend" about the merits of LBJ as President. He was kind enough to maintain anonymity of his adversary, but since I am the straw man in this case, the further remarks are to insure against a credibility gap in LBJ's "epitaph."

First, it is simply not true to view Larry as an "impractical dreamer." He is a skilled and successful writer, and his observations of recent political and social foibles are keen, graphic, entertaining, and obviously salable. With regard to beard, I admit to having seen whiskers, but I've tried not to stare. On scout's honor I attach no special opprobrium to his hirsute condition. . . .

Larry further wonders plaintively why Lyndon Johnson's legislative performance has "not eradicated poverty, made us love our neighbors, cured cancer, found God, or delivered us Utopia." Not even a Carl McIntire, Billy James Hargis could more clearly demonstrate theological fundamentalism, nor a more cynical contempt for optimism and hope in this world.

He sets up his piece by implying that my whole defense of LBJ that evening consisted of "Johnson v. better with Congress." "He's passed more bills." If that was really all I said in the two or three hours that



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## LETTERS

evening over drinks, dinner, and more drinks, then I apologize to the President for an incredibly poor job.

Even if this had been all I said, however, it would have been infinitely more accurate than Larry's summation of the President as simply "a hog caller and an arm waver." Why not characterize the graceful John F. Kennedy as a nasal-voiced, finger-punching, filthy rich Boston pol? . . . With reference to Larry's use of the shopworn "lack of style," his emphasis on the already much-abused LBJ "image" seems to me unworthy. No, I cannot understand that "in a world searching for and needing truth, style is [necessarily] related to credibility at home," etc., etc. One might just as logically insist that credibility at home and abroad is dependent on one's dancing well, wearing one's hair long, or suffering only from such chic ailments as backaches rather than from unstylish gallstones. . . . Style, charisma, flair, and timing are indeed attributes of leadership, but the proof of the pudding is still the eating thereof. Without solid accomplishment such frothy characteristics remain a mere cosmetic. . . .

CRAIG RAMP  
Washington, D.C.

*The Easy Chair* turned awfully hard in April. Was Larry King writing an epitaph for LBJ or an epithet? My God, Man, did you have to strip him bare-ass naked? But, come to think of it, that's the way I have been seeing him for some time.

In some respects you were too lenient. Most of the liberal legislation that was passed during Johnson's Administration can be attributed primarily to the reaction to Jack Kennedy's assassination; and, as much as I regret his death, I believe that more of it became law than JFK himself would have gotten through in two full terms in office.

My only criticism of the article is the overvaluation of style when reality is here for comparison and contrast. I am afraid the result will be a build-up for Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy.

RAY L. DODDS  
Los Angeles, Cal.

I was quite shocked at the first sentence of Larry L. King's "An Epitaph for LBJ." To state that the idea of LBJ being dead is interesting

and intriguing is not only poor taste it is precisely in the vein of that terrible ad that appeared in Dallas the day Kennedy was shot. I am a sharp son critic, a strong one; the work goes beyond decent criticism.

DAVID F. BRINKLEY  
Tucson, Ariz.

## Thomas Wolfe and the Yonkers

I read William Styron's review of the Andrew Turnbull biography of Thomas Wolfe ["The Shadow of Thomas Wolfe," April] with more than ordinary interest; my law firm has been actively associated with the Estate of Thomas Wolfe since his death and I am presently the administrator C.T.A. of the Wolfe estate.

I will not attempt to quarrel with Mr. Styron's literary judgment of Wolfe writings, but I do feel impelled to suggest that "the shade of Thomas Wolfe" these thirty years after death is not "acutely disturbed" to find that Wolfe's earthly stock has fallen so low." I would further suggest that Mr. Styron's research is, to say the least, faulty, since the Wolfe works are still being published and read here and abroad.

Here in the United States all of Wolfe's works are still in print in hard cover, including not only the major novels and the collection of short stories but also *The Story of a Novel* and *A Stone, A Leaf, A Dream*. In addition, two of the novels are still in print in the mass market paperback media. . . .

While it is true that in Europe, with the exception of Germany, Wolfe is not very well known, his works are still in print either in hard cover or paperback in England, Spain, Italy, and Yugoslavia, as well as in several of the Scandinavian countries.

I would suggest, finally, that it is only "middle-aging hearts that can no longer respond" to Thomas Wolfe, and that the "young in heart" are still reading Wolfe with the same enthusiasm that Mr. Styron describes when he first encountered Thomas Wolfe's writings, in his youth.

PAUL GIBSON  
New York, N.Y.

I want to express my appreciation for William Styron's review of Thomas Wolfe biography. It is v

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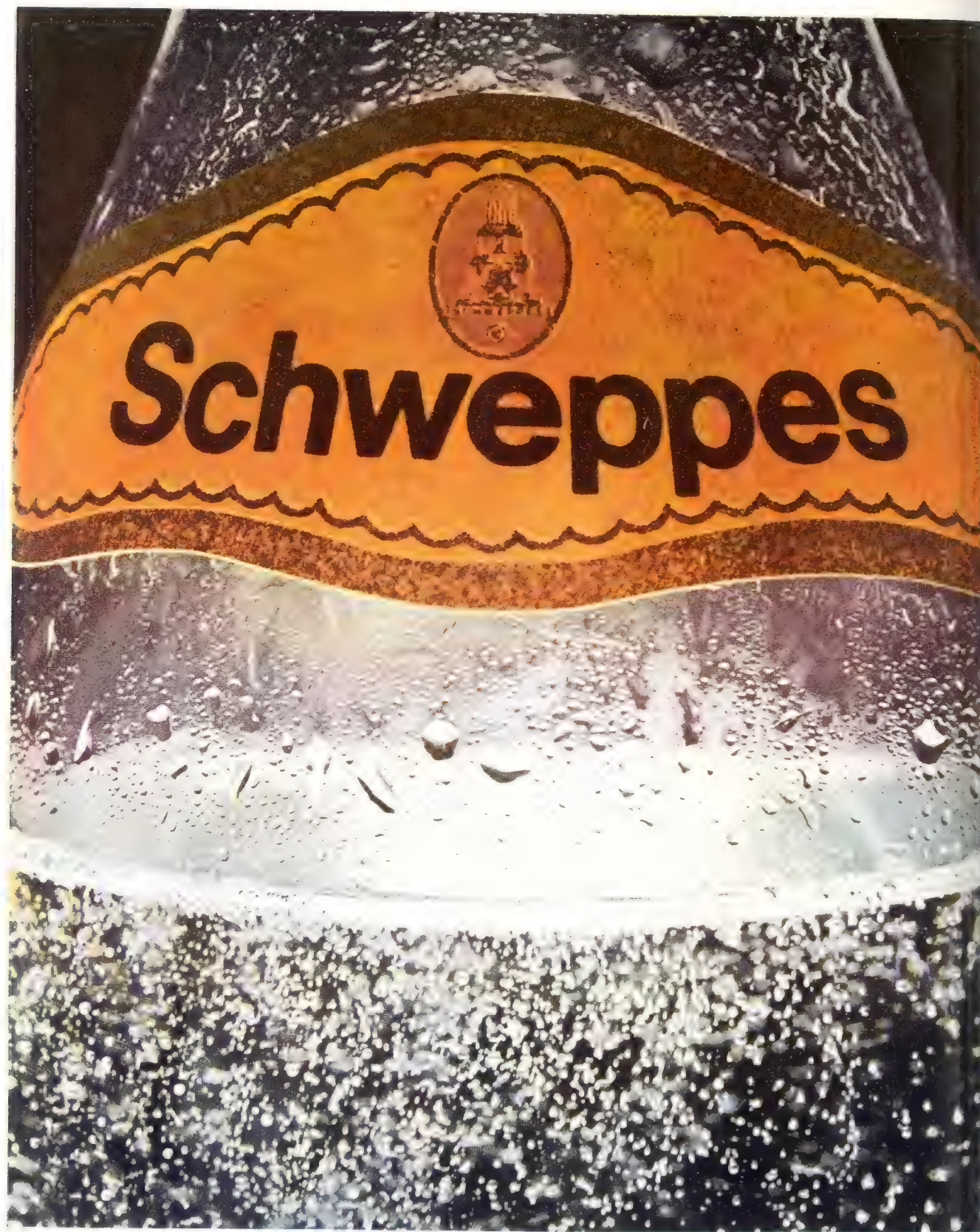
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## LETTERS

hing after seeing so many of rebunkings of Wolfe that have incorporated in other reviews of ography. As Mr. Styron says, he would have to be cherished y for the power he exerted over le generation."

FRANK E. SMITH  
Tennessee Valley Authority  
Knoxville, Tenn.

## Mythical Football Power

y Cartwright's wonderfully hu- is "Confessions of a Washed-Up swriter" [April] brings to mind ory of another mythical football I helped create in the early while employed as the News tor of the CBS radio station in Francisco. Among my colleagues Howard Gossage, who worked as station's Promotion Director not otherwise occupied in such vours as founding Bering Straits iversity (The Oldest Established anent Floating Seat of Higher ation in the Frigid Zone). How- maintained that B.S.U. actually started in 1789 by an order of d monks under a grant from erine the Great of Russia.

In the fall of 1950, we organized B.S.U. Bisons and appointed as coach Fats (Blubber) Inganook, e entire eleven-man squad (who s substitutes?) was named Yan ook. Enlisting the cooperation of

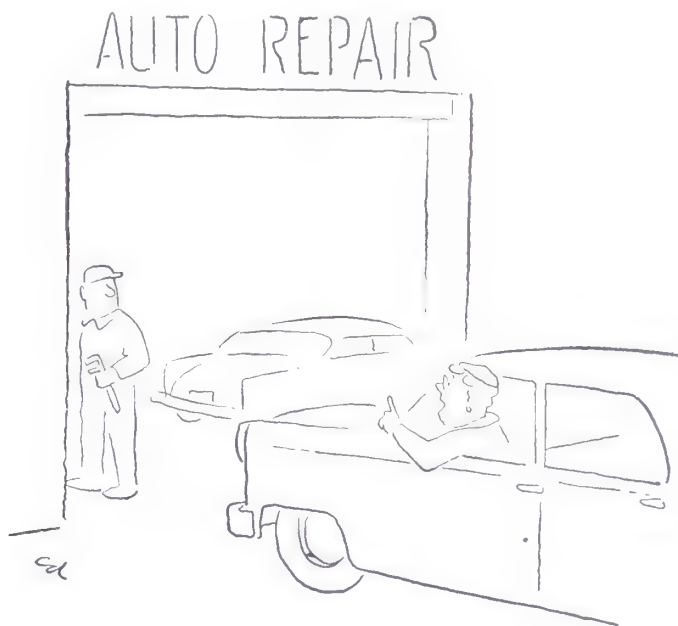
the station's sports department, we issued an official B.S.U. Bison press book and notified the AP and UP that they could expect scores for inclusion in their late Saturday football wrap-ups. On his Friday night show preceding the game, the sportscaster would predict the score of Saturday's game and frequently would conduct personal interviews with Fats Inganook, relying on electronic wizardry to conceal the fact that he was interviewing his own studio engineer.

Among the stalwarts who succumbed routinely to the Bisons were the Walla Walla School of Taxidermy, Grants Pass Metaphysical, the Seattle Academy of Ornithology and the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. B.S.U. always won by a score of 109 to 0.

We probably would have continued into a third year, but Yan Nanook was summarily expelled from school at the opening of the fall semester for fomenting a strike of yak drovers, who controlled the supply of Eskimo Pies on Little Diomed Island, the seat of B.S.U.

Incidentally, that great educational bastion of the frozen North also was the home of the Blubber Bowl, the "world's only self-liquidating sports arena." The Bowl melted every spring and was rebuilt in time for B.S.U.'s first fall gridiron contest.

WILLIAM D. NIETFIELD  
San Diego, Cal. [ ]



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# The Easy Chair by John Fischer

## WESTERN INTELLECTUALS VS. MYRDAL'S BRUTAL FACTS

About one author in a thousand, at a rough estimate, writes a best-seller. Authors who visibly affect the course of history are far more rare; it is hard to think offhand of a dozen during the last couple of centuries. Rousseau, Locke, and Marx helped make revolutions. Clausewitz and Mahan changed the nature of warfare; Darwin and Freud changed our way of looking at the world; Adam Smith and John Maynard Keynes left their marks on its economy. Harriet Beecher Stowe may have hastened the end of slavery with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; Upton Sinclair stirred up a small tidal wave of reform with *The Jungle*—and, with a little scratching, any of us could add a few more to the list.

But only one man that I can think of has written *two* books capable of changing history, each in an entirely different way. He is Gunnar Myrdal—who happens to be, like Rousseau and Marx, a painfully bad writer. The fact that his prose is graceless and infested with clichés is a small matter, however, in comparison with his two monumental assets. One is sheer animal vitality which has enabled him to carry, over a long span of years, a workload that would kill an ordinary man. (This kind of abnormal energy seems to be characteristic of many successful writers; it is scarcer than talent, and possibly more valuable.) The other is the courage—or effrontery—to tackle big, important subjects. Among social scientists, this quality is rare, and not altogether respectable. Your safe-and-sound economist or sociologist (Myrdal is both) is content to stay in the corner of a subject and then researches it right down to bedrock, whether or not he turns up a trace of

gold. Myrdal has always disdained such finicky pan-and-shovel tactics. He aims straight for the Mother Lode, with dredge, placer hose, bulldozer, and all of the assistant scholars he can dragoon into his service.

His first big project seemed ambitious to the verge of grandiosity. It was nothing less than a study of the Negro in America, past, present, and future, and his impact on our whole society. The result, as everybody knows, was *An American Dilemma*, published in 1944. Its consequences were immediate, and we haven't seen the end of them yet. The book has been studied by three Presidents (maybe four; I don't know about Eisenhower). It was cited by the Supreme Court in one of its key desegregation decisions; it inspired much of our civil-rights legislation; it is quoted constantly by scholars, politicians, and demagogues of both races. It can be said, I think, to have set the key for the national debate over race relations which has been going on ever since.

Myrdal's second history, under, published last March, is even more ambitious, both in size (three volumes, 2,284 pages) and scope. *Asian Drama: An Inquiry Into the Poverty of Nations*<sup>2</sup> is a study of the 718 million people—one fourth of the human race—who live in the eleven countries of South Asia. It asks two simple, immense questions: why are these people so poor? And what, if anything, can be done about it? Myrdal's answers are unexpected, unfashionable, infuriating to many of the people he discusses—and quite differ-

ent, apparently, from the answer hoped to find when he embarked his inquiry ten years ago.

Again, the consequences of book are likely to be immediate, to keep on reverberating for a time. In this case, however, some of the results probably will be the opposite of what the author would like, and, at least in the beginning, will be painful to a lot of poor people.

For one predictable result is a reduction in the flow of aid from rich countries to the poor ones. Congressman or aid administrator who reads the book is almost certain to wind up convinced that poor nations cannot be saved by aid alone. Indeed, he may wonder whether rescue of the people unfortunate enough to live in the tropic zones can be saved by any means whatever. Myrdal insists that he is speaking only of South Asia—but many of his conclusions would seem to apply with equal force to the hot, humid, and hungry regions of Africa and Latin America.) Maybe they are doomed for indefinite future to poverty, disease, ignorance, and misrule? Maybe the problems, set forth by Myrdal in so intimidating detail, are simply beyond any conceivable solution?

This, needless to say, is not the impression the author means to give. He intended the book, I think, as a bugle call which he hopes might shake at least some of the Asians out of the fecklessness, corruption, mismanagement, and superstition which keep them poor. Admitting that much foreign aid has been wasted, and that some has done actual harm, he believes that it could be a marginal help—if the people receiving it can be aroused to help themselves. Therefore he would like to see an even greater

<sup>2</sup>The Twentieth Century Fund, cloth, \$25; Pantheon Books, paper, \$8.50.



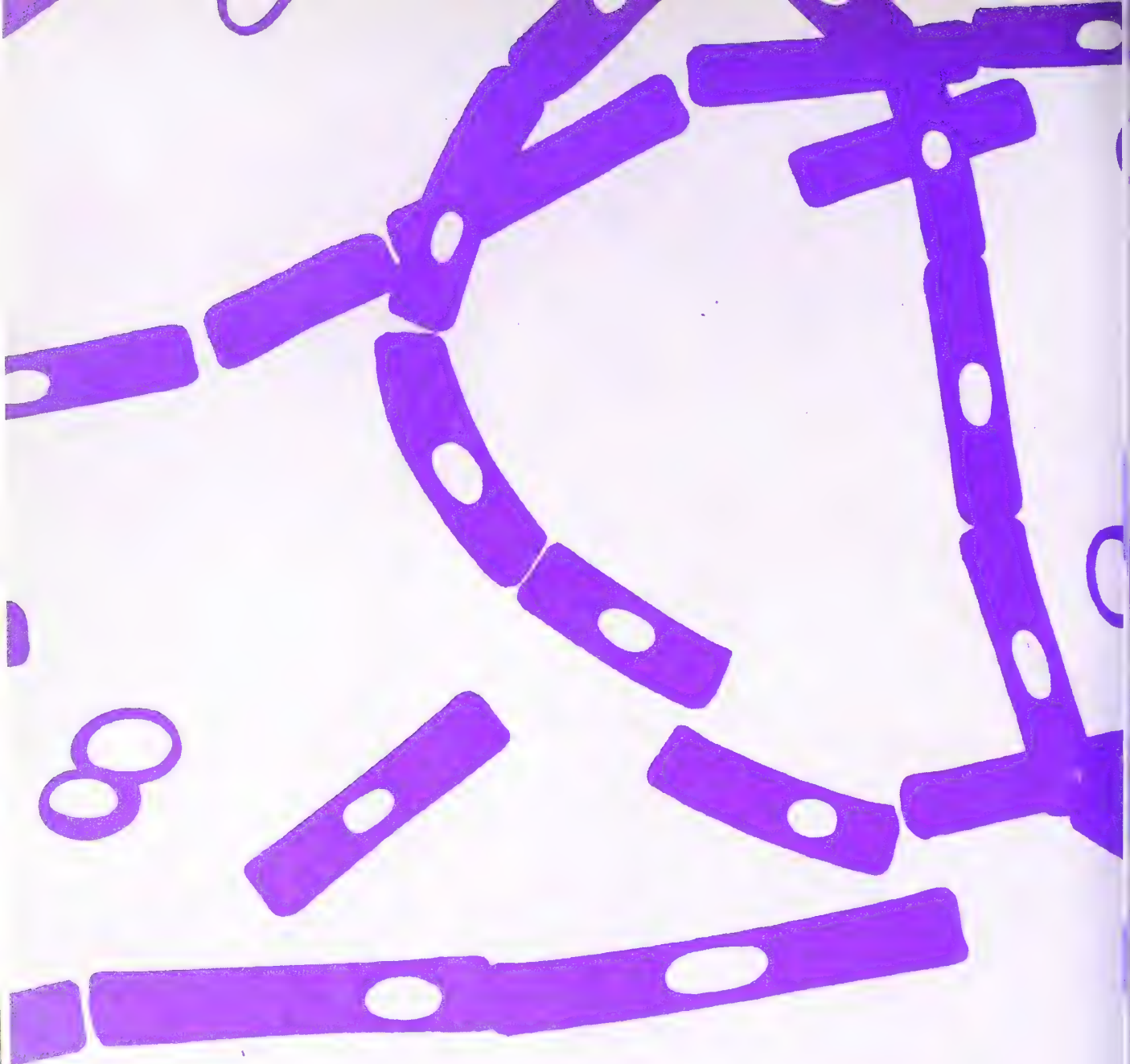
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## THE EASY CHAIR

flow of capital—preferably as grants, not loans—from the rich to the poor; but he has little confidence that this will happen.

Myrdal must have realized that the evidence he amassed could be used—or misused—by those conservatives who always have opposed foreign aid, and are hacking away at it in Congress at this moment. What he may not have realized is that the same evidence could dishearten and disarm those liberal-internationalist-humanitarians who have fought so hard for the aid programs over the last twenty years. It undermines the chief assumptions on which their argument always has been based.

These once were Myrdal's assumptions too. He used to believe, apparently, that massive industrialization would prove the quick cure for most of Asia's ills. Socialism (democratic, if possible) would be the best way to administer this medicine. Socialist planning seemed to be the obvious, and probably the only, method to gather the necessary capital and direct it where it was most needed. The process would be hastened with heavy infusions of Western money and technical help. Therefore we could confidently expect that within a relatively few years most of the underdeveloped countries—a favorite euphemism—would reach the takeoff point, and then soar away into self-sustaining economic growth.\*

But year by year, as Myrdal looked at the facts of Asian life, these convictions flaked away. And the fact that he, of all people, was forced to change his mind is especially jarring to American intellectuals, because his own credentials as a liberal-internationalist-humanitarian are impeccable. After all, he has served with distinction as a professor, a leader of Sweden's Social Democrats, a cabinet officer, and a high-level servant of the United Nations. He cannot be

brushed off as a reactionary, ignorant, or bigot; his findings, however disturbing, must be taken seriously.

It is astonishing, as Myrdal points out, that so many shaky assumptions about the poor countries have been accepted for so long without question by the Western intellectual establishment. One explanation, he suggests, is that Westerners have felt obliged to be tactful and encouraging. If they wondered out loud about corruption, or the role of astrologers in Asiatic life, or the economic consequences of cow-worship, they might wound the tender—oh, how tender—feelings of the Indians or Burmese. Besides, generations of Forward-looking Thinkers—including characters as disparate as the missionaries, Harold Laski, Jawaharlal Nehru, and Harry Truman—had taught us that the backward lands eventually would become advanced, just like us. All they had to do was to adopt Western institutions and to follow the economic models which had been devised in Europe, America, or perhaps Russia. Plainly then it was our duty—our Christian or our Socialist duty, according to one's dogma—to lead them toward enlightenment. Since negative thoughts would not be helpful, men of good will would speak publicly only about the hopeful prospects, the optimistic assumptions.

One purpose of Myrdal's book is to stop this exercise in self-deception.

My own negative thoughts began in 1943, when a wartime assignment took me to India. Bengal was then stricken with a famine which eventually took some three million lives. The government did nothing effectual to check it, or even to move the corpses. *The Statesman*, one of India's leading newspapers, observed that the British and American volunteers "who carry away the dead found in the streets do noble work" and complained of the red tape which "necessitated their rotting publicly for hours or days." Food was available elsewhere in the country, but little of it got to the starving. For one thing, the overstrained railways could not bring in enough rice because they were busy hauling horses and fodder for the Calcutta racing season. Moreover, the Bengali officials lucky enough to be assigned to famine relief commonly got rich by speculating with hoarded

grain. I watched them enjoying their nine-course meals at Firpo's and the Great Eastern hotel, while children died on the sidewalk just beyond the window. In justice, it must be said that they were not entirely callous; a few of them used some of their new riches to set up foundations for the care and feeding of elderly cows. These sacred but untended creatures wandered in scrawny thousands through the streets of every village and even in Calcutta's equivalent of Wall Street. But no Hindus ever ate one, even when the famine was at its worst; they would rather die than dream of such a thing.

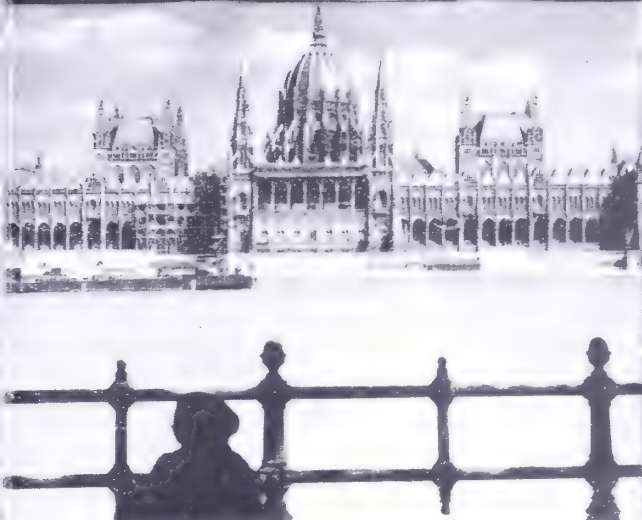
As a result of this experience, I wrote an article, later republished as a small book, called *India's Insoluble Hunger*. It was fiercely denounced by a good many liberal intellectuals, here and in England, because it raised questions which they regarded as indecent. Such as, for example: Can any people so lacking in social responsibility ever cope with their appalling problems—a soaring population, a primitive agriculture, a labor force debilitated by disease, a climate which makes sustained hard work almost impossible, a ruling elite that is both corrupt and feeble?

Myrdal is now raising the same kinds of questions, not only about India but about all South Asia, with infinitely more authority and documentation than I could muster. Evidently he too expects to be attacked by the Western intellectual establishment—so he beats it to the punch. He accuses American and European scholars of an "all-pervasive bias" which has kept them from facing up to the facts that shape Asian society.

To begin with, he points out, they have habitually "ignored or casually dismissed" the effects of climate on economic development. Yet "it is a fact that all successful industrialization in modern times, including that of Japan and the Soviet Union, has taken place in the temperate zones." He goes on to note the ways in which extreme heat and humidity damage the soil, hamper production of many crops, impair health, and in general "impose serious obstacles to development."

The same bias has imposed a "taboo on research on corruption." Most scholars have deliberately

\*At least some of these assumptions, if not all of them, are shared by many American economists and political scientists, who come out of the same mold. Compare, for example, Walt W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth, A Non-Communist Manifesto*, and Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Great Ascent*. For a long while, I must admit, I also accepted most of them as revealed doctrine.



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## THE EASY CHAIR

looked away from it, or even apologized for it, out of misplaced sympathy for the Asians—although anyone who has done business in that part of the world knows how endemic it is, and what cancerous effects it has on both government and the economy.

Neither has anyone made a serious study of the reasons why socialism, almost universally proclaimed in South Asia as the official doctrine and surefire panacea, has worked so badly. So Myrdal lists the reasons—ranging from mistaken goals, such as over-rapid industrialization, to the inability of the local governments to enforce their own plans. Here again corruption is a central, though seldom-considered, factor. Whatever the theoretical merits of socialism for an underdeveloped society, it obviously can't work without two things. One is a large corps of honest, able, and disinterested civil servants. The other is a vast flow of dependable statistics, the raw material on which all socialist planning must be based. Neither exists anywhere in South Asia. (Incidentally, such conservative economists as Dr. Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago must be delighted and amazed to see the pretensions of socialism demolished so thoroughly by a veteran socialist.)

This does not mean that Myrdal has become an apostle of competitive free enterprise. That doctrine is a cure-all for the poor countries either, since they generally lack both the entrepreneurs and the resources to build a capitalist industrial system in a hurry. Indeed, Myrdal concludes that there is no clear evidence that one system of economics or of government works much better in South Asia than any other. The fundamental problems lie deeper than that, and they can be solved only by profound change in habits, ways of thought, and social institutions.

**B**reeding habits, above all. So long as the population continues to double every forty years or less, Myrdal sees virtually no hope for South Asia. Although some governments, notably in India, are now making a serious effort to encourage birth control, the population of the region is still "growing very fast—faster than the growth rate in Europe at any time during its recorded demographic history." (By coincidence, on the day Myrdal's book was published the Population Reference Bureau reported that 324,000 babies are being born every day somewhere in the world, while only 133,000 people are dying. The daily net gain, therefore, is about 190,000 people—enough



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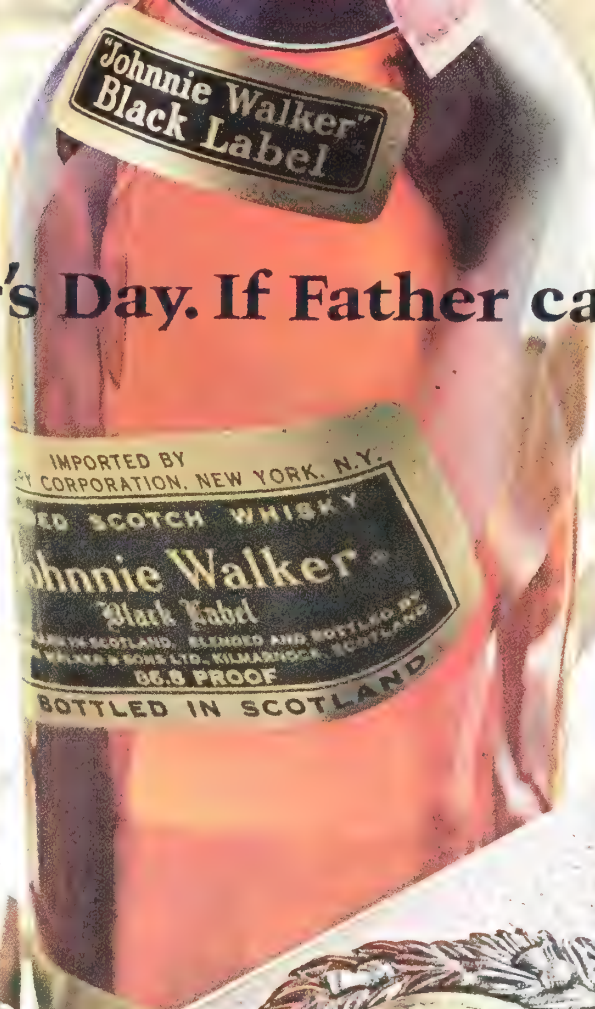
But (you might say) Father's Day comes just once a year.

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## THE EASY CHAIR

late a medium-sized city. And of this increase is happening in cities already hungry and over-crowded.)

Consequently, Myrdal's prime recommendation for South Asia is a "basic policy" of promoting birth control, by all methods and as fast as possible. The second priority, he says, should be an equally urgent program of agriculture, in an effort to do something to put into all those very new mouths. This is not impossible, or even very expensive. If it could be gained, he demonstrates, if only the farmers could be persuaded to work a little harder and more efficiently. But this in turn requires a change in attitude (now contemptuous) toward farming and manual labor, and more "social discipline" than any country in the region has yet achieved. The Asians' strategy, he suggests, would be to forget their idealistic schemes for reform, and to "make a deliberate policy choice in favor of capitalist farming." By raising the profits of the energetic farmers, and forcing the lazy, the incompetent, and the absentee landlords, this policy probably would be the quickest way to step up food production.

Meanwhile, the South Asians also should do well to forget their dream of salvation-through-industry, now a top priority in most poor nations. They have no chance of mobilizing needed capital, technologists, and materials—and in any case factories could not be built quickly enough to employ the fast-growing population.

Instead, they had better focus on rationalizing their educational system, which now are largely irrelevant to the needs of their people. With few exceptions, education has been as it was at the end of the colonial era—overly academic and arbitrary. Several countries still produce battalions of graduates who can recite Shakespeare or Racine by rote, but turn out few of the doctors, engineers, mechanics, and plumbers who are in desperate demand. And it has been woefully unsuccessful in teaching civic responsibility or even rational attitudes toward life and work.

It is barely possible that Myrdal is a bit too pessimistic. God knows I am an optimist about Asia, and haven't

been for a quarter of a century—but I'm not quite so discouraged as he sounds. After all, India is making some headway in modernizing its agriculture, as I saw during a recent visit—building fertilizer plants, irrigating a good deal of land, and adopting high-yield hybrid seeds. Although American generosity—a shipload of grain a day in recent years—enabled the government to evade its farm problems far too long, it is now biting the bullet. By 1972 there is at least a chance that it won't have to depend on international charity for survival. Indonesia, too, shows signs of turning practical, after decades of intoxication on Sukarno's demonology and dreams of glory. Thailand is relatively prosperous and hopeful, by Asian standards—and a few other gleams of light can be detected on the South Asia landscape if one looks hard enough.

Nevertheless, the main thrust of Myrdal's argument is undeniable. The prospects for this part of the world are a lot gloomier than its well-wishers in the West have been willing to recognize. Any significant change for the better will have to come primarily from its own people. The wealthy nations can—and should—help but nothing they can do will be decisive.

For the United States, the implications are fairly plain. Instead of cutting off all foreign aid in a fit of disappointment (as Congress often seems tempted to do), we ought to give it more selectively, and then only when the poor countries clearly demonstrate that they are able and willing to put their own affairs in order. Above all, we should offer our help without any of the kindly illusions which have clouded American policy in the past. There aren't going to be any miracles. What improvements we can bring about will be few and slow. The odds are that life will get worse rather than better for most of the South Asians—and probably for tropic people elsewhere. Evasion of these facts does them no favor—and is all too likely to lead us into false hopes, blunders, and eventual disillusion.

If Myrdal's bitter scholarship succeeds in driving these points home, he may again change the drift of history; and again we will be in his debt.



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## After Hours by Russell Lynes



### FLICKS FOR THE FASTIDIOUS

The arts have a way of spawning organizations, societies, federations, and enclaves of the devoted with all the zest and some of the mumbo jumbo and slogans of the fraternal organizations that are so much a part of the American community. I backed into such an organization recently more or less by accident in a friend's living room in Salisbury, Connecticut. I asked an innocent enough question, "Tell me about your film society. How does it work?" and, in a few days I found myself buried under a pile of literature and deep in conversation in New York with the Executive Secretary of the American Federation of Film Societies, of which he said there are some 2,500 in this country with heaven knows how many members. Do not for a moment think that this is merely an organized lot of movie buffs; on the contrary, it is a deadly serious business for deadly serious lovers of the cinema.

About fifteen years ago I was spending a weekend in Salisbury with Robert and Elodie Osborn and we went on a Sunday morning, as I remember, to the town library and looked at a film projected by a sixteen-millimeter machine in the library's main meeting room; we sat on hard wooden folding chairs. This was not a regular meeting of the local film society, of which Mrs. Osborn is

the originator and moving spirit and master intelligence, but was merely an occasion for her to take a look at a film to see whether it was up to the standards she sets for the Salisbury Film Society. Curiously, and not to my credit, I remember the chairs but I cannot remember the film, and I am inclined to think of members of film societies as hard-chair devotees of the art of the cinema, though I have recently learned that this notion of the primitive state of this movement is now quite out-of-date.

The kind of film society Mrs. Osborn runs is a rather rare kind today though it was the sort that started the movement. Its membership is now limited to thirty and there is a long list of applicants in the vicinity of Salisbury, a pretty New England town with white-columned houses and tall elms and wide lawns, who are waiting for present members to yield their places for one reason or another.

"It is very important," Mrs. Osborn told me, "that this group be kept small and congenial so that people know each other and have a chance to discuss what they have seen. Some of them have been members since we started in 1951 and by now they have a tremendous backlog of experience with film."

Mrs. Osborn gave me a copy of a small paperback book called *Film So-*

*ciety Primer* which was published twelve years ago when the movement was still young, and it contains a chapter written by her about the beginnings and early programs of the Salisbury society. It was not the intention of the society "to study the history of the film as an art," Mrs. Osborn put it, but it was established "with an honest desire to make this a vehicle for bringing all kinds of outstanding films to the community." It was also, she told me, that there wasn't a great deal going on in Salisbury at that time to relieve the long cold winters.

Salisbury, a town of about 2,000 voters, has two private boarding schools for boys (and hence an unusual supply of teachers) and a number of painters, writers, and other professionals, some of them retired. The fare offered by the local movie house was the routine fare and routinely unappetizing to the fussier (that is the word) members of the community. The first offering of the society (149 people had joined on faith) lasted from eight until nearly midnight and included Edwin S. Porter's *Discs at a Ranchman's Feast*, Harold Lloyd in *High and Dry*, a Easter Kenton's *The Naughtier*, and a (if they weren't enough to shake the audience loose from its senses, there was always W. C. Fields in *Never Give a Sucker*

## AFTER HOURS

en Break. The subscribers, Mrs. n said, "were in agony from ined laughter long before the began to fog up from overheat-

the seventeen years since that on, hundreds of films have been ed to the eyes of the sophisti- in Salisbury—films from Europe Asia, from the archives of early istory, from the newest experi- s, from mass culture and mini re. The local theater, somewhat ut by the fact that the number of ers of the film society exceeded otal of its usual audience, joined s with the society for a short val. There were technical diffi- s which made the showing of en-millimeter films a nuisance e theater ("New foreign films," Osborn explained, "were avail- on thirty-five-millimeter, but not assics, and there were almost no esting shorts, documentaries, or imental films except on sixteen- neter"). There were other les having to do, as I understand ith diluting the strength of the etic brew to which the hard- members were accustomed. So embership shrank to what even- y became living-room size . . . in- the Osborns' living room, from eiling of which hang two very nt Calder mobiles, one black and e and one bright red. It now s elsewhere, however, in a barn- addition to a house in Salisbury. was in the Osborns' living room, e the sun poured in through a wall, that Mrs. Osborn told me t film societies. Since she first ne involved with them, they have ne, if by no means a part of mass re, something far more than an ne pastime for the few. eature films can be rented," she "for as little as seventeen to ty dollars for certain old classics. things often are as much as ty-five, but the average in our et is about fifty to sixty dollars program including shorts. We ge our members sixteen dollars a series of eight programs and ust about break even; our total et for the year runs to about five red dollars. College film societies a quite different matter; they ge five dollars for a series—but they have hundreds of sub- bers."

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## AFTER HOURS

Evidently the pattern of the Salisbury Film Society is fairly typical of local, non-campus societies in its origins and the nature of its membership. Such societies grow rapidly out of the enthusiasm of a very small group and then settle down after a season or two to meetings of those who are genuinely concerned with what they consider (and they are probably right) the most important art form of our time. I asked Mrs. Osborn what kinds of people these were in Salisbury.

"We have some young people and wish we had room for more," she said, "and as you would expect a number of history and English and art teachers and, of course, writers. Lewis Mumford used to come quite regularly when he was living in Amenia, and so did Lewis Gannett until he died. The local superintendent of schools has been a member for ten years."

One impact of the society on the community has been a greatly increased use of film in local schools.

"Teachers who are members see the possibilities of using film," Mrs. Osborn said, "and I don't mean just ordinary run-of-the-mill educational films but films that supplement history teaching, for instance, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Battle of the Rails*, and *Triumph of the Will*. Some teachers have started film societies in high schools in the vicinity, and last year I was invited to speak at a meeting of all the art supervisors of the Connecticut public schools. I showed them samples of experimental films, documentaries, newsreels, and so on to give them some idea of the scope of films and how they might use them."

It is not enough for the members of film societies merely to let the foreign, the famous, the historical, the experimental, the documentary, and the art movies pass before their eyes; they are instructed in the nature of how to look and what to look for. Program notes are almost as much a part of the ritual as the films themselves; they describe the special qualities and histories of the films on the program with information about directors, producers, cinematographers, and actors, and provide critical appraisals and comparisons with other films and suggestions for what particular qualities of technique to watch for. "This kind of viewing,"

Mrs. Osborn said, "produces more discriminating audiences. They may still want to see *Bonnie and Clyde* at the local theater, but they shy away from *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*. Our members now look for films by such directors as Fellini, Antonioni, Satyajit Ray, Godard, Truffaut, and many others whose features they first saw in Salisbury."

I asked Mrs. Osborn how she selected the films for her society, and she told me that the membership has a strong voice in what it wants to see and that she spends a great deal of time at screenings that are put on in New York especially for film society programmers, at the so-called film festivals, and at week-long meetings such as the International Film Seminars, where she said, "We look at films in the Flaherty spirit—documentaries and feature films of significance—and at new experimentals. For the last few years the Flaherty Seminars, as we call them, have been at Arden House;\* this year they'll be at Windham College in Vermont. The people who come are filmmakers, librarians (film librarians, that is), producers, and many students . . . about a hundred in all. There are a lot of people there who teach film—courses in the history and aesthetics of the film. Harvard as yet has no such course. Yale started one last year. Most college courses in film are how-to-do-it, like the ones at UCLA, Northwestern, NYU, and Boston University. Dartmouth has courses of all kinds."

Some years ago when Mrs. Osborn was Elodie Courter, she originated and ran the first circulating art exhibitions for the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and she has known and been close to the workings of that Museum's film library from its inception. It is still, in her estimation, the very best source for films for film societies, though she mentioned a number of other libraries, as even the commercial distributors are called, which she finds especially helpful—Contemporary Films, Inc., Brandon Films, Inc., and the Audio Film Center.

"In the last three or four years,"

Arden House recently the estate of the Averell Harriman family at Harri-man, New York, is now part of Columbia University and is used for conferences

she said, "a lot of new libraries sprung up. There's an enormous dience for the art film."

She went to a cabinet in her library and came back with a stack of catalogues a foot high.

"See what I mean?" she said.

The following week I learned to surprise that the kind of film society that graces Salisbury is a drop in cinematic bucket. Ninety-five percent of film societies are in schools and on college campuses, or so I assured by William A. Starr, Executive Secretary of the American Federation of Film Societies, an organization of which Mrs. Osborn at one time the Eastern Vice President.\*

Of all the college film societies one at the University of Nebraska probably has the most members (2,000 students and 800 "townies" and the most active is the one at Dartmouth. "There is a film every day of the week at Dartmouth," Starr said, "and there are a thousand members of the film society."

The first university to take films seriously was the University of Southern California, which still has the largest movie department of educational institutions in the country. It was started in 1932 as a center to prepare students for the movie industry, and the emphasis of courses was (and still is) on production; aesthetics, history, and the social implications of film were tangential to job training. There are many colleges that offer a course two in what might be called film connoisseurship. Mr. Starr gave me an article by Jack C. Ellis of Northwestern, who has been chairman of the American Federation of Film Societies, in which he says, "Film is standing to be taught as a medium itself, capable of providing uniquely important aesthetic experience for the viewer and a flexible and potentially eloquent means of self-expression for the creator." Film-appreciation

Figure shows film societies are numerous. In the literature I have been given the number of societies is variously stated as anywhere from 2,000 to 1,000. One authority says there are about 500 college film societies, and another says that most of the 4,000 are "on or near a college campus."

## AFTER HOURS

es, in other words, are a little r off than art-appreciation es were when Charles Eliot on introduced the history of art arvard in the 1870s. The visual it seems, have always had a dif- time fighting their way into the culum as respectable disciplines. e are trying to make an impact merican society," Mr. Starr said ough he had said it often before iences larger than one. "There r increasing group concerned the cinema's not living up to otential."

said something about "sub- ive orchestration" which I did nderstand, and he explained to he difference between cinema, and movies. *Cinema* is an art; is the generic term that covers res that move; *movies* mean en- inment; and all three put to- er constitute "a medium of edu- n, communication, and art."

ne the most surprising revela- that Mr. Starr made was that a udget (\$40,000 to \$50,000) film f it is interesting enough, make ft entirely from rentals to film ies without ever being shown commercial theater. I asked Mr. what the effect of film societies een on the proliferation of "art ouses. Fifteen years ago in York there were just three or which struggled for existence, here are dozens with long queues ng to get in to see foreign and imental and historically impor- films. He was, not surprisingly, le to be specific in his answer, he believes the impact has been derable. "There have been many sands of young people who have exposed to excellent films and standards have been raised," id.

some respects film societies e on big business. A piece by ent Canby in the *New York s* in February said that "film tors—especially the avant-garde, ut (or far-under) types—have ne extremely valuable commodi- on the lecture trails, particularly trails that lead through univer- campuses." Jean-Luc Godard, rench director, was scheduled to re at eighteen campuses this g at fees up to \$1,500, though it after going to only five. Other

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## AFTER HOURS

moviemakers were traveling from campus to campus showing their films and lecturing and in addition to lecture fees were getting a percentage of the gate. Andy Warhol, who in his younger days of relative obscurity used to draw illustrations for a magazine (he is now the high potentate of Pop art and "master of the underground cinema"), was booked to lecture at colleges. He sat in an actor's place, however, because, as Canby said in the *Tinseltown* "since people are often disappointed in the real Warhol, Mr. Warhol it might be better to send out someone who was 'more entertaining'.

To Mr. Starr, however, there is something far more important than the size to which film societies have grown. He sees in them the future of the art of cinema because, he says, "We know that it is only a matter of time before the students who have been brought up in the film societies will be the makers of tomorrow's cinema. The trouble with most traditional filmmakers has always been that they are not cultivated men."

It would be interesting to speculate, too, about the extent to which film societies like Mrs. Osborn's at Salisbury, the one at Dartmouth and the several thousand elsewhere, organized *con amore*, inspired through the Federation of Film Societies, the creation of the American Film Institute, a nongovernmental organization that has received generous support from the federal government's arts program. A year ago it set aside \$1,210,000 to collect and preserve classic American movies that threatened, many of them, to turn to dust. Last January it put up \$500,000 for a program to help student and independent filmmakers to make short films, and just recently it has offered to help finance commercial distribution of worthy new films made in the United States with relatively low budgets.

It takes a great deal of pressure to make this kind of intelligent patronage befall any of the arts. It is the members of the film societies, I suspect, once a hard-chair and not a hard-core constituency of deeply concerned enthusiasts, that have brought about this near miracle cooperation between government and industry for the benefit of the fatidious.

# status Report

## armoil at Berkeley; ommodation at Ann Arbor

ere are plenty of student disorders at the University of Michigan. Yet during the last four years there have been no wild melees on campus and not a single student has been suspended or put on probation for breaking nonacademic rules. In contrast, tensions, violence, and administrative crackdowns have been commonplace at colleges throughout the country. At Berkeley alone well over a hundred protesters were disciplined in the past academic year. Recently I visited California and talked with students, faculty, and administrators. Berkeley's Chancellor since 1965 has been Roger W. Heyns. His departure from a vice-presidential post at Michigan (where he was regarded as the ideal next President) was widely mourned. Even the *Michigan Daily*—no advocate of the establishment—called him "a planner, an innovator, a persuader, a sympathizer . . . who is willing to align himself on the side of students interested in getting an education here. . . ." But in his new post Chancellor Heyns has spent far less time on planning and innovation than he did at Michigan. Although the two institutions are similar in size and quality, Berkeley is plagued by a tradition of excessive rules and a diffuse and uncentered student radicalism. Inevitably the clash between the two is explosive. Thus, for example, last October the Chancellor gave his consent to a student teach-in during Stop the Draft Week. Subsequently, he was forced to cancel it by a county court injunction. Michigan students responded by holding a series of rallies in violation of campus rules, two were suspended. In the end, a thousand young people participated in a disruptive "mill-in" on November 29, 30, and December 1, 1968.

which tied up Sproul Hall for three days. The administration response was to suspend four more students. Two of those suspended were elected to student government. Heyns took away student government's \$2.5 million in assets and gave the group's money and authority to a new board composed of students, faculty, and administrators. And so the cycle continues.

By the time I visited the campus a few months later the only very warm

words about Heyns that I heard came from the Chief of Campus Police Frank Woodward who called Heyns "A hell of a good guy. I think he'll end the trouble at Berkeley." Chief Woodward commands a force of forty-two uniformed men. Periodically one man dons plain clothes to take still pictures and movies of radicals. Typically, last fall, Woodward's force leaped into action when a group tried to raise a "Jolly Roger" flag on Sproul Plaza to mock the Chancellor. After a bloody fracas, the university charged seven young men with interfering with an officer in the performance of his duty and disturbing the peace. All were found guilty and fined in Berkeley municipal court.

The situation at Michigan is quite different. It has no Sproul Plaza bottleneck where the administration building, student union, campus police station, political speakers, and pamphleteers converge. Except for a small security force to guard buildings, there are no campus cops and the administration tries to keep the Ann Arbor constabulary at arm's length from the campus. Michigan administrators also seem to have a lower boiling point. For example, two years ago a sign suddenly appeared over a Marine recruiter's desk at a major campus entrance reading, "American troops in Vietnam: War Criminals." "My impulse," Dean William Haber said afterward, "was to get a ladder, tear the darn thing down and rip it to shreds." But after a long session with colleagues and a student leader he decided otherwise. "Had we exercised our authority," he said, "we would have provided the activists with an issue around which they could perhaps have rallied several thousand students—not Vietnam but free speech." As it turned out, within twenty-four hours students themselves removed the sign.

In the fall of 1966 the Michigan Student Government Council declared itself independent, and this year it drew up its own rules and delegated to dormitory residents the right to regulate such matters as curfew and coed visits. Under threat of stiff student protest, the administration and the University Regents approved the change. An all-student judiciary hears nearly all cases of rule violation and plans are currently being studied for a student govern-

## A CALL FOR ISLANDS

by Maxine Kumin

Let there arise  
between Boston and London  
two dozen more Bermudas  
to be thrust from  
the cones of old volcanoes.  
Let them link like a chain  
of stepping-stones  
so that all those  
who have grown pale  
as flounders face up in  
their North Temperate Zones  
may briefly lodge  
on such a coral shelf  
where the good Gulf Stream  
boils and drinks itself  
back through pot holes  
to make sand.  
In this way, let  
a corner of the winter  
be rubbed round.  
Let a warm wind run  
in the ironwood.  
Let all fold in their knees  
like camels and  
dumbly take the sun.



## STATUS REPORT

ment corporation, which, among other things, may hire teachers to give special courses. At Berkeley, on the other hand, students have been repeatedly thwarted in attempts to run their own affairs. Student government leaders are fuming over the transfer of their authority to the new "Union Program and Facilities Board."

There are, to be sure, major differences between the radical movements at the two universities. Michigan activists, for example, have not demonstrated against Dow or military recruiters—in part because of the belief that to do so might invite right-wing demonstrations against Peace Corps recruiters. Also the radicals would have minimal faculty support in such a protest. Instead, at Michigan students last year focused on an issue central to the university—"classified" military research. The campaign to force the university to curb such research and withdraw from the defense research consortium—the Institute for Defense Analysis (IDA)—was spearheaded by a four-part ex-

posé in the *Michigan Daily*, followed by a sit-in in the administration building and a lengthy dialogue with the Vice President for Research. In February students staged an anti-IDA skit during a reception at the home of President and Mrs. Robben W. Fleming. The President, who had recently arrived at Michigan from the much more turbulent Madison, Wisconsin, campus, seemed to enjoy the episode. He has since made it plain that he has serious doubts about covert research projects. It seemed clear this spring that the school would end the covert work, withdraw from IDA, and generally curb secret research in the future.

At Michigan, student protest has a certain cohesion, with the local chapter of Students for a Democratic Society serving as a clearinghouse and coordinator. Berkeley radicals, on the other hand, work through rather formless and undisciplined ad hoc groups that spring up around particular issues. Because activists are so often suspended, Berkeley is also beset with the problem of what to do

with "non-students." One is *Far* Bardacke, a doctoral student in teaching assistant who was suspended during the winter quarter for "insubordination" but still allowed to teach twenty-six students. Mrs. H. Butterfield Wessner, who is a student, picketed Dow and CIA recruiters last November. Although she attended Berkeley only for a summer session, she was hauled into the Dean's office in January for violation of campus rules. (The charges were dismissed for "insufficient evidence.")

A score of Berkeley students have been put on probation, which prohibits them from taking a "leadership role" at any student meeting. As a result one probating student, *Moh* Spector, a twenty-year-old sophomore majoring in sociology, must register with the Dean's office as a "non-student speaker" every time he wants to attend a Students for a Democratic Society meeting.

Even though Berkeley disciplines nearly three times as many students this year as in the past three years combined, the University's new President Charles J. Hitch tightened campus rules in February. For example, "use, possession, or distribution of drugs or marijuana is prohibited." "I'm sure that students will think of other offenses we haven't thought of and we'll have to elaborate our rules," Hitch says.

Both Chancellor Heyns (who predicts "there will be more suspensions of activists") and Dean of Studies Arleigh Williams told me they disapprove of being burdened with student discipline and are interested in alternatives proposed recently by a Berkeley campus commission. Whatever the outcome, the case was correctly stated by Michael Davis, a graduate student in philosophy at Michigan and a student government leader. "A demonstration is for someone who has power," he said. "The easiest way for the universities to stop demonstrations is to give the students power."

—Roger Rapoport

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*The author of these tidings, Roger Rapoport, graduated from the University of Michigan in April, 1967, with a degree in journalism. He was editor of the "Michigan Daily" and has written articles in "The Atlantic," "Look" and other magazines.*



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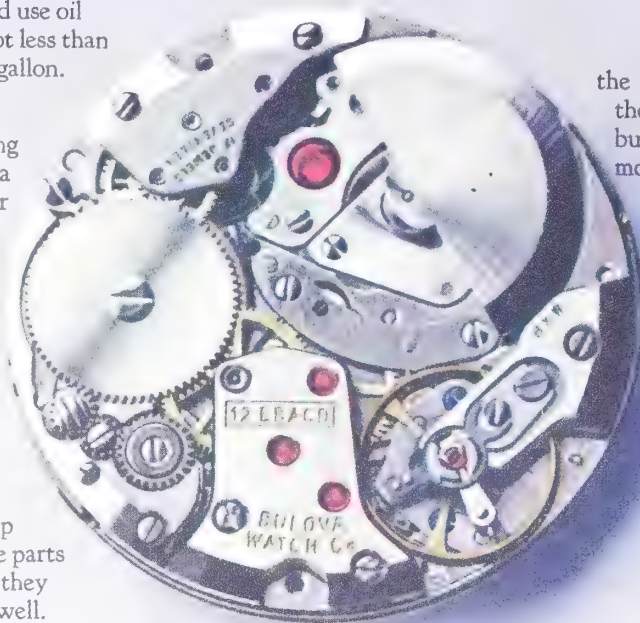
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11. We could add the oscillating weight onto the movement instead of building it right into the movement, but it would make the watch bulky.

12. We could use a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

13. We could stop using a precision hairspring and buy one of lesser quality.

14. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

15. We could make crude punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.

16. We could make a 3-piece case instead of a 1-piece case, but it wouldn't be as waterproof\* and dustproof.

17. We could use embossed numerals instead of hand-applied numerals.

18. We could skip hand-polishing the numerals and hands, but why skimp now?

19. We could skip hand-brushing the dial, but then the dial wouldn't be as beautiful.



When you know what makes a watch tick, you'll buy a Bulova.

# Harper's

magazine

*John Corry*

## THE IOWA REPUBLICANS: Politics Without Passion

*As the GOP convention drew near, the political pros in this very American place pondered Presidential nominees and the mood of the nation.*

Who knows Iowa, a place of farms and towns and large spaces, not the dead and mossy spaces of the Deep South, or the empty, aching spaces of the Southwest, but of fat, productive spaces, with the Mississippi to the east and the Missouri to the west, and in between the rivers perhaps 2.7 million Americans living and working. Who knows Iowa? Americans do, for it looks like, and is, what America was supposed to be and probably never was. Besides, when spring came this time, young Negroes in Waterloo, Iowa, were throwing rocks at cars, one Iowan was dying in Vietnam every fifty-four hours, and farmers in Iowa were buying air-conditioned tractors and borrowing money to pay taxes; these were all American things to do.

So this election year Iowa's Republican pros, who looked, and in fact were, much like Republican pros elsewhere, talked to one another of politics and of Presidential nominees and of issues as they saw them. There are, of course, regional

differences in Republican pros. Iowa does not have many of them, but those that it does have are amiable men, more inclined to rely on old friendships than on political machines, and more inclined toward pancake suppers and barbecues than Tammany beer busts. However, even in an election year the Republican pros do not talk loudly or much about Presidential nominees, and when they talk at all they insist on anonymity. They will send twenty-four delegates to the Republican National Convention at Miami Beach in August, and most probably the delegates will go uncommitted.

Silence, therefore, is the thing, and the point is to keep the other politicians guessing, which is something the Iowa Republicans do well. On the eve of the last national convention, Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper told Goldwater's people that he was about to deliver to them twenty of the twenty-four votes in the delegation. In fact, Mr.



Goldwater got fourteen votes and Governor William Scranton got ten, which is more than he got from any other state west of the Alleghenies. "Hick," a man who was a delegate then says, "got so goddamn mad he wouldn't talk to us anymore." This shows there is passion beneath the amiability of Iowa Republicanism, and that the passion, like as not, may be most aroused when conservatives and moderates disagree. (It also shows that Hickenlooper had what another politician called "the old Senator mentality," which means that he thought he could deliver whatever votes he wanted to. Nobody knows how many old Senators will be at Miami Beach.)

The consequence of that convention where Hick got so goddamn mad was that Iowa went Democratic for the sixth time in 108 years. The Iowa pros did not like this, of course, but what really got to them, as it did to pros everywhere, was the number of Republicans who were turned out of office throughout the state. "In 1964 I cried because so many good people lost," a Republican district committeeman says, "and it makes your blood boil to see what we elected in 1966." The district committeeman meant that in 1966, which was an exceptional year for the party, the Republicans in Iowa could, and did, elect some clods, whereas behind Goldwater good men fell in droves.

### Where Their Hearts Lead

**T**he lesson of this has not been lost on the Iowa Republicans: you cannot win at the bottom of the ticket when you have a loser at the top. A corollary is that you cannot win on a lousy campaign, and that Goldwater ran one of the lousiest. The memory of it lies like a stone on the Iowa Republican soul, just as does the memory of the bitterness and division that sprang from the confrontation between traditional Republicans and the evangelists on the right. "I remember," another man who was on the Iowa delegation in '64 says, "how they'd ask you who you were for, and I'd say I was uncommitted, and they'd look at you like you were a doggone Communist." More importantly, perhaps, John E. Warren, the Republican state chairman, who was a county chairman in 1964, recalls how he called out the Black Hawk County Republicans to vote for Goldwater and how the Black Hawk County Republicans hastened to vote for Lyndon B. Johnson. "We would have been better off if we just let the Republican alone," he says. "They voted Democratic because they were mad at us."

Consequently, most Iowa Republicans, even if

their hearts were to belong to Ronald Reagan, who is a part of Goldwater country, are hesitant to show it. He makes them nervous. Still, he does look better to them now than he did before Mr. Johnson said he would not run again. "I concede that Bobby Kennedy already has Nixon beaten," a pro says, "so why not a move to a new face—Reagan's." Since nearly everyone else was assuming that Nixon cannot be stopped, the pro was in a minority. Nixon, the pros say, is a nice man (but can he win?); Rockefeller is not a particularly nice man (look how badly he behaved toward Goldwater in '64 and Nixon in '60) but wouldn't he do better among the independents? George Romney had been dead for months before he dropped out, and there are only small and wistful patches of sentiment for Charles Percy, Mark Hatfield, or John Lindsay.

"Quite frankly, I find it clear that a considerable majority of the party's leaders want the candidacy of Vice President Richard Nixon, and it appears equally clear that they are keenly concerned and anxious to avoid any such divisive challenge within the party that marked the 1964 campaign," Nelson Rockefeller said late in March when he withdrew the candidacy he had never really offered. As Iowa goes, so may go the nation, and everything Rockefeller said that day was true. The county chairmen in Iowa, who are party leaders, don't really want him, even though a majority of their candidates do. Shortly before Rockefeller's announcement, 111 of the 198 chairmen and vice chairmen replied to an inquiry on their Presidential preference. Sixty-four, more than half, said they wanted Nixon, while 29½ (some-one split a vote) called for Rockefeller. Reagan was third with eighteen. The day after Rockefeller's announcement, the delegates of 23 of Iowa's 99 county conventions polled themselves on their Presidential preference and nearly two-thirds said they wanted Nixon.

At about the same time, seventeen Republican candidates in major primary races were asked who they liked and nine said it was Rockefeller. Five said Nixon, one said Reagan, one said he was undecided, and one wouldn't say at all. It is just possible that county chairmen and convention delegates are more interested in keeping peace in the party, and that candidates are more

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*John Corry, author of the book "The Manchester Affair," is on the national news staff of the "New York Times." He spent some weeks in Iowa working on this article, his third for "Harper's." As a Nieman Fellow in 1964, he concentrated on history, government, and politics.*

interested in winning. The best informed politicians in Iowa think that Rockefeller would run head of Nixon there, but that too many Republicans, mindful of the Governor's past behavior, would resent him.

It is possible to make too much of these things because what Iowa Republicans really want is a winner, and they will forgive much to a man who can win. Still, being American and being educated and reasonably well-off, they want other things, too, and most of all they want the country to be more moral and more sensible. It is as simple as that. Nearly everyone else wants the same thing, of course, but the problem is that an Iowa Republican is simply a different person from, say, a reform Democrat in New York, much less a black militant in California, or even a conservative republican in Alabama.

### "We've Lived Under Lies"

Consider what are likely to be the interests of Mrs. Patricia J. Pardun, the state vice chairman, who lives on a farm of 740 acres between Waterloo and Cedar Rapids (good land in Iowa may be worth \$700 to \$900 an acre) and whose great grandfather helped to organize the state Republican party at Iowa City in 1856. Consider Mrs. Mary Louise Smith, the Iowa national committeewoman, whose husband, a retired doctor, is now with a voluntary agency in Vietnam and whose mother served two terms in the Legislature. Consider Richard E. Redman, the executive secretary of the state central committee, whose great grandfather got to Iowa by walking there from Chicago with 3,000 sheep. Consider Jack Warren, the state chairman, who came to Waterloo from Burlington, Wisconsin, in 1950 with six tractors and six trailers and who now runs Warren Transport, which has 400 trailers and 200 tractors. All these people will be at the Republican National Convention.

In particular, consider the likes and dislikes of Jack Warren, who supported William Scranton at the '64 convention. (He says the polls in his county showed that 50 per cent of the Republicans there did not like Goldwater at all, and that when it came apparent Goldwater would win the nomination he thought that this 50 per cent ought to be somehow represented. Therefore, he says, he voted for Scranton.) Warren is a garrulous, friendly man, who thrusts his jaw forward and turns down the corners of his mouth when he talks, which makes him look a little like a petulant bulldog in horn-rimmed glasses. When he is im-

passioned, which is often, he fires out phrases in evenly spaced bursts, drawing his mouth down further and pulling out each word as if it were his last.

"I think that this country is in the worst possible shape it's possible to be in," he says. "We've lived under lies so long that the people don't know if the *Pueblo* was in Korean waters or not. During the Depression we lived on potatoes, but you could walk down the street without worrying about getting hit over the head. It's stupid to say that the colored people aren't discriminated against. Why, of course they are, and you've got to do something for them and for the poor—housing and jobs—but some of the things that are happening in this country are just awful. In Waterloo, some colored hoodlums ran wild and the press said it was a race riot. Like hell it was! The respectable colored people were just as upset as anyone else."

Warren falls silent, and then he talks again of how it was in the Depression. He and his brother and their families were struggling into the trucking business in Chicago and they were broke. "We owed the milkman two hundred dollars," he says, "and we couldn't pay it. So we told him to cut off deliveries, but he took one look at the kids and said, no, he couldn't do it, they needed milk. Well, he let us ride, and it got up to four hundred that we owed. But we paid it back, all of it, even though it took us a long time. You just don't find people like that milkman today."

The things that agitate and move Mr. Warren agitate and move other Iowa Republicans, and when they talk about them they do not sound ideological so much as theological. "There's no one to look up to. Don't you think that's where leadership and morality ought to begin—at the White House?" a Republican lady asked her dinner partners, who were also Republican ladies. They agreed, and they spoke of things that distressed them. They talked of riots, peace demonstrations, burglaries, school guidance counselors who asked students about their home life, and mini-skirts so short you could see the girdles on the high-school girls when the wind blew.

Beneath the ladies' bouffants were minds sharpened by a hundred encounters in the PTA, in fund raising for one cause or another, and in the internecine warfare of church groups, sewing circles, civic associations, and the lower and middle reaches of the Republican party. They were leaders of the Iowa Federation of Republican Women, and they had gathered with perhaps three hundred other leaders for a meeting in Des Moines. The Republican candidates were there, too, and they awaited the ladies in a room off the lobby of



the hotel where they were meeting. The candidates, who were there to be inspected, wore dark suits and fixed smiles and stood all in a row. The ladies filed by, exchanged smiles and a few words, and went toward a bowl of pale-pink nonalcoholic punch. There is a form to Republican gatherings in Iowa, and it seems most influenced by the social life in the basements of Midwestern Protestant churches.

Then the ladies marched into the dining room, dispersed themselves among the tables, bowed their heads while their Chaplain said grace, and ate. When they had finished, the president of the federation, a short woman in a white dress, rose up and began calling on others to rise up and be acknowledged, which is also something that is done in church basements. She introduced forty-seven people, including the candidates (who, in turn, introduced their wives, the people at the head table, and some visiting officeholders. Then she said, "Speakers come and go," and introduced a man from national Republican headquarters, who, she said, was not just a speaker who came and went, but a speaker with a talent for persuasion.

It was true: he had this talent, and the ladies

listened to him. They did not seem to listen hard, though, when he talked about Iowa politics ("... and that Democratic Congressman the businessman said wasn't so bad voted for LBJ and the Great Society 87 per cent of the time") or when he talked about how things might be ("and if each of the 26,000 women in the federation contributed ten cents a day, in a year's time that would be ...") or even when he summoned them

"What's the most important thing on election day?"

"Get the voters to the polls," a plump lady in pale blue answered.

"What's the most important thing?"

"Get the voters to the polls," the lady said again.

"What's the most important thing?"

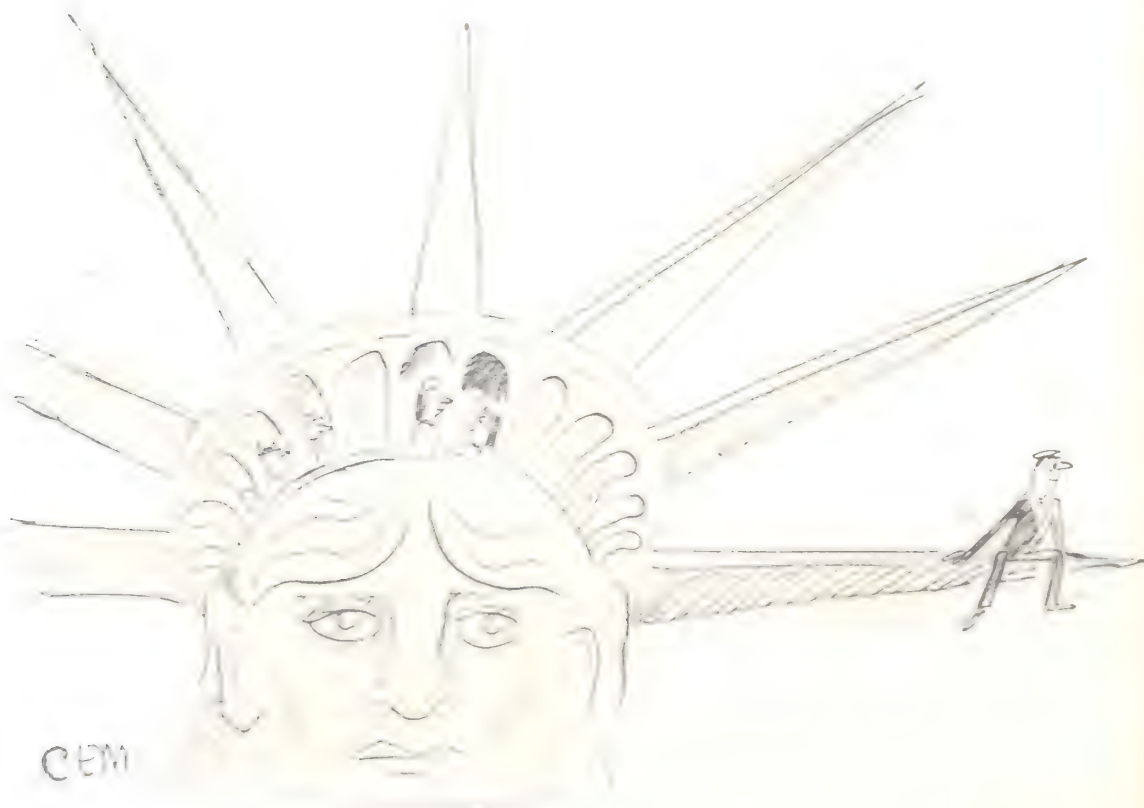
"To win," a lady in another corner of the room said.

"That's right. And how do we win?"

"Get the voters to the polls," the plump lady said, this time timidly.

"Organization," he said. "We win with organization."

This was pale stuff, but when the speaker said, "When youths say, 'Hell, no,' we should get in-



"What is father always trying to prove?"

terested," he was applauded for the first time. What really impressed the ladies, though, was a catalogue of dreadful things that have happened under the Democrats. Being from Washington the speaker would know these things, of course, and he said that on the South Side of Chicago the federal antipoverty agency was paying students to drop out of school, and that the dropouts, in turn, were paying protection to hoodlums. In Maryland, he said, federal marshals simply looked the other way when H. Rap Brown talked his listeners into burning down a town. In Nashville, he said, federal marshals stood guard around a "Freedom school," apparently to protect it from angry citizens, while the school taught its students to hate whites. The ladies gasped, even the ones who were taking notes.

### When Reagan Was "Dutch"

"A racist appeal," a practicing politician said afterwards. Nonetheless, the ladies themselves did not look like racists, and when a group of them visited a suite in the hotel later for highballs they did not sound that way, either. Instead, they sounded like Iowa Republicans, which meant they carried within themselves small political passions and a great reluctance to express them. They seated themselves in the hotel suite and hesitantly they began to explore a question: Can Richard Nixon win the Presidency?

"The feeling that he can't win is negative. It harms the Republican party."

"Rockefeller would probably do better among Democrats and independents; at least, I think he would."

"I hear that talk, too: Nixon can't win. People say that."

"I doubt very much that Iowa would support Rockefeller or Percy. Iowa just isn't ready for an ultra-liberal."

"Nixon ought to have been President in 1960. What did he lose by—100,000 votes? And they were all stolen."

Very casually, a bouncy girl who wore the only mini-skirt in the room asked, "Does anyone know what Ronald Reagan's margin of victory was in California?" Someone said it was about 15 per cent.

"Yes, and what was Governor Rockefeller's in New York?"

Someone else said they thought it was much less than that. A few of the ladies began to look uncomfortable.

"I've never understood," the girl in the mini-

skirt said, "why people say that Rockefeller would do so much better than anyone else among independents and Democrats."

A woman unaccountably wearing a plastic lei and a granny dress said, "Look what Reagan did at Berkeley. He said he would clean it up and he did. The press can't get at him. They can't trip him up. They've tried and they can't do it."

Several more ladies started to look uncomfortable. Two got up and started to say goodbye. A few drained their highballs.

"And you know, you know," the lady in the plastic lei said, "he's right, he's right."

Virtually in one uninterrupted motion everyone else got up. The ladies smoothed themselves out, gathered up their handbags and cigarettes, said it had been a lovely evening, and headed for the door. On the way out, a district committee-woman said softly, "Kooks, kooks. Don't pay any attention to them. We know better this time."

Although Iowa Republicans are comfortable with Nixon, they don't really *feel* much about him one way or the other. He endures, he believes in the party, he is not inspiring. Rockefeller does arouse passion, but it is most intense among those who dislike him. Percy is known, but not much; Lindsay and Hatfield are hardly known at all. Reagan is another matter altogether. For one thing, he is "Dutch" Reagan, the importance of which cannot be overlooked. In other places, nicknames may be spoken with a sneer, Bobby, say, or even LBJ; in Iowa it is not this way.

Ronald Reagan, who was then called Dutch, was a sports announcer in the 1930s for WHO, Iowa's biggest broadcaster. H. R. Gross, who is the conservative, or, depending how you feel, Neanderthal, Congressman from Iowa's Third District, handled the news. To Iowa Republicans, Congressman Gross is always H. R., just as Senator Hickenlooper is always Hick. It is valuable to be remembered as Dutch in Iowa, and when Reagan came to Des Moines last October to speak at the Veterans Memorial Auditorium he attracted 1,700 guests to a \$100 dinner, with 7,000 freeloaders in the balcony. Although the big money in Iowa politics always has belonged to Des Moines conservatives (there is some new money now from moderates in the central part of the state), Reagan's figures were still impressive. The Republican state committee raises no more than \$500,000 a year, and the biggest contributor is a \$5,000 man. Fewer than fifty persons will give as much as \$1,000. ("For \$3,000," a man long involved in Republican money matters says, "I'll roll out a red carpet for you, and throw in my secretary, too.")



Moreover, Reagan was socko that night in October, and last January when WHO, his old employer, asked on its Television Opinion Poll whether the viewers preferred him or Lyndon Johnson for the Presidency Dutch won 3,250 votes to Johnson's 2,162. Nonetheless, besides some wishful thinkers and a group called Iowa Students for Reagan, no one took this kind of thing very seriously, least of all the pros. Reagan, they insisted, would get creamed in a general election. Besides, he would have to beat what one Iowa pro calls "the Barry thing," which means that Reagan's best friends are also his worst enemies. Like the lady in the plastic lei, they discomfit other people.

### Politics and Pancakes

**T**he emergence of Robert Kennedy, however makes Reagan look better to the Iowans, just as it makes a moderate, any moderate, look better. Still, with the exception of H. R., who drives around with a "Reagan for President" bumper sticker, Reagan's partisans are quiet. That is the way they play the game. There is a man in Des Moines of inherited wealth and not much political experience who is in touch with the Reagan people in California. If the Governor ever "goes," as they say, he will lead the campaign to round up delegates for him in Iowa. It is possible now that he will have the chance.

This year, of course, there are absolutely no certainties in politics. However, it is a fair guess that the Iowa delegation will come up divided, with maybe fifteen conservatives, nearly all of whom will vote for Nixon, and maybe nine moderates, all of whom will want, even if they can't vote for, someone else. There is grumbling among the Iowa Republicans that there is no choice, that it is all Nixon, and where is a man to go who thinks otherwise? Because of this, and because politicians, like newspapermen and preachers' wives, feed off rumors, alarums, and possibilities, there is almost certain to be a moderate hope at Miami Beach in August. Besides, there are those Republican pros who believe that no one could beat an incumbent President, so why bother trying? With Johnson a candidate, they reasoned, the county chairmen could have Nixon. With Johnson out it is another thing again.

So, assuming the improbable, which is that Nixon will not win on the first ballot, the question is: Who will stick longer with their man, the Iowa conservatives or moderates? Nobody really knows, and it is impossible to measure a dele-

gate's passion very far in advance. However there are assessments. "On a second ballot, i Nixon doesn't work something out with Reagan, a campaign manager says, "the conservative would move right over to a moderate. They want a winner so bad they can taste it." A moderate who is running for office agrees. "Even the conservatives who vote for Reagan on the first ballot wouldn't necessarily go to Nixon on the second. The pragmatic ones want a winner. They'd go to Rockefeller or Percy. Percy will go into that convention with a lot of second strength." And finally, a conservative who is seeking office says sourly, "The people who don't like Nixon will hang on to the bitter end. They don't care about the party. They only want to stop Nixon."

For the delegates, the chance to stop, or to stick with, Nixon began at precinct caucuses one night early in March. There is no open Presidential primary in Iowa and the precinct caucuses, of which there were 2,484 that night, selected delegates to the county conventions. The county conventions select delegates to the district caucuses, who also go on to the state convention. The state convention picks the delegates to the national convention, ten of whom are always party officials. The others are drawn, two apiece, from the seven Congressional districts. Since it all begins at precinct caucuses in courthouses, schools, church basements, and drafty American Legion halls it is supposed to be terribly democratic, and it is, although being politics there is also room for considerable maneuvering.

On a March night in a place called Knoxville (pop.: 8,000) 103 Republicans gathered in the basement of the Christian Church. They represented a number of precincts and they were to elect delegates to the county convention and listen to Robert D. Ray, a candidate for Governor in the Republican primary. Ray, a former state chairman, is a trial lawyer from Des Moines. In Iowa politics it is a handicap to be from Des Moines, and being a trial lawyer is not much good either. Governor Harold Hughes, who first won election in 1962, had nearly everything going against him: he was a Democrat and a reformed drunk, and his big issue in a state where there is considerable dry sentiment was to sell liquor by the drink. He won, and his being from Ida Grove helped. Iowa likes small-town virtues, and it assumes that Des Moines does not have them.

At Knoxville, the Republicans were holding a pancake supper before the caucuses. Ray and his wife Billie joined a line that wound past the church kitchen. Inside, cheerful members of the church men's club were cooking pancakes and



*"I'm going to be a Marxist-Leninist when I grow up, and so are you!"*

usages and then passing them out on plates. The minister of the church, who was working as a waiter, said he was a Democrat so distressed by Vietnam that he was sure he would vote Republican. Ray grinned, and then a friend, a precinct committeeman, began to talk about the local situation. Mostly, he said, you heard about crops. It was wet last year, crops were bad, and the question now was whether to fertilize or not.

After dinner, everyone pushed their chairs into the center of the room. The chairman of the meeting got up, introduced some county officials first, then a man who had just moved to town to open a contractor's shop, and then Ray and his wife. They all smiled, and Ray nodded to some old friends. Ray moved into a speech in which he tried to discuss issues and tear into Democrats. When he finished he asked if there were any questions. A man raised his hand and asked him what he had to say about civil rights and protest movements.

"People have a right to march up and down," Ray said, "but those who violate the law, breaking windows or overturning cars, we won't accept, we won't tolerate. But what disturbs me is that too many of our people pay too little attention to the underlying causes of riots, the lack of jobs and

decent housing. And the protests, I don't think we pay attention to the underlying causes here either. The hippies or beatniks or whatever they call themselves, they're not poor; they're dissatisfied, particularly with Vietnam, and I think the issue here is the lack of leadership from the White House."

Then he congratulated the people who had shown up for the caucuses. He said that the path to the Republican National Convention began in places just like the one they were in that night, and that they were all about to set in motion the machinery that would elect the next President of the United States. Then the county committeewoman began calling the roll of precincts. There was an envelope for each one and inside there were ballot sheets and instructions on how to hold a caucus. When the precinct was called someone would walk up, get the envelope, and move off to another part of the basement to caucus. One rural precinct was represented only by a man and his daughter. They got their envelope, sat down at a table, and in a serious, quiet voice the man began to read the instructions on holding a caucus. If they had thoughts on the Presidency they were keeping them entirely to themselves.



*David Halberstam*

## NOTES FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN



**A**tlanta, April 5, 1968: The last time I saw Atlanta was a lovely spring day a year ago; I had trailed Martin Luther King around for two weeks in and out of the great airports of America seeing the crushing pressures of this dark time bearing down on him so directly and personally. Then I had gone back to Atlanta for one last meeting.

We were sitting in the splendor of the heated indoor swimming pool of a very rich Negro contractor. (The contractor, Reverend Andy Young, King's deputy, carefully assured me, was one of the Negro fat cats of Atlanta who was very good to the Movement, always behind it, quick with bail money. The SCLC people were not the kind to use just anybody's pool.) This particular house was an SCLC haven; whenever King and his aides had one of those precious days away from the airlines they would come by here and swim in the heated pool, feeling a little guilty because the contractor was too generous, too much food, too much courtesy. Now this afternoon, they were in effect paying back a debt: *Ebony* was doing a spread for its society page on the contractor's home and what better photograph than to show a Nobel Prize Winner in the family pool. So they were swimming, all of them—King, Andy Young, Ralph Abernathy ("You know my cell-mate," King had said for an introduction), hordes of black children, the SCLC is prolific. For once, the first time in two weeks, King was relaxed, no longer the always moral, always serious figure, ready to be televised at any moment. Now they were teasing him about his weight, and one of the daughters was doing what appeared to be the twist, but no, it was the bougaloo and they discussed whether King could do the bougaloo. "Oh he's a great dancer, the best dancer I ever saw," said Mrs. King. "When we were in college [in the 'fifties] he was always doing the big apple to a foxtrot."

A few minutes later, one of the King children fell, scratched her knee, and started to cry. King comforted her, kissed her on the knee, and then gave her a piece of fried chicken. "Let's put some

chicken on that," he said, his voice more Southern than ever. "Yes, a little piece of chicken that's always the best thing for a cut." It was a pleasant day, a respite from the airports, the press conferences, the mass meetings, the endless mounting pressures. Now this sad week, they are burying Martin Luther King in Atlanta and Ralph Abernathy stood weeping in front of his congregation, talking to King, saying, "Martin, get my seat ready because I'm on my way, Martin."

**A** year ago when I finished the article I was back in New York at a pleasant suburban dinner party, all nice people, all affluent, and I mentioned King. One of the wives—station wagon, three children, forty-five-thousand-dollar house—leaned over and said, "I wish you had spit in his face for me." It was a stunning moment; I wondered for a long time afterwards what King could possibly have done to her, in what conceivable way he could have threatened her, why this passionate hate.

The terrible thing about this country today is that when the news of the murder came it was impossible to be surprised; if it was not exactly expected, it was not unexpected. There is a quality of hate in this country which is quite terrible; the country seethes with it. I leave it to the psychologists to determine exactly why a country so rich should be so unstable, but it seemed to me in his final years King was a recipient of an extraordinary amount of that hate, ironically I think a good deal more than Stokely Carmichael or Rap Brown. Brown and Carmichael talk about burning cities and though they cast some fear into white, suburban neighborhoods, sometimes I think the country is reassured by them. Reassured by their rhetoric of violence. *Well if that's the way they are going to be, the hell with them, I'll get my gun too.* But King seemed to inspire hate, he was too pious, too correct, too moral, even the name *Martin Luther King*, was abrasive; it was presumptuous of him in this violent time to be a better Christian than they, his beliefs too resilient and too durable for this particular climate.

The possibility of assassination was always there; King and his aides talked about it, accepted it, even laughed about it. He had come near death before, when he was stabbed by a crazed Negro woman and hovered near death. After that he had faced it all down in this world; he feared nothing, he had seen death, and he had seen the best and the worst of the white man's jails. After that, according to his aides, he changed markedly. He lost all sense of material things.

They had a hard time trying to get him to buy clothes, to save money; he was always giving away his money to his church and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Though Atlanta boasts what is certainly the nation's most magnificent Negro homes and grounds, King lived very simply in a tiny house on the edge of one of the ghettos. He saved little money, according to his aides; fortunately, Harry Belafonte set aside trust funds for all the children and for Mrs. King. But they took no particular precautions against death; nor could they, for otherwise there would be nothing but precaution.

In some ways, that trip seems a very long time ago. There is one part which is particularly hard to recall, the furor over the fact that King had joined civil rights and Vietnam together. Wouldn't that hurt his own people? Wouldn't that hurt the civil-rights cause? Did he have the right to lead a peace demonstration? Now, a year later, with Thruston Morton and most of Wall Street in the peace movement, that earlier liberal timidity and nervousness seem incredible. Now many riots, many deaths, and much more disillusion later, it is the Negro leaders who stayed in Johnson's hip pocket who will have to answer for their actions. (When Whitney Young made his ill-fated trip to Vietnam as a member of the President's Overseers on the Vietnamese elections, he told a reporter he went because the President called him and said, "Whitney, you wanted a Negro on the Supreme Court and I put one on. Now I want a Negro on this group going to Vietnam. . . .")

**I**n those days King was like many others, depressed about the direction of American life, he was moving toward a newer and ill-fitting radicalism; he felt that America was a racist society, something he had not believed a year earlier. Yet even then there was a restrained quality to him; much of what he wanted was being crushed by the Johnson Administration policies both here and in Vietnam, and yet the hatred which was so readily voiced toward the present President was absent in King (whom it was hurting the most; the Johnson years *made* Carmichael and Brown, they were destroying King). In talking about the President, he talked mildly and analytically; when Johnson entered the White House, King had had higher hopes than he did for John Kennedy, he had sensed in Johnson a deep commitment on civil rights, a desire to wash away his Texas back-

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David Halberstam's *The Second Coming of Martin Luther King* appeared in "Harper's" in August 1967.



## EARLY RISING

by Charles David Wright

Weeks when no grass stood high enough in  
graveyards

Nor culverts cracked to spread the Public Works  
Over six days, my dad made bread, kneading  
The dough in the dark morning while we slept,  
Gone with that great basket over his arm  
Before we woke. But once I saw what he sold,  
Still slick white in gray larded pans ready  
Beside the oven. Out of a bad dream  
Breaking safe awake, I saw light cracking  
Under the kitchen door and came to watch.  
Sweating and floury white as mime or clown  
My funny father stood hiding his hands  
In working dough. He squeezed my nose yeasty  
And set me on a stool beside the stove.  
Between night and day his knife divided  
It all. He made loaves with his hands  
The way I made with mud, and he greased the pans.  
If the loaves and the sun rose I don't remember.  
The warmth of his bright business hummed  
Stronger than song or rocker, and it pulled  
Like a pillow down and down.

High into noon.

I watched him from our maple coming home,  
This time to stop, this time to eat the bread.  
He showed some little cash and a basket full  
Of barter—goose eggs and sweet ears of corn,  
Green onions and a root of sassafras.  
He made a moustache at the dinner table,  
The corn silk sticking to his sweating lip.  
I laughed in my beans at my funny father,  
But funniest of all when his eyes closed  
And his head lowered sleeping to the plate.  
I sang "This is the way we bake our bread  
So early in the morning" in his ear  
Till he rose out of his sudden dream and ate.

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ground, but now with Vietnam, it was all turned  
around, because Johnson had what King gently  
called "this ego thing." Yet despite his passion  
against the war, he did not go as far as some other  
Negro critics, it was not a racist war, a war of  
genocide; he saw it more as a tragic misadventure  
(though he did use the phrase, "killing little  
brown children," that was as far as he went);  
and once when I asked Andy Young if he thought  
it was a racist war, he said, "well when it is a  
white capitalist country and a white communist

country, they manage not to fight, they manage  
to settle it out some way."

Yet he was finally too hopelessly a product of  
his own background to be a real revolutionary;  
he was too American, too middle-class, too  
Christian. He was not scarred and flawed by the  
ghettos, and thus he was losing the young alien-  
ated Negroes who were dropouts from America  
and from Christianity. He did not touch Amer-  
ica's Eastern intellectuals, he was too Christian,  
too poor a revolutionary, yes, too square for them  
(*The New York Review* wrote his epitaph a year  
ago, the price for his holding on to nonviolence).  
He was caught in the terrible time, unable to turn  
back on his upbringing, his dream of America,  
his hope of touching and changing the society.  
("When we get to the old ladies in Iowa who  
elect Bourke Hickenlooper and we touch them and  
touch Hickenlooper, then we've touched the coun-  
try," Andy Young once told me.) In the end,  
those who needed him the most betrayed him the  
most. He needed a deep commitment from the  
White House to succeed, yet in the last year we  
had the Babbittry of Johnson's Baltimore Junior  
Chamber of Commerce speech (you-never-had-  
it-so-good), the petulance of Johnson's response  
to Romney and the Detroit riots, the renewed  
petulance of his reaction to the report on Civil  
Disorders.

But we desperately miss King. No man is indis-  
pensable in this country, but he was far more than  
most and we will miss him more than we know.  
For the pressures were already narrowing his own  
base, there were too few victories for a love-  
creature and that base had been created in an-  
other time, a time of hope, the late 'fifties and  
early 'sixties when this country viewed the racial  
crisis as a simpler thing, a time of good and evil,  
and Martin Luther King represented good. Now  
we have seen beyond that, seen more of the dark-  
ness of our own society, and lost more faith in  
ourselves. Many of the young men and women  
who marched on Washington in 1963 and went  
to Mississippi in 1964, frustrated now, have left  
King's movement, have joined and hailed the new  
apostles of violence. The climate and the hopes  
which gave birth to Martin Luther King are gone;  
so this week in Atlanta if we weep, it is not for  
him but for ourselves. For him it is over, he knew  
the end; he had always ended each speech with  
the words from an old slave song which applies  
more to him now than to us:

*Free at last*

*Free at last*

*Thank God Almighty*

*I'm free at last*

Merle Miller

## WASHINGTON, THE WORLD, AND JOSEPH ALSOP

*"I'm the dean of the columnists," he says. And he is. He tells us what he thinks and what we should think, if we are to survive. For Joseph Alsop, the world and the Republic are in dire and daily peril.*

Walter Lippmann once said that when Lyndon Johnson ever became inclined to negotiate with Hanoi, the most powerful voice in the United States against it would be that of Joseph Wright Alsop. For more than thirty years now Alsop has been confidently telling several million readers, including at least\* four Presidents, what he thinks and what they, if they want the Republic to survive, should think, too. In Alsop's view, the foundations of the Republic have always been shaky; it has been threatened from within and without, mostly without, and never more so than now. Alsop's feeling about Vietnam, almost his sole passion in recent days, has been approximately the same as Pope Innocent III's thoughts about the Children's Crusade: "While we sleep, they go forth to conquer the Holy Land." At what could, I suppose, be called the opposite extreme, Alsop not long ago was overheard saying to Hamilton Fish Armstrong, the distinguished editor of *Foreign Affairs*, "You're not a bit too old to go to Vietnam." Dr. Armstrong is seventy-five.

But then Alsop really always thought that everybody ought to go to Vietnam, certainly everybody who has an opinion on the subject. Everett Martin, who until recently was head of the *Newsweek* bureau in Saigon, said, "Out there Alsop represented the Administration, and the brass told him what he wanted to hear. He's important, very, and he had his own jet to fly wherever he wanted to go. He hates flying, though, and once when I was with him on an aircraft carrier, he tried to get a destroyer detached from the Sixth Fleet to take him to Hong Kong. That one he

didn't make, but who else would even have tried? . . . Alsop is the only newspaperman I ever encountered who is able to pick up the phone and say, 'I'll be able to see the Ambassador tomorrow at eleven,' or 'Tell the general I'll spare him an hour and a half Friday morning.' . . . Anyway, Alsop doesn't get briefed by the colonels. He briefs them."

Clayton Fritchey, the columnist and sometime adviser of Presidents (not Lyndon Johnson), has known Alsop for more than twenty-five years. He said, "The last time I saw Joe I said something about Vietnam that he didn't agree with. I'm sure in that area I've seldom said anything he could agree with. But this particular evening he said, 'You don't know what you're talking about. You haven't been out there as much as I have.' I said, 'Joe, I don't have to go to Niagara to know that the water runs downhill.' After that he got hysterical."

Vietnam was not mentioned the first afternoon I met with Alsop. His sentences were stately, perhaps too stately, and solemn. But being stately and solemn is common among men who are accustomed to expressing their opinions publicly. Especially if they also get paid for them.

Friends call the Alsop manner *imperial*; enemies, when they are being kind, refer to it as *arrogant*. A taxi driver who often takes Alsop from Georgetown to downtown Washington said, "All you have to do is take one look at Mr. Alsop and you know he's born and bred a gentleman." A long-time Alsop observer\*—and there are

\*Not including Dwight D. Eisenhower. Alsop said, "I never knew what Eisenhower was thinking. I'm not sure he did think."

\*This is the age of "please don't quote me." All but four of the more than thirty people interviewed for this article said, in one way or another, "You will protect me, won't you?"



enough of those to start a club—said, “Most correspondents have to pay a fifty-dollar tip to get into the Majestic Hotel in Hong Kong; Joe gets by with a fifteen-dollar tip and receives much better treatment than the hoi-polloi with fifty-dollar bills to throw away.” Another man, who has known Alsop since he was a Harvard undergraduate, said, “Joe isn’t a *snob* in any ordinary sense of the word. He is perfectly willing to give anybody a chance, more than most people I know, and he’s wonderful with kids, very understanding, very interested. He has thirteen god-children, you know. . . . But with adults, if he decides somebody is awful—which is fairly often, especially lately—he doesn’t waste time with them, and he is likely to say, ‘I don’t want to talk to you anymore.’”

And a woman who has been an Alsop observer since childhood said, “He calls most women *dah-ling*. I’m afraid that’s because he can’t remember their names. When a man calls me *darling*, I want him to mean it. . . . To Joe there are only two kinds of people in the world, Leaders and others. And there have been very few Leaders in his life.”

Most of what Alsop said that first afternoon was perceptive; it was never boring; it was often daring, even more often somewhat bitchy, and a good deal of the time it was outrageous. For instance, “One simply did not have time to tell the young men working for the *Times* in Hong Kong the meaning of *everything* that is going on. . . . A great many of these young men are lazy. It’s all there, everything I’ve been saying for years.”

Interruption: “I’m sorry, Mr. Alsop, all where?”

Alsop: “In the intelligence reports. All they had to do was read the reports and keep their eyes and ears open. But for most of them that was just too much trouble. . . . I remember one time in Saigon when the Embassy was working twenty-four hours a day, one of these young *Times* reporters would come in and say, ‘Tell me about China.’ Now really, I know this much. When this war is over, they’ll be eating their words.”

Alsop does not think highly of the *New York Times* and, as will be seen, he has very strong negative feelings about the way most *young*—always the emphasis on *young*, always—reporters

have written about Vietnam. “They keep saying it’s a different kind of war, which isn’t true at all, and they talk about the guerrillas, as if there hadn’t been guerrillas in Korea. Their trouble is they think because they don’t know about something that it’s *new*. That and the fact that they tried to cover the war from the rear echelon, and it simply cannot be done.”

## Liberals with Guilt Feelings

**O**utrageous: “I never knew anybody *sensible* who ever had the slightest doubt that Alger Hiss was guilty. Not that there was anything important in those pumpkin papers, so-called; it was all tish and tosh. There were no secrets then, real secrets. . . . Nevertheless, Alger Hiss unquestionably. . . .”

I said that I considered myself *sensible*, but it still seemed to me *possible* that Alger Hiss was the victim of one of the great frame-ups in our history. Alsop said, “Mr. Miller, if you wish to believe in six impossible things before breakfast, I’m sure it’s quite all right.”

From the way Alsop looked at me I could tell he had decided that I am not only a soft-boiled egg but, possibly, a *liberal* as well. Like Adlai Stevenson. Alsop was not fond of Adlai. “He always thought he had done something to offend me, but he hadn’t. I just didn’t think he had the kind of judgment that would make a good President. I did trust Kennedy’s judgment. He was a progressive, while Stevenson was a *liberal*.”

What is the difference between a *liberal* and a progressive? “It’s the difference between Stevenson and Kennedy,” Alsop said. “It’s as simple as that. . . . The *liberals* always approach any problem with guilt feelings, and you can’t solve a problem if power gives you the creeps. Kennedy wanted power and authority because he wanted to get things done. Schlesinger in his writing is trying to turn Kennedy into another Adlai. I can think of nothing he’d have hated more. We never elect *liberals* as President. Franklin Roosevelt was in no sense a *liberal*. He used to laugh and say, ‘I’m much more conservative than Ogden Mills [Hoover’s Secretary of the Treasury]. The only liberal who ever got to be President was Woodrow Wilson, and he’d never have been reelected if Charles Evans Hughes hadn’t snubbed Hiram Johnson in California. . . .”

It was clear from the vehemence with which Alsop dismissed the word *liberal* that to be one is just about the worst thing you can be, and if in addition you were a *soft-boiled egg* and confused about Vietnam . . .

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*Merle Miller's "mordantly funny" book about the writing of a TV script—"Only You, Dick Daring!" (1964)—was a best-seller, as were many of his novels, including "That Winter" and "A Day in Late September." He has written often for "Harper's" since 1947-49 when he was on its staff.*

"Some of my friends have made asses of themselves over Vietnam, and I have simply had to tell them so."

A few days later at a book-and-author luncheon in Chicago Robert F. Kennedy, a very old friend of Alsop, made a speech saying, among other things, that the United States could not possibly win the war in Vietnam. The next morning Alsop called the Senator's office three times. Each time he left a message. The message was that Bobby Kennedy was a traitor to his country. Alsop's tone was described by a Kennedy partisan as "completely out of control, completely."

Late that first afternoon I asked Alsop why he had decided to become a columnist. I expected a cosmic reply. He is, after all, related to both branches of the cosmic Roosevelt family. But Alsop said, "I started a column because I needed the money. . . . Turner Catledge was going to write it with me, but then the *Times* offered him so much money he couldn't possibly turn it down." Catledge is now executive editor of the *Times*.

There was a moment of silence and a feel of rue and regret in the room, and Alsop said, "And then Bob Kintner joined me. He wrote brilliantly, and he understood finance, which I didn't. Of course I knew everybody in those days. There was none of the dullness that I feel now, none of the secrecy. I could pick up the phone and talk to anybody."

Including, I gathered, the fifth cousin once removed who was then in the White House. And Dean—Acheson, Yale '15, then an Assistant Secretary of State and an old tribal friend. And "*Chip*"—Charles Eustis Bohlen, Harvard '27, then recently returned from one of his first missions to Moscow, And *Doug*—C. Douglas Dillon, Groton '27, Harvard '31, one class ahead of Alsop. And *Jim*—James W. Forrestal, Dartmouth and Princeton, also an old family friend. Forrestal was then with the investment firm Dillon, Reed and was a frequent commuter to Washington to express his support for the newly formed Securities and Exchange Commission. The chairman of the SEC at that time was Joseph P. Kennedy.

Who was it who said there are only two hundred people in the world? I once heard Eleanor Roosevelt say, "Until Franklin's time, government was something you *hired* people to do, and then all of a sudden Washington was simply swarming with Ivy League people."

We were sitting in the garden room of Alsop's house in Georgetown. Alsop, who once dreamed of being an architect, designed the house himself. Since it is not in the Federalist tradition the town fathers of Georgetown passed an ordinance for-

bidding a similar outrage. "I wanted to build the whole living part of the house around a garden . . . but being a dissenter—having built a modern house in Georgetown—I have been made to feel as though I were living with my own axe murder. In these rooms, through the window wells, outdoors and indoors meet and mingle . . . light and air and space and privacy and green-ness for summer. . . ."

Just beyond the garden room was the most famous dining room in Washington, the walls cluttered with ancestral portraits. With a single exception the painted faces are all fitted with suitable ancestral glares. The exception is Uncle Teddy Roosevelt, as usual showing all those teeth. The dining table is round—"A round table promotes conversation"—and, until recently, there were people in Washington who would have and sometimes did almost anything to be invited there.

In Alsop's dining room, the guests are seldom more than ten. But in the good old days Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Uncle Teddy's daughter, might be sitting between Bobby (RFK) and Bundy (McGeorge). Mrs. Longworth—Alsop calls her "*Washington's Other Monument*"—is now eighty-three and a woman of awesome learning. She sits up all night every night reading—"mostly history and philosophy. The clock strikes six A.M. . . . and her usual bedtime has been reached." Mrs. Longworth is also possessed of a malicious wit. "If you don't have anything good to say about anybody, lean closer." And of Dorothy Thompson, who started writing a political column at about the same time as Alsop, "Dorothy is the only woman I know who has had her menopause in public and made it pay."

Mrs. Longworth, then, Bobby, Bundy, McNamara, maybe "*Chip*" Bohlen, probably "*Arthur*" (Schlesinger Jr.), "*Dean*" (both Acheson and Rusk, though seldom together), Marietta Tree (her grandfather was headmaster at Groton when Alsop was there), Ethel (Mrs. Bobby, although she and Alsop have had a good many loud battles), and the attractive young President and the decorative First Lady. "Those years were a time of gaiety."

On the morning it was clear that John Fitzgerald Kennedy had been elected President of the United States, Alsop had sent a congratulatory telegram to Hyannis Port, "I have lost a friend, but the nation has gained a leader." How fortunate to have been proved wrong about losing the friend. Where but at Alsop's did the new President drop in after a series of inaugural balls? And where but at Joe Alsop's could one find available

\*"I'm Guilty—I Built a Modern House," *Saturday Evening Post*, December 18, 1952.



in an otherwise empty larder a tin of terrapin soup, and champagne? There is always champagne and superb food and you can depend on the table wines. Alsop may be the only American now living who has complained with some regularity and in French that the wine in Paris restaurants is not all it should be. He claims the vibrations of the Metro rob the wine of perfection.

But that time is gone, long gone. "It's a dull town now, very dull, and if I were no longer doing the column, I'd move at once."

Alsop's relations with LBJ are cool. He and his wife—who was a famed hostess before her marriage—have not been at the White House since November 1964 when the President and Lady Bird observed the sobering fact that they had been man and wife for thirty years. Within a month after that gala occasion Alsop—"Right or wrong, you have to give him credit for courage"—wrote a column critical of the President. And LBJ, as you may have heard, is not an easy forgiver. "Johnson has an understanding of power over people and of the power of money," Alsop told me, "but he has no talent at all for political power. You can't be a good political leader if you're secretive, if you don't let people know what you're planning. . . . It was both morally and politically wrong to promise as much as he did in the beginning. Everybody expects it to happen, and right away. I sometimes think we have no sense of priority at all in this country. . . . But no matter who is the Executive, problems get more

complex, more remote from the average Congressman, the average person. And in my business it's the same. The range of subjects I can write rationally about gets narrower every day. . . . Everything gets more difficult now."

Even entertaining? "I don't know about that. Sex in Washington has always been replaced by real estate as something to talk about; that's because people are always moving in or moving out. And, of course, nobody ever reads anything or, if they do, they don't talk about it, with the exception of a few eccentrics like Mrs. Longworth. . . . It's politics, first and last, and that's perfectly natural. Washington is, after all, the center of the world and of the world's decisions."

Later I was told that last year Mary McCarthy, that prickly lady of letters who is now living in Paris, had spent a short time in Washington, and had complained that it was the dullest city she'd ever been in. She had not heard a single idea discussed during her entire stay, not a painter, not a writer, not a single piece of music or a musician. I was told that Joe Alsop replied, "You were bored, my dear, because you're not interested in power. If you were, you'd be fascinated by what you heard."

At one point during the first afternoon, just before dusk, he rose abruptly and walked to the wide window in the garden room. It was a bleak January day and there were patches of used-looking snow on the ground.

"I feel I've been around since before the Flood," said Alsop, staring at the depressing grass. "I was



"What's so funny?"

only twenty-five when I first came, and I remained younger than most of the people around until Kennedy took office, and then, all of a sudden, I was twenty years older than anybody else. Except for David Lawrence, I'm the dean of the columnists."

What about Lippmann? "He's retired, and, anyway, I was here first. I don't think he'd have come down here at all except that his new wife didn't like it in New York. Now, except for Lawrence, I'm the dean." Lawrence will be eighty in December; Alsop will be fifty-eight in October. I didn't ask about Drew Pearson, who is seventy.

"I'm in a young man's game, Mr. Miller," said Alsop. "Getting the facts, if you actually do it, takes a lot of work, legwork, and that's for young men. And I'm not. I'm an old man in a young man's game."

Some days later I mentioned Alsop's preoccupation with age to a woman who has known him since boyhood. She said, "When Joe was twenty, I was dancing with him one night, and he started looking glum—not that he was ever much for the easy smile or the hearty guffaw. But I asked him what he was thinking about, and he said, 'Getting old. It's very sad and very frightening.'"

"When my great-uncle was President," Alsop went on, "there was a great to-do when he put a white fence around the White House lawn, a fence that a child could jump over. I think he put it up because people were making a path across the White House lawn to the Treasury Building. . . . That fence was razed at the order of the Secret Service. And the damned fence that's there now, it's as high as this room."

"At the time I was growing up and until after I had reached middle age, the country was owned and run by what they now call the WASPs, and we had a WASP culture. Now the country has lost its history the way a lizard loses its tail, and a new set of values hasn't been agreed on. There are all of these new people, and we must learn to understand them and talk to them."

Alsop remained at the window, looking beyond his enclosed garden to wherever these new people are—demanding, difficult, different. And how in the world does one learn to understand them, talk to them?

### The Tribe in Avon

Joseph Wright Alsop Jr. spent the first fourteen years of his life in a rambling colonial house with green shutters in Avon, Connecticut. The whole thing could not have been more in the WASP

tradition. The family was comfortably off, not rich, well-fixed, well-to-do. *Waste not, want not.* One did not—to be sure—dip into one's capital, and nothing was ever thrown away. The furniture was shabby; the rugs were sometimes threadbare; the linens, while they were all of excellent quality, were sometimes patched. When shirt collars became worn, they were turned around, and while one always had all that one needed, one must never forget that, "Thrift is the handmaiden and the nurse of Enterprise."

There was a tennis court in the backyard, and tea was served in the afternoon, and there wasn't much to do on week nights except read. All three brothers—Joe, Stewart, and John—read a lot, but Joe read more than the others, and he remembered what he read. Stewart said, "He has almost total recall, which is a good thing in a journalist, and history is very important to him. It was when we were children. He believes that unless a man understands the past, he is not qualified to write about the present."

On weekends there were always guests at the colonial house. In *The Reporter's Trade*, the book that Joe and Stewart wrote when their twelve-year partnership as columnists came to an end, they said, "We come from a tribe that has an almost pathological fondness for giving parties, and we both enjoy being hospitable ourselves."

The parties and the household in Avon were presided over by Mrs. Alsop, "Ma," a strong-minded woman who is a first cousin of Eleanor Roosevelt and a fifth cousin of Franklin. Is it possible to be more WASPish than that? "Ma" was then and still is—she is eighty-two—very much the *grande dame*, and, being that much of a Roosevelt as well as a firm believer in that almost forgotten quality of *noblesse oblige*, she served several times on the Republican Central Committee of Connecticut and in the state legislature. At one time or another there have been five Alsops in the state legislature.

When the Alsop brothers were boys the colonial house was sometimes crowded with relatives even during the week. There was an uncle who drank too much and was, at least in part, responsible for Joe's becoming a newspaperman. Another uncle was what in those gentler days was called *effete*. He was a reader of books, an attender of concerts, a visitor to art galleries. He never married. Joe, who did not marry until he was fifty, was said to be a favorite nephew.

But Joe was also a favorite of the two grandmothers. Grandmother Robinson had an elegant house in Henderson, Connecticut, that was filled with Federalist furniture. "I come at the tag end



of Federalism myself," Alsop has said. Grandmother Robinson often remarked that young Joe was as bright as a button and, later, it was she who wrote to him that his future had all been worked out by the tribe. He was to be a newspaperman; it had been arranged with those old tribal friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Reid, who published the New York *Herald Tribune* and who were perfectly delighted to have on their staff a Harvard graduate, especially one who had majored in English and who, one would hope, knew the difference between a comma and a colon.

Alsop's father was a gentleman dairy farmer who for thirty-five years was First Selectman of Avon. He was on the Connecticut Public Utilities Commission, and in 1912 he ran for the U. S. Senate on the Bull Moose ticket headed by Uncle Teddy. In 1954 Stewart wrote of his father, "He was a Conservative if ever there was one. He abominated the New Deal and could never see any good reason for labor unions. But he also despised sham and cheap trickery, and he loved the old unspoken traditions of Avon and of America—the traditions of free choice, and friendliness, and simple, open-hearted tolerance. For these reasons, before he died last spring my father had come to despise Joe McCarthy and what he stood for."

The night he wrote that column Stewart was in Avon to attend a town meeting organized by Brother John, who invented the word "egghead" to describe Adlai Stevenson and his supporters, "All the eggheads love Stevenson. But how many eggheads do you think there are?" The meeting took place in the auditorium of the Towpath School. Stewart wrote that his father had been against building the school because he was certain that it would cost too much. "When it was pointed out to him that the old school was a fire-trap, my father replied that it was a low building and in case of fire the children would jump out the window if they had any sense."

As a result of the meeting, which included an eloquent speech against McCarthy by John, the citizens of Avon voted 350 to one to condemn the Senator from Wisconsin.

In the McCarthy era the Alsop Brothers, led by Joe whom A. J. Liebling used to call Alsop Major, were among the first to enter the fray, and they never wavered. I recently reread their defense of Robert Oppenheimer, *We Accuse*.<sup>\*</sup> The prose is by no means as moving as Emile Zola's anguished outcry over the Dreyfus Case, but the book stands almost alone in the literature of a

<sup>\*</sup> It was published as an article in *Harper's* in October 1954.

period most Americans are as anxious to forge as the Germans are to forget Auschwitz.

The Alsops even defended those—Owen Lattimore, for one—whose point of view was totally opposed to their own. I mentioned Lattimore during the second afternoon in Alsop's house in Georgetown. "Lattimore was a perfect fool, of course," he said. "It's awful to have to defend fools and knaves, but sometimes you do have to. . . . And there is a difference between foolishness and treason."

When in 1954 Henry A. Wallace was called to testify before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, it was almost impossible to find a lawyer to represent him. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Alsop spent most of a day telephoning lawyers who had once been flaming New Dealers but who in the cowardly era of McCarthy found convenient excuses to avoid advocating justice. Finally, George Ball agreed to go before the subcommittee to defend the former Vice President of the United States.

### A Kind of Renaissance Boy

When he was fourteen years old, Mrs. Alsop took her eldest son, Joe, to Groton. It is said that she told the Reverend Doctor Endicott Peabody, "My son is a most remarkable young man; he is familiar with all of literature; he is a student of music and ballet, painting, architecture, history, the theater, eighteenth-century French furniture, and food. He may, in short, be a genius." And the celebrated Dr. Peabody is said to have replied, "Don't worry, Mrs. Alsop; we'll try to take that out of him."

The story, though widely and gleefully reported, is surely apocryphal, but the fact that young Joe Alsop was a kind of Renaissance Boy is true enough. His intellectual interests were catholic—as indeed they still are. Alexander Woollcott once said that Joseph Alsop was "the only young American I have ever met who is truly educated." And when Alsop entered Harvard in 1928, he was the first freshman in its history to make a perfect score in his English qualifying exam. I asked one of the observant old family friends, "Why Groton?" She said, "Where else? Choate may have been good enough for such parvenus as the son of Joe Kennedy or outlanders like Adlai Stevenson, but if you were really the elite of the elite, of the very *best* of New York and Boston society, you went to Groton. There was never any question but that that was where the *Frères Alsop* would go."

Groton was founded in 1884 by Endicott Peabody, and he ran it without interruption until his retirement in 1940, at the age of eighty-four. The Rector, as he was always called, was the very thinly disguised protagonist of Louis Auchincloss's novel, *The Rector of Justin*. Peabody was a stern and spartan man who is said to have had more influence on the life of Franklin Roosevelt than anybody else except the fearsome Sarah Delano, certainly more than the ever self-effacing Eleanor.

Peabody preached at his boys daily, or, so it seemed, almost hourly. One of his frequent themes, according to Francis Biddle, the former Attorney General, was "Tennyson's description of Galahad: 'his strength was as of the strength of ten because his heart was pure.' . . . We knew well enough what he was referring to, and made vows to be pure and broke them and suffered . . . because if you were impure you would never make the football team."

Chapel—required, of course, and Episcopalian—was twice on Sunday and once every weekday, and there were evening prayers in the classrooms, also required. The boys dressed for dinner in stiff white collars, and after dinner each said an individual good night to The Rector and Mrs. Peabody.

The curriculum was largely devoted to Christianity, character, and athletics, and the last was easily as important as the first. Dr. Peabody was a devoted believer in public service—"It is the duty of the privileged to lend a helping hand to those less fortunate." Among the "Grotties" who entered public life, in addition to Francis Biddle, have been Newbold Morris, Dean Acheson, Sumner Welles, Averell Harriman, God knows how many Roosevelts, and numerous Cushings and Curtises and Davisons and Motleys and La Farges and Osborns and Whitneys and Alsops.

As John Gunther points out in *Roosevelt in Retrospect*, ". . . the boys who were the best 'Grotties' usually turned out to be nonentities later; boys who hated Groton did much better. . . . The explanation of this probably lies in the fact that the boys who became successes later were not conformists. . . . Sumner Welles was once asked if he had had a good time at Groton, and he replied, 'Oh, Lord, no; I was a worm.'"

Joseph Wright Alsop Jr. may not have been a worm, but he was certainly not a conformist. In the first place, there was *that* accent. Everybody calls it *that* accent. "It seems to me he was talking that way when he was ten years old. I don't remember ever not hearing it, and, Heaven knows, once heard, it is never forgotten. Nothing like it

has ever been heard before, certainly not in England." Another devoted Alsop observer doesn't agree. He says, "It sounds like a clerk in a not-very-good London hotel trying to make people think he went to Harrow." Others have said that it "sounds like Charles Laughton playing Oscar Wilde." Joe Liebling once wrote that in his twenty-six years of knowing Alsop the accent had changed "from squeaky Harvard to deep, simulated British."

The accent—*that* accent, if you prefer—did not add to Alsop's popularity at Groton. Neither did the fact that he was fat. The first thing each of thirty Alsop-observers and friends made clear was that to understand Alsop one must understand that he was a chubbo. "Joe is a master at calculated rudeness, just the way Alexander Woollcott was. That's why they were friends. . . . If you're fat, you can't be a great lover, can't play the romantic lead in the senior-class play. . . . 'Nobody ever loves a fat man.'" And, "That's why Joe has a loudness of manner, anything to distract attention from his weight—or what was his weight." And, "He was such a fat, grubby little boy, so fat that at one point—when he went off to Groton, I think—he couldn't cross his legs. He always reminded me of that fat boy in the *Our Gang* comedies. . . . But Joe was witty, smart-alecky. It was as if he was afraid that if he wasn't rude to you first, you'd be rude to him. And he was always reading a book, hiding behind it, you might say."

Alsop himself has written on the subject. In describing the unhappy first day at the *Herald Tribune*, he says, ". . . Grafton Wilcox [the managing editor] and the *Tribune's* great city editor, were confronted with a very fat, very rumped, very nervous youth with a high, peculiar Harvard accent. The spectacle so appalled them that they staged a brief rebellion. They would not, they said; they really could not hire this Alsop. . . .

"I was a fat child, a fatter boy, and an enormously fat young man. . . ." In 1937, perhaps significantly just before he started writing a column with Bob Kintner, Alsop went to Johns Hopkins hospital, stayed three months, and lost more than a hundred pounds. He gained them all back, though, and it wasn't until 1942 when he was a prisoner of war in Hong Kong that he got down to size again. Afterward, it was a constant battle every day—"I normally gain in the holiday season, because I do not like to be a specter at the family feasts"—until three years ago when Brother John, who also had a weight problem, recommended what is called *The Air Force Diet*.

Perhaps the most important fact about Alsop's academic career at Groton—he did not shine in



athletics—was that he told the sixth-form history master that a course in Modern European History was old hat. “We’ve all had more than enough of that,” he said. “Why don’t we have a course in Chinese history instead?” The master agreed, provided a suitable text could be found. There was none, hardly surprising in view of the fact that at even the beginning of the second world war “Vinegar Joe” Stilwell was the only officer in the United States Army above the rank of colonel who spoke Chinese. There were nine officers of rank in all our armed forces who spoke Chinese.

When Alsop discovered that there was no textbook in English on the history of China, he suggested that the class write its own, which is what happened. Joe’s contribution, the most brilliant of all, was on Chinese art. The night before the book was to be sent to the printer he came to the master and said that since turning in what was supposedly a final draft of his chapter the previous week, he had changed his mind about several basic things and wanted to rewrite the chapter. He’d stay up all night if he had to. With Dr. Peabody’s permission he did just that, rewriting almost every word of the chapter.

Although Alsop does not have a copy of the book, I am told that it is still in print, and it is still one of the few secondary-school texts on China. Perhaps, however, some revisions might be called for. A number of basic things in China have changed since the late fall and winter of 1927. “But Joe likes to remember China the way it was when he first went there, in the spring of 1941,” a friend says. “It was like the South in the days of the plantation, with twenty-two servants to wait on each guest at a dinner party. Those ‘old China hands’ don’t like the way *their* country has changed, not at all.”

“Joe still can’t get over that it’s changed,” said Clayton Fritchey, “and he thinks—wish-thinks if you prefer—that the Communists will be overthrown any day now, and he relates everything to that. If you’re against the Communists in China, you’re all right with him, no other questions asked.” Last year in Hong Kong, Alsop told Everett Martin of *Newsweek*, “I don’t give a damn about the Vietnamese. They can do whatever they want. This is a fight between the United States and China.”

### All the Necessary Sacrifices

**I**n 1957, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation from Harvard College, Joseph Alsop wrote for the class report what in one way or an-

other he had been saying—usually at far greater length—since 1932, and continues to say today:

“Except for our brief bursts of energy and sacrifice, our generation has, I fear, persistently mortgaged the future to make the present more comfortable, and I do not think, therefore, that we can look forward to a future that will be either pleasing or familiar. . . .”

Alsop is a pessimist by nature and by training. In 1962 when he was asked what he considered the darkest hour of Western civilization, he said, “Now,” and in his view things have been going downhill ever since. His brother Stewart has said, “When we were writing together, we were always known as the doom and gloom Alsops, and when we were optimistic—we’d say, ‘We have to write something that’s optimistic’—all hell would break loose. But if Joe ever really gets optimistic, I’ll head for the root cellar.” A woman who is an old tribal friend swears that once when she wished Alsop a Happy New Year, he said, “Don’t be silly.”

His sense of peril—his own, his country’s, the world’s—is such that Liebling once wrote that Alsop always reminded him of an English lady who had hired a hansom to get her to Waterloo Station in a hurry. At one point she thought the horse seemed somewhat laggard, and she called out to the driver, “Hit him, driver. Hit him in a vital spot.” “Madam,” said the driver, “I’ve hit him in every vital spot but one, and I’m saving that for the hill.” Liebling added, “Joe ought to practice saving one for the hill.”

The only subject on which Alsop has been unceasingly optimistic is Vietnam. He has been predicting victory there ever since his first visit in 1953—victory, that is, if the United States only sends in enough troops, drops enough bombs in enough places, or uses Mr. Big. The latter is Alsop’s unique way of describing an atomic bomb. He was most disappointed that we didn’t use Mr. Big in Korea: “. . . instead we patiently suffered the Chinese intervention.”

Does Alsop worry about possible discomfort in case of what he calls “an all-out atomic war”? Not at all. As early as April 1955 he wrote, “No one can be sure that the use of atomic bombs in the Formosa Straits will not lead to an all-out war. Our allies who control our overseas bases will not join a war starting in the Formosa Straits. Hence the risk of using atomic bombs to defend Quemoy and the Matsus is far greater than the risk in Korea, when we did not use them. Furthermore, if the Chinese believe we will not use atomic bombs, they must consequently believe they can attack Quemoy and the Matsu Islands with impunity. . . . It must be added that if we do back

down again as we did before, the Chinese Communist leaders will inevitably regard America not just as a paper tiger, but as a paper rabbit. And therefore next year's ugly choice will be as much worse than this year's, as this year's is worse than last year's, and last year's was worse than the choice in Korea."

As for Vietnam, Alsop has wanted this country to make all the necessary sacrifices on its own. I asked him how he would have felt about inviting the United Nations in to help out. He said, "All that would do is get us a lot of unneeded advice and very few troops. It would only complicate matters."

Wasn't he concerned about the opposition to the war in this country? "Of course not. There's no more opposition to this war than there was to the war in Korea. The only difference is that the opposition at that time was from the Right; now it's from the Left. . . ."

At Harvard—"Almost all 'Grotties' chose Harvard or had it chosen for them"—Alsop did not appear to be much interested in politics, international or otherwise. He was known as an aesthete, and he was rude, demanding, altogether overbearing. In short, terrified and terrifying. Standing five nine, he weighed 245 pounds and was always trying to imitate Alexander Woolcott.

Then as now Alsop carried a furled umbrella, addressed taxi drivers, "Now look here, my good man," wore French cuffs, hand-tailored suits from Savile Row; his breast pocket was seldom without a silk handkerchief, and there was no serenity in him. "We all make ourselves up," a friend said, "but Joe does it every morning."

While Alsop was an undergraduate, he read Proust in French. He also read the lyric poets, and he wrote a thesis on the work of T. S. Eliot, and he looked into the mysteries of fallen civilizations—those of Egypt, Greece, Rome, of the Mayans, the Aztecs, and the Incas. And, according to a colleague, he read Chinese history:

"One night last fall [1966] in the Majestic Hotel Joe spent hours—endless hours, it seemed to me; I'd been in Saigon for three months and wanted to see a movie—tracing the histories of various minor tribes in China. He'd begin at the beginning and take the tribe up to the seventeenth century, then stop. At one point I said I didn't see what all this had to do with what was going on at the time, but that didn't stop him. He'd start in on another tribe. . . . When I got back to Saigon I mentioned that evening to somebody who's known Joe for a long time, and she said, 'Well, you have to remember that Joe's history gets a little weak after the seventeenth century.'"

It never occurred to anyone who knew Alsop in Cambridge that he might become a newspaperman. "I don't think he even went near the *Crimson*; that just wasn't his sort of thing at all." Most of his fellow undergraduates thought that Alsop might become a poet, maybe a novelist, possibly an archaeologist, perhaps even what Alsop himself now calls an "educationist." "Or I could see him in Paris sitting at a table at Pousset's on the Boulevard des Italiens."

Such wild and fugitive dreams may have occurred to Alsop at one time or another, but the tribe had long since decided otherwise. He was to go to Harvard Law and after that a berth would be arranged with one of those nice, conservative law firms that don't dirty their hands with unsavory matters like divorce. Alsop's enthusiasm for the law was not noticeable.

"Of course I didn't know Henry Adams when he was an undergraduate, but in many ways he and Joe have always seemed to me to be a great deal alike. Both great patriots and no understanding of their country at all."

Alsop's roommate at college was William Samuel Patten of Lancaster, Massachusetts. "The Pattens were Lancaster, Massachusetts." Seven years later Alsop was best man at Patten's wedding to Susan Mary Jay. (The bridesmaid was the granddaughter of Endicott Peabody; a month earlier she had married another classmate, Desmond Fitzgerald. She has since remarried, and as Marietta Tree, has been described by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as "the most charming and tireless of New York Democrats.")

A member of the Jay-Patten wedding recalls that Joe Alsop wore a white suit and that he predicted, *sotto voce*, that a year or so hence the bride would make a lovely widow. The groom suffered from asthma, from which he died on March 26, 1960. On February 16, 1961, his widow, Susan Mary Patten, nee Jay, became the bride of Joseph Wright Alsop.

## How to Have Something to Say

**A**fter graduating from Harvard, Alsop did not enter law school. Instead, he got a telegram from Grandmother Robinson informing him that a job had been arranged on the *Herald Tribune*, and he reported for duty on July 5, 1932.

In that unquiet Depression summer Alsop was not a popular figure in the city room. How could he have been? "Joe has always affected a great many people the way Senator Hugh Butler of Nebraska was affected by Dean Acheson: 'I look



at that fellow. . . . I want to shout, 'Get out, get out, get out. You stand for everything that has been wrong with the United States for years.'"

In those days (and to a lesser degree even now) there were almost as many conformists, bullies, and knuckleheads in a city room as in the fourth form at Groton, most of them about the same age or a little younger. Thus, endless practical jokes were played on Alsop. Even the renowned Stanley Walker, the city editor who hadn't wanted to hire Alsop in the first place, sent him off to interview a mythical bartender who was said to have profound views on the Depression. When Alsop discovered that the assignment was a ruse, he returned to the office, sat down at his desk, and turned out a fictional interview so credible that Walker was, or so he said, tempted to print it.

Joe Liebling remembers watching Alsop at work, covering a convention of magicians at the Hotel McAlpin. The chief magician kept taking rabbits out of Alsop's pocket, and Alsop was sweating with embarrassment, but at the same time he was trying to figure out how the magician did it, and he was taking notes.

Alsop has always been a hard worker. "The secret of newspaper work, Mr. Miller, particularly in Washington, is to know your subject. I have to work seven days a week to have something to say three days a week. . . . If you have leverage, that helps, but, no matter what, you have to do your homework, and you mustn't waste people's time. Whatever you are discussing, you must discuss it on fairly equal terms. . . . You have to keep abreast of what is going on, and you have to read and travel, and you have to know the players and their numbers."

In 1935, only three years after he joined the staff of the *Herald Tribune*, Alsop was sent to Flemington, New Jersey, to cover the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, an assignment that attracted most of the journalistic giants of the country. He did well there, too, and not long after Hauptmann was condemned to death, Alsop was sent to Washington to try to make some sense out of what Franklin Roosevelt was up to.

### Guru to Chennault

U ntil the New Deal came along, Washington was so dull a city that Ernest K. Lindley refused an assignment there from the *New York World* on the grounds that he wouldn't be able to stay awake should the President, one Calvin Coolidge, ever be so foolish as to call him. Of Coolidge's successor, Heywood Brown, a man who was to

change newspaper reporting everywhere in America, including in Washington, once wrote, "Nobody in the entire world really likes Herbert Hoover—except . . . possibly, Mrs. Hoover."

The limited activities of the government were written about by reporters who might as well have been covering a precinct police station, and their prose style was best suited to the description of a four-alarm fire. "Joe was the first correspondent I ever knew who wasn't ashamed to admit that he had read a book, who knew how to write a decent English sentence, and who had taste," a friend remembers. "Not only that, he fitted in with, understood, and liked the well-born people who were then getting into government. . . . The change in Washington was very sudden, like the change in Moscow between September 1916 and September 1917."

At one point I said to Alsop that it seemed to me from reading *The Reporter's Trade* that he was not, in the beginning at least, much interested in politics. "That's not true. Our whole family has been interested in politics. It was said that if my father hadn't been a Teddy Roosevelt Bull Moose he'd have been Governor of Connecticut. . . . My brother John longed for a political career, and he was almost elected Governor, too, and on the Republican ticket. . . .

"When Bob Kintner and I first started our column, we never wrote about defense or foreign policy; we really didn't start until after Munich. Bob was against it even then. The fact is that until about that time we really didn't have a foreign policy, and we practically didn't have any defense. . . . But after that, things became very exciting, very challenging."

After the fall of France, Joseph Alsop, almost alone, was responsible for convincing Benjamin V. Cohen, a Roosevelt adviser, that unless fifty or sixty destroyers of the first world war vintage were turned over to Britain, she might fall. Cohen took the matter up with Harold Ickes, and Ickes took it up with the President. And it was done. Churchill has said that the destroyers, as much as anything else, were responsible for keeping Britain going in those early days.

"What power I had then," said Alsop. "I really don't understand how I could have done so much for so young a man." He was thirty.

In 1941 Joseph Alsop went off to the last of the simple wars, those in which one could tell at a glance which were the good guys and which the bad. "I felt strongly about the war and wanted to get in. . . . I was refused in the draft [for something to do with blood pressure] but the Navy offered me a waiver. . . ."

"Nobody can fault Joe for lack of courage, physical or otherwise," a colleague said. "In 1941, he was just getting a big reputation, just beginning to make real money, and he was over draft age and could easily have persuaded himself, as I did, that what he wrote was more important to the cause than simply lending his body, but, by God, off he went, gung-ho, stiff-upper-lip; there's a lot of Rudyard Kipling in Joe, you know. . . . I don't think he actually saw much combat; he was too busy being head *guru* for General Claire Chennault, but he was willing and even anxious."

"Vietnam is as badly reported a war as ever we have had," Alsop says. "I don't want to criticize my younger colleagues, but for technical reasons this is a very hard war to report on. It's mortally exhausting work abroad; I give myself very tough physical assignments. . . ."

By comparison the second world war was easy. Old Ernie Pyle would never have been at home in Vietnam, and Richard Tregaskis, S. L. A. Marshall, and Alsop have never seemed exactly at ease there either. They were still getting soldiers' names and their hometowns; they deprecated Saigon as a source of news, and they often and with some asperity said that only cowards hang around there.

One wonders what would have happened if Alsop had spent more time in Saigon. Of course, when Henry Cabot was Over There, old tribal friend that he was, Alsop often stayed at the Embassy. But if he had not been so anxious to get to what he insists on calling "the front," would he have got a better understanding of, say, Madame Nhu? As it was, the way he wrote about her she emerged as cuddly. When the lovable Madame suggested that the American correspondents—she didn't like their work any more than John F. Kennedy did—form a committee to decide each day on a common *line*, she also suggested that Joseph Alsop would make a wonderful chairman.

As Everett Martin of *Newsweek* told me, "Sometimes one of the officers would throw out a smoke grenade and tell Joe, 'That's the front out there.'"

From Joseph Alsop's column, *Matter of Fact*, February 1964: "In Communist North Vietnam, to begin with, the situation is close to desperate. . . . The basic of the Communist attack on South Vietnam, if not actually endangered, is at least seriously enfeebled."

From Joseph Alsop's column, *Matter of Fact*, October 1966: "Within six, eight, ten, or twelve months—before the end of 1967, at any rate—the chances are good that the Vietnamese war will look successful. We are much closer to the end

of the 'military war' than most people . . . even dare to hope."

Alan Barth, the gentle and distinguished editorial writer for the *Washington Post*, said, "When Alsop is in Vietnam I suspect he associates only with people who have a certain point of view, but then we're all guilty of that. I socially see only people—generally, that is—who agree with me. . . . It's too difficult, too tiring to spend much time arguing with one's enemies. And I suspect it's truer about Vietnam than almost anything else. You start with a point of view and even if you don't want to, you find yourself married to it. . . . Unless you want a divorce, really want to get out, you can't say, 'What in God's name did I marry her for in the first place?' . . . Today if I were to write about the FBI, I'd try to take a fresh look at it, but it would be difficult for me."

On the second and last afternoon I saw him, Alsop said, "A man who has bought a theory will fight a vigorous, rearguard action against the facts."

He was speaking of those *educationists* who do not agree with his theories of ghetto education.

During the second world war, Joe Alsop's passion for China and the Chinese budded and flowered. While he was a prisoner of the Japanese in Hong Kong, he not only lost a good deal of weight, which, as he has said, was under the circumstances easy. He also taught himself Chinese.

For a large part of the war Alsop worked for General Chennault, commander of the 14th Air Force; he was also the General's most effective propagandist, and he was surely the most impassioned enemy of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, ground commander of the American and Chinese forces in the China-Burma-India theater. Stilwell—in retrospect, not quite the right man for the job, despite the fact that he was the only officer of rank who spoke Chinese—referred to the Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek as "the peanut." And he once wrote of his Commander in Chief, "Churchill has Roosevelt in his pocket. . . . The Limeys are not interested in the war in the Pacific, and with the President hypnotized, they are sitting pretty."

In 1943 Harry Hopkins wrote, "What the President wants is to have an independent Command from Stilwell but Marshall [General George C.] resists this on good military grounds, primarily, that Chennault knows nothing about logistics, that he was for many years a paid employee of the Chinese government, and, hence, under the undue influence of the Generalissimo. Marshall admits that Chennault is probably a tactical genius and, as such, wants to encourage him."



Even now, fifteen years later, passions on the subject have still not cooled. "Those of us who went through the adventure of the Chinese Revolution are forever after warped; Joe in one way, myself in another. Being there was like being next to a huge X-ray machine, and we were all too close to avoid being scarred."

### "S" for Nothing

**E**xcept for "The Thousand Days" that have, partly by tragic accident and partly by tragic design, become a myth, Washington after the second world war was never again to be the way one remembered it. It became a city of stenographers, of all sexes, many in permanent uniforms of one kind or another. And nobody ever leaves. There are ex-Congressmen, former Senators, and even one-time members of the one Cabinet or another in second-rate hotels and shabby rooming houses all over the city.

And was there ever a less WASPish man in the White House than Harry Truman? Alsop wrote to Cousin Eleanor in Hyde Park that while in Franklin's time the White House had been a seat of power, with Harry Truman in residence it was like "the lounge of the Lions Club in Independence . . . where one is conscious chiefly of the odor of ten-cent cigars and the easy laughter evoked by the new smoking-room story."

Some of the old bunch were still on hand. Charles "Chip" Bohlen, for instance. He had attended three Big Three conferences during the war, as an interpreter and an adviser on what was going on in the mind of old Joe Stalin. James Forrestal was in residence in Washington; he was Secretary of the Navy, and Dean Acheson was about to become Secretary of State. Truman once told me, "One of the first things I thought about after I was reelected was that I could have Dean in my Cabinet." Indeed, Harry S (for nothing) Truman, a part-time night-school student of law at the University of Kansas City, and Dean Acheson, son of the Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, and George C. Marshall, an honors graduate of VMI and surely one of the great men of this century, became what was one of the oddest and most effective trios in all our history. Acheson once said, "Harry Truman has an Aristotelean understanding of power."

"Stewart and I were still patronizing toward Truman then, because we thought the big successes of his Administration were owing to the big men in the Cabinet—Marshall, Forrestal, and the others. But it is a rule that a President must

always be given final credit for *all* his Administration's successes, and final blame for *all* its failures.

"Truman was a likable man, while Johnson—Johnson is not a likable man; he is a monster; his defects and his virtues are both larger than life size. . . . Johnson has always been a dreadful leader, too.\* Unlike Truman, who was a good leader, Truman's philosophy was, 'This is where we have to go, and this is why we have to go there.'

"We admitted in our column several times that we had underestimated Truman, and several years ago we wrote him a letter of apology. Dean said it would make the old man happy, and I believe it did. We got a very pleasant letter back from him. . . . It's in the Library of Congress; they have all of my miserable papers."

During the Truman years that other Dean was around most of the time, too. Rusk has always been—until *The Thousand Days*, that is—an assistant something or other. It was either that or back to Mills College, a curious institution where he had been dean of the faculty and taught an occasional course in government. On the night of June 24, 1950—it was a Saturday—Rusk, then the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, was a guest at Joe Alsop's. Alsop had just returned from Europe and was giving himself a homecoming party. Among the other guests were Frank Pace, Secretary of the Army, John McCone, Under Secretary of the Air Force, and Justice Felix Frankfurter. "Your dinner will please everyone more if there is a lion or two to roar away at the head of the table. Even your closest friends will be disappointed without lions."

On the June night in question the lions—never to be confused with Harry Truman's Lions—and the host were discussing where the next outbreak of Communist aggression would be. Their conversation centered on the threat to Yugoslavia caused by the buildup of the Rumanian and Bulgarian armies. But when, shortly after midnight, Dean Rusk was summoned back to the State Department, he discovered that they had been talking about the wrong people, the wrong continent. Those odd people in Middle Europe were quiescent and, indeed, Yugoslavia still has not been invaded.

What Rusk learned was that an army of North Koreans had pushed beyond the 38th parallel in Korea and was driving toward Seoul. ". . . We are entering an iron decade, perhaps an iron half-century, in which all our accustomed pleasures,

Alsop hasn't always felt that way about Johnson. He once told a friend that the three ablest Americans he had ever known were Franklin Roosevelt, George C. Marshall, and Lyndon B. Johnson.

from television to partisanship, from jukeboxes to self-delusion, must be sacrificed to the stern requirements of independence and survival."

## A Seeming Golden Time

What happened at the Democratic convention in 1960 is in some doubt; Pierre Salinger quotes Jack Kennedy as saying that the full story of how Lyndon Johnson got to be the Vice Presidential nominee will never be known and that it's just as well. What we do know is that on Monday of that tumultuous, star-studded week in California, Joe Alsop and the late Philip L. Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*, went to Jack Kennedy's suite, and, according to Arthur Schlesinger, "... they sent in a message requesting five minutes of his time. When Kennedy appeared, Alsop made a brief argument for Johnson, adding that Johnson would accept. Then he fell into unwonted silence and whispered to Graham, 'You do the talking.'..."

"Joe's manner with the Kennedy's always amazed me; he was always fawning, always the courtier. I kept thinking of the way Henry Adams always buttered up to the Czar of Pennsylvania politics, 'Boss' Cameron, a crude man, one of those self-made men of the nineteenth century; I doubt if he was much for the printed word and he was without any sensitivity, but Adams went off to Europe with Cameron and his family. In *The Education* Cameron emerges as something of a hero, the only hero. ... I'm not making any analogies, you understand; the Kennedys are all well-educated, and Jack was a delightful companion. ... Joe Alsop was the only close friend who wasn't required to play touch football."

And the oldest friend of all, ex-friend, really, said, "Joe has threatened to retire more times than Sarah Bernhardt had farewell tours, but his feeling for Jack was such that in 1960 when he said he'd leave Washington if Nixon were elected, I think he meant it." Alsop's relations with Jack Kennedy were not quite as halcyon as Joe Alsop likes to remember them, but that is true of a great many other people as well. Alsop frequently criticized the President in his column, and, while on rereading the columns seem extraordinarily mild, rather like the letters Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son about one thing or another, the President was almost as sensitive to the printed word as his First Lady has lately turned out to be. And there was one period of several months when the Alsops were emphatically not being invited to the White House, and a frequent guest

of the Alsop household remembers, "... Susan Mary saying something like she guessed they'd never be back at the White House anymore, that it had been nice while it lasted, and then they were back in the good graces again."

The end we all know. As Harry Truman said, "Heroes know when to die." And by now you can surely understand how those days seem more incandescent than they really were, how shadow can be mistaken for substance, and how by comparison with what came later, it does indeed seem to have been a golden time. "... I cannot imagine any two people in the world likely to have less in common than Lyndon Johnson and Joe Alsop. No wonder he finds Washington a lonely city these days, and when you go there to dinner—well, he does suffer from insomnia, and he was always begging you to have one more nightcap before leaving, but now—I'd say he was a lonely man, perhaps the loneliest man I've ever known."

"... A lot of people won't go there for dinner anymore. I'm afraid Joe's become what, if he were aware of it, he'd hate most of all, a b-o-r-e, on the subject of Vietnam, I mean. When the subject is brought up—always by Joe—you can see people raise their eyebrows as if to say, 'How can I get out of here?'"

It was nearly dusk. We were riding through Washington in a taxi, and Alsop had once more been speaking—how entertaining he can be, how amusing—of the early days, the good old days when there were fewer wheeler-dealers around, fewer pragmatists, for that matter, idealists everywhere you turned. Or were we only young? "Anybody could go anywhere; you didn't even need a card to get in the White House, and even Larry Todd [then correspondent for *Tass*] got into the press conferences, and nobody thought anything about it."

The taxi stopped, and there were stenographers and, possibly, even Assistant Secretaries of State—how difficult to tell them apart these days—coming out of the unspeakable modern State Department building in Foggy Bottom, where he was headed. "In my business," Alsop said, "I believe, one, don't fight the facts, and, two, some facts are surprising, but don't hesitate to accept them." He paused a moment, he pushed the blue silk handkerchief deeper into the breast pocket of his elegantly tailored suit. Then he said, "I rather enjoy being alone—so long as one is right in the end." We said our goodbyes, and Joe Alsop told the taxi driver to drop me at my hotel and then come back and wait for him. After that he went into the building, against the tide, oh very much against the tide.



Robert Penn Warren

## INTERNAL INJURIES

### 1.

*Nigger*: as if it were not  
Enough to be old, and a woman, to be  
Poor, having a sizable hole (as  
I can plainly see, you being flat on the ground) in  
The sole of a shoe (the right one), enough to be

Alone (your daughter off in  
Detroit, in three years no letter, your son  
Up-river, at least now you know  
Where he is, and no friends), enough to be

Fired (as you have just today  
Been, and unfair to boot, for  
That durn Jew-lady—there wasn't no way  
To know it was you that opened that there durn  
Purse, just picking on you on account of  
Your complexion), enough to be

Yourself (yes, after 68  
Years, just to have to be  
What you are, yeah, look  
In the mirror, that  
Is you, and when did you  
Pray last), enough to be,

Merely to be—Jesus,  
Wouldn't just *being* be enough without  
Having to have the pee (quite  
Literally—knocked out of  
You by a 1957 yellow Cadillac driven by  
A spik, and him  
From New Jersey?

Why couldn't it of at least been a white man?

### 2.

The scream comes as regular  
As a metronome. Twelve beats  
For period of scream, twelve  
For period of non-scream, there  
Must be some sort of clockwork  
Inside you to account for such

Perfection, perhaps you have always  
And altogether been clockwork, but  
Not realizing its perfection, I  
Had thought you merely human.

I apologize for the error, but  
It was, under the circumstances,  
Only natural.

Pneumatic hammers  
Are at work somewhere. In the period  
Of non-scream, they seem merely a part of the  
silence.

### 3.

They are tearing down Penn Station,  
Through which joy and sorrow passed.

But against the bright blue May-sky,  
In the dazzle and sun-blast,

I can see one cornice swimming  
High above the hoarding where

Sidewalk superintendents turn now  
From their duties and at you stare.

While I, sitting in my taxi,  
Watch them watching you, for I,

Ashamed of their insensitiveness,  
Am no Peeping Tom with my

Own face pressed directly to the  
Window of your pain to peer

Deep in your inward darkness, waiting,  
With slack-jawed and spit-wet leer,

For what darkling gleam, and spasm,  
Visceral and pure, like love.

Look! your hat's right under a truck wheel.  
It's lucky traffic can't yet move.

Somewhere—oh, somewhere above the city—  
a jet is prowling the sky.

## 4.

he only trouble was, you got up  
his morning on the wrong side of the bed, and of  
our life. First, you put the wrong shoe on the right  
foot, or vice versa, and next  
you quarreled with your husband. No—  
you merely remembered a quarrel you had with  
him before he  
sp and died, or did he merely blow, and never  
was rightly your husband, nohow.  
Defect of attention  
is defect of character, and now

The scream floats up, and up, like a  
Soap bubble, it is enormous, it glitters  
Above the city, it is as big as the city  
And on its bottom side all the city is  
Accurately reflected, making allowance  
For curvature, upside-down, iridescent as  
A dream, oh pale!

If children were here now.  
They would clap their hands for joy.

But,  
No matter, for in stunning soundlessness, it  
Explodes, and over the city a bright mist  
Descends of, microscopically, spit.

## 5.

One cop holds the spik delicately between thumb and forefinger.  
It is as though he did not want to get his white glove dirty.

\* \*

The jet prowls the sky and Penn Station looks bombed-out.

\* \*

The spik has blood over one eye. He had tried to run away.

He will not try again, and in that knowledge, his face is  
as calm as congealing bacon grease.

\* \*

Three construction workers come out from behind the hoarding.

\* \*

The two cops are not even talking to each other, and in spite of  
The disturbance you are so metronomically creating, ignore  
you. They are doing their duty.

\* \*

The jet prowls. I do not know what it is hunting for.

\* \*

The three construction workers are looking at you like a technical  
Problem. I look at them. One looks at his watch. For  
everything there is a season.

\* \*

How long since last I heard birdsong in the flowery hedgerows of France?

\* \*

The last time I looked at you I had the distinct impression  
that you were staring me straight in the eye, and  
Who wants to be a piece of white paper filed for eternity on  
the sharp point of a filing spindle?

\* \*

The orange-colored helmets of the construction workers bloom brilliant as zinnias.

\* \*

When you were a child in Georgia, a lard-can of zinnias  
bloomed by the little cabin door.

Your mother had planted them in the lard-can. People call zinnias nigger-flowers.

\* \*

Nobody wants to be a piece of white paper filed in the dark  
on the point of a black-enameled spindle forever.

\* \*

The jet is so far off there is no sound, not even the sizzle  
it makes as it sears the utmost edges of air.

It prowls the edge of distance like the raw edge of experience. Oh, reality!

\* \*

I do not know what the jet is hunting for. It must be hunting for something.



## 6.

Be something else, be something  
that is not what it is, for  
being what it is, it is  
too absolute to be.

If you insist on being  
what you are, how can we  
ever love you, we  
cannot love what is—

By which I mean a thing that  
totally is and therefore  
is absolute, for we  
know that the absolute is

Delusion, and that Truth lives  
only in relation—oh!  
we love you, we truly  
do, and we love the

World, but we know  
we cannot love others unless  
we learn how to love  
ourselves properly, and we truly

Want to love you, but

For God's sake stop that yelling!

## 8.

Driver, driver, hurry now—  
Yes, driver, listen now, for I  
Must change the address, I want to go to

A place where nothing is the same.  
My guts are full of chyme and chyle, of Time and bile, my head  
Of visions, I do not even know what the pancreas is for, what,

Driver, driver, is it for?  
Tell me, driver, tell me true, for  
The traffic begins to move, and that fool ambulance at last,

Screaming, screaming, now arrives.  
Jackhammers are trying, trying, they  
Are trying to tell me something, they speak in code.

Driver, do you know the code?  
*Tat-tat-tat* —my head is full of  
That code, like Truth or a migraine, and those men in yellow helmets,

They must know it, they must know,  
For *tat-tat*, they make the hammers go, and  
So must know the message, know the secret names and all the slithery functions of

All those fat slick slimy things that  
Are so like a tub full of those things you  
Would find in the back room of a butcher shop, but wouldn't eat, but

Are not that, for they are you.

Driver, do you truly, truly,  
Know what flesh is, and if it is, as some people say, really sacred?

Driver, there's an awful glitter in the air. What is the weather forecast?

## 7.

I must hurry, I must go somewhere  
Where you are not, where you  
Will never be, I  
Must go somewhere where  
Nothing is real, for only  
Nothingness is real and is  
A sea of light. The world  
Is a parable and we are  
The meaning. The traffic  
Begins to move, and meaning  
In my guts blooms like  
A begonia, I dare not  
Pronounce its name. —Oh, driver!  
For God's sake catch that light, for

There comes a time for us all when we want  
to begin a new life.

All mythologies recognize that fact.

# EROS RAMPANT

*a story by John Updike*



**T**he Maples' house is full of love. Bean, the six-year-old baby, loves Hecuba, the dog. John, who is eight, an angel-faced mystic serenely unable to ride a bicycle or read a clock, is in love with his Creepy Crawlers, his monster cards, his dinosaurs, and his carved rhinoceros from Kenya. He spends hours in his room after school drifting among these things, rearranging, gloating, humming. He experiences pain only when his older brother, Richard Jr., sardonically attempts to enter his room and pierces his placenta of contemplation. Richard is in love with life, with all outdoors, with Carl Yastrzemski, Babe Parelli, the Boston Bruins, the Beatles, and with that shifty apparition who, comb in hand, peeps back shiny-eyed at him out of the mirror in the mornings, wearing a moustache of toothpaste. He receives

strange challenging notes from girls—*Dickie Maple you stop looking at me*—which he brings home from school carelessly crumpled along with his spelling papers and hectographed notices about eye, tooth, and lung inspection. His feelings about young Mrs. Brice, who confronts his section of the fifth grade with the enameled poise and diction of an airline hostess, are so guarded as to be suspicious. He almost certainly loves, has always deeply loved, his older sister, Judith. Verging on thirteen, she has become difficult to contain, even within an incestuous passion. Large and bumptious, she eclipses his view of the television screen, loudly frugs while he would listen to the Beatles, teases, thrashes, is bombarded and jogged by powerful rays from outer space. She hangs for hours by the corner where Mr. Lunt, her history



teacher, lives; she pastes effigies of the Monkees on her walls, French-kisses her mother good-night, experiences the panic of sleeplessness, engages in long languorous tussles on the sofa with the dog. Hecuba, a spayed golden retriever, races from room to room, tormented as if by fleas by the itch for adoration, ears flattened, tail thumping, until at last she runs up against the cats, who do not love her, and she drops exhausted, in grateful defeat, on the kitchen linoleum, and sleeps. The cats, Esther and Esau, lick each other's fur and share a bowl. They had been two of a litter. Esther, the mother of more than thirty kittens mostly resembling her brother, but with a persistent black minority vindicating the howled appeal of a neighboring tom, has been "fixed"; Esau, sentimentally allowed to continue unfixed, now must venture from the house in quest of the bliss that had once been purely domestic. He returns scratched and battered. Esther licks his wounds while he leans dazed beside the refrigerator; even his purr is ragged. Nagging for their supper, they sit like bookends, their backs discreetly touching, an expert old married couple on the dole. One feels, unexpectedly, that Esau still loves Esther, while she merely accepts and understands him. She seems scornful of his merely dutiful attentions. Is she puzzled by her abrupt surgical lack of what drastically attracts him? But it is his big square tomatcat's head that seems puzzled, rather than her triangular feminine feline one. The children feel a difference; both Bean and John cuddle Esau more, now that Esther is sterile. Perhaps, obscurely, they feel that she has deprived them of a miracle, of the semiannual miracle of her kittens, of drowned miniature piglets wriggling alive from a black orifice vaster than a cave. Richard Jr., as if to demonstrate his superior purchase on manhood and its righteous compassion, makes a point of petting the two cats equally, stroke for stroke. Judith claims she hates them both; it is her chore to feed them supper, and she hates the smell of horsemeat. She loves, at least in the abstract, horses.

Mr. Maple loves Mrs. Maple. He goes through troublesome periods, often on Saturday afternoons, of being unable to take his eyes from her, of being captive to the absurd persuasion that the curve of her solid haunch conceals, enwraps, a precarious treasure mistakenly confided to his care. He cannot touch her enough. The sight of

her body contorted by one of her yoga exercises, in her elastic black leotard riddled with runs, twists his heart so that he cannot breathe. Her gesture as she tips the dregs of white wine into a potted geranium seems infinite, like one of Vermeer's moments frozen in an eternal light from the left. At night he tries to press her into himself, to secure her drowsy body against his breast like a clasp, as if without it he will come undone. He cannot sleep in this position, yet maintains it long after her breathing has become steady and oblivious: can love be defined, simply, as the refusal to sleep? Also he loves Penelope Vogel, a quaint little secretary at his office who is recovering from a disastrous affair with an Antiguan; and he is in love with the memories of six or so other women, beginning with a seven-year-old playmate who used to steal his hunter's cap; and is half in love with death. He as well seems to love, perhaps alone in the nation, President Johnson, who is unaware of his existence. Along the same lines, Richard adores the moon; he studies avidly all the photographs beamed back from its uncongenial surface.

And Joan? Whom does she love? Her psychiatrist, certainly. Her father, inevitably. Her yoga instructor, probably. She has a part-time job in a museum and returns home flushed and quick-tongued, as if from sex. She must love the children, for they flock to her like sparrows to suet. They fight bitterly for a piece of her lap and turn their backs upon their father, as if he, the source and shelter of their life, were a grotesque intruder, a chimney sweep in a snow palace. None of his impersonations with the children—scoutmaster, playmate, confidant, financial bastion, factual wizard, watchman of the night—win them over; Bean still cries for Mommy when hurt, John approaches her for the money to finance yet more monster cards, Dickie demands that hers be the last good-night, and even Judith, who should be his, kisses him timidly, and saves her open-mouthed passion for her mother. Joan swims through their love like a fish through water, ignorant of any other element. Love slows her footsteps, pours upon her from the radio, hangs about her, in the kitchen, in the form of tacked-up children's drawings of houses, families, cars, cats, dogs, and flowers. Her husband cannot touch her; she is solid but hidden, like the World Bank, presiding yet immaterial, like the federal judiciary. Some cold uncoordinated thing pushes at his hand as it hangs impotent; it is Hecuba's nose. Obese spayed golden-eyed bitch, like him she abhors exclusion and strains to add her warmth to the tumble, in love with them all, in love with the smell of food, in love with the smell of love.

*John Updike was born in 1932 in Shillington, Pennsylvania, and his eleventh book and fifth novel, "Couples," was published this spring. He and his family live in Ipswich, Massachusetts.*

Penelope Vogel takes care to speak without sentimentality; five years younger than Richard, she has endured a decade of amorous ordeals and, still single at twenty-nine, preserves herself by speaking dryly, in the flip phrases of a still younger generation.

"We had a good thing," she says of her Anguan, "that became a bad scene."

She handles, verbally, her old affairs like dried flowers; sitting across the restaurant table from her, Richard is made jittery by her delicacy, as if she and a grandmother are together examining an array of brittle, enigmatic mementos. "A very undesirable scene," Penelope adds. "The big time was too much for him. He got in with the drugs crowd. I couldn't see it."

"He wanted to marry you?" Richard asks timidly; this much is office gossip.

She shrugs, admitting, "There was that pitch."

"You must miss him."

"There is that. He was the most beautiful man I ever saw. His shoulders. In Dickinson's Bay, he'd have me put my hand on his shoulder in the water and that way he'd pull me along for miles, swimming. He was a snorkel instructor."

"His name?" Jittery, fearful of jarring these reminiscences, which are also negotiations, he spills the last of his Gibson, and jerkily signals to order another.

"Hubert," Penelope says. She is patiently mopping with her napkin. "Like a girl friend told me, Never take on a male beauty, you'll have to fight for the mirror." Her face is small and very white, and her nose very long, her pink nostrils inflamed by a perpetual cold. Only a Negro, Richard thinks, could find her beautiful; the thought gives her, in the restless shadowy restaurant light, beauty. The waiter, colored, comes and changes their tablecloth. Penelope continues so softly Richard must strain to hear, "When Hubert was eighteen he had a woman divorce her husband and leave her children for him. She was one of the old planter families. He wouldn't marry her. He told me, If she'd do that to him, next thing she'd leave me. He was very moralistic, until he came up here. But imagine an eighteen-year-old boy having an effect like that on a mature married woman in her thirties."

"I better keep him away from my wife," Richard jokes.

"Yeah." She does not smile. "They *work* at it, you know. Those boys are *pros*."

Penelope has often been to the West Indies. In St. Croix, it delicately emerges, there was Andrew, with his goatee and his septic-tank business and his political ambitions; in Guadeloupe, there

was Ramon, a customs inspector; in Trinidad, Castlereigh, who played the alto pans in a steel band and also did the limbo. He could go down to nine inches. But Hubert was the worst, or best. He was the only one who had followed her north. "I was supposed to come live with him in this hotel in Dorchester but I was scared to go near the place, full of cop-out types and the smell of pot in the elevator, I got two offers from guys just standing there pushing the Up button. It was not a healthy scene." The waiter brings them rolls; in his shadow her profile seems wan and he yearns to pluck her, pale flower, from the tangle she has conjured. "It got so bad," she says, "I tried going back to an old boy friend, an awfully nice guy with a mother and a nervous stomach. He's a computer systems analyst, very dedicated, but I don't know, he just never impressed me. All he can talk about is his gastritis and how she keeps telling him to move out and get a wife, but he doesn't know if she means it. His mother."

"He is . . . white?"

Penelope glances up; there is a glint off her halted butter knife. Her voice slows, goes drier. "No, as a matter of fact. He's what they call an Afro-American. You mind?"

"No, no, I was just wondering—his nervous stomach. He doesn't sound like the others."

"He's not. Like I say, he doesn't impress me. Don't you find, once you have something that works, it's hard to back up?" More seems meant than is stated; her level gaze, as she munches her thickly buttered bun, feels like one tangent in a complicated geometrical problem: find the point at which she had switched from white to black lovers.

The subject is changed for him; his heart jars, and he leans forward hastily to say, "See that woman who just came in? Leather suit, gypsy earrings, sitting down now? Her name is Eleanor Dennis. She lives down our street from us. She's divorced."

"Who's the man?"

"I have no idea. Eleanor's moved out of our circles. He looks like a real thug." Along the far wall, Eleanor adjusts the great loop of her earring; her sideways glance, in the shuffle of shadows, flicks past his table. He doubts that she saw him.

Penelope says, "From the look on your face, that was more than a circle she was in with you."

He pretends to be disarmed by her guess, but in truth considers it providential that one of his own old loves should appear, to countervail the dark torrent of hers. For the rest of the meal they talk about *him*, him and Eleanor and Marlene Bossman



and Joan and the little girl who used to steal his hunter's cap. In the lobby of Penelope's apartment house, the elevator summoned, he offers to go up with her.

She says carefully, "I don't think you want to."

"But I *do*." The building is Back Bay modern; the lobby is garishly lit and furnished with plastic plants that need never be watered, Naugahyde chairs that were never sat upon, and pointless tessellated plaques. The light is an absolute presence, as even and clean as the light inside a freezer, as ubiquitous as ether or as the libido that, Freud says, permeates all of us from infancy on.

"No," Penelope repeats. "I've developed a good ear for sincerity in these things. I think you're too wrapped up back home."

"The dog likes me," he confesses, and kisses her good-night there, encased in brightness. Dry voice to the contrary, her lips are shockingly soft, wide, warm, and sorrowing.

"So," Joan says to him. "You slept with that little office mouse." It is Saturday; the formless erotic suspense of the afternoon is over. The Maples are in their room dressing for a party, by the ashen light of dusk, and the watery blue of a distant streetlamp.

"I never have," he says, thereby admitting, however, that he knows who she means.

"Well you took her to dinner."

"Who says?"

"Mack Dennis. Eleanor saw the two of you in a restaurant."

"When do they converse? I thought they were divorced."

"They talk all the time. He's still in love with her. Everybody knows that."

"Okay. When do he and *you* converse?"

Oddly, she has not prepared an answer. "Oh—" His heart falls through her silence. "Maybe I saw him in the hardware store this afternoon."

"And maybe you didn't. Why would he blurt this out anyway? You and he must be on cozy terms."

He says this to trigger her denial; but she mutely considers and, sauntering toward her closet, admits, "We understand each other."

How unlike her, to bluff this way. "When was I supposedly seen?"

"You mean it happens often? Last Wednesday, around eight-thirty. You *must* have slept with her."

"I couldn't have. I was home by ten, you may remember. You had just gotten back yourself from the museum."

"What went wrong, darley? Did you offend her with your horrible pro-Vietnam stand?"

In the dim light he hardly knows this woman her broken gestures, her hasty voice. Her silver slip glows and crackles as she wriggles into a black knit cocktail dress; with a kind of determined agitation she paces around the bed, to the bureau and back. As she moves, her body seems to be gathering bulk from the shadows, bulk and a dynamic elasticity. He tries to placate her with a token offering of truth. "No, it turns out Penelope only goes with Negroes. I'm too pale for her."

"You admit you tried?"

He nods.

"Well," Joan says, and takes a half-step toward him, so that he flinches in anticipation of being hit, "do you want to know who *I* was sleeping with Wednesday?"

He nods again, but the two nods feel different, as if, transposed by a terrific unfelt speed, a continent had lapsed between them.

She names a man he knows only slightly, an assistant director in the museum, who wears a collar pin and has his gray hair cut long and tucked back in the foppish English style. "It was *fun*," Joan says, kicking at a shoe. "He thinks I'm beautiful. He cares for me in a way you just *don't*." She kicks away the other shoe. "You look pale to me too, buster."

Stunned, he needs to laugh. "But we all think you're beautiful."

"Well you don't make me *feel* it."

"*I* feel it," he says.

"You make me feel like an ugly drudge." As they grope to understand their new positions, they realize that she, like a chess player who has impulsively swept forward her queen, has nowhere to go but on the defensive. In a desperate attempt to keep the initiative, she says, "Divorce me. Beat me."

He is calm, factual, admirable. "How often have you been with him?"

"I don't know. Since April, off and on." Her hands appear to embarrass her; she places them at her sides, against her cheeks, together on the bedpost, off. "I've been trying to get out of it, I've felt horribly guilty, but he's never been at all pushy, so I could never really arrange a fight. He gets this hurt look."

"Do you want to keep him?"

"With you knowing? Don't be grotesque."

"But he cares for you in a way I just don't."

"Any lover does that."

"God help us. You're an expert."

"Hardly."

"What *about* you and Mack?"

She is frightened. "Years ago. Not for very long."

"And Freddy Vetter?"

"No, we agreed not. He knew about me and ack."

Love, a cloudy heavy ink, inundates him from within, suffuses his palms with tingling pressure. He steps close to her, her murky face held tense against the expectation of a blow. "You whore," he breathes, enraptured. "My sweet bride." He presses her hands; they are corrupt and cold. "Who else?" he begs, as if each name is a burden of treasure she lays upon his bowed serf's shoulders. "Tell me all your men."

"I've told you. It's a pretty austere list. You know *why* I told you? So you wouldn't feel guilty about this Vogel person."

"But nothing happened. When you do it, it happens."

"Sweetie, I'm a woman," she explains, and they seem, in this darkening room above the muted hubbub of television, to have reverted to the bases of their marriage, to the elemental constituents. Woman. Man. House.

"What does your psychiatrist say about all this?"

"Not much." The triumphant swell of her confession has passed; her drier manner prepares for days, weeks of his questions. She retrieves the shoes she kicked away. "That's one of the reasons I went to him, I kept having these affairs—"

"Kept having? You're killing me."

"Please don't interrupt. It was somehow very innocent. I'd go into his office, and lie down, and say, 'I've just been with Mack, or Otto—'"

"Otto. What's that joke? Otto is 'toot' spelled inside out."

"—and it was wonderful, or awful, or so-so, and then we'd talk about my childhood masturbation. It's not his business to scold me, it's his job to get me to stop scolding myself."

"The poor bastard, all the time I've been jealous of him, and he's been suffering with this for years; he had to listen every *day*. You'd go in there and blunk yourself still warm down on his couch—"

"It wasn't every day at all. Weeks would go by. I'm not Otto's only woman."

The artificial tumult of television below merges with a real commotion, a screaming and bumping that mounts the stairs and threatens the aquarium where the Maples are swimming, dark fish in ink, their outlines barely visible, known to each other only as eddies of warmth, as mysterious animate chasms in the surface of space. Fearing that for years he will not again be so close to Joan, or she be so open, he hurriedly asks, "And what about the yoga instructor?"

"Don't be silly," Joan says, clasping her pearls

at the nape of her neck. "He's an elderly vegetarian."

The door crashes open; their bedroom explodes in shards of electric light. Richard Jr. is frantic, sobbing.

"Mommy, Judy keeps teasing me and getting in front of the television!"

"I did not. I did not." Judith speaks very distinctly. "Mother and Father, he is a retarded liar."

"She can't help she's growing," Richard tells his son, picturing poor Judith trying to fit herself among the intent childish silhouettes in the little television room, pitying her for her bulk, much as he pities Johnson for his Presidency. Bean bursts into the bedroom, frightened by violence, and Hecuba leaps upon the bed with rolling golden eyes, and Judith gives Dickie an impudent and unrepentant sideways glance, and he, gagging on a surfeit of emotion, bolts from the room. Soon there arises from the other end of the upstairs an anguished squawk as Dickie invades John's room and punctures his communion with his dinosaurs. Downstairs, a woman, neglected and alone, locked in a box, sings about *amore*. Bean hugs Joan's legs so she cannot move.

Judith asks with parental sharpness, "What were you two talking about?"

"Nothing," Richard says. "We were getting dressed."

"Why were all the lights out?"

"We were saving electricity," her father tells her.

"Why is Mommy crying?" He looks, disbelieving, and discovers that indeed, her cheeks coated with silver, she is.

**A**t the party, amid clouds of friends and smoke, Richard resists being parted from his wife's side. She has dried her tears, and faintly swaggers, as when, on the beach, she dares wear a bikini. But her nakedness is only in his eyes. Her head beside his shoulder, her grave soft voice, the plump unrepentant cleft between her breasts, all seem newly treasurable and intrinsic to his own identity. As a cuckold, he has grown taller, attenuated, more elegant and humane in his opinions, airier and more mobile. When the usual argument about Vietnam commences, he hears himself sounding like a dove. He concedes that Johnson is unlovable. He allows that Asia is infinitely complex, devious, ungrateful, feminine: but must we abandon her therefore? When Mack Dennis, grown burly in bachelorhood, comes and asks Joan to dance, Richard feels unmanned and sits on the sofa with such an air of weariness that Marlene Brossman sits down beside him and, for the first time in



years, flirts. He tries to tell her with his voice, beneath the meaningless words he is speaking, that he loved her, and could love her again, but that at the moment he is terribly distracted and must be excused. He goes and asks Joan if it isn't time to go. She resists; "It's too rude." She is safe here among proprieties and foresees that his exploitation of the territory she has surrendered will be thorough. Love is pitiless. They drive home at midnight under a slim moon nothing like its photographs—shadow-caped canyons, gimlet mountain ranges, gritty circular depressions around the metal feet of the mechanical intruder sent from the blue ball in the sky.

They do not rest until he has elicited from her a world of details: dates, sites, motel interiors, precisely mixed emotions. They make love, self-critically. He exacts the new wantonness she owes him, and in compensation tries to be, like a battered old roué, skillful. He satisfies himself that in some elemental way he has never been displaced; that for months she has been struggling in her lover's grasp, in the gauze net of love, her wings pinioned by tact. She assures him that she seized on the first opportunity for confession; she confides to him that Otto spray-sets his hair and uses perfume. She, weeping, vows that nowhere, never, has she encountered his, Richard's, passion, his pleasant bodily proportions and backwards-reeling grace, his invigorating sadism, his male richness. Then why . . . ? She is asleep. Her breathing has become oblivious. He clasps her limp body to his, wasting forgiveness upon her ghostly form. A receding truck pulls the night's silence taut. She has left him a hair short of satiety; her confession feels still a fraction unplumbed. The lunar face of the electric clock says three. He turns, flips his pillow, restlessly adjusts his arms, turns again, and seems to go downstairs for a glass of milk.

To his surprise, the kitchen is brightly lit, and Joan is on the linoleum floor, in her leotard. He stands amazed while she serenely twists her legs into the lotus position. He asks her again about the yoga instructor.

"Well, I didn't think it counted if it was part of the exercise. The whole point, darley, is to make mind and body one. This is Pranayama—breath control." Stately, she pinches shut one nostril and slowly inhales, then pinches shut the other and exhales. Her hands return, palm up, to her knees. And she smiles. "This one is fun. It's called the Twist." She assumes a new position, her muscles elastic under the black cloth tormented into runs. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I've slept with Harry Saxon."

"Joan, no. How often?"

"When we felt like it. We used to go out behind the Little League field. That heavenly smell of clover."

"But sweetie, why?"

Smiling, she inwardly counts the seconds of this position. "You know why. He asked. It's hard when men ask. You mustn't insult their male natures. There's a harmony in everything."

"And Freddy Vetter? You lied about Freddy, didn't you?"

"Now *this* pose is wonderful for the throat muscles. It's called the Lion. You mustn't laugh." She kneels, her buttocks on her heels, and tilts back her head, and from gaping jaws thrusts out her tongue as if to touch the ceiling. Yet she continues speaking. "The whole theory is, we hold our heads too high, and blood can't get to the brain."

His chest hurts; he forces from it the cry, "Tell me everybody!"

She rolls toward him and stands upright on her shoulders, her face flushed with the effort of equilibrium and the downflow of blood. Her legs slowly scissor open and shut. "Some men you don't know," she goes on. "They come to the door to sell you septic tanks." Her voice is coming from her belly. Worse, there is a humming. Terrified, he awakes, and sits up. His chest is soaked.

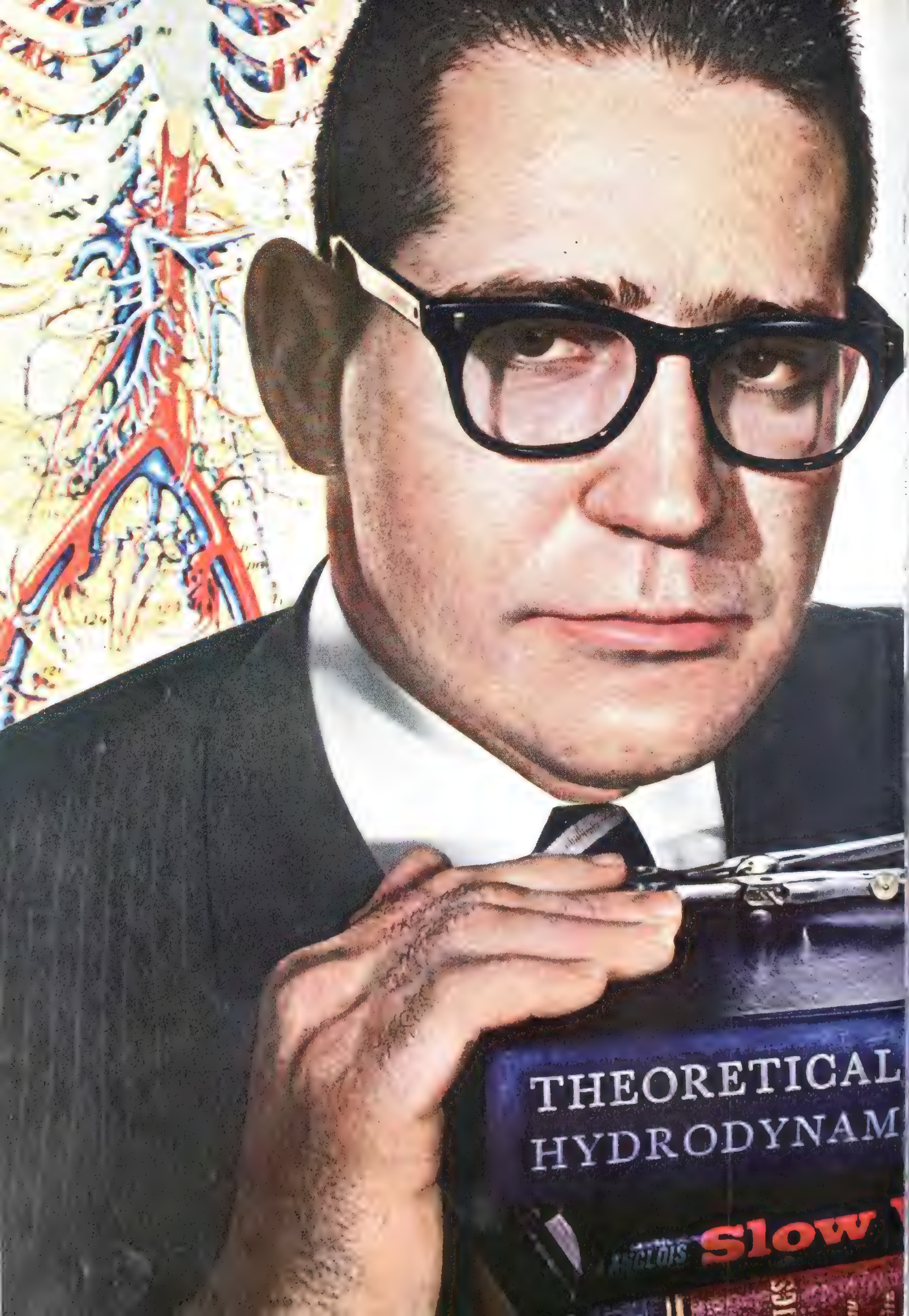
He locates the humming as a noise from the transformer on the telephone pole near their windows. All night, while its residents sleep, the town communes with itself electrically. Richard's terror persists, generating mass as the reality of his dream sensations is confirmed. Joan's body seems small, scarcely bigger than Judith's, and narrower with age, yet infinitely deep, an abyss of secrecy, perfidy, and acceptingness; acrophobia launches sweat from his palms. He leaves the bed as if scrambling backward from the lip of a vortex. He again goes downstairs; his wife's revelations have steepened the treads and left the walls slippery.

The kitchen is dark; he turns on the light. The floor is bare. The familiar objects of the kitchen seem discovered in a preservative state of staleness, wearing a look of tension, as if they are about to burst with the strain of being so faithfully themselves. Esther and Esau pad in from the living room, where they have been sleeping on the sofa, and beg to be fed, sitting like bookends, expectant and expert. The clock says four. Watchman of the night. But in searching for signs of criminal entry, for traces of his dream, Richard finds nothing but—clues mocking in their very abundance—the tacked-up drawings done by children's fingers ardently bunched around a crayon, of houses, cars, cats, and flowers.



*"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"*





THEORETICAL  
HYDRODYNAMICS

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# This mechanical engineer is trying to decipher the mysteries of blood circulation. Who'd guess he's in the computer business?

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The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, red, sans-serif font, with a small registered trademark symbol (®) to the right.

Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Louis Lopez is typical of the thousands of men and women in the industry who continually search for new ways to use computers.

A stack of books and documents. The top book is dark blue with "HILNE-THOMSON" and "4/c MACMILLAN" printed on it. Below it is a book with "ous Flow" in large red letters. In the background, there are several sheets of paper with printed text and diagrams, possibly technical drawings or data sheets.

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**Weyerhaeuser**

*J. Anthony Lukas*

## DOWN AND OUT IN THE MINOR LEAGUES

*They rode in a bus called The Iron Lung, scanned the bleachers for buxom Southern belles, had fistfights in roadhouses, and almost never won a baseball game.*

"Ladies and gentlemen, we regret there will be no national anthem tonight," the public address system announced to 159 ladies and gentlemen and about 9,841 empty seats in Knoxville's Billy Meyer (pronounced Billa Maahr) Stadium one night last August. "The record's broke," Harold Harris said in the wood-and-tin press shack atop the grandstands. Harris, the Knoxville *Sentinel's* baseball writer, also served as official scorer, public-address-system announcer, and when the scoreboard boy was down getting cokes and hot dogs, as he often was, scoreboard operator. "It's a bit much," he said, "particularly when you have to spend so much time figuring a new way to say we lost."

Harris and Alex Simpson, another Knoxville baseball writer, were filling me in on my first night with the Knoxville Smokies, a Cincinnati Reds farm club, who were in last place, 28½ games behind, in the six-team Class AA Southern League. The Smokies were playing a doubleheader with the Macon Peaches, who were in fifth place, 23½ games behind. One sportswriter, trying to work up a little interest among Knoxville's fans, had billed the series "the battle for last place," but nobody in Knoxville really thought the Smokies could escape the cellar and most of the Smokies agreed.

However, the first game that night was out of the ordinary because Lou Fitzgerald, the Smokies' manager, had reversed his normal batting order in hopes of shaking the team out of a four-game losing streak. So as Harris announced the unusual lineup to the fans, Simpson gave me his own run-down on the Smokies.

"Batting first and pitching, Dan McGinn. (Great football player, McGinn. Nationally-ranked punter at Notre Dame in '65, but he hasn't shown much at baseball yet.) Batting second and catching, Frank Portera. (The second-string catcher, a nice eager kid just two months out of Mississippi State.) Batting third and playing center field, George Lattera. (The smallest guy on the team—only five nine. He doesn't look much like a ballplayer, but he can catch the ball and he's hit .287 since coming up from Sioux Falls last month.) Batting fourth and playing third base, Bernie Carbo. (The Reds were real high on Bernie—made him their number one draft choice in '65. He's got power, but he's hopeless around the sack, just hasn't got the reflexes for a third baseman. They're thinking of switching him to the outfield.) Batting fifth and playing first base, Ron Cox. (Cox is the only boy on the club who looks like a ballplayer—notice how small all the others are. He's big and strong—strong enough for the Cards to lay out a \$75,000 bonus for him a few years ago, but there's less there than meets the eye.) Batting sixth and playing second base, Ike Futch. (Ike's a good old Arkansas boy. Was with the Yankee organization for awhile and had a good crack at the majors until his legs went bad on him. Damn shame to see a boy like that with his legs gone bad.) Batting seventh and playing left field, Ed Moxey. (Ole Ed has been around awhile—in and out of the California, Carolina, and Texas leagues since '61. He's a good journeyman ballplayer but he ain't going anywhere and Ed knows it.) Batting eighth and playing right field, Arleigh Burge.



(Arleigh's new to the club, came down from Pittsfield a couple of weeks ago, but right now he's the best ballplayer they got and the only one hitting over .300.) Batting ninth and playing shortstop, Wayne Meadows. (A scrappy little hustler, but he hasn't got the range for a shortstop. Players call him Toro because he waves at so many balls as they go past him into left field.)"

Fitzgerald's lineup prompted a few chuckles in the stands, but he didn't care. "What can I lose?" he'd told us before the game. "We've been going so bad anything's worth a try. What's more, I tried this once and it worked. I was managing the Tampa Tarpons then and we went fifty straight innings without a run. So I turned the batting order around and the boys were so surprised they beat Miami two to one."

It didn't work this time, though. In the first inning, Luther Quinn, the Peaches' stocky third baseman, hammered one of McGinn's fast balls over the left-field fence into the parking lot of the Standard Knitting Mills, near the illuminated billboard which read, "No Fit Like Healthknit—Underwear—Sportswear."

The Smokies tied the game in their half of the inning on two errors and a scratch single by Bernie Carbo. But the Peaches scored again in the second after Moxey was slow getting to a fly ball looped down the line in left. It bounced by him all the way to the fence and by the time Moxey got it back to the infield the batter was on third.

Fitzgerald, who had managed Moxey on other teams and had been heard to call him a "lazy bastard," was up on the dugout steps in a minute waving in Moxey, one of the club's three Negroes, and motioning John Fenderson, another Negro outfielder, off the bench to take his place. Moxey froze, his long arms braced on his hips, staring unbelievably into the dugout. Then he began trotting slowly across the field, muttering to himself. Fitzgerald, a big chaw of tobacco working in his left cheek, was waiting for him on the top step.

The press shack hung out over the field near the Smokie dugout and Harris, Simpson, and I could hear most of what followed. Fitzgerald announced coldly that "that kind of loafing" would cost Moxey \$25. Slamming his glove down on the dugout floor, the outfielder roared, "Why do you always get on me? What did I do?" Fitzgerald turned away, his cleats rasping on the concrete as he moved calmly along the top step, staring out at the field. But in the shadowed well of the dugout, before several startled pitchers and reserves, Moxey kept after him, bellowing, "You can't fine me. I don't belong to you. I belong to Houston. You can take your uniform and stuff it up . . ." At this Fitzgerald

finally turned, the tobacco working faster now, and said that was okay by him and he'd send Moxey back to Houston which had "loaned" him to Knoxville earlier in the season. Moxey snatched his glove and stamped up the steps toward the dressing room.

The Smokies went on to lose the game, 6-4. They lost the second game too, 4-3.

After the second game, the Smokies' dressing room was unusually quiet. The players stripped off their soaked uniforms (white with red "Smokies" across their chests, red numerals on their backs, red hat brims and socks) and hung them carefully on wire hangers in the green lockers (home uniforms are laundered only after each home stand). They hurried into the big communal shower, hunching their shoulders up under the erratic streams of lukewarm water. They dressed quietly, picking their slacks and California sports shirts from the jumble of gloves, spiked shoes, shower shoes, playing cards, liniments, and hair oils. Then they filed out the door past the Peanuts cartoon taped to the wall with the caption, "We never win any ball games but we have some interesting discussions."

That evening, at the American Legion Club (one of three or four private clubs where the players gathered in a town which permits no public bars) the discussions were not about the club's losing streak—now up to six games—but of Ed Moxey's departure.

As an organist and drummer blared out rock 'n' roll from behind the bar, pitcher Dan Neville swirled the beer in his glass. "We're going to miss ole Mondo," said Neville. "He may have goofed off a bit tonight but he was one of the last boys we had who could hit the ball out of the park and, believe me, with an offense like ours we could use a little of that."

Nobody at the Legion Club mentioned that Moxey was the seventh Negro to leave the club during the season. Two of the others had been among the league's leading hitters in 1966—Reggie Alvarez, who led the Smokies with 27 home runs, and Sam Thompson, who led the league in runs (114), hits (166), and stolen bases (60).

However, both got off to poor starts for the season and Don Zimmer, the former Dodger in-

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*J. Anthony Lukas, now on the metropolitan staff of the "New York Times," has also reported from Washington, the U.N., the Congo, and New Delhi. This spring he won four newspaper awards for his article on the murder of Linda Fitzpatrick. At Harvard (1955) he wrote for the "Crimson" and later he worked for the Baltimore "Sun."*

fielder who began the season as the Smokies' manager, was not impressed. In June, Thompson got married. The day before the wedding he told General Manager Neal Bennett he wouldn't be playing that afternoon because he had to attend the rehearsal. Bennett nodded, assuming he had checked with Zimmer. But when Thompson did not appear that day or the next Zimmer told him he was through. Two days later he was traded to Charlotte. A few weeks later, Alvarez made what Zimmer considered a "halfhearted" stab at a ball as it went past first base. The two had words in the dugout and Alvarez was released unconditionally.

The Smokies' third Negro star in 1966 was Johnnie Lee Fenderson, the outfielder who had come off the bench that night to replace Moxey. In 1966, Fenderson spent little time on the bench as he led the league in batting with .324 and made the All-Star Team. But this season he was batting only .215 and the management seemed convinced he was loafing too. Earlier in the season, a beanball broke Fenderson's "special prescription glasses" and Johnnie Lee said he would have to send to California to get new ones. When it took over a month to get them, and Fenderson refused to play without them, Zimmer accused him of malingering.

Johnnie Lee, a taciturn young man whose face wore a perpetual tight-lipped grimace which at times seemed to be a half-grin and at other times a half-frown, told me he wasn't loafing. "I just never got my timing back after those beanings," he said. But he made no bones of his suspicions that the management was racially prejudiced. "How else do you explain the Thompson, Alvarez and Moxey things? There are white boys on this team who don't hustle all the time, but nothing ever happens to them. When a black man doesn't hustle just once, though, out he goes. Cincinnati told me I wasn't hustling and they want to get rid of me. Well, far as I'm concerned, I can't leave this club too soon. If they don't want me I don't want them."

Fitzgerald, a native of Cleveland, Tennessee, who has managed many Negro players in his seventeen years as a minor-league manager, ridiculed the discrimination charge against a club like Cincinnati, which has such Negro stars as Vada Pinson, Lee May, and Leo Cardenas. However, there are pressures in the Southern League which do not apply in the majors. Integrated teams are still relatively new to some of the league's cities—particularly Birmingham, Montgomery, and Macon. (The old Southern Association disbanded in 1961 because Birmingham and Shreveport wouldn't accept Negro players.) Some

league officials told me they believe integration is one reason for the sharp drop in league attendance—from 491,194 in 1960 to 362,000 in 1966.

Sam Smith, the rotund Georgian who is league president, said the reaction was particularly strong in cities where the teams went "a little overboard" and ended up with seven or eight Negroes in their starting lineups (both Charlotte and Macon have had that many from time to time). "I had some people, real old ball fans, tell me they were turning in their season tickets because they didn't want to see the Black Barons play," Mr. Smith said. "Let's face it, there are folks down here who just don't want their kids growing up to admire a Negro ballplayer even if he's Willie Mays or Hank Aaron."

## A Nice Little Ball Park

**B**y the time they arrived at the ball park the next evening the Smokies had shaken off the Moxey incident. It had rained that morning and the outfield was several shades lusher green, almost making you overlook the scuffed brown spots around third and short.

On nights like this, with the grass bathed in golden glow from the tall steel light stanchions, Billa Maahr was a nice little ball park. The roofed concrete grandstands seated 7,000 and two sets of gray bleachers along the foul lines provided 3,000 more seats, although they hadn't been used for years except by the small boys the club paid to shag fly balls. It was a good-sized field—330 feet down the foul lines and 430 feet to straightaway center where the wooden fence was covered with bright-colored signs reading, "Rebel Yell, Bottled Exclusively for the Deep South," "Bankin' on the Smokies—Hamilton National Bank," "M. F. Fleniken and Co.—Insure with Confidence—Our 62nd Year," and "Supreme Lemonized Mayonnaise."

As they spilled into the dugout that evening, the Smokies had resumed the gallows-humor banter which kept them loose in last place.

"Hey, who's tonight's starting loser?" shouted Steve Mingori as he slid onto the splintery bench in the darkness of the Smokie dugout. Mingori, a sad-eyed relief pitcher, was known to his teammates as "Fly" because one horrendous day in spring training a swarm of big black Florida flies followed him all over the field as he tried to eat an orange. ("I don't mind for myself so much," Mingori told me, "but I don't like when they call my girlfriend Mrs. Fly.")

"It's the Cyclops' turn," answered Ron Cox looking up from the concrete steps where he had been



oiling his big first-baseman's mitt. "I reckon we can count on him to make it seven straight." On a team where everyone had a nickname, "the Cyclops" was John Noriega, a lanky (six-foot-four) former basketball star at Davis High in Kaysville, Utah, who was potentially the Smokies' best pitcher but whose future was in some doubt because of an accident which had paralyzed his left eye and impaired its vision.

A serious young man determined to make the majors, Noriega was already out on the grass in front of the dugout warming up with Tom ("Tish") Tischinski, the squat, first-string catcher who did not have Noriega's ability but made up for it with a fierce competitive spirit. If the team had a leader it was Tish and he knew it. ("I like to have the people look up to me, even though I hit .180," he said.)

But the other players who began straggling out onto the field showed little of Tish's gusto or Noriega's determination. Just to the left of the dugout, Burge, Meadows, Futch, and Fenderson began a desultory four-way catch, lofting the ball back and forth with big arm motions and catching it with equally sweeping motions of their gloves. Over by the field boxes, Mingori, McGinn, Lattera, and the team's Cuban pitcher, José Lopez, were playing pepper. Grouped in a tight semicircle, they tossed the ball to Bernie Carbo about eight feet away against the boxes and he, swinging the bat softly, almost tentatively, plunked it back at their feet.

This left plenty of time to scan the stands for "beaver"—the team's euphemism for buxom Southern belles. McGinn finally spotted one to his liking in the left-field stands and he yelled over to Fitzgerald who had just entered the dugout, "Hey Fitz, let me coach third base the first inning; I got a little beaver work to do." Beaver work entailed swiveling in the coaching box and fixing the target beaver with a long, soulful look. Having established eye contact, the coach would usually send a bat boy up to ask the beaver for a date. She rarely refused.

There was an unusually good crop of beaver in the stands that night because it was "Pony Night," one of the promotions introduced to Knoxville by Joe Buzas, the club's new owner and former New York Yankee shortstop, who had used them successfully to draw crowds for his two other minor-league teams—the Pittsfield (Massachusetts) Red Sox of the Eastern League and the Oneonta (New York) Yankees of the New York-Pennsylvania League. When Buzas took over the Knoxville franchise in the fall of 1966 he said, "We'll have to go in for lots of promotions, more than in Pittsfield. We'll have to promote every day to lure fans back into the ball park."

Already the Smokies' had had a Scholarship Night on which the offer of a \$500 scholarship had drawn 5,200 persons, a Merchants' Night, at which 3,200 fans showed up for a chance at the TV set, bicycles, and radios provided by local merchants, and assorted other special "nights" on



"I raise you three Indiana delegates."

which ladies, children, or Little League ballplayers could get in for special prices.

Before the game, Buzas had confidently predicted that Pony Night—at which a brown pony as well as baseball gloves and bicycles would be given away to lucky ticket holders—would draw 5,000.

But at game time there were barely a thousand in the stands. Out at the concession stand near the front gate, where he and his wife were helping dish up hot dogs and cokes to save salaries, Buzas tried to be philosophic. Nodding at a red-and-white “Smokies Attendance Thermometer” on a pillar, which showed the 1966 attendance of 28,101, Buzas told me, “Well, we might just make that this year if we counted the batboys, the ball boys, the cops, and the ground crew.”

And you’d have to count the “regulars”—six or eight men in their fifties and sixties who have been associated with Knoxville baseball for most of their lives and attend almost all the Smokies’ home games. That night they were gathered in their usual spot—a row of seats in the reserved section directly behind home plate where they could banter with players on their way to the plate or with an umpire who wandered back to the screen. But when I joined them that night they were talking about the crowd.

“Promotion, hell, we used to draw a better crowd than this on an ordinary night coupla years ago,” grumbled Neal Ridley, the heavy-jowled president of the C & S Laundry who headed the syndicate of Knoxville businessmen which owned the Smokies until last year.

In 1956, Ridley; E. L. “Tip” Tipton, the dapper Budweiser distributor; Mike Gleason, the Schlitz distributor; City Councilman Roy Bass, and John Duncan, a lawyer who later became Mayor and is now the area’s Congressman, joined to bring the city into the Sally League after a year’s absence from organized baseball.

The syndicate had its days. The best were in 1959 when under Johnny Pesky, the former Red Sox star, the Smokies won the pennant and drew more than 100,000 fans. That was their last pennant, but even in the early ’sixties as a Detroit farm club, they were an interesting team. Most of the current Tiger stars played in Knoxville. But in recent years, as the club declined both on the field and at the gate, the syndicate lost too much money, and last year they closed shop.

The syndicate insisted it wished Joe Buzas well even though he is a Yankee from New Jersey. Yet at times some of the regulars seemed to get a sour pleasure that the Yankee wasn’t doing any better than they had.

“People are different down here,” drawled Rid-

ley, surveying the empty stands. “They resent the hard sell Buzas has given them with all these Fancy Dan promotions. Advertising is a big part of your revenue. When I went after it I went to my friends and the people I did business with. I never had any trouble. Joe is a nice fella, but he came in here cold.”

## TVA Changed All That

**B**ut the decline of baseball in Knoxville began long before Joe Buzas pulled into town. It probably began three decades ago when the “damn Yankee bureaucrats from Washington,” as they were once known here, came to town, bringing with them the Tennessee Valley Authority, which established its headquarters in Knoxville, then a slow-moving town on the slow-moving Tennessee River.

TVA brought not only a steady stream of electric power, flood control, navigation, and a substantial federal bureaucracy, but it pocked the virgin forests of the Great Smokies with a string of crystal lakes. These lakes, known as the Great Lakes of the South, have more miles of shoreline than their namesakes to the north and they were shimmering delights to the scrabble farmers and mill workers from the plains who had known only the sluggish Tennessee and its muddy tributaries. The sporting stores of Knoxville, which once used to sell chiefly bats and gloves, are now filled with outboard motors and water skis. Many a man who used to go out to see the Smokies at night can be found these summer evenings lolling by a beer cooler in the back of his boat on Norris Lake trolling for walleyes and bluegills.

The prosperity which TVA helped bring to Knoxville also spawned other ways of spending a summer evening: the drive-in theaters with huge screens set against the hazy background of the Smoky Mountains where couples snuggling in the bucket seats of sport cars watch *Fastest Guitar Alive* and *Cheatin’ Heart*; stock-car racing which, while not allowed in Knox County because of the noise, draws huge crowds at three dirt tracks set up just across the county line; bowling, at several new neon-and-chrome bowling palaces, whose business has been given a boost by the announcement that the 1970 American Bowling Congress tournament will be held in Knoxville; or, for that matter, just sitting at home, in an air-conditioned parlor watching *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*

Channel 10 also brings the Atlanta Braves’ games to Knoxville ten times a summer. Along with the Games of the Week, this has undoubtedly



undermined interest in the Smokies. "When you can watch Carl Yastrzemski on TV who wants to watch Arleigh Burge?" Tom Siler, the *Sentinel's* sports editor told me. "Let's face it, the fans are tuned to the majors these days, not the minors."

Knoxville didn't have to watch television to know what good sports are. After all, the folks on Gay Street would tell you, "We have the Vols." Ever since General Bob Neyland took over the coaching job at the University of Tennessee three decades ago, the Vols have been one of America's major football powers. Today they fill 54,000 seats at \$6 apiece every time they play at home. "The Vols have spoiled folks here," said Don Fillers, a florid-faced insurance man who is chairman of the Smokies' advisory board. "They're used to a winner in the fall and they don't want to watch a loser in the summer."

While the regulars were hashing things out behind the plate, the Smokies were getting one of their best-pitched games of the year from John Noriega, a four-hit shutout which earned Noriega and his wife dinner at Jim Bradley's Steakhouse (Jim offered two steak dinners for every Smokie shutout or home run, but he didn't give away much beef this year).

The next day was Friday and, as on every Friday since July, the Smokies had canceled their game at Billa Maahr so the Stadium could be turned over to George Cazaro's wrestling matches. Joe Buzas had discovered he could make more money on the concessions at the wrestling matches than he could on admissions and concessions combined at the ball game, so the Smokies took their game out of town.

This time they were playing league-leading Birmingham at McMinn Central High School at Etowah, fifty miles south of Knoxville. The game was a benefit for Cathy Richardson, a McMinn cheerleader paralyzed from the waist down in a car crash.

The Smokies piled grumpily onto the big silver bus which they called "The Iron Lung" after its ancient, asthmatic air-conditioning system. I slumped down in the front right seat next to Dan McGinn, the ex-Notre Dame star who was having trouble making the adjustment from the adulation of the fans at South Bend to the apathy of the Southern League. "Coming along to hicksville, eh?" he said.

Across the aisle, Ken Widman, another young pitcher, was stretched out in the seat just behind the driver. Like McGinn, Widman had had his taste of glory—he won national press attention by striking out thirty-two batters in a three-hit, eighteen-inning game for Farmingdale Junior

College in 1963. Their natural irreverence had drawn Widman and McGinn together until their teammates dubbed them "the Bobbsey twins." In Knoxville they shared an apartment and in the bus they always took the two front seats, keeping the team laughing with a stream of ironic banter.

"Boy, Birmingham better not take us lightly," McGinn crowed as the bus moved down the highway, "because we may not be able to hit but we can't field either."

"Yeh," said Widman, the day's starting pitcher, "we got an airtight infield. No air gets through. Of course, a ball now and then . . ."

When we rolled into McMinn High School we found ourselves in a country-fair atmosphere. The field had been fenced off with twine tied with little twists of orange and green cloth, behind which the local American Legion post had set up a hotdog stand. As the green wood stands filled with farmers in faded denim overalls and women with kerchiefs on their heads, the announcer for WCPH said, "This is McMinn County's first professional baseball game. Athens might have had a team way back, but nobody can remember when. So we're calling it the first."

Widman, back at the Smokies bench after warming up, growled, "All we need is a greased pig." But he went on to pitch one of his best games and when Bernie Carbo hit a three-run homer, the Smokies won 3-2.

Riding a two-game winning streak, the Smokies were noisy and boisterous as the Iron Lung creaked homeward. They zeroed in on Fitzgerald, who had spent most of the game behind the stands chatting with old friends up from his hometown, Cleveland, thirty-five miles to the south.

The Smokies, most of them young, reasonably well-educated (eleven had at least two years of college) men from the Northeast, East, or urban South, made no secret of their contempt for their slow-moving, tobacco-chewing manager, Fitzgerald, who started the season managing Cincinnati's Triple A farm club at Buffalo, had feuded with the players there, and in late July had traded places with Zimmer, a hard-nosed, aggressive manager who in only two months had gained fierce loyalty from most of the younger Smokies. If the demotion from a Triple A to a Double A team bothered Fitzgerald (as it must have) he never let it show. On arriving in Knoxville, he told newsmen, "It's good to get back in my country among folks who know me."

He got along fine with the East Tennesseans who did know and like his easygoing manner, but the Smokies called him a hick behind his back. They laughed uncontrollably when he gave his

favorite advice to wild young pitchers ("You're in the woods hungry, with only one rock in your hands, and a rabbit comes by; if you miss the rabbit's gone and you're starving") and they hooted at his grand passion—hillbilly music.

"Yeh, but ole Fitz can be pretty shrewd in his country way," said Wayne Meadows. "He told me how one time he was managing down in Pensacola. They traveled in a four-car cavalcade and his was the only air-conditioned car. One day he had a young pitcher with him and he turned on the country music. The pitcher said 'Turn that junk off.' Fitz just stopped the car and told him he could hitch a ride with one of the other cars. The next day the pitcher asked for a ride with Fitz again. He said he'd made a mistake and he liked country music just fine."

The mood in the Iron Lung was positively exuberant by the time it pulled into the parking lot outside Billa Maahr, but then a strained hush came over the team as they saw row after row of cars packing the usually vacant lot and heard the roar from the wrestling matches inside the Stadium.

"Okay, you cops," McGinn shouted out the window. "Hold back those crowds. We've had a hard day and we don't want to sign any autographs tonight."

"You know, Dan," Ken Widman chimed in. "I think you're right. We ought to play our games between the halves of the wrestling matches."

Inside, the 3,000 fans gathered around a ring set up at home plate were going wild as Corsica Joe picked up a huge bell and gave a good imitation of crushing Bull Montana's head. "Kill the sonofabitch," shouted a young woman with a baby in her arms.

Up in one of the runways I ran into Chris Maneff, known to his teammates as "Wetback," a young pitcher from Los Angeles who gloried in his reputation as the kook of the team. ("I'm flaky," he told me, "cut from the same mold as Joe Pepitone and Joe Namath.") Maneff, whose Greek parents run a barbecue parlor in Los Angeles called "The Flying Saucer," claims lineal descent from Alexander the Great. In the off-season he worked as an extra in the movies (his favorite role was as a Hun in *Taras Bulba* with Tony Curtis) and he affected the California style—tapered pants, wide belts, and Italian sport shirts. But he had a fierce pride in baseball as a way of life and a conviction that he was going to make it big ("I know I'm a major-league pitcher").

The spectacle that night was just too much for him. "All these people look as though they'd been picked by central casting," he sneered. "It's really

encouraging to see the folks down here know a great sport when they see one."

Back in the dressing room, as the rest of the players stowed their gear in their lockers, Carl Barnes, the twenty-four-year-old infielder, was cleaning out his. The game at Etowah had been Carl's last in professional ball. He was returning to his native North Carolina to teach civics and coach baseball and football at Granger High School in Kensington. A graduate of East Carolina College, Carl had played two years at Tampa and Peninsula before coming up to the Smokies halfway through the season and he hadn't done badly—batting .270 in 150 at-bats.

"But I told myself at the beginning of the season I was either going to make it big this year or I was going to call it quits," he told me as we sat on the bench in front of his locker. "It seems to me you're wasting your time if you don't face facts after a certain point and realize whether you're going to make it or not. I know now I'll never make the majors. I could probably go on playing minor-league ball for a couple more years, but that's not the kind of life I want."

## Eyes on the Pension

**M**ost of the Smokies conceded that for them baseball was not a way of life but a way of earning a living. If they could make the majors and stay there for five years they qualified for the major leagues' pension scheme—one of the most lucrative anywhere. But minor-league ball was anything but lucrative—most of the Smokies made from \$700 to \$900 a month for the five-month season—and even with the bonuses they got to sign it was not attractive money.

"Whether they admit it or not," Tischinski told me, "every guy here has his eyes on that pension. That's what he really cares about and if he admits to himself he'll never get it he'll leave the game."

Joe Buzas told me that the Smokies and other minor-league players of today are "just a different breed of cat than when I was playing. When I broke in with Norfolk in 1941 I was the only guy on the team with a college education—they all called me 'College Joe.' For most of the other guys baseball was all they had. If they left the game they'd have to go to work in a factory. But half these guys here have got college educations and almost everyone's got a high-school degree. They're plenty of other things they can do. They're just different players—not hungry, not breakin' their necks out there."

The next few days were bad ones for the



Smokies. On Saturday they were shut out twice by Birmingham, 3-0 and 4-0, as their never-potent hitting attack fell away to virtually nothing. Finally on Sunday everything fell apart. The Smokies committed seven errors and lost 10-3.

Now a full thirty-three games behind, the Smokies were a carefree lot as they climbed into the Iron Lung at midnight Sunday for the last road trip of the season—to Montgomery and Macon. "What the hell," Mingori said as I slid into the seat next to him, "We're so far out of it now we might as well relax and enjoy the scenery."

There would be plenty of scenery. The first leg to Montgomery was the team's longest trip—347 miles—which at the Lung's lumbering pace usually took seven and a half hours.

As "Bussie"—the young driver—finished wiping the window, Neville yelled, "Come on, Clyde Beatty, let's finish up and get this circus on the road."

"You guys sure have confidence in yourself," Bussie said.

"Our confidence ran out the last day of spring training when they told us you were going to drive us," Widman shot back.

Ten minutes onto the road, Neville dragged a stool out into the aisle and spreading a suitcase on their knees, he, Tish, and Noriega were off on their usual all-night hearts game (starting with a nickel or dime ante but frequently reaching pots of up to \$50 before the ride was over). At the back of the bus, several seats had been removed to make way for nine army cots for the next day's starters, but few players used them. "The goddam fumes are so bad back there," Ron Cox said, "if we let the starting nine sleep back there we'd probably arrive with seven or eight asphyxiated stiff!" Only Mike Oates, the eighteen-year-old fireballer who was scheduled to pitch the next day, and Ike Futch, the quiet second baseman who could sleep anywhere, were curled up on the cots. Most of the players propped themselves up in their seats, their long legs hanging over the top of the next seats, and tried to catch a few hours' sleep as the Lung crept into the Tennessee night.

At 3:00 A.M., Bussie pulled into a roadhouse at Valley Head, Alabama, and I joined the Smokies inside for a cup of coffee and a piece of soggy cake. Alongside the cake on the counter was a display of Confederate flags, records like *The Coon Hunters*, and books like *The Story of Robert M. Shelton—Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America*. Joe Earl, a shy, good-natured pitcher who was one of the two Negroes left on the team, edged nervously into the roadhouse, bought a cup of coffee, and left. Fenderson stayed on the bus, staring moodily out the window. When the rest of

the team climbed back on the bus they joshed Earl and Fenderson a little. "Whatsamatter, nigger boys," someone shouted, "doncha like our Alabama hospitality?" The Negroes joined in the laughter which they knew was well-meant, much as occasional remarks like, "All niggers to the back of the bus," were meant only to break the tension on an interracial team traveling in the South.

The Negro players had no serious problems in the cities where the Smokies played although in Montgomery they were nervous about going downtown after dark and asked Mingori, whom they called "soul brother," to bring them hamburgers. But the roadhouses could be dangerous. Fenderson told me of one evening in Bessemer, Georgia, when the Smokies went into a restaurant on the way back from a game in Birmingham.

"We had a Negro trainer then from up North and he just marched into that old roadhouse like he owned it," Johnnie Lee recalled. "There was a couple of real white trash in there and they took exception to a Negro sharing their counter, so they told the trainer to move on out. I think he said somethin' about 'civil rights' and they went for him. The rest of the team jumped in and before you knew it we had one hell of a hassle going. The guy who owned the restaurant, he went out and grabbed the gasoline pump and started spraying gasoline all over me and Thompson. One of those guys kept yellin', 'Put a match to the sons-abitches,' but nobody tried nothin' like that. Finally everybody just wore out and we got on the bus and drove away."

The Lung rolled on through the night and about 6:30 A.M. as the first drifts of smoky sunlight replaced the neon road signs, a few of the players began untangling their legs from the cramped seats and moving about in the dusky aisle. Neville and Tischinski stacked their cards and moved up beside Widman and McGinn, just behind Bussie, as they began to pull through the deserted outskirts of Montgomery.

"Jesus, I'm hungry," said Widman, "that roadhouse cake is enough to give you ringworm. I could really go for some of those fine old Alabama pigs ears, chittlins, and collard greens at that place across from the motel."

"Oh Lordy," said McGinn, "it's good to be back in the Cradle of the Confederacy. I always did like the old Cradle."

Just after seven, the Lung groaned up the last steep hill and pulled into the Albert Pick Motel in downtown Montgomery. The Smokies clambered down only to find that Neal Bennett had failed to make reservations for that night so they would have to wait until the guests had checked out of

their rooms. They straggled into the coffee shop, paid \$1.31 for juice, two eggs, and coffee, which with a quarter tip used up more than a third of their \$4-a-day meal allowance. Then they drifted back to the lobby where they sprawled on the couches, reading *Playboy* or *Sports Illustrated* or trying to snatch a nap.

When the Smokies took the field against the Montgomery Rebels barely ten hours later they looked as though they could use some sleep. Things went wrong from the start. Mike Oates, who some baseball men insist can throw a ball faster than anybody since Bob Feller, didn't get a batter out. He gave up a single, a walk, a hit batsman, a walk, a single, and another hit batsman before Fitzgerald took him out. The Smokies lost 9-2.

The next night the Smokies lost their fifth and sixth straight, 2-0 and 3-2. Fitzgerald, who had gradually relinquished his third-base coaching spot over the past few weeks, let Widman and McGinn take over the coaching (both scanning carefully for beaver), while he sat in the dugout spitting yellow tobacco juice and telling me stories.

Fitzgerald obviously had lost interest in the Smokies. He dwelt more and more often on his "good old friend," Paul Richards, who he said wanted him back in the Atlanta Braves organization. In the dugout that night he took out a worn leather folder with "Aberdeen National Bank" engraved on the outside and showed me a wad of yellowing clippings. "I was the guy who straightened out Steve Barber and Bo Belinsky," he said. He showed me a clipping in which Barber told a Baltimore reporter, "If old Fitz had that much confidence in me I felt like I must have some ability and from then on I was okay."

Fitz told me he had never had a worse team than the Smokies. "There isn't more than two or three boys on this team who got a chance at the majors—Noriega, and Carbo maybe if they can find some place where he can catch the ball." He said Cincinnati was inviting seven players down for the Winter Instructional League in Florida, which showed at least some interest in them. Beside Carbo and Noriega, the group included Lattera, Portera, McGinn, Oates, and Mingori.

It rained the next day and it was still raining when the Smokies got out to the park at 6:00 P.M. The infield was covered with a big green tarpaulin and the players sat around in the stands for awhile, watching the rain make big puddles. Then most drifted down to the dressing room where Neville, Powell, and Tish played hearts, Noriega and Meadows played golf with a couple of brooms and two baseballs, Futch napped on the trainer's table, and Widman paced up and down the room



slapping his fists into his hand and muttering, "Call it, call it, let's get this miserable season over." Three hours and twenty minutes later the umpires called it and the Smokies climbed into the Lung and went back to the motel.

Ten days later the Smokies ended the season in last place 36½ games behind. They finished with a home attendance of 21,390—about 7,000 fewer than in 1966 (only 59 fans showed up for the August 29 game).

In September, Cincinnati traded John Fender-son to the Yankees for a young outfielder named Archie Moore. In October, Buzas announced he was severing ties with Cincinnati and moving to Savannah, Georgia. There is no professional baseball in Knoxville this summer.



*Jeremy Larner*

## **THE COURT-MARTIAL OF CAPTAIN NOYD: A Confrontation that Never Happened**

*In a small New Mexico town, an Air Force Officer  
received a year's hard labor, loss of pay and allowances,  
and dismissal from the service.*

*The charge: failure to obey an order.*

*The issue: freedom of conscience and "an immoral war."*

Once upon a time there was a blue-eyed, baseball-playing American boy who grew up straight as an arrow in Wenatchee, Washington, married his college sweetheart, and became a pilot in the U. S. Air Force. Dale Noyd, in fact, was the only member of the Washington State ROTC class of '55 to be offered a regular commission; and he accepted. After several years of training, Dale Noyd was assigned to three years of duty as a tactical fighter pilot in Woodbridge, England, flying in a combat group with what the Air Force calls a "nuclear delivery capability."

According to testimony at his court-martial, Captain Noyd's character and performance as a pilot were rated very highly. On July 30, 1959, while flying his F-100D over the Mediterranean, Noyd noticed a malfunction in his flight control system causing a full right rudder deflection. His flight leader radioed him to press his ejection button and abandon his aircraft. Noyd, however, attempted a landing with his left wing drooping 20 degrees from the horizontal. He managed to get his plane on the ground, but it veered sharply to the right and plunged off the runway. Noyd blew his left tire, and the plane swerved back on the runway, saving the government approximately a quarter of a million dollars. For this he was given a medal and a recommendation, by a squadron commander who could hardly have guessed that nine years later his country would be spending thousands of dollars to put Noyd in Leavenworth for refusing to aid the war in Vietnam.

After his service in England, Noyd's hitch was

up and he could have left the Air Force. He chose instead to take three years of graduate school at government expense, studying experimental psychology at the University of Michigan, and thereby obligating himself for six additional years in the service. Friends from Ann Arbor remember him as an efficient student, extremely intelligent, decent and sincere, but somewhat rigid personally and conservative in manner and belief. In three years he practically finished his work for the Ph.D., and moved on to the "Department of Psychology and Leadership" at the Air Force Academy in Colorado, where he taught such courses as "Management and Leadership," "Motivation," and "Marriage."

According to his lawyer at the court-martial, Dale Noyd in the fall of 1966 had a "religious experience" which made him "no longer the same man as he was when he accepted his commission." Probably whatever happened had started back in Ann Arbor, where Noyd in 1964 bought his first folk record and began to read Camus and Sartre. One of his friends believes that, later on, "Dale was very disappointed when he realized he couldn't make the Air Force Academy into a liberal-arts college." At any rate, he did indeed become a different man, a man who now despises the fact that he once played baseball, and puts down the pleasure of flying a plane as a temptation to an infantile sense of power.

The new man knew very well that as of June 1967 he would have to leave the Academy and would probably be assigned to combat flying in

Vietnam. So in December of 1966 he sat down and composed with his customary thoroughness a letter resigning his Air Force commission. In it he explained that he was no pacifist; he believed there are times when men must fight "to deter or repel totalitarian aggression." But he could not bring himself to participate in "a war that I believe to be unjust, immoral, and which makes a mockery of both our Constitution and the Charter of the United Nations—and the human values which they represent."

Captain Noyd admitted that talk about Vietnam tended to become "simplistic and obfuscated by clichés and slogans." Nevertheless, he attempted in his resignation to set forth a political history of the U.S. involvement. One can imagine the astonishment of his commanding officer, as he read an analysis of "the principal considerations of our foreign policy" over the past twenty years! But Noyd didn't stop there. He considered the question of moral responsibility as an aspect of personal identity. Discussing modern cynicism, he concluded that "The Zeitgeist that encourages this cynicism is understandable—men such as Jaspers, Russell, and Camus speak of the feelings of impotence that accompany the vastness and complexity of modern society." Noyd was having none of that feeling if he could help it; he explained that he could not for the sake of his own well-being "ground" himself (by claiming injury or mental incapacity) or seek an assignment other than in Southeast Asia. His resignation seemed the only choice that represented "an honest confrontation of the issues." . . . Which may have made it the last such confrontation in the whole long case it set in motion.

For Noyd's resignation was refused. Far from confronting the issues he raised, the Air Force merely whisked him out of the Academy and made him housing officer at Cannon Air Force Base near the little town of Clovis, New Mexico. At Cannon, Noyd performed so well as housing officer that he was made squadron commander for a short time—till the story got out over the wire services and the base commander heard from the Pentagon. Meanwhile Noyd had filed an application as a conscientious objector, on the grounds that the war violated his humanist beliefs. Since Air Force regulations are not clear as to *selective* objection, Noyd's application was rejected on the grounds that he was not a "universal pacifist."

At this point Noyd, having written hundreds of letters and made scores of contacts, went into federal court with the American Civil Liberties Union in an attempt to force the Defense Department to honor his resignation or to grant him CO

status. The court ruled it did not have jurisdiction, that Captain Noyd had not exhausted his "administrative remedies" within the service. The district court was upheld on appeal and the Supreme Court refused to hear the case. But by this time Noyd had gathered to his side a battalion of lawyers and divinity school professors, who had filled up a fat book of testimony. He wrote out another CO application, to call the new testimony to Air Force attention. His new application, which was printed in the *Humanist* magazine, quoted Tillich, Buber, David Muzzey, Teilhard de Chardin, Camus, Huxley, Fromm, Potter, Russell, Pike, Lippmann, Cummings, Lamont, Dewey, and others. He also wrote an essay titled "Ontogeny of the Military Beast," a psychosociological analysis of the motives of the Vietnam fighter pilot. On the first page of the typescript is an explanation that Captain Dale Noyd has been court-martialed, with term and place of sentence left blank.

So Dale Noyd was probably not surprised when the Air Force ordered him out of his noncombatant housing office and assigned him to retrain on the current F-100. In the next few months the Pentagon squandered a good deal of time and money making Dale Noyd into a jet combat flight instructor. Even then, they could have ordered him back to Europe—and he would have gone. Instead, on December 4, 1967, his squadron commander handed him an order to train a student pilot who would probably be sent to Vietnam. The commander prefaced his order by reading Noyd a little speech not unlike the statement a precinct cop is supposed to read to a suspect to advise him of his rights and privileges. With equal spontaneity, Noyd refused—and the stage was set for the court-martial at Cannon in March of 1968.

## Questions of Belief

**T**he trial begins in a stuffy little room at the end of a long corridor in the long wooden infirmary. Noyd sits at a table with his five lawyers, cheerful, intent, taking in every word, his blond hair never losing its comb grooves. The nine court officers look down from a raised pine-paneled jury box which stretches the length of a side wall. Having been ordered to listen, they listen with obvious effort. Six of the nine have been to Southeast Asia.

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*Jeremy Larner has written two novels, "Drive, He Said" (which won the Delta Prize) and "The Answer" (recently published by Macmillan). He is coauthor of "Addict in the Street" and a contributor to "Dissent" and other magazines.*



most of them as pilots. All but two have seen combat.

As for us visitors, we're hungry for combat of our own. We yearn to see a drama in which the final guilt will be assigned and acknowledged. We think that Dale Noyd is going to test for us whether an individual can stand up as the Nuremberg trials said he should and say sorry, no thanks, this war is politically and morally wrong. But we learn very quickly that Dale Noyd's political and moral beliefs will not be examined by the U. S. Air Force. One must be a conscientious objector on religious grounds only, not philosophical or moral.

So the case has to be built around Noyd's "humanism." The ACLU has come weighted with evidence as to the religious profundity of Noyd's beliefs, replete with what his chief counsel keeps referring to as "distinguished theologians." But the Air Force is willing to accept rather casually that Noyd is personally religious. The point to them, as the Legal Officer (or Judge) keeps making clear, is whether or not Dale Noyd knowingly violated an order. If he did, he is guilty, and that is all there is to it. The defense counsel wants to prove the order was "unlawful," because by law the Air Force should have accepted Noyd's CO application. The prosecution objects; objection sustained. The court will not discuss the question of selective objection.

Most of the next four days are spent with the defense and prosecution huddled around the law officer's dais, discussing what evidence can and cannot be admitted. As soon as the defense touches on Noyd's beliefs, the prosecutor objects, the court is dismissed, and all parties are called to the bench. It soon emerges that Noyd will be guilty as charged unless he can claim that his refusal of the order was not intentional—that it was based on a form of "compulsion." The compulsion, according to Noyd's defense, came from his "religious conscience."

"Sir," objects the gum-chewing Major who handles the prosecution, "this raises a question as to whether the defendant is *sane*!"

And so it does. "I told you yesterday," says the law officer to the glowering defense counsel, "that moral compulsion falling short of rendering him mentally incapable would be insufficient defense. I am not going to permit any evidence on religious scruples."

Noyd is thus in a paradoxical position. Though he is sane enough to have scruples about Vietnam, he can establish his innocence only by pleading insanity. Captain Noyd is reminded of *Catch-22*, in which Captain Yossarian is sane enough to

want to ground himself. If he were truly insane, Yossarian would want to fly. But then and only then could he qualify for grounding.

Finally, after much out-of-court consultation, the defense counsel works out the wording of certain questions he will be permitted to put to Noyd on the nature of his "compulsion."

**Counsel:** When you received the order, were you capable of obeying?

**Noyd:** Because of my humanist beliefs, I could not.

**Counsel:** Then your state of mind was such that you were incapable of obeying?

**Noyd:** No, I could not.

**Counsel:** What was your state of mind?

**Noyd:** Because of these beliefs, the order would have been a flagrant violation, would have destroyed these beliefs. I simply could not obey that order.

**Counsel:** Would you state to the court the nature of such beliefs?

*Objection. Sustained.*

During a recess, a professor of theology who is to appear as a defense witness tells me he had gone to India to write a book called *Getting Away with Love*, but found the experience of living in Bombay so overwhelming that he could not write. Each day he wanders around Bombay with his camera, taking pictures of people living in the street, photographing "feet, shit, and deformities." He is highly amused at himself, to say nothing of pleased. And now the ACLU has flown him around the world to Clovis, New Mexico. He would not have come for anyone other than Dale Noyd. But he thinks the religious business "may have gone too far."

"Dale is not objecting because he's a religious humanist. He's objecting because he's profoundly offended as a human being by what we're doing in Vietnam."

The next day the theologian is put on the stand as a character witness only.

**Counsel:** Is this religious quality of Captain Noyd deep or less deep or uniquely deep?

**Theologian:** (*with a smile of resignation*) Uniquely deep.

The defense holds up a copy of *The Courage To Be*, by Paul Tillich. It is duly entered as Appellate Exhibit K. On the defense table is a stack of copies, one for each juror. But the prosecution objects and is sustained. At the time it seems just as well. If the court members were not put off by Tillich's density, they might be unpleasantly surprised to discover that Noyd's religion does not require a church.

The next witness is a former president of the



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junior class at the Air Force Academy, a clean-cut young man who snaps out his answers in sheer pleasure of snappiness. "I think Captain Noyd is one of the finest persons I've ever met. He never commented on the war to any of his students. I never learned his views until after he left, when I saw the story in a newspaper."

Then comes a Lieutenant Colonel in his early forties, a man once a colleague of Noyd's at the Academy but who has in the meantime spent a year in Vietnam and is now in Florida instructing "psychological counterinsurgents." The Vietnamese called him Montgomery Clift; he had the same mad, startled stare, the nervous grimace, even the scar. It turns out he is a member of the Mormon priesthood. "Is Noyd a religious man?" they ask him. "Very much so." Questioned about Noyd's integrity, he rates him "in the upper one per cent of all the men I have ever known."

### Agreement Is Not the Point

Later I see this man in the hall, standing by himself and watching the others unhappily. "I was *angry*," he says softly, "angry at the establishment—and at my own impotence. By establishment I mean what the hippies mean—all the regulations and institutions that keep us from really discussing the important issues. That's what's happening in this trial."

"But what would you have liked to say?"

"That Dale Noyd has more integrity than any man I've ever met!"

"Then you agree with him!"

"That's not the point. I don't agree with him. But I'm frustrated with the whole U.S. legal system, which is based more on winning than on getting at the truth. It's run by the stereotype, and the stereotype doesn't fit. Believe me, most of these men are very disturbed by Noyd. But there's only just so much input they can take on this issue. When he challenges them he raises doubts as to *the uniform they wear*—do you realize what I mean?—the assumption that they are part of something that is collectively right. Then something clicks off."

We talk longer but it is hard for us to talk. I cannot entirely grasp the shape of his anguish. I wonder what it means to teach counterinsurgency, how he felt at being in Vietnam. He tells me stories of Vietcong torture and terror. I understand each separate thing he says, but I do not know how he hangs it all together. One urgent insight after another comes tumbling from this man in his neat blue uniform, as I nod and repeat

and smile and nod. After a time it becomes clear that there is going to be no connection between the different thoughts he thinks and thinks and thinks. He steps back, watching me nervously, as if he might say one thing more.

Dale Noyd is back on the stand for a final attempt at clarification. He speaks as always with speed and precision, as if the words that come to him are the only words possible. "When I was up against that order, I could not obey that order. I feel that the decision occurred one and a half years before, and from that point on I knew I would do what I must do. Did I have a choice? I don't know. But I felt as if I didn't. I knew I just couldn't. If I could have changed everything I was, then I could have obeyed. If there was a decision, it was a long time ago."

Every eye is on him: there is a sense of awe in the courtroom. Noyd has stuck to his guns, refused to cop an insanity plea. But the catharsis will not come—something doesn't work. By stressing the power of his "beliefs," Noyd has involved himself in an existential contradiction. If he was totally bound to a prior decision, he had given up his moral freedom. In the terms of the moral philosophers of whom his defense is constantly reminding us—Luther, Thomas More, Camus—Noyd's refusal to obey loses its full significance if it is not absolutely conscious and voluntary.

As the court adjourns, Noyd sees that his wife has begun to weep. "What's with *you*?" he smiles. She is laughing at herself through her tears. Noyd pats her on the back and they walk off arm-in-arm to their car as a crowd of photographers gives way before them. They do not care for self-pity, and their matter-of-fact bravery is so impressive that it almost overcomes the trial itself. But it doesn't fit, the trial doesn't mean what they think. The end result of Noyd's confidence is to leave one all the more alone. Dale Noyd is too proud of his new ideas, as he was once too proud of his old ones.

### Kinds of Rapport

There is a little banquet that night at the local Holiday Inn. The ACLU is having a party for its historical-precedent-setting client, and its lawyers sit in somber discussion at the end of the table. The rest of us are having a peculiar time explaining who we are to one another. "This is a pretty strange group," remarks Noyd, looking up and down with satisfaction. He moves among us like a master of ceremonies. Every introduction actualizes some potential of his own personality. One can see his special delight in presenting a young

## In hope of doing each other some good

### and a minor in Photo-Interpretation



When setting off to the isle of Jamaica for some fun, forget about looking up the place where this picture was taken. The establishment is supposed to improve the quality of life on the island. That's no fun.

Ruth Masters is working here with aerial photography. The United Nations is helping the citizens of Jamaica learn to use it more effectively both for mapping and

"P.I.," which is a military term. Photo-interpretation, a part of the art of war, is now rapidly moving into a new use. People are getting into it who know nothing about it. They operate on the understanding that objective study of the physical environment must guide improvement of the economic, social, and psychological environments. Yet what's bad economically may be bad for the body or the spirit, either or not your choice in theologies tells them apart. The physical world does matter.

There is a citizen of Norway at the U.N. Secretariat in New York who argues that peaceable photo-interpretation should drop its guise as a separate craft, that students preparing themselves to serve in fields from political science to limnology, from geology to anthropology, need firsthand knowledge of photo-interpretation if they are to do a better job for humanity, including themselves.

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Resources and Transport Division

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### aring the brains



ten men in this picture hold down jobs in the manufacture of Kodak cameras and projectors. One of them is an assistant president of Eastman Kodak Company, and two of them are mentally retarded. The latter two are here representing all the young adults working in the plant of a subcontractor of ours, the local chapter of the New York State Association for Retarded Children. With them are Kodak men who have used their brains to perfect procedures

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### Hungry?

From three eggs in a mixing bowl can grow a masterpiece of self-fulfillment to fill the self, family, and guests full of purring satisfaction. All it takes are talent, time, inclination, and a comfortable income.

There is a magazine called *Food Technology* whose very name suggests a colder view of food preparation, where eggs get beaten in 300-pound hatches because there are several billion people waiting to be fed and relatively few of them keeping their own laying hens. One of our chemists, Gerald T. Luce, has an article in *Food Technology* for November 1967. He writes not of eggs but of acetylated monoglycerides.

These were first proposed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and were put into commercial production by us. Metabolizable and nutritious themselves, they form coatings of low permeability to oxygen and water vapor. Consequently foods coated with them stay appetizing and wholesome longer. This works particularly well with fish steaks cut from the frozen round fish — a promising development with the switch from hunting the sea to farming the sea.

Luce's paper goes into detail on nuts, raisins, meats, cooked lobster, breast of chicken, and many other good things to eat.



professor from Michigan State, "my far-out leftist friend." The professor has a little wet mouth inside his beard which is always explaining how things really are. "Dale hasn't changed a bit," the mouth is saying. "He was always a conservative. That's why we get along—right, Dale?"

"Right!" Dale laughs, squints, looks over his shoulder.

"It's the liberals who have put Dale in this position, just like it's the liberals who are doing the killing in Vietnam. I think the time has come when radicals can make alliances with conservatives. We both believe in pulling out our troops and minding our own business, we both believe in building up the blacks inside the ghetto. And we both understand that liberalism is the main enemy."

Dale's brother and his wife listen gravely. Like half the Air Force officers, Gus Noyd wears a cornered crew cut showing skin on top. His wife runs a catering service in her spare time and turns over the profits to the Wenatchee hospital. They are scared of Lyndon Johnson, worried about the trial, lonely for their children, and immensely proud of Dale Noyd. But the mouth smiles to itself as it explains to them, because they don't know that they are the enemy.

I wander into the bar with the Air Force men, who are baffled and depressed. To a man they disagree with Noyd. Though they are bothered by the war, the trial doesn't shake them. They see it mostly as the last sad confirmation that their old friend Dale is stepping into a different world, a world of people who talk in abstractions about things they have not seen and cannot know, a world of people who sit around thinking they are better than other people. "Why does Dale need signs?" they want to know. "Why does he need that Joan Baez poster in his hall?" "I have books too," says a teacher from the Academy, "but I don't have to shove them down your throat." Though they have testified to Noyd's absolute integrity, they don't personally trust him anymore. They think he "uses people."

I remember Montgomery Clift: "There is only so much input they can take." They are upset, whether they know it or not, and they show it constantly. All the younger men, for instance, love *Catch-22*. They love it, they think, because it exposes the bureaucratic ballups of the Air Force. If it weren't for administrative bungling, they continue, we might be doing better in Vietnam.

That's not the main problem, I try to say, but I am drowned out by a violent argument. The president of the junior class has taken on a Colonel who was a "political warfare adviser" in Vietnam.

They are arguing about "individualism" versus "the collective society," each so contemptuous that the two parts of the argument never touch. The Colonel says, "There couldn't be a military without subordination of the individual." Most of the others agree, but the young Lieutenant demands to know *what* he is to be subordinated to, and proposes instead a model of "bonded individuals," among whom goals are chosen by consensus. The Lieutenant reminds the Colonel of his twenty-year-old son, with whom the Colonel has no "rapport." "I don't want that kind of rapport," says the Colonel. "Because then"—his face insinuating wisdom—"I'd have to advise him."

The argument ends with a few choice insults, and the rest of us drive down the highway to a combination ballroom and pool hall, where the livelier spirits of Clovis are dancing to a hillbilly rock band. The floor is jammed with hopping couples who dance holding on to each other with the boy's hand resting innocently on the girl's behind. Mixed in among the young farmers and cowboys are mothers and fathers and whole families, out to dance and drink beer and listen to cousin Lucy take a turn singing.

Underneath the smoke and din, I find myself talking with a handsome young Captain who has come to Clovis as a defense witness. Speaking very quietly and urgently, he wants to know how one goes about writing and getting published. He is learning to write by mail—he wants desperately to tell what he has seen on his two hundred missions a month flying a rescue helicopter. He has had the experience of saving men's lives. He has seen villagers and their children murdered and mutilated by the Vietcong. As he speaks he is beseeching me with his soft dark eyes. Do I understand what remains unspoken?

No civilian can comprehend what this man has been through. He has held men as they died, and might well have died himself. Am I going to tell him that because of my political convictions, his heroism was in vain? Would you go back? I ask. He'd be "scared to death," but he would. Which means he may die yet. In the meantime, to listen to Noyd without "switching off" would be for this young man to make a mockery of the death he has faced and the death he faces.

I wonder what Noyd himself would say if he had time really to talk to this man. Probably they will never talk again. Although the Captain came to testify as a former student, Noyd knows how the Captain's commanding officer would react, and has told his lawyers not to put him on the stand. So the student cannot help the teacher, and the teacher cannot reach the student.

What would you like to do about the war? I ask him. He explains carefully how the military should be allowed to increase its strength to the point where it can hold South Vietnam and keep it held until it develops a viable representative government.

And how long will that take?

He laughs apologetically. "Twenty years."

He is grinning in rueful innocence, like a little boy who has told a daring dream. I know it's unreal, he is saying. But it's mine and I won't let go of it.

## Between Two Worlds

**T**he next day the prosecuting attorney holds up two fists. "Which is going to take precedence," he demands, "the belief of a man of religious conscience—or an order given by a superior officer?" If individual belief takes precedence, "that would allow each man to become a law unto himself. . . . If you get right down to the nuts and bolts and the nitty-gritty, that order was lawful and was disobeyed."

The ACLU man talks heavily and at great length comparing Noyd again to Luther, staking out his place "in the annals of our history." A Catholic priest lawyer harangues the court on the nature of conscience. But the court gets down to the nuts and bolts: Captain Noyd is found guilty of willfully disobeying an order.

Sentencing will not take place till the next day, after the defense has had a chance to present more witnesses in its claim for "extenuation and mitigation." Dale Noyd celebrates his last night of freedom by having his friends over for lasagna, and playing them Aretha Franklin and Simon and Garfunkel.

The final day opens with the good-humored theologian, who is now allowed to testify to the nature and quality of Noyd's religious feelings. Speaking simply and modestly, he explains Paul Tillich's definition of religion as "total commitment": "If you want to know a man's religion, find what he centers around, where his courage lies." Addressing himself to the President of the court, he praises him for having said on the trial's first day that a soldier must obey orders. That is an example of total commitment. Dale Noyd had also another commitment, and therefore he was caught between two worlds.

The officers are visibly impressed. One Major, who has spent the trial half-dozing in suety boredom, suddenly lights up.

**Major:** By your definition, what you are is

your religion? Any decision I make is my religion?

**Theologian:** The risk decisions, the imperatives. You may be a deeply religious man.

**Major:** (*with the grace of enlightenment upon his brow*) Then the military life may be a religion!

**Theologian:** Yes. One religion may have men deeply involved one way, and another in another way. And at times religious faiths may come in conflict.

**Major:** And that's what we have here.

**Theologian:** Apparently.

**Major:** (*in awe*) It's hard to explain.

**Law Officer:** (*interrupting*) I think the court should confine itself to questions.

**Major:** No, but it's very interesting. It's not the military against his religion. It's the conflict of two different religions.

**Law Officer:** (*firmly*) I think I'll renew my previous suggestion.

**Major:** (*sheepish smile*)

And thereafter even the prosecutor refers to the case as "a religion butting heads against a religion." And when he holds up his fists again he says that the court "must decide which of these religions must fall away and leave the other standing."

And so it came to pass in the little town of Clovis, New Mexico, that as a result of an act of "religious conscience," an Air Force officer was hit with the revelation that the military is a religion. From the look of beatitude which passed in that moment across his face, it may be assumed that he went forth and from that day onward napalmed in the holy spirit.

As for Captain Noyd, he received a year's hard labor, loss of pay and allowances, and dismissal from the service. It could have been worse—he might have gotten five. His "far-out leftist friend" was gracious enough to comment that "the kids will say this is an elite sentence. They're getting three years for the same thing."

Dale Noyd then took the arm of his wife and walked down the long corridor of the ramshackle barracks building. His pointed chin was up, his eyes sharp, his mouth firm. The NBC television crew retreated before him, bathing him in white light as he rolled down the path to prison.

Behind him he left a cast already dissolving, a tragedy unperformed. Perhaps the real confrontation will take place at a later date in the book Dale Noyd is writing. (The publishing arrangements are already made.)

Until then we will tumble downstream as usual, confined in our separate horror-boxes, with no continuity, no conclusion, not even a *deus ex machina*.



# PREDICAMENTS OF PEACE

by Albert G. Hart      Hans J. Morgenthau      Christopher Green  
Joseph A. Pechman      Leonard C. Lewin

*When the war in Vietnam ends, what will happen to the American economy? In "Harper's" April issue, Professor Walter W. Heller forecast relatively smooth sailing. The views of other experts who were invited to comment on his article are presented here.*

*Albert G. Hart*

*Professor of Economics  
Columbia University*

As an economist, I have long felt pride in the way Walter Heller represents our profession in policy councils and before the public. True to form, his article, "Getting Ready for Peace," is fresh, objective, and cogent. There is almost nothing in it to which I cannot respond with a heartfelt "Amen." Yet it strikes me that a balanced view calls for at least three elements at which he barely hints.

In the first place, Heller seems overcomplacent about the general acceptance of the flexible adjustment of taxes as a method for keeping the economy on course. True, the Administration, Congress, and public recognized that the tax cuts which took effect in 1964 helped decisively in getting the economy out of a phase of stagnation (with unemployment continuously over 4 per cent) that had lasted since mid-1957. Probably we should have taken more seriously the tenacious resistance to cutting taxes in the face of a deficit (a resistance, furthermore, which rested on a misguided view of public interest rather than on selfishness) which had delayed the tax cut for two years. The search in all quarters for excuses not to raise taxes in the inflationary times of 1966-68 shows that understanding of the "New Economics" is far from general. For the moment,

the problem is to get taxes up; if the economy should prove to be presently in need of a stimulus, we are in the unusual position of having a number of highly meritorious expenditure programs which were nipped at an early stage and could be rapidly expanded to the general benefit. But once this fiscal reserve is absorbed, we will again need flexible tax policy. And contrary to Heller, I would assert that the public is still to be persuaded that this is sound policy.

In the second place, it seems to me that there should be much more stress on the international aspects of post-Vietnam economic policy. It is all too likely that the spectacular gold crisis we are now witnessing will set up a fresh wave of economic nationalism, perhaps reviving in our country the latent isolationist tradition. A large part of our problem of post-Vietnam adjustment is to reorganize our national self-respect around a really sound and appealing set of "national goals"; and if international economic policy does not loom large among these goals, we will miss major constructive opportunities and enhance the long-term risk of a world explosion.

In the third place, there must be much sharper emphasis on internal economic reconstruction as a rallying point for the nation's constructive forces. Although the U. S. economy since World War II has performed remarkably well by any previous standards, it has still fallen short of reasonable aspirations. My own judgment is that the lack of any genuine full-employment peaks since early 1957 (or, one might argue, since 1955) has had much to do with the poisoning of race relations; when even at the peaks there is not full use of the labor force, the less-educated youngsters are likely to miss the chance to get absorbed into jobs

where they can get the experience necessary for long-term employability. Furthermore, this relatively favorable experience has shown us that we need systematic correctives to the adverse "neighborhood effects" of metropolitan development, water and transport, rubbish disposal, discharge of noxious gases, etc.—whose cumulative effects threaten the quality of life for everybody. To pull ourselves together as a society (particularly after the frustrations we have experienced thus far in the Vietnam war and must experience as we find our way out of it), one of the essential is to shape up a coherent and effective program for reversing the deterioration of the urban scene, race relations and human ecology. Particularly the young people who tend to despair, the constructive possibilities of government and "the corporation" will demand a meaningful program of this sort as a condition for rejoining our society.

*Hans J. Morgenthau*

*Director, Center for the Study of  
American Foreign Policy  
University of Chicago*

Professor Heller's article states the obvious. War is of course necessary for economic well-being. The problem is not economic but political. What are we going to do with the idle economic capacity, once war has ended? Professor Heller seems to imply that we would use that capacity as a matter of course for the improvement of our society. However, beneficial political decisions do not necessarily follow from economic opportunities. This is particularly so when domestic improvements cannot be achieved without a radical change in the distribution of social, economic

## REMEDICAMENTS OF PEACE

nic, and political power. This is basic fallacy of the philosophy of Great Society. Its tenet that the Great Society must be founded upon consensus is a contradiction in terms. The Great Society can only be created through the struggle against, and defeat of, those segments of American society which are wedded to the exist-  
status quo and, hence, must oppose the Great Society.

*Christopher Green*

*Assistant Professor of Economics  
North Carolina State University*

Professor Heller does us a service in explaining why war is not necessary to continued prosperity and in specifying the types of policies and programs which may be useful in meeting the postwar adjustment problem as well as attacking existing and future social problems. But does he sufficiently answer those who see the so-called military-industrial complex as an important barrier to a peacetime economy if not a barrier to peace in Asia? Here Professor Heller's arguments are what economists call "macroeconomic" (i.e., they deal with aggregates such as national income, the level of employment, and the like). But it seems to me the problem is at least partly "microeconomic" (i.e., dealing with the behavior of individual workers, firms, and industries). The military-industrial complex, if it exists, is essentially composed of individuals and groups who believe they might lose economically and socially if peace replaced war and therefore may consciously or unconsciously use their greater or lesser power to maintain the status quo.

Professor Heller is, of course, correct in saying that wise economic policy can assure that the nation as a whole will gain economically from peace. But if the individual losers are politically and economically powerful they may have to be mollified before the status quo can be abandoned. If this is the case, then we must go beyond specifying what macroeconomic policies will soften the adjustment to a peacetime economy. Either the losers must be compensated or overpowered. In either case the difficulties may exceed those

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## PREDICAMENTS OF PEACE

of simply maintaining full employment and the costs will be correspondingly higher too.

*Joseph A. Pechman*

*Director of Economic Studies  
The Brookings Institution*

Peace will not by itself open the way to solving our domestic problems. It is true that the elimination of some \$25 to \$30 billion of war expenditures plus the annual growth in federal receipts would provide elbow room for expanding needed social programs. But we cannot move to correct the gaping inadequacies in domestic policies until we have a national consensus on the issues. Based on past experience, there are reasons for pessimism that such a consensus will develop in the foreseeable future.

Federal programs to help the poor have expanded in recent years—from \$12 billion in 1963 to \$21 billion in 1967. Nonetheless, the antipoverty effort has not yet greatly accelerated the movement of people out of poverty. The new programs are long-range in their effects, and can hardly be expected to raise the earnings of the poor overnight.

In the meantime, what can be done to help the poor? This is the job of public assistance, a program which is demeaning and inadequate. Moreover, most of the poor are now ineligible for public assistance and will continue to be excluded.

Public assistance should be replaced with a "negative income tax," which would be paid to everybody with inadequate incomes. The idea is to extend the progression into the lowest income brackets, with negative instead of positive rates. A family would compare its income with the "breakeven" level for a family of that size. If the result is negative, the family would receive a payment computed by applying the negative tax rate, say, 50 per cent, to the deficiency. For example, if the breakeven level is \$4,000 and the family has income of \$1,000, the government would make a payment of \$1,500 to this family (50 per cent of the deficiency of \$3,000).

Support for the negative income tax cuts across party and doctrinal lines. Yet the idea is hard to sell be-

cause the middle and upper classes are unwilling to pay the taxes that would be needed—an unwillingness which is rationalized on the basis of the traditional attitudes toward the poor. While the more fortunate tell themselves that the poor have no one else to blame for their economic status, welfare payments continue to rise as more and more people flock to the cities where they may receive grudging assistance.

This vicious circle cannot be broken without help—and lots of it—from outside the city. The responsibility for providing it rests with the state government, which has superior tax sources and also controls the tax powers of the local governments.

In practically every one of the industrial states, the public is treated to an annual sparring match between governors and mayors over fiscal matters. The mayors come hat in hand for almost any kind of assistance, but depart with less than half a loaf. The reason is not that the governors and mayors represent different political philosophies. Lindsay and Rockefeller, Cavanaugh and Romney, White and Volpi, Lee and Dempsey come from the political center in our society and are generally agreed on objectives. But aid to the cities costs money, which means higher taxes, and the governor cannot afford to go too far lest he antagonize his suburban voters.

Last year, Maryland showed that it is possible to help. It enacted a new and improved income tax; solved the messy resident *versus* commuter problem by eliminating three county income taxes and the Baltimore City payroll tax, and by substituting a mandatory "piggy-back" local income tax of at least 20 per cent of the state tax with the option to go up to 50 per cent; and designed new grants that give greatest help to the poorest counties and Baltimore City.

No other state has moved in this direction to a significant degree. Not surprisingly, therefore, the cities have turned to Washington for help. The response has been the enactment of a whole series of categorical grant programs (for health, housing, education, etc.) which are admittedly helpful but still grossly inadequate. Moreover, city officials are beginning to object to the controls and red tape that seem to be the inevitable accom-

paniment of federal grants. The model-cities program is designed to give city governments more leeway; but the amounts involved so far are a pittance.

One way to help the states meet their responsibilities is to give them a portion of the rapidly rising federal income-tax receipts. Disbursement would be made primarily on a per capita basis, with the understanding that a major share would be passed through to the local governments. The first reaction of a mayor to revenue sharing is negative, because he has little faith that the state will distribute the funds fairly. But there are methods to prevent the cities from being shortchanged.

To a large extent, the opposition to revenue sharing reflects opinions which were formed during the 1930s when the states were found to be hopelessly inadequate to deal with depression conditions. But much has happened since then. Qualified observers agree that most of the recent crop of governors are competent and dedicated officials. Several have increased taxes at the expense of their political careers. Many have excellent staffs which are frequently several steps ahead of Washington in developing new and progressive programs. It is no longer true—if it ever was—that the federal agencies can provide public services and administer social programs efficiently without the cooperation of state as well as local agencies.

In brief, the nation is not ready to divide the post-Vietnam fiscal pie in a manner that would best promote the public welfare. New departure in public policy will be achieved only if we learn how to reconcile the interests of rich and poor, white and black, suburb and city, and other embattled groups in society. Without this reconciliation, we will use most of our vast fiscal resources for tax reductions rather than for urgently needed public programs.

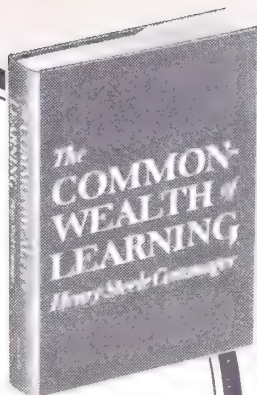
*Leonard C. Lewin*

*Editor, Report from Iron Mountain on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace*

Professor Heller develops the thesis that resources now committed to war could be used for less destructive pur-

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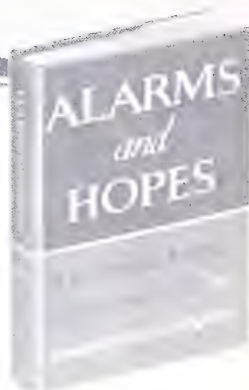
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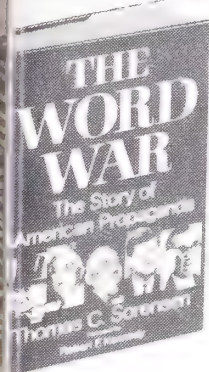
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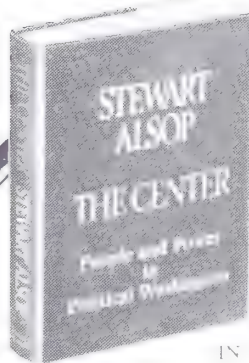


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## PREDICAMENTS OF PEACE

poses. I suppose we should thank him for lending his respected professional endorsement to this original notion, since his decision-making colleagues in Washington do not appear to share it.

He has in any case provided us with a brilliant parody of the "objective" academic mind at work in the service of what I must call, until a less cumbersome phrase comes along, the military-intellectual establishment.

What most appalls me in this essay is the value system it betrays. It may well be that Dr. Heller is as morally concerned about the mass murders being perpetrated in our name as any of us, but if so he has been most successful, *Iron Mountain* style, in masking any such concern in a specious and sterile objectivity. There is even a defensiveness throughout—an assumption of the burden of proof that war is not necessarily desirable, as if arguing for the feasibility of peace were some kind of special pleading—that makes one wonder about his spectrum of choices; it reminds me of those to whom a dove is someone who wants to destroy only part of Vietnam.

Dr. Heller justifies this timidity by limiting himself, ever so *professionally*, to the *economic* criteria of war and peace. One by-product of this limitation is that the principal effect of his discussion derives from his emphasis not on "getting ready for peace" but on *the ability of the American economy to sustain the war comfortably*: "It's only a 3 per cent war." Great! Since we can *afford* it, and our only standard here is economic, why not settle back, just as comfortably, with Professor Heller as he praises the foresight of our great President, who is getting ready for peace too—by setting up another great committee to make more great plans to ease the pains of post-Vietnam reconversion in the Great Society. By implication, why worry about the killing? By the same reasoning, we should give LBJ credit, I suppose, for the fact that medical-assistance teams are on the scene after each napalm strike on a village. As long as all's well in our prodigious economy.

How can one take seriously, in the real world, discussions of the current war that treat it as a kind of natural phenomenon that "we" have to deal with as we would a water shortage?

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## REDICAMENTS OF PEACE

emphasis added: "If we put our growing economic knowledge to work sensible postwar planning . . ."; when came escalation"; "Military escalation has diverted us from these peacetime jobs"; "The problems of the post-Vietnam transition are the ones we know how to handle." No special criteria, no motives, no functions, no interests—just value-free economic technology, working in a political vacuum. Heller assumes, without evidence, not only that war will end (in the usual sense in which wars have ended in the past) but that a status quo will be resumed in which he can assure us of his competence to deal with the "problems of post-Vietnam transition." The kind of had last week in Ec. 24? The comacency of this kind of "objective" recasting is stupefying.

If my comments seem unfair to someone who is just trying to mind his own business at the economics core, I make them because I believe his analysis typifies a dangerous and dominant mode of thinking. It is not only the hawk philosophers on television who serve the war and the war system; they also serve who conveniently and dispassionately accept the conditions of the status quo in the name of value-free, nonpartisan objectivity by default of declaring their own values. This is one of the principal lessons of *Report from Iron Mountain*; Dr. Heller misses it, referring to equate the *Report* with some simple-minded "military-industrial-scientific complex" theories, more readily to dispose of it without considering its more genuinely disturbing implications. The "New Economics" may indeed be the useful and sophisticated tool Dr. Heller claims it to be, but for what, for whom, for what social priorities, in that context? Is it possible to examine—usefully—the logistics of transition to peace without reference to the moral and political implications of the war?

A measure of Dr. Heller's orientation to noneconomic reality can be found in his few noneconomic judgments: "Even if [a vested interest group trying to prolong the war] existed, it could make little headway against the ingrained American abhorrence of war." This should be welcome news indeed, in Vietnam and elsewhere.

[ ]

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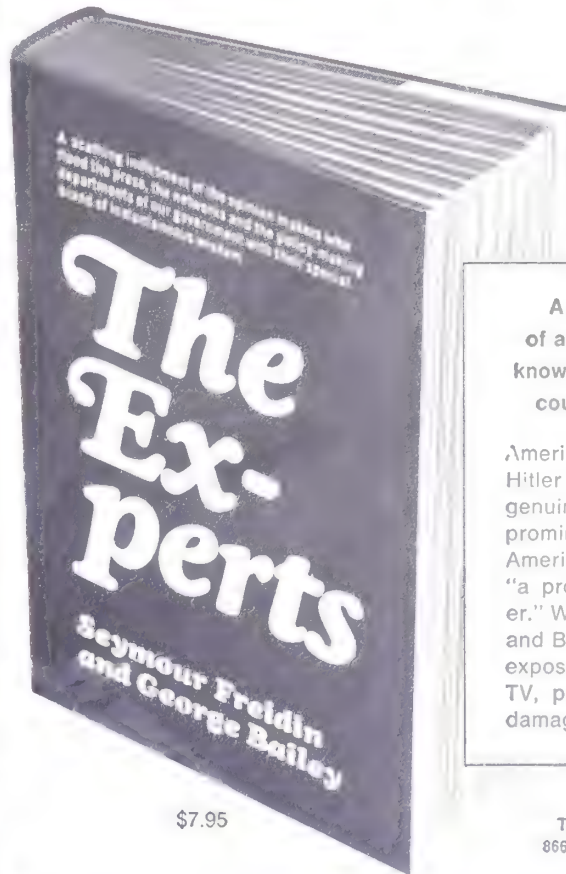
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

### Fiction

**King, Queen, Knave**, by Vladimir Nabokov. Translated by Dmitri Nabokov.

Of this novel, written in 1927-28, Mr. Nabokov, in his introduction to this edition, says, "Of all my novels this bright brute is the gayest. . . . It was my second Russian novel. I was twenty-eight." Though he spoke no German and had read no German novels, his book has a completely German cast of characters and is set in Berlin. Yet, as he explains, this suited his self-contained three-cornered plot—the story of an adulterous love affair—very well. It could have been set anywhere and he knew Berlin. He is aware, he says, and not ashamed of the Flaubert-Dreiser-Balzac overtones though at the time he wrote the novel he had read only Flaubert. The "coarseness" and "lewdness" that "alarmed my kindest critics in emigré periodicals have, of course been preserved," he assures us, though he has done some rewriting of his son's translation. The title is ostensibly taken from the name of a film being featured at a new cinema in Berlin at the time the story is taking place, but one senses other implications. Moreover the book is full of mischievous Nabokov twists and artless (?) Nabokov tricks, and let the reader take it from there. He won't be bored. McGraw-Hill, \$5.95

**Love and Work**, by Reynolds Price.

On the surface this novel by the author of *A Long and Happy Life* is about a professor in a small American college who believes that only in work can one find real freedom—freedom that depends on neither loyalty nor love from other human beings. And of course he thinks of this as a Good Thing, to be sought after. Naturally his wife (who also has a job) does not, especially since, like

the National Budget, her husband does not seem to include women work in the home in his definition of productive work. When she reads his essay on the subject (written while his mother is dying and he can't be interrupted to go to the telephone) things between them come to a head. She keeps trying to save the marriage; he starts writing a book about the lives of his parents to prove his thesis—and lo and behold the novel we are reading turns into a kind of philosophical, psychological, and psych chic ghost story with a most surprising ending.

It is earnestly and carefully done, the ideas meticulously worked out—the novel within a novel—but for me it smells too much of the lamp and seems a rather academic concoction. The wife has a certain sympathetic credibility but the husband with his musings on the hungers of the dead seems a humorless, self-centered man whose ideas don't matter that much.

Atheneum, \$4.95

**Stephen's Bridge**, by Laurence Lafore.

In the pleasant eastern Pennsylvania country, on separate holdings, a large family has lived and multiplied and farmed for several generations. Their beautiful tract of over a thousand acres—Stephen's Bridge—is held in a trust set up by their common ancestor, a robber baron named Stephen Stafford (R. B. for short). When the book opens, Stephen Stafford's daughter, ninety-seven, has just died and the estate is about to be divided and distributed, none of them knows how. All who have lived there are passionately devoted to the land, and to the way of life—all except one of the younger great grandsons, a novelist, who fancies he has broken away. What happens when two other heirs are found (scions of branches of the family who have

BOOKS IN BRIEF

away more or less under a to threaten to subdivide the d end the whole way of life, the heart of this dramatic— melodramatic—tale. It starts enough with "Aunt Mary's" and pages of complicated gy rather engagingly set Then tension mounts; things o happen; then they happen t and too improbably and the ers become caricatures of ves. This may be what hap- people under pressure but the s unconvincing. The author is best when his characters are ing his central thesis that we ke our own cages. Someone Sartre's thought-provoking at "the worst condition in life in a cell with an open door"— the end Mr. Lafore seems to ng that young Stephen, who rs himself most free. is most imprisoned by his needs be- he refuses to acknowledge Good reading and illuminating ut too neatly worked out.

Doubleday, \$5.95

arget Palermo, by Edmonde s-Roux. Translated by Helen

first novel which won the Prix rt and has been a runaway ller in France is prefaced with disclaimer: "This novel is fiction. l or living person is depicted d all the characters and names rely imaginary. Any attempt tify them with real persons or will only lead from one false tion to another." And it's for- that the disclaimer is there e in the novel we have a n woman who grew up and had ionate love affair in Palermo bsequently comes to New York get. She finds a job as travel on a woman's fashion maga- nich, if one hadn't been warned, ould swear was *Vogue* or *Har- Bazaar*—and becomes involved e central character (whose Si- background is the excuse in ook for a long and heartfelt ack to that beautiful and un- country) who so resembles ne DeSapio, at least in outline, ne turns quickly back to that 's note for reassurance. So the s of New York and Sicily are oven, back and forth, vital and



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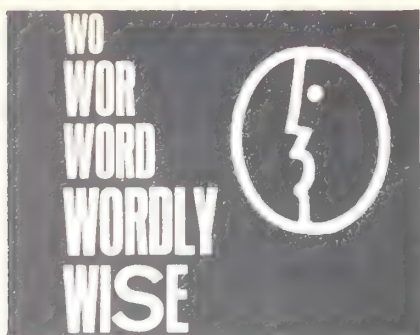
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Doubleday, \$4.95

*Nonfiction*

**The Disney Version**, by Richard Schickel.

One of the things we quickly learn in this discerning biography is that though Walt Disney did have some rudimentary courses in commercial art, by the time his most famous character came on the screen he had stopped doing any drawing at all. Indeed Mickey Mouse was the creation of one of his protégés and Mr. Schickel tells us that "Disney was continually if mildly irked because he could not draw Mickey or Donald or Pluto. He never could. . . . In later years Disney was known to apply to his animators for hints on how to render a quick sketch of Mickey in

order to oblige autograph hunters. And he goes on to point out that the basis of Disney's gift, from the beginning, was not as is commonly supposed a 'genius' for artistic expression; if he had any genius at all it was for the exploitation of technical logical innovation."

On top of this was his great natural conscious gift, no doubt derived from his Midwestern Puritan background of knowing what a lot of Americans wanted and when. "Walt Disney sincerely treasured the values he portrayed in his films and could scarcely credit anyone who saw art or life in more complex, less sunny terms." Another product of his hard-work and financially deprived childhood was the genius he developed as entrepreneur, his ability to hold onto whatever he had, thus making possible his entertainment empire. "Walt's brother, president and chairman of their board, once said, 'Since Walt and I entered this business we have never sold a single picture to anybody. We still own them all.'"

These are only some of the points that Mr. Schickel illuminates in this book. He describes the war years; the transition from plain animated cartoons to live action, to animated whimsies after the war. Then the feature pieces; the development of "audio-animatronics" with their "humanization of art" as particularly exemplified in the figure of Lincoln. (Mr. Schickel is wonderful on that at the World's Fair.

He discusses the labor problems of the Studio and the part that Disney's personality played in them; and Philistinism as neatly expressed in his statement: "My belief is that there are more people in America who want to smile than those who want to be artistically depressed." . . . This is a thoroughly satisfying and most informative discussion of all aspects of the Disney legend made particularly rewarding through the author's own astringent and pithy comments on the cultural and aesthetic scene as when he points out, "Indeed, of the many criticisms leveled at Disney throughout his long career this one about the scares he gave children seems the least valid, though the most widespread. (In the same way, the most common criticism of movies in general—which has to do with the alleged sexiness—also seems the least

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

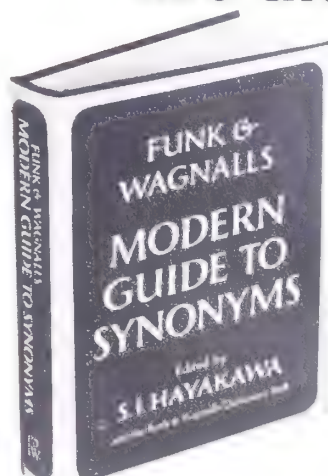
gent, for the moral transgressions of movies are much too complicated and interesting to be discussed in simpleminded terms.)" Mr. Hyde has been for many years a distinguished editor, film critic, and commentator on the American scene. Simon & Schuster, \$6.50

## Two for Birdwatchers

by Dayton O. Hyde.  
I think this is a story Disney might have done something with. Its subtitle reads: "The True Story of a Sandhill Crane Who Joined Our Family." It begins with the author's discovery of two eggs from a crane's nest floating in a spring flood and subsequent hatching of one of them in the Hydes' house. Mr. Hyde, a rancher and wildlife conservationist in Oregon and he undertook an odyssey in an effort to rehabilitate the dwindling species. How he succeeded (the crane became not only a pet but devoted, felt itself of the same race and above its own kind—the stories of Mr. Hyde's and his wife's family's adventures with the crane and many other animals, and odd and interesting bits of bird lore, make a lively and informative tale. It's good to learn of a bird like Mr. Hyde and his remarkable adaptable wife. Dial, \$4.95

**Lovely and the Wild**, by Louise Iriline Lawrence.  
The Swedish-born Mrs. Lawrence, a professional naturalist and bird watcher whose territory for the past two decades has been the wild Lake Simcoe Bay country in Ontario, Canada. (Before that in a life entirely devoted to nature from this book she was a translator to an American military officer during the Russian Revolution and later ran a Russian military hospital. She has held high administrative posts in the Red Cross in Sweden and in Canada.) But in this book there is only the quiet of northwestern forests punctuated by the colorful sounds of the bird life that Mrs. Lawrence has watched there for twenty years, not only *con amore* but with a great gift for careful and poetic observation and the literary skill to transfer the pleasure and excitement to any reader remotely interested in this form of nature study. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95 [ ]

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## Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



### THE FRAGILE EGO: A TENOR NAMED CORELLI

*"I mounted myself and took my public."—Enrico Caruso, in a letter to his wife, October 26, 1919.*

On a bitter Sunday in late February, a tenor named Franco Corelli entered the crowded wings of the Ed Sullivan Theater in mid-Manhattan to wait his turn in the lineup of that week's Ed Sullivan Show. During the hour, Mr. Corelli had been preceded by George Chakiris, Jane Powell, Paul Mauriat, and a group of hand dolls called the Muppets who ended their routine by throwing hundreds of faked dollar bills around the stage. Through most of this, Mr. Corelli had rested in an overheated dressing room upstairs, patiently undergoing the application of pancake and eye makeup, listening like a movie-struck adolescent as "Jahn Powell" warmed up in her dressing room next door, trying with a certain amount of anguish to warm himself up and ending only in despair. This he expressed by rolling his eyes, weakly trying a few calisthenics, clearing his throat endlessly, producing hawking noises, and complaining in whispers about a cold he had caught, he swore, upon awakening that morning.

Standing in the wings, Mr. Corelli—dressed casually in sports clothes—rubbed his hands together, as though he were freezing. One of the show's cameramen began to massage his

shoulders while over Mr. Corelli's face crept a strange, glazed look, that look of sleepiness—full of yawns and half-lidded eyes—that comes from terror. Then, as the Muppets threw their last dollar bill in the air, Ed Sullivan announced Franco Corelli as the next attraction, looking miserably unhappy at having the tenor on the show. The tenor himself turned to the crowd in the wings—stage crew, aides, stars, their wives in furs, managers, dancers, photographers, Wackenhut guards—and showed them an enormous and unexpected smile. The curtain went up, revealing a faded Neapolitan garden, and Corelli was on.

He sang a simple tune called "*Tu lo Sai*"—"You Know It." At the very end, not quite three minutes later, he slowed the tempo almost imperceptibly and slid into a high B flat, opening up his voice to its full volume. He held the note then for about seventeen seconds and when he cut it there was the crack of mass bravos from the audience. Coming off the stage after a bow, he held out trembling hands to the crowd in the wings.

That night—since what he had undergone was merely a rehearsal—Mr. Corelli returned to the Sullivan Show to repeat this performance, with only the barest variation, for a new studio audience as well as thirty million additional people sit-

ting at home in front of their television screens.

It is not certain whether Franco Corelli is the best tenor in the world, the most popular, or both. Certainly he is the highest paid. His voice ranges from a low F to a high E flat, a note he once actually sang on stage in a revival of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. The voice, which is produced easily, is a perfect size to handle the big dramatic roles of the late Verdi operas, although it is at home, too, in the more lyrical roles of the Puccini repertoire.

For years critics complained that Mr. Corelli had too great a fondness for belting an aria; he would always try, they said, to knock an audience dead with thrilling sound. He still will, at times. Every successful tenor knows that the surest, most direct and powerful means of communication is the human voice; so they are always susceptible to charges of artistic demagoguery. But, in recent years, there has been a noticeable attempt on Corelli's part to sing a role as its composer created it, to respect the musical line and phrasing accordingly, and to act the drama with some basic psychological sense.

Some of this undoubtedly comes from maturity; Corelli is now in his early forties. But even more important, such tenors today as Carlo Bergonzi and Richard Tucker know

## PERFORMING ARTS

to extract the last ounce of meaning from their roles with wit and modest intelligence not usually associated with tenors; both Bergonzi and Tucker are his chief competition. Recently, a new recording of *Aida*, Corelli as the final note of the aria "te *Aida*" with the diminished note Verdi asked for and gets. Such delicacy and respect is a shock to some critics. One accused the tenor of splicing the tape to the recording after he had recorded it in his old go-for-style. Corelli's response is to smile balefully. He knows he has one of the most beautiful tenor voices in the world; his own ear tells him and so does everyone else. Carlo Bergonzi is competing with more subtlety. Richard Tucker may have a more dramatic use of his voice. But Corelli's tenor is stronger than both, more clarion in tone; and he also knows that, standing six-foot-two, he is, by far, the most dashing of the three onstage.

On Saturdays after the Ed Sullivan Show, Corelli was scheduled to play the role of Don Alvaro in the new *La Forza del Destino* at the Metropolitan Opera. *Forza* is neither the best of Verdi's operas nor the best of Corelli's. It is, however, among the most flawed, set to a dark and gloomy music to whose scenes can be interrelated chronologically—and some are—without making much dramatic difference; at the Met it is done in five acts, at other houses in four. Hard on the singers, too; the soprano, for example, disappears offstage for two hours, after dominating the first act, and when she returns she is to sing one of the opera's most beautiful arias.

*Forza del Destino* is about vengeance and the inescapability of fate, a nineteenth-century librettist's confusion with simple coincidences; of coincidence in *Forza*, there is none. What is being avenged is the honor of Leonora, the soprano, the murder of her father by Don Alvaro, the tenor. The avenger is Leonora's brother, Don Carlo, the baritone. There are also racial overtones: Don Alvaro is socially unacceptable to Don Carlo because he is Spanish and unworthy of Leonora's Spanish blood. That's the kind of thing it is. But as it wanders from

one mistaken identity to another, the opera makes long, invigorating stops for vocal broadsides that can set an audience on fire. Leonora has hers, Alvaro and Carlo each have theirs, and together the tenor and baritone have several duets in which Verdi entwined the two voices in great arching melodies. Whatever its faults, it is a big work for big voices and at a Saturday matinee performance it makes for a long working afternoon, three hours and twenty minutes, to be exact.

Corelli arrived at the Met that afternoon only twenty minutes before curtain time, in a swashbuckling camel's hair coat, maroon scarf, alpine hat with a tiny green feather, and a black tie. He has worn only black ties since his mother's death fifteen years ago. As usual, he was not feeling well, having awakened at eleven o'clock in the morning—"wanting to shoot myself"—after only three hours of sleep. All night long he had stalked his apartment, looking for courage.

Once in his dressing room he sent out for enough honey to last the afternoon mixed with hot tea; eighty-nine cents' worth would make it through *La Forza del Destino*. He had not touched food, he said, since the night before, even though his wife had prepared a raw, chopped steak for him in their apartment. (In New York, the Corellis live in six rooms on Manhattan's East Side; in Milan, the home of La Scala, they have ten rooms, including a private recording studio, while in Rome they own a five-room apartment. Beyond all this, there is a family villa, in which many other Corellis live, in Ancona, on the Italian Adriatic. Corelli also keeps five sports cars to make the traveling easier between his Italian homes.)

As Corelli began to dress for Act I, Rudolf Bing, the General Manager of the Met, came in to offer encouragement. Outside, another tenor, James King, calmly stood by in case of disaster. "Anything I can do for you?" an aide asked Corelli. "Yes, sing for me." Five minutes before the announced curtain time (broadcast performances always start a little late), the conductor, Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, entered the opera house, talking happily in a flurry of Italian. James King spied an Austrian soprano backstage and began to chat

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## PERFORMING ARTS

with her in German. A quiet announcement for Act I stage positions came over a loudspeaker. Soft chimes rang, once, twice. Robert Merrill, who was to sing the avenger, Don Carlo, entered his dressing room, exuding a kind of invincible self-confidence, joking with everybody who crossed his path. Corelli caught sight of him through his own open dressing-room door. "*Beato lei,*" he called morosely. "Lucky you!"

A few minutes later the chimes rang again and Corelli came out of his dressing room in costume. He wore a mauve blouse, brown cape, black tights, and thigh-high boots with a pistol romantically stuck in one. A gold earring hung from his right lobe: the perfect progeny of an Inca princess and a Spanish grandee, an outcast with a glorious voice. At the moment, he was wringing his hands. Then, followed by his wife and an aide, he strode the half-block to the Metropolitan's stage, which in its several imaginative combinations is nearly as big as a football field.

The first-act setting of a room in the palace of Leonora's father was in place, musty russet and brown canvas walls billowing in the backstage draft. Behind it stood a church, the set for the second scene. Only three stagehands were at work. Leontyne Price walked onstage in a royal-blue dress. "*Ciao,*" she said to Corelli. "*Ciao.*" Without another word, they began to pose like silent screen stars for the company photographer. Louis Melancon, Corelli stood a little behind Miss Price, his hand on her shoulder, her hand on his hand; Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Melancon snapped his pictures as dim applause came from the front of the house, on the other side of the curtain. On the backstage television screens, Maestro Molinari-Pradelli could be seen entering the orchestra pit and taking a shy bow. The stage was suddenly clear of everyone except Miss Price and Louis Sgarro, who was to play her father, doomed to be murdered within twenty minutes. There was a smile from Miss Price, a last, energetic working of her mouth and throat muscles, a yawn or two, and then, with a great electronic whisper, the curtain went up.

While Leonora deceived her father onstage about her feelings for the half-caste, Don Alvaro, Corelli paced

the wings, making soft crooning sounds as though his voice might disappear forever if he let it go for a moment. "*O Dio!*" Leonora called in despair, and Corelli made his entrance to a burst of applause. In a few minutes, after facing the racial taunts of Leonora's father, he pulled his pistol from his boot and threw it at the old man's feet, where it instantly went off. Everyone in the wings jumped at the sound. "*Io muoio!*" the father cried. "I have been killed!" "*Arma funesta!*" Don Alvaro answered. "Oh, fatal weapon!" The wings began to fill with stagehands. "*Aiuto!*" Leonora sang. "Help!" She then collapsed at her father's feet, while Don Alvaro received his dying curses. The first scene ended. The Verdi melodrama was on.

Franco Corelli spent the entire long second scene, in which he did not appear, in his dressing room, listening in slacks and a T-shirt to a tape recording of his performance in the first scene. He seemed in pain. "*Troppo aperto,*" he kept repeating sadly. "The voice is too open." His hands came up to his throat, pointing in the direction of his Adam's apple. His wife, various aides, and friends assured him that it had been gorgeous: *molto* gorgeous. "Yes?" He shrugged doubtfully. "It's best," he said, "when I am most worried." He made it sound like a superstition.

Corelli began to wring his hands again, talk in sign language, make beetling faces at himself in the mirror. Then he sat down at a small upright piano in his dressing room and began to bang away lightly, like a saloon pianist. "*Improvvisazione,*" he said. "After Archangelo Corelli." Through the loudspeaker the voices of Leontyne Price, Jerome Hines, and the men's chorus could be heard singing "*La Vergine Degli Angeli,*" marking the end of the first act in the Met production. Pure sounds floated in the air as Leonora renounced life to live in a cave. Everyone became silent in the dressing room. Corelli sighed. Miss Price's voice reached for heaven. It was time to get into costume for Act II.

The rest of the afternoon went along routinely, anguish mixed with jubilation as one scene after another made its mark. Rudolf Bing appeared in Corelli's dressing room at each intermission to offer encouragement.

"My wife," he told Corelli at point, "is listening to the broadcast at home and just phoned to say to you sound glorious." Corelli smiled weakly. During one scene with fairly long orchestral introduction, Corelli made his way downstage a little early. Finding himself with nothing to do while the orchestra played on, he came into the wings, a quick swig of tea-and-honey, ferred by his wife, then calmly turned to his place onstage. There began to improvise small "business"—while the stage manager groaned all the time clearing his throat in preparation for that first fate-sung note. During this entire scene in which Don Alvaro and Don Carlo mistakenly swear eternal loyalty each other, Mrs. Merrill also waited in the wings, a paper cup of tea in her hand, alongside Mrs. Corelli.

Just before the third act there was one final crisis. Corelli decided that his head was full of catarrh. A lot of agony passed across his face: fever and suffering. This time his friends were tougher; it was too close to the finish line. "Shall I call Mr. Bing?" one of them said, "and tell him you can't go on?" Another look of distress passed across Corelli's face: fiercer and hostile. He began to pace the floor. "Fernando Corena," a friend said, "just said to me that Corelli must have eaten a horse today." Corelli brightened; to eat a horse in opera-house jargon, means sound magnificent. "Someone in the chorus," he whispered, "says to me how many vitamins you take today." Everyone said yes, the man in the chorus was right, so was Corelli; anyone could hear it.

At the end, as the force of destiny closed in on these poor unfortunate characters, most of whom die, Franco Corelli's voice expanded and broadened in size—"molto aperto"—and reached at last its full, ripe potential. Between Corelli, Miss Price, and Mr. Merrill—the doomed trio—incredible sounds filled the Met's auditorium during the last act. It was the old trap, sprung full: the public "taken." For the singers themselves, destiny came in the form of wild applause, bravos, and cheers; of this kind of destiny there can never be enough. Corelli and his colleagues met it all with bowed heads, released at last, relieved, smiling, benign, and calm.

# Music in the Round by Discus

## BOMARZO: STILL LOOKING FOR GREAT NEW OPERA

ks by Ginastera, Henze, and serve at least to expose a er audience to the new musical niques.

ter all the fuss about Alberto aster's *Bomarzo*, after all the ed-in-Buenos Aires brouhaha, all the promising publicity mal about sex, perversion, aliena- homosexuality, and modern man, a little disconcerting to listen to recording (CBS 3231 0006, 3 ) and find it one of those fash- bly contemporary examples of art uses avant-garde devices in a y conservative manner. To audi- s weaned on Verdi and Puccini, *Bomarzo* will be a shocker in its

musical language (though not in its plot, which, it already has been pointed out, has less violence than *Il Trovatore* and much less perversion than *Lulu*). It is atonal and has a good deal of serialism in it. But to anybody who has been exposed to the new musical language, *Bomarzo* is a series of clichés attesting more to its composer's (shall we say) opportunism than to any deep-running musical impulse.

The one thing that can be said about *Bomarzo* is that it is skillful. Ginastera always has been a good workman. He was when he was writing South-American nationalistic pieces and calling them *Pampeanas*. He was when he was composing neo-classic music. He was when he was

composing kinetic pieces that had a mixture of Bartók and Prokofiev. And now that he has jumped on the avant-garde bandwagon he still is. His previous opera, *Don Rodrigo*, was a rather strict serial work with a *Wozzeck*-like construction. *Bomarzo* goes it one further, adding to serialism several of the avant-garde practices currently in vogue: aleatory, microtonality, cluster groups, and, indeed, everything except electronic music.

There is nothing aesthetically wrong with this. Indeed, it may be the direction opera will take. The younger composers are going in heavily for mixed media. But the trouble is that Ginastera never makes his music sing, try as he can. Everything is externally applied texture rather than idea. At least this can be said: *Bomarzo* can introduce the sound of the new musical language to a wide audience. That in itself is something, for avant-garde music until recently has been positively incestuous, so small has been its audience.

*Bomarzo* illustrates the plight of modern opera. It is not that the new musical materials are alien to opera. It is that no big man—big in the Verdi, Wagner, Berg sense of the word—has come along. Berg in *Lulu* proved that the serial idiom could be used for viable opera, just as Wagner long before had proved that his avant-garde ideas were viable. But for some reason there has been no composer since Berg who has been able to make avant-garde techniques work in opera, and it is significant that the most popular living opera composer, Benjamin Britten, is frankly a conservative.

*Without a Song?*

And yet many composers, especially in Germany, continue to compose for the lyric stage. One of the most



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prominent is Hans Werner Henze, and an idea of what his music is all about can be encountered in a recording of his most recent opera, *Der Junge Lord* (Deutsche Grammophon 139257 59, 3 discs). Henze used to be a dodecaphonic composer, but his recent music has shown a breakaway from twelve-tone composition. In *Der Junge Lord*, a black comedy if ever there was one, his model is Stravinsky and, specifically, the Stravinsky of *The Rake's Progress*. That means a tonal, neo-classic style. As against *Bommarzo* it sounds as simple and innocent as Massenet's *Manon*. But it is not as simple as it sounds. There are thematic linkages and a sharp, pointed way of writing. What holds this opera back is its eclecticism. It is the product of a craftsman rather than of a creator, and its melodic ideas are second-rate.

As a matter of fact, it is less successful than Carl Orff's *Oedipus der Tyrann*, which has no melody at all. The Orff opera has been recorded (Deutsche Grammophon 139251 53, 3 discs), and it is a powerful musical setting of the Sophocles play (in the Hölderlin adaptation). But here again the problem is raised, as it is too often these days, about the nature of opera. It is all very well to say, as Wagner did, that opera is an amalgam of drama, music, stagecraft, and so on—the *Gesamtkunstwerk*, as he put it. On paper it is a fine theory. In practice it has never worked out, and Mozart was wiser when he admitted that in opera the music is the important thing. The music—song—is the important thing in opera, and an opera lives or dies on its music, not on its libretto or the setting it receives. Never in history has an opera with bad music been redeemed by a great libretto, but there are any number of operas with wretched librettos that stay around, generation after generation. People come to hear the music, to hear singing.

Orff's *Oedipus der Tyrann* is scored for what amounts to a percussion orchestra. The only strings are double basses. Otherwise there are pianos (six of them), harps, flutes, oboes, trombones, trumpets, six drums and an enormous battery of percussion, with every exotic variety dreamed of by man. The music follows Orff's familiar rhythmic patterns—barbaric, derived from Stravinsky's

*Sacre du Printemps*. It is a kind of music that aims at heightening the emotional aspects of the drama, and that it does with resource. In the long run, though, *Oedipus der Tyrann* is more a play with music than an opera. There are long stretches of dialogue; the vocal lines are mostly in recitative, and there is next to no song as such. What there is, however, is really striking metrical scheme (those who like such Orff works as *Carmina Burana* will strongly respond to it) plus some brilliant color effects. Opera or not, this is a strong work. It probably will mean most to those whose German is fluent. The performance is sung in German, and here word and music are closely allied.

But we're all still looking for the great post-Berg opera.

Getting back to *Bommarzo*: it is conducted by Julius Rudel, who leads the orchestra of the Opera Society of Washington in an original-cast recording. The cast, headed by Salvador Novoa in the title role, is almost identical with the New York City Opera cast when the work was done at the New York State Theater this spring. In the Henze opera the leading singers are Barry McDaniell, Lorin Driscoll, Vera Little, Edith Mathis, and Helmut Krebs, with Christoph von Dohnanyi leading the Chorus and Orchestra of the Berlin Opera. Orff's *Oedipus* features Gerhard Stolze, Kieth Engen, James Harper, and Astrid Varnay; and Rafael Kubelik leads the chorus and orchestra of Bavarian Radio.

## Sutherland Sings Old Favorites

Sublime to ridiculous: an album named *The Golden Age of Operetta*, sung by Joan Sutherland, with the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Ambrosian Light Opera Chorus conducted by Richard Bonynge (London OSA 1268, 2 discs). Sutherland in *The Student Prince*, *La Perichole*, *The Dubarry*, and other old favorites! But dear, dear. If the famous operetta singers of the past had anything, it was sparkle. Sutherland has a great voice, but her mushy diction, her elephantine phrasing, her archness and general heaviness, make these two discs a bag of mixed delights. It used to be said that every clown wants to do Hamlet. Now Hamlet wants to do the clown. [ ]

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